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NEWT REVELATIONS
by Gail Sheehy

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BECOMING BARBRA
Excerpt from
James Spada's New
Streisand Biography

Dominick Dunne:
THE CASE AGAINST O.J.

HOLY WAR AT
HARRODS
by Maureen Orth

Golden Girl

SANDRA BULLOCK ON HER LOST LOVE AND STAR SPEED
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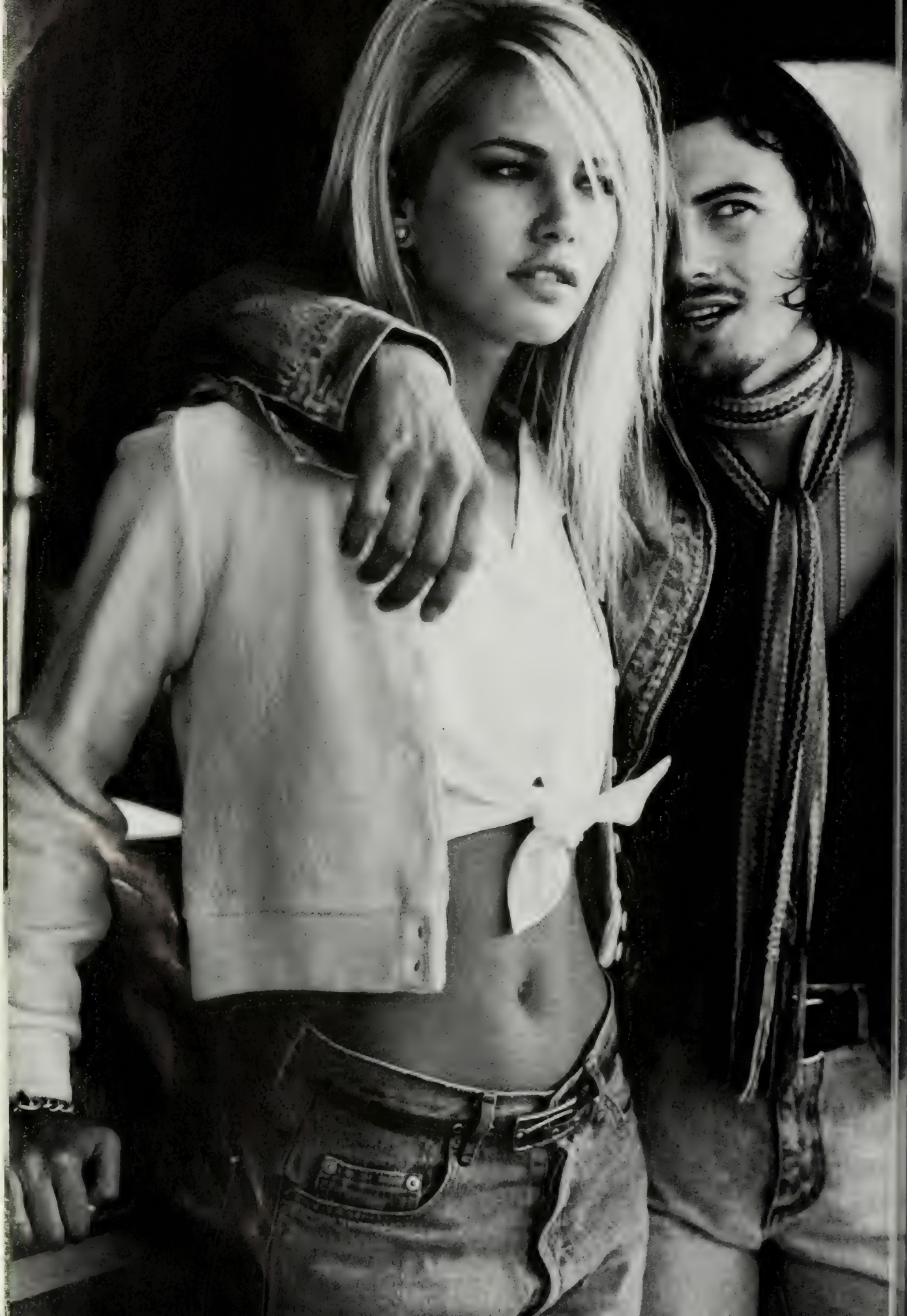


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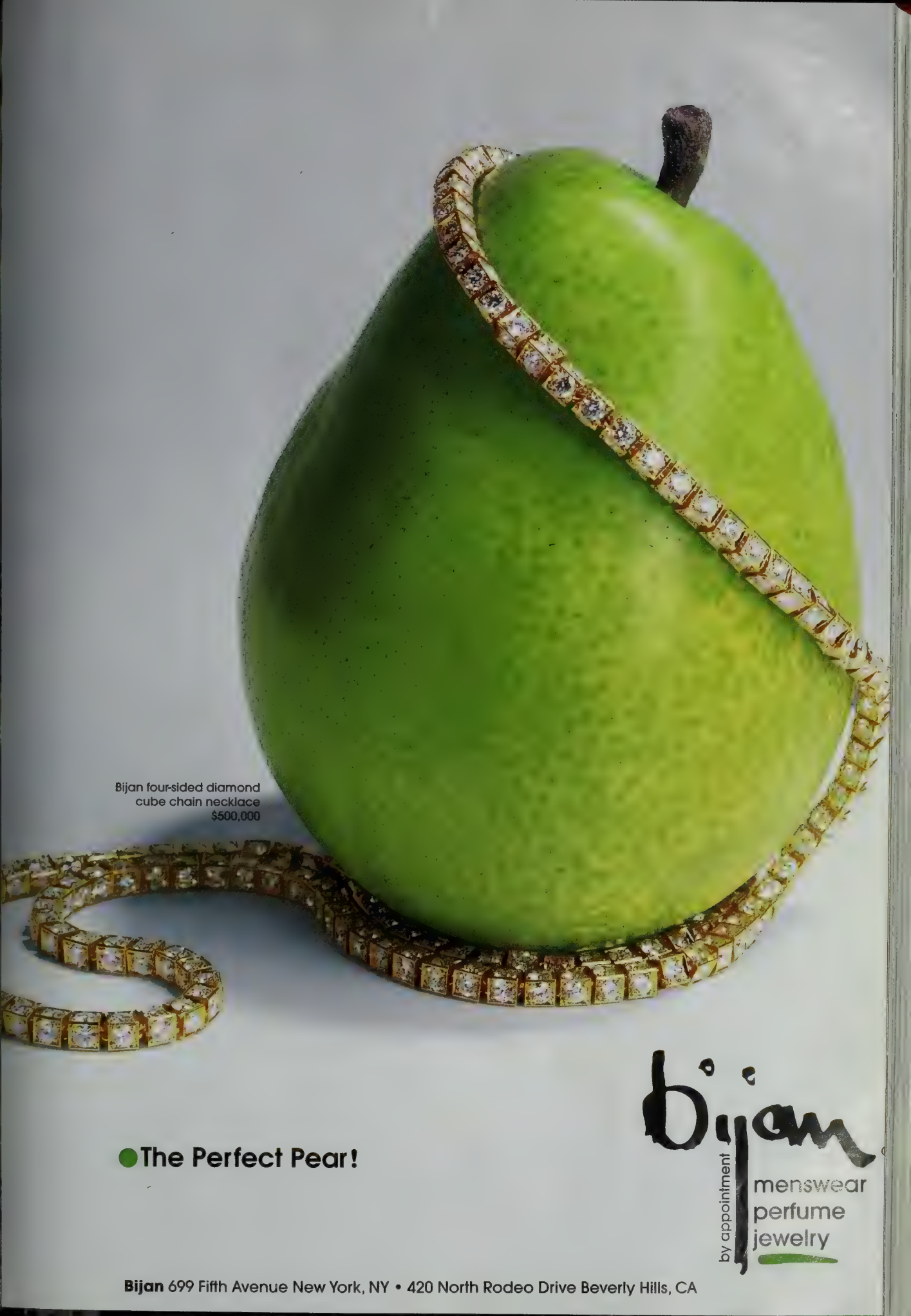
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VANITY FAIR

Nº 421 September 19

Features

THE INNER QUEST OF NEWT GINGRICH
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BECOMING BARBRA
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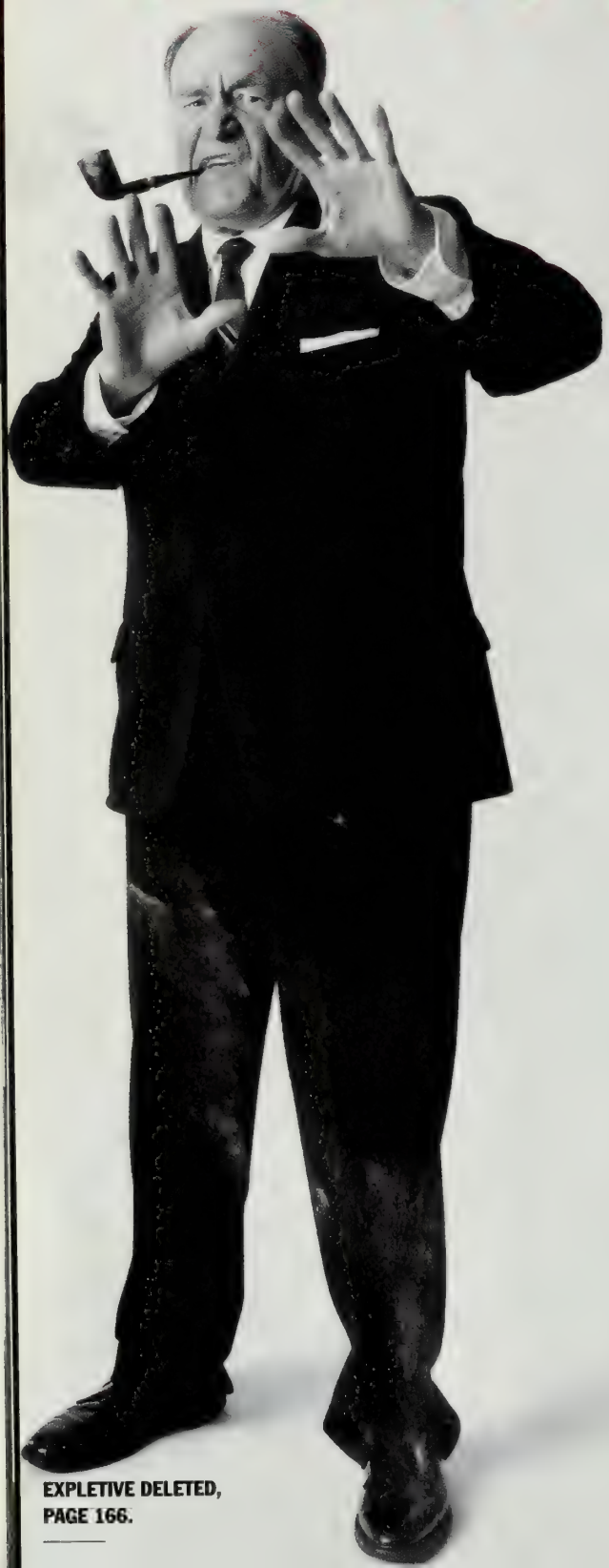
RALPH LAUREN



VANITY FAIR

September 1995

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Columns

HOLY WAR AT HARRODS
Mohamed Al Fayed owns some of the world's greatest status symbols, but what he really wants is a U.K. passport. Maureen Orth prowls the bugged and videotaped hallways of London's fabled department store to chronicle the mysterious Arab tycoon's war with the British Establishment . . . . . '

A WALKER ON THE WILD SIDE
As Park Avenue mourns Jerry Zipkin, Bob Colacello remembers the arbiter who counseled Nancy Reagan and other social lionesses on matters of style and substance. . . . . 1(

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Laura Jacobs watches the graceful leap to glory of American Ballet Theatre's Paloma Herrera. Photograph by Ruven Afanador 1

THE TWO FACES OF O.J.
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ELINA LÖWENSOHN VAMPS IT UP
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Melanie Griffith

Melanie is wearing Age Defying Makeup in Natural Beige. ©1995 Revlon

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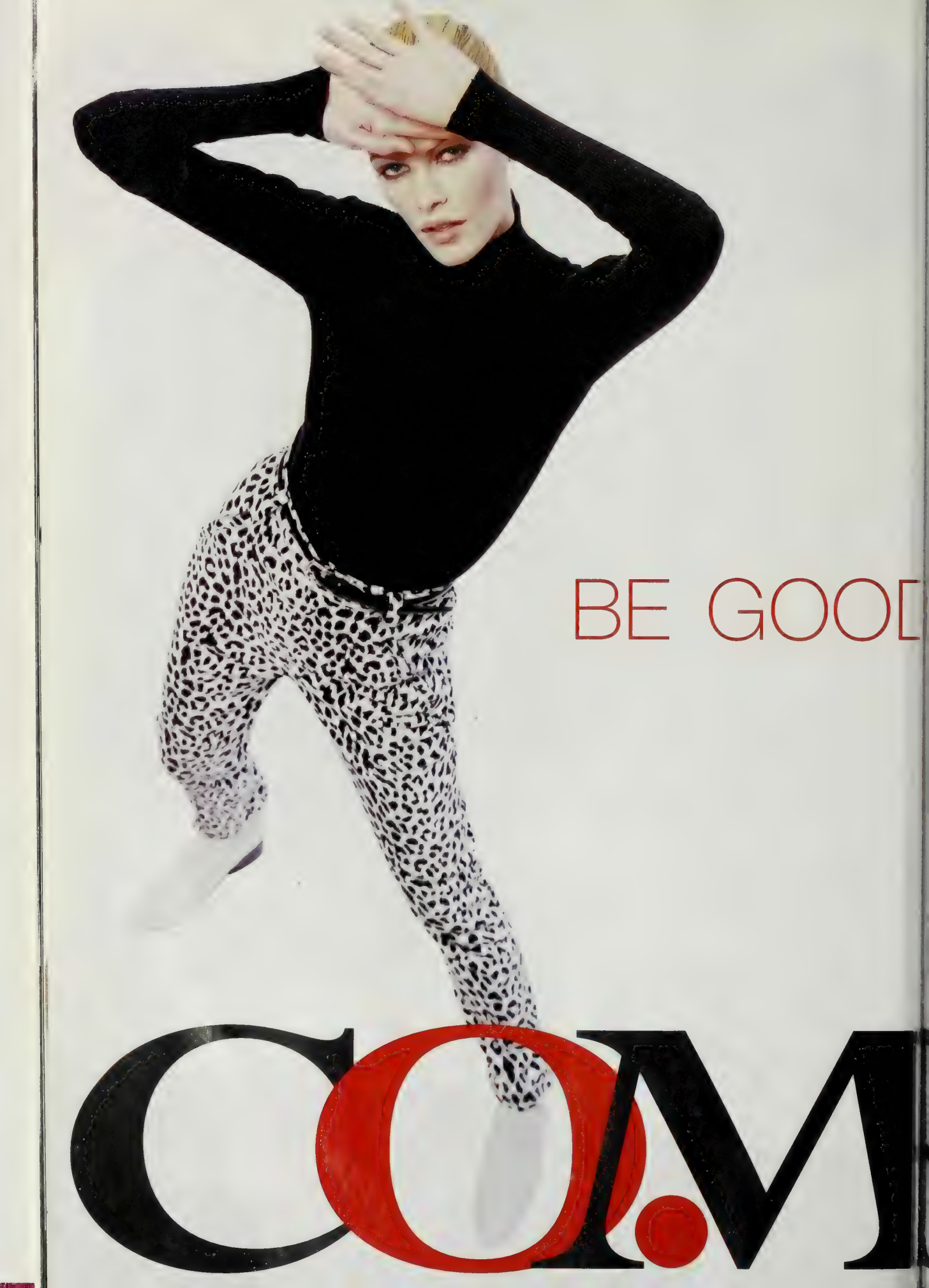


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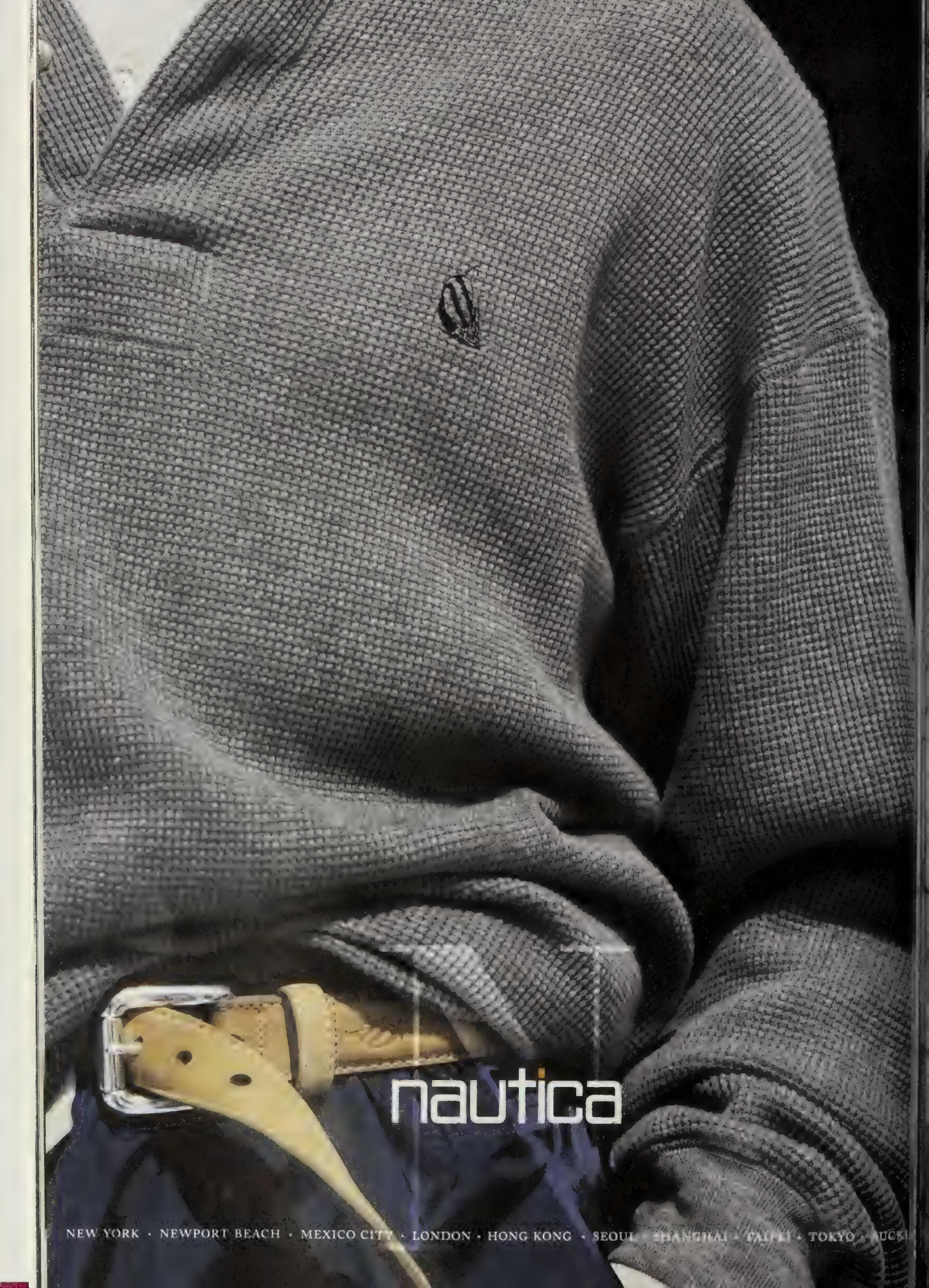
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Editor's Letter

Into the Eye of Newt



Will Newt Gingrich run for president? Not if his wife can stop him, and Marianne Gingrich thinks she can. That is just one of the many revelations in "The Inner Quest of Newt Gingrich," contributing editor Gail Sheehy's absorbing profile on page 147 of the powerful Speaker of the House. But because Gingrich has so dominated the American political scene since the Republican triumph last November, he merits as close scrutiny as any major candidate.

The story seemed tailor-made for Sheehy, whose memorable *Vanity Fair* character portraits of the men who sought the White House in 1988 had a significant impact on that race and on media coverage of the campaign. *The Boston Globe* called her "the top writer on presidential politics today."

Even though Sheehy was still working on the final chapters of *New Passages,* which has since soared to the top of *The New York Times*'s nonfiction best-seller list, she could not resist the challenge of profiling Gingrich. Over the course of five months and 70 interviews—with everyone from his mother, sisters, and stepfather to his wife—she unveiled the forces that shaped him. From the Speaker himself, she learned of the mythic he with whom he identifies, and the childh scars that still resonate.

This issue has more than its share o vestigations, and special correspondent M reen Orth is responsible for two remark reports. Her story on page 70 on hamed Al Fayed, the proprietor of Har and the Ritz hotel in Paris, is a tour de force, espec given that the mysterious Fayed is one of the most gious men in Britain and is engaged in a vicious b with the Tory party.

Also, on page 114, Orth revisits the Michael Jack scandal, which she examined in depth for *Vanity Fai* 1993. By the simple process of fact-checking Jackson's terview with ABC's *PrimeTime Live,* she reveals how c pletely he snookered a major network—and duped its million viewers. Her very different subjects have one t in common, Orth says: "Both Mohamed Al Fayed and chael Jackson will spend any amount of money and g any length to get their version of their story to the pub

Graydon Carter

Cover

Magic Bullock



It looks like smooth sailing ahead for Sandra Bullock, *far right,* who abandons the bus for a leisurely boat ride off the coast of Nova Scotia. *Right,* Bullock hangs on to her hat, by Lola, for the *V.F.* photo shoot.

ON THE CO Sandra Bulloc wears a jacket Issey Miyake. Shirt by Romeo Skirt by Valentino Boutiq Shoes by Charle Hair products from Redken. Ma from MAC. Hair Serge Normant. Makeup by Joanne Styled by Jonathan Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Peggy Sirota.

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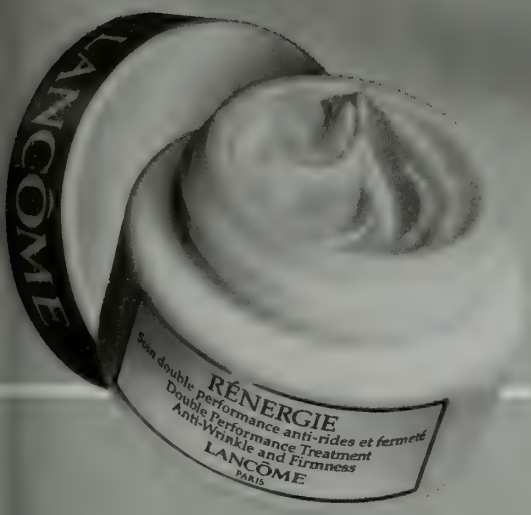
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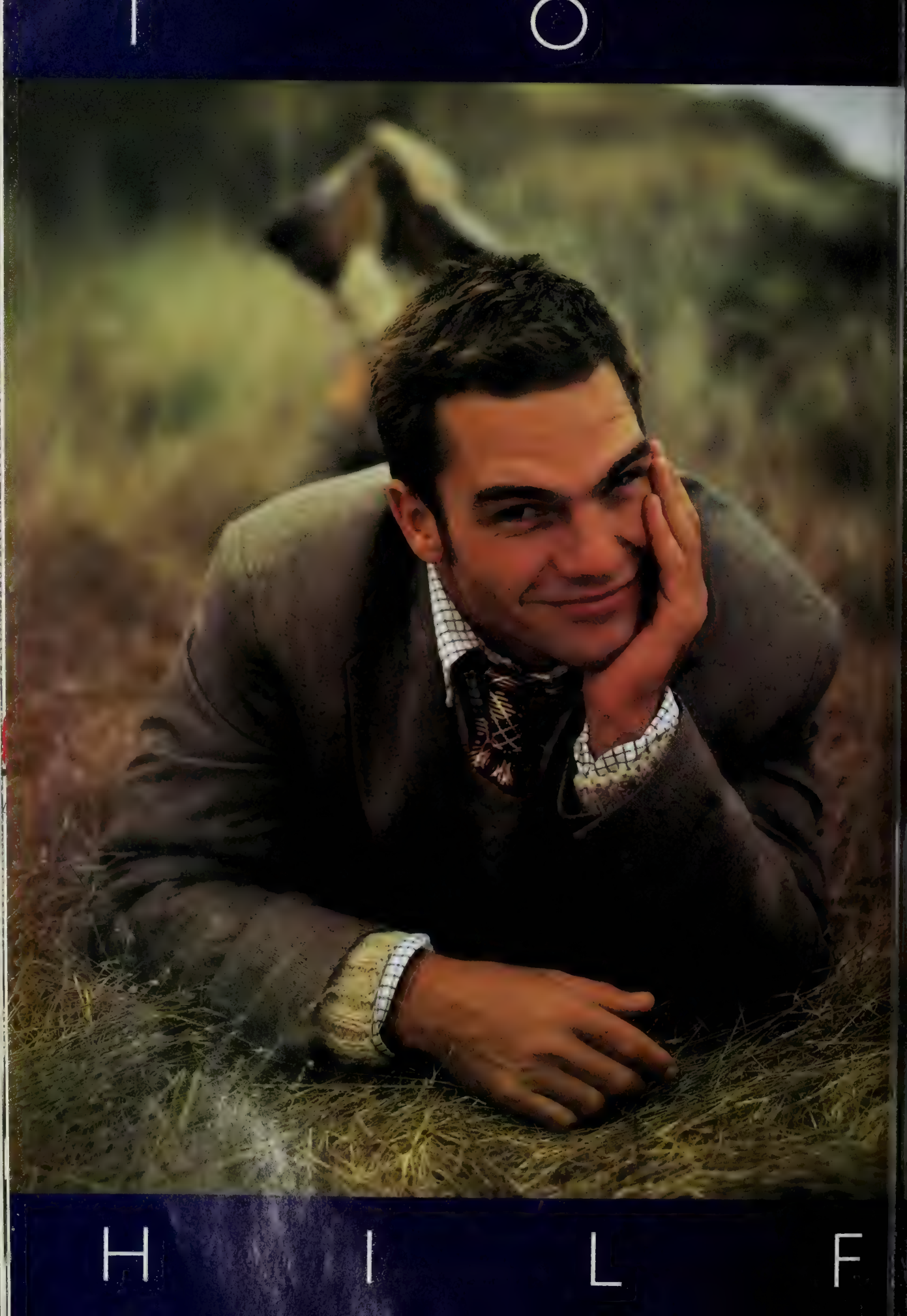
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Contributing editor Gail Sheehy's latest book, New Passages *(Random House), went to No. 1 on the* New York Times *best-seller list, as did* To Renew America, *by Newt Gingrich, the subject of Sheehy's in-depth profile on page 147.*



EIKA AOSHIMA

Special correspondent Maureen Orth profiles Mohamed Al Fayed, the controversial tycoon who owns Harrods and the Ritz hotel in Paris, on page 70, and updates her definitive 1993 investigation of Michael Jackson on page 114.

Special correspondent **Bob Colac** who remembers the late Jerry Zi in this issue, says that "the happi ever saw him was when I gave the Carter-family Christmas card f 1980, after Reagan was elected. J loved it and said, 'I'm going to se to you-know-who.'"

"Sandra Bullock is a great phy comedian," says contributing e **Jennet Conant** of the subject of month's cover story. "She claims she's not exactly poetry in mo because she's always stumbling d stairs or walking into walls."

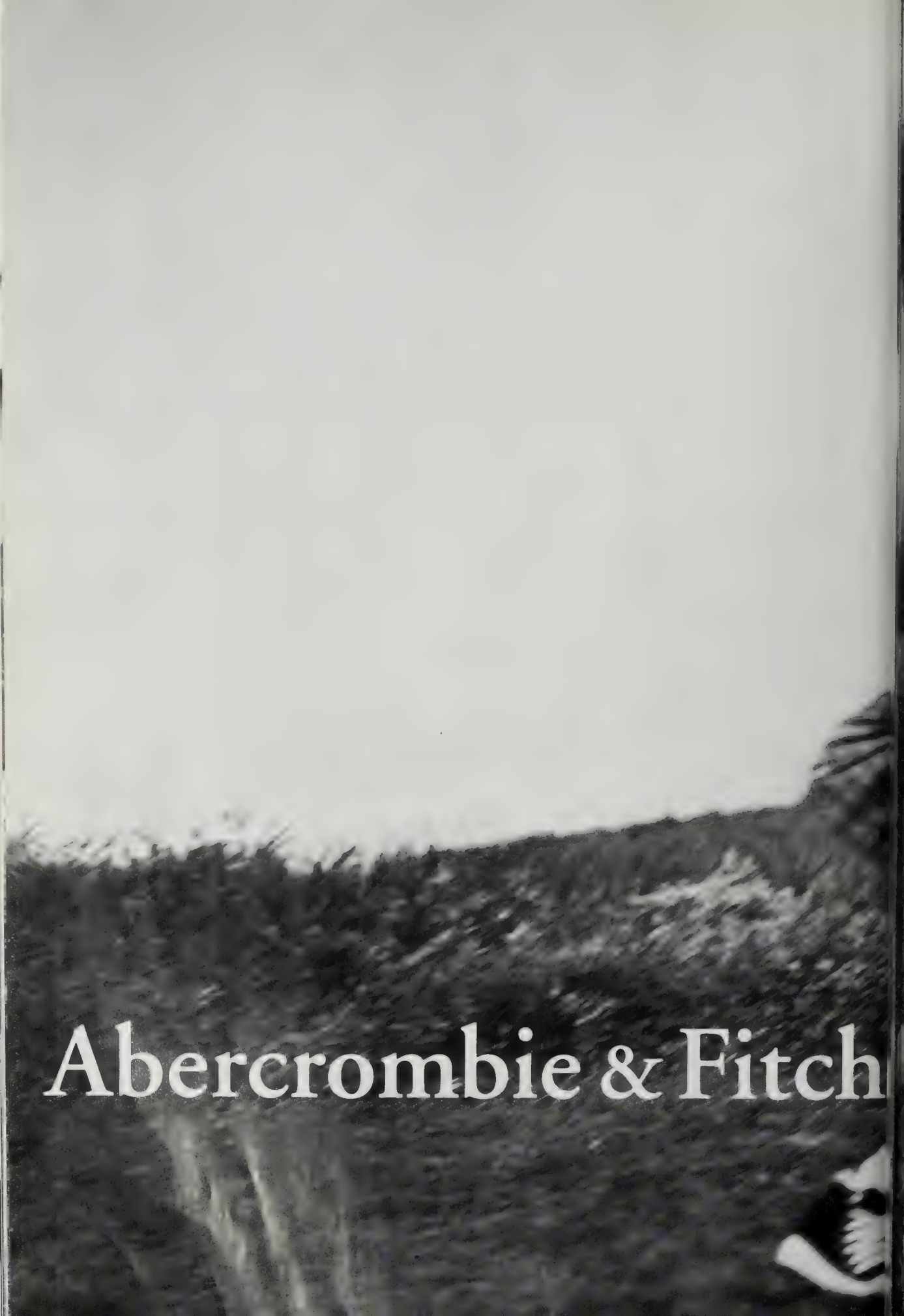
Special correspondent **Domi Dunne,** America's pre-eminent reporter, has himself been menti in more than 250 news stories a the Simpson trial.

(Continued on pag

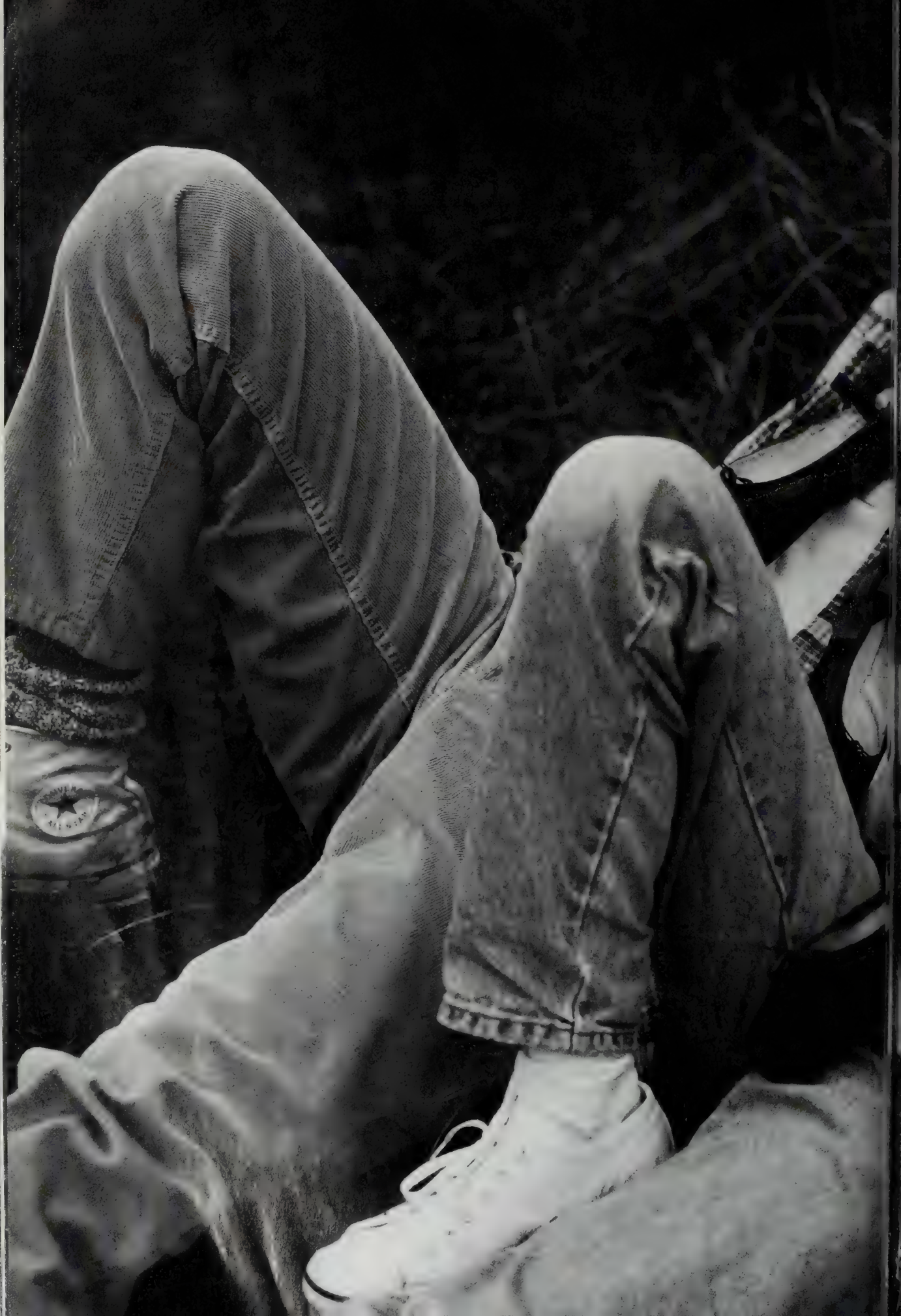

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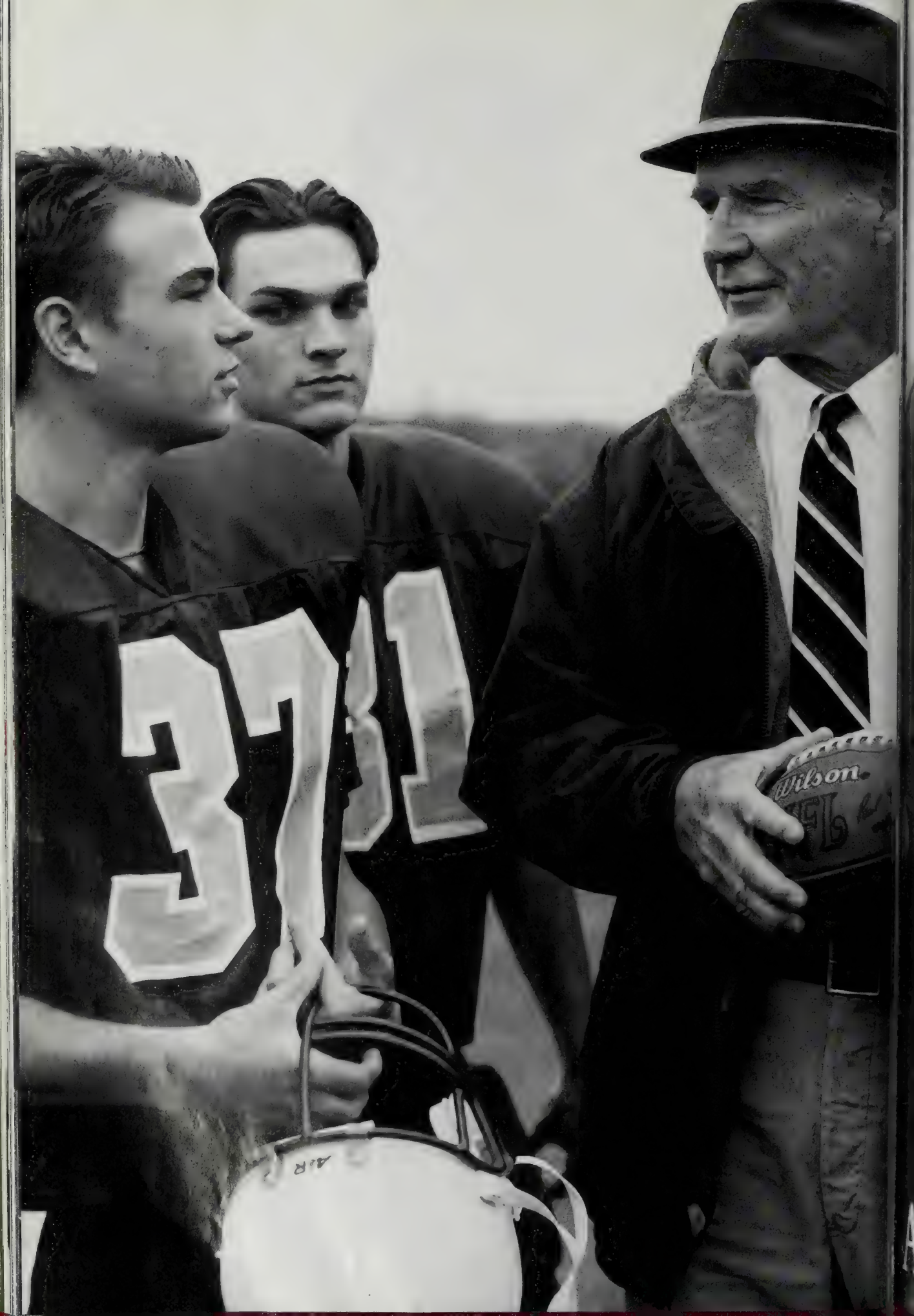





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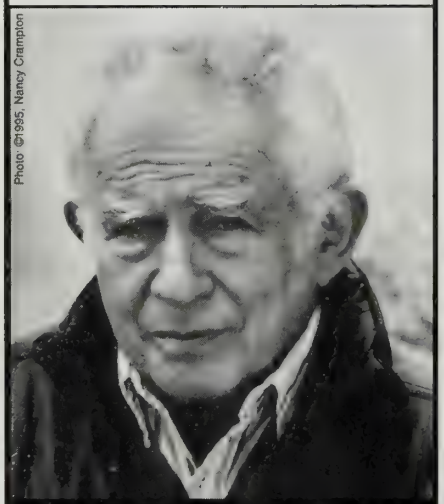

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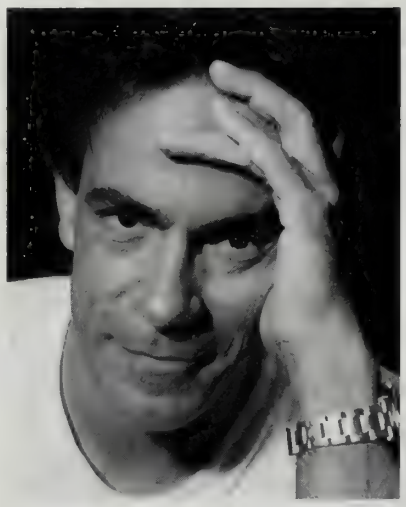
(*Continued from page 36*)



ERIC BOMAN

Contributing editor Amy Fine Collins thought there would be nothing new to say about artist Frida Kahlo, but was startled by the information she unearthed for her story on page 176. Collins also profiles fashion designer Carolina Herrera on page 190: "I respect that she is not influenced by forces that would try to make her different than she is." Hair Style, *Collins's new book, which spotlights the world's top hairdressers, will be published by HarperCollins/Callaway Editions in November.*

Contributing editor **Cathy Horyn** found that British actor Tim Roth seemed to be most comfortable in bars. "We first met at a piano bar, but that was too noisy, so we went to the bar at Vida, a hip restaurant in Hollywood. Then we went to a place in a strip mall off Melrose, the name of which he swore me to secrecy on, and later to the Dresden, another piano bar."



BIA SETTI

"Having photographed Nixon himself in 1980, I was amazed by watching Sir Anthony Hopkins," says Michael O'Neill, whose portfolio of the cast of Oliver Stone's Nixon *begins on page 166. "The crew would break for lunch, and Hopkins would stay in character—he just got it."*

Brian Sewell is the art critic of the London *Evening Standard.*

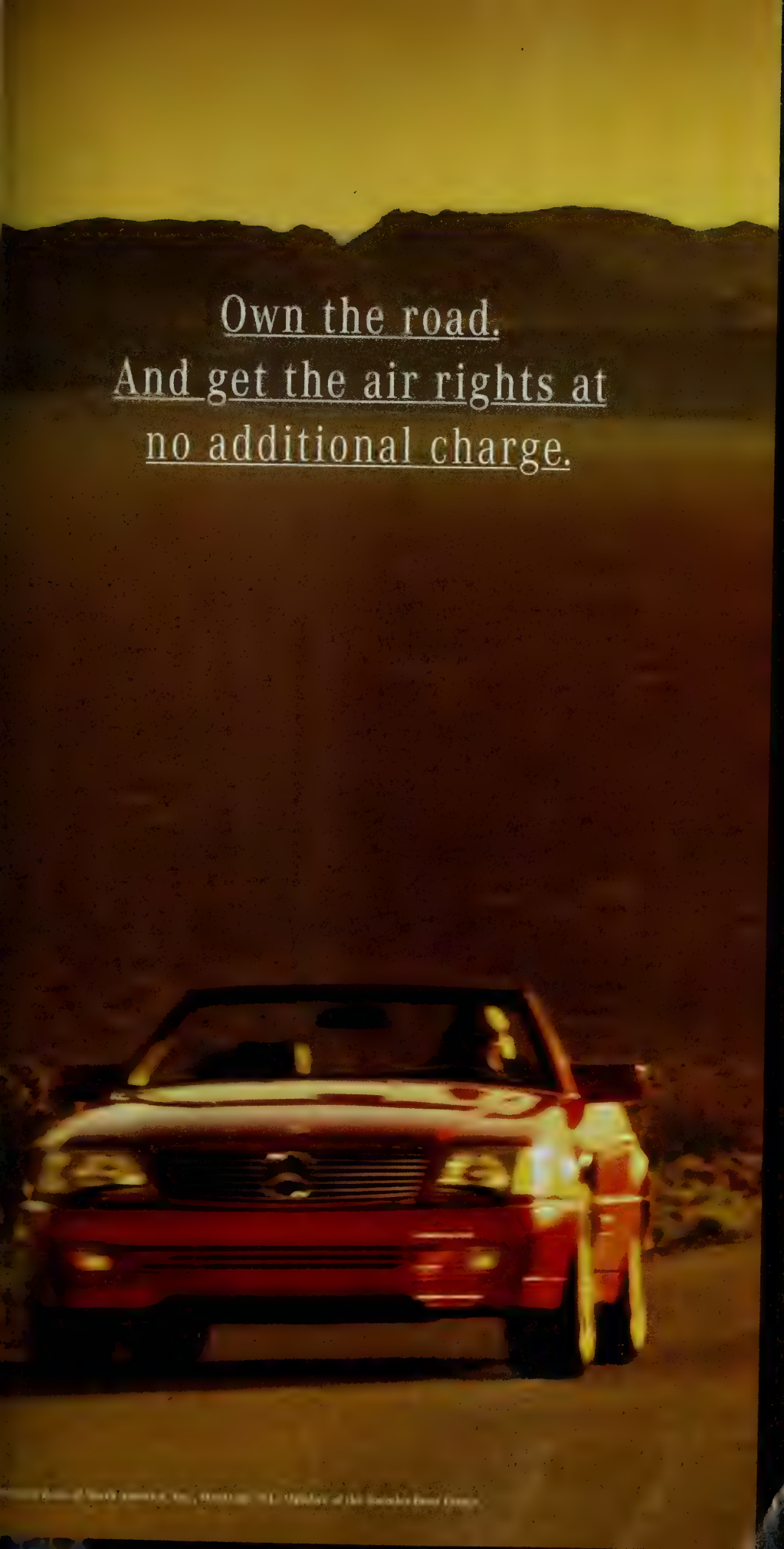
Best-selling author **James Spada's** biography, *Streisand: Her Life,* excerpted in this issue, is the story of a woman he has worshiped since her 1965 television special, *My Name Is Barbra.* "I think Barbra has a fear of not being perfect," says Spada, "so she makes it impossible for herself to fail." *Lawford: The Man Who Kept the Secrets,* Spada's account of the exploits of the infamous Kennedy brother-in-law, was excerpted in *V.F.* in 1991.



Like The Washington Post's *legendary Ben Bradlee, whom he spotlights on page 188,* V.F. *contributing editor Andrew Neil has had a few scrapes on his watches as U.K. editor of* The Economist *and, for 11 years, as editor of* The Sunday Times *of London. Neil anchors a weekly political show for the BBC and a major-network interview series for Channel 4, writes a weekly column for the* Daily Mail *and is working on a book about his years at* The Sunday Times.

Carrie Fisher is the author of *Postcards from the Edge, Surrender the Pink,* and *Delusions of Grandma.* She has been seen as Edina in Roseanne's version of the British sitcom *Absolutely Fabulous.*

Peggy Sirota has won numerous accolades for her work, including an editorial award from the American Photography Competition and a Northwest Emmy Award for her Nike ad.



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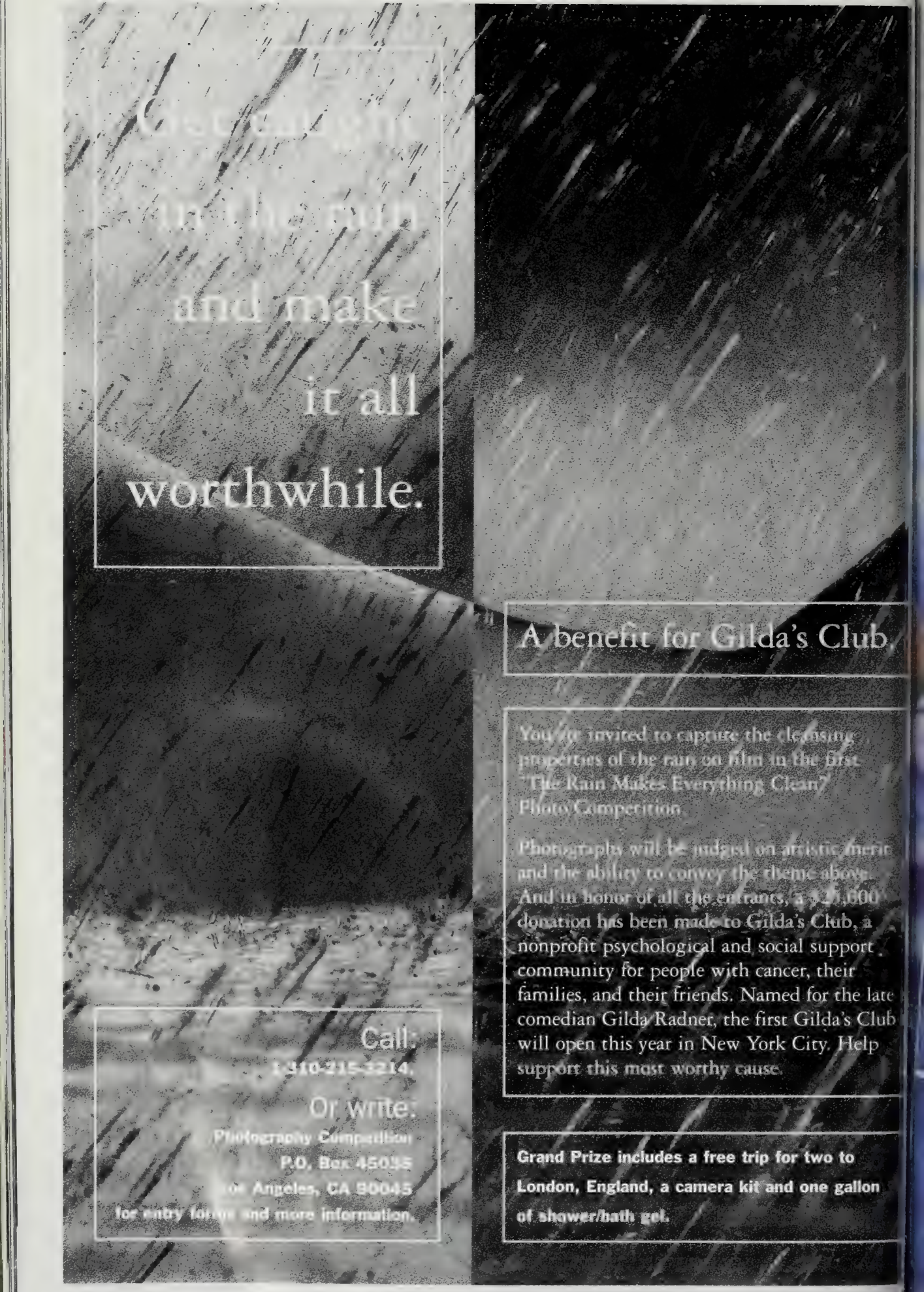

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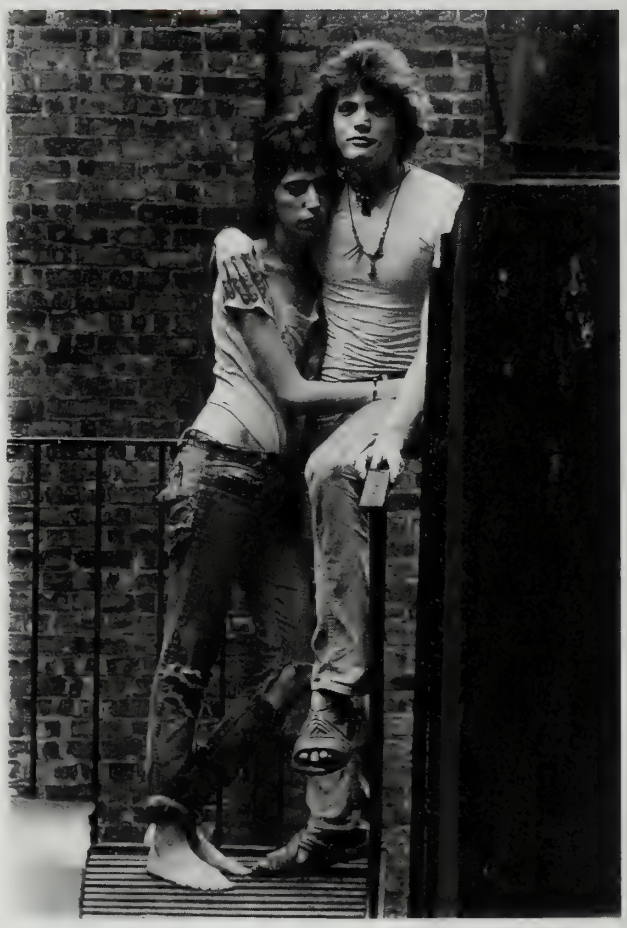
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—*Publishers Weekly*
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Letters



Photographer Robert Mapplethorpe with his friend and muse, Patti Smith, at their New York City loft in 1971.

MAPPLETHORPE RAG

I want to extend my appreciation to Patricia Morrisroe for her intuitive, tasteful, and honest account of Robert Mapplethorpe's life and love ["The Demon Romantics," July]. I have read many degrading articles on Mapplethorpe by writers who have not had the depth to look through his often disconcerting behavior and who did not have the skills to effectively represent the worthy aspects of his life. By portraying the desperation of the relationship between Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith, Morrisroe gave us insight into Mapplethorpe's search for a purely human connection that has provided me with a much greater appreciation for both Mapplethorpe and his art.

ERIKA L. COSSITT
Scottsdale, Arizona

One of the hallmarks of a photographic portrait by Robert Mapplethorpe is the communication between the finis piece and the viewer. In his final tures of Patti Smith, she is say. good-bye to Robert, and consequen to us too.

GARY L. JACK
Houston, T

Gentleman of the Court

I would like to commend Domi Dunne on his series of Letters fi Los Angeles, concerning the O. Simpson trial. Dunne has the cou to express his convictions, which, fortunately, run counter to those of vast majority of journalists, partic ly in Los Angeles. Many people I to about the case believe as I do, Dunne is actually performing a pu service with his bold stance. Given



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MAPPLETHORPE

patricia morrisroe

Photo: *Self Portrait*, 1988 © 1988 The Estate of Robert Mapplethorpe

Based on more than 300 interviews with celebrities, critics, lovers, and Mapplethorpe himself — here is the major biography of America's most controversial artist.

"Deeply sympathetic.... Morrisroe admirably balances frankness with sympathy in this memorable book."
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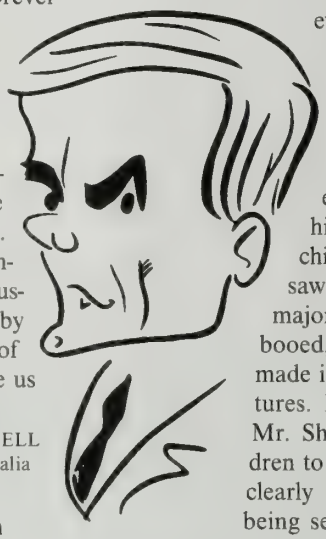
RANDOM HOUSE

barrage of media attention and the circuslike atmosphere surrounding the case—from the *Los Angeles Times*'s regular comedy item called "Cirque du O.J." to the local news anchors' unwillingness to believe that their hero could possibly have been the perpetrator of such a heinous crime—Dunne stands as the lone voice of reason and sanity. He's there to remind the general public that at the heart of this farce, far from the madding crowd, there's a very quiet place where two people have been laid to rest forever under the most tragic and unjust circumstances.

KATHLEEN ROGERS
La Cañada–Flintridge, California

Some of the most engrossing *Vanity Fair* pieces I have read are by Dominick Dunne. "O.J. fever" is even beginning to take hold here in Australia, and I find Dunne by far the most interesting of the many who seek to "give us the juice." Keep it coming.

ANNA CAMPBELL
West Hobart, Tasmania, Australia



Case in point: V.F. *special correspondent Dominick Dunne.*

Dominick Dunne, more than any other public commentator on the O. J. Simpson trial, understands, analyzes, and presents the gestalt that most rational people seem to be "getting" from this grotesque event, quaint presumptions of innocence notwithstanding.

The world is rightfully in awe of Dunne's breathtaking deftness in juxtaposing glamour and horror, and why not go to late-19th-century Italian musical theater to find a blonde bimbo who succumbs to brutalization of the neck area by a swarthy, rich, and insanely jealous husband ["Follow the Blood," July]? But wait a minute. Did people have to go to an "opening night" (of an opera, albeit one of the greatest ever composed, based on that play) to know that *Othello* existed? I detect no irony in Mr. Dunne's observation that it took Verdi, not Shakespeare, to awaken this glittering audience to a story that I thought no one got out of high school without knowing. Or is the writer's contempt for Los Angeles so ingrained that it all strikes him as perfectly natural that L.A. society is ignorant of one of the masterpieces of the English language, and, what's more, that it takes them until the *second act* to catch on to the plot?

And, hey, Hollywood may not kn Shakespeare from a hill of beans, *how* could it forget Ronald Colma 1947 Oscar-winning performance George Cukor's *A Double Life*, a based on the *Othello* story, in which actor strangles Shelley Winters? Ha these people no heritage at all?

DANNY FIEL
New York, New Y

After reading Dominick Dunne's a cle, I would like to elaborate on Dunne's comments. On evening of May 6, 19 I attended the Os De La Hoya–Raf Ruelas fight in Vegas. Before the fi started, Robert Shap entered the arena w his wife and two you children. When the cro saw Mr. Shapiro, the gr majority of the 10,000 f booed, shouted insults, a made inappropriate hand g tures. I was appalled to Mr. Shapiro subject his c dren to such a display. He clearly more concerned w being seen than with the f ings of his children. Mr. S piro has every right to try fill his bottomless ego pit, to subject his children to type of outrageous behavior is a cri nal offense, one for which he has defense.

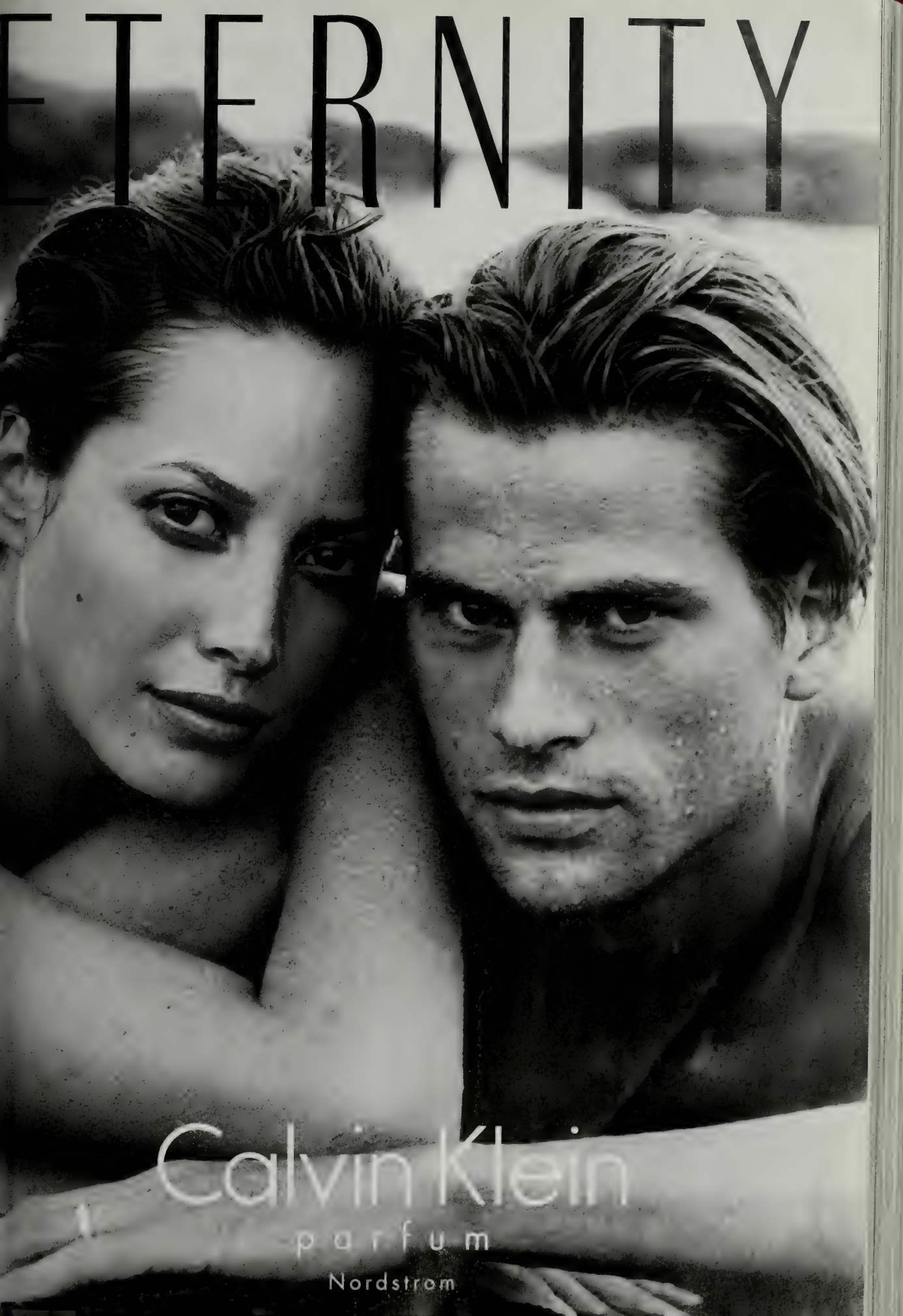
GEORGE M. HORN, PH
Escondido, Calif

Although we in Africa get updates the O.J. trial on CNN, Domin Dunne has brought to life the trial's and outs. I just hope I'll be able to more of the dirt in upcoming iss from friends ferrying over the ma zine to me, since magazines ne make it in the mail. Issues of *Va Fair* are rare and cherished comm ties in Tanzania. Keep up the g work, Dominick Dunne—you make laugh and think and ponder the Am can judicial system.

MRS. AKEELA MA
Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, A

Southern Comfort

What a perfect wedding of storytel ["The Conroy Saga," by John Bere July]! I can't wait to get my copy


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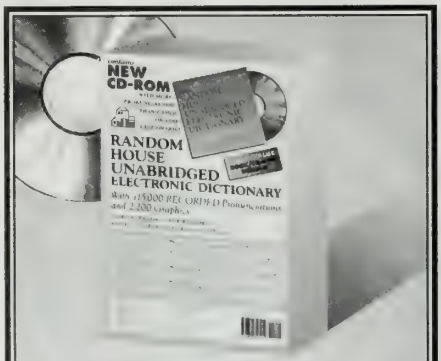
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"Morning workout." Emily Stoddard on the frozen shoreline of Lake Tahoe. Photo: John Kelly
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Letters

Pat Conroy's *Beach Music.* Not just everyone can render a writer sitting in a chair longhanding a manuscript a matter of clock-ticking suspense, but Berendt managed to do exactly that.

GRAYSON ROQUEMOUR
Albany, Georgia

Carol Conroy is not only a gifted poet, as John Berendt's paean to Pat Conroy suggests. In her latest collection, *The Beauty Wars,* published by Norton, Carol Conroy brilliantly illuminates the provenance of the Conroy-family legacy through language—while profoundly respecting the dignity of each person in it. Through the eyes of Carol, whom poet Galway Kinnell calls "one of the most remarkable poets now writing," a more lucid portrait of the family Conroy emerges—in a voice no less passionate than that of its most strident mouth.

PENELOPE BAYNTON
New York, New York

Thanks for your wonderful story on my literary hero, Pat Conroy. Back in October 1986, when *The Prince of Tides* was released, I had my first novel, *Actors,* published. I was frustrated that my book wasn't disappearing from bookshelves and causing jubilation in the streets. I went to my local store to count copies of my book and catch Pat Conroy, who was there autographing *The Prince of Tides.* Once the crowd dwindled, Mr. Conroy talked with me for 20 minutes about the ups and downs of publishing "your first." I felt reassured, honored, and elated. I bought his book, of course. And before I left, he pulled a copy of my *Actors* from the store shelf, plopped down his money, and had me autograph my novel for him.

KEVIN O'BRIEN
Seattle, Washington

John Berendt's article on Pat Conroy provided a unique portrait of a man whose works have captured my attention, imagination, and admiration. I found it interesting that his books have resulted in the splintering of his family, yet his father reminded the reader that "Pat writes fiction, don't forget."

If his son does write fiction, as Don Conroy emphasizes, then why has the "nonfiction" of Pat's life that is depicted within his books, chiefly *The Great Santini* and *The Prince of Tides,* alienated his family to such a degree? Writers do tend to utilize that which they know when writing.

It appears that Pat Conroy has co to terms with his life, whereas memb of his family are ignoring, avoiding, exaggerating what has haunted th ability to heal and move forward.

CHRISTINE PENFIE
Lakewood, Color



High tides: Best-selling author Pat Conroy

So, in the opinion of Colonel Don C roy, literary men (especially those v type their own stories) are sissies. A l ger man stands before a typewri while a lesser man sits in an airpl cockpit taking orders from someone e Colonel Conroy, meet Ernest Hemi way. By the way, Colonel, bring al your red blazer; you will need it a Mr. Hemingway has finished, er, c versing with you.

HENDRIK BAARSI
Tacoma, Washin

Just Kidman

I was very impressed with Leslie H netts's article on Nicole Kidman [' Femme Nicole," July]. There is mor her than stunning good looks and b married to Tom Cruise: she is smart funny, and obviously doesn't let H wood stardom go to her head. Both and her husband are very levelheaded family-oriented. Kidman hasn't been en the credit she deserves. It's high t we saw more of her.

LIA KNI
Lynn Haven, Fl

Who is Nicole Kidman kidding? I not the biggest fan of Tom Cruise, she should thank God (or L. Ron H bard, for that matter) she married

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Gail Sheehy redraws the map of adult life.



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RANDOM HOUSE

Letters

prince of Hollywood or she'd still be doing mimes Down Under.

D. TUNNO
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

My hopes for Nicole Kidman's heightened fame were raised by her appearance on April's Hollywood-fest cover, but it is Leslie Bennetts's fine conversation with the ravishing redhead that assures me that the lady is poised to paint herself quite a *Portrait.* Each of her performances has commanded attention—if not, unfortunately, equality with regard to Mr. Nicole Kidman's paychecks and prominence.

STEVE LAMBERT
Clark, New Jersey

Postscripts

So what's to selling a handbag ["A Gucci Knockoff," by Judy Bachrach, July]? Those Italians, they make a drama out of everything.

A. BLAYER-BROWN
Milton Keynes, England

Thank you so much for your article on Kelly Lynch ["Kelly's Rebel Heart," by Henry Alford, July]. Kelly is one of the hottest actresses around, and it is a shame that she is not getting the recognition she deserves.

RAY M. RESENDEZ
Washington, D.C.

Your July issue was absolutely wonderful. I have not enjoyed any issue of any magazine as much as I enjoyed reading this one. From Gucci and Monet to Conroy and Mapplethorpe, it is by far one of the most entertaining issues to date.

LISA A. CLYBURN
Roselle, New Jersey

Love Notes

I am a very big fan of Courtney Love's ["Love Child," by Kevin Sessums, June]; I respect her and her music very much. The June-issue cover is both mystical and beautiful, a side of Courtney we've never known. Your magazine opened people's eyes to what she really is—a survivor.

VALERIE GRENIER
L'Orignal, Ontario, Canada

Janis Joplin, the greatest white blues singer of her generation, is a rock and cultural icon, and still worthy of enorm attention and praise. But Courtney Lo Give us a break.

LINWOOD GUYTON
Richmond, Vir

Hurrah for Kevin Sessums for fin asking the question that has been bu ing in all of our minds: "Courtney, h can drugs be in your life?" Love's la response that she uses drugs becaus their "accessibility" speaks volume would like to see Courtney Love come clean once and for all, own up her parental responsibilities, and becc a huge commercial success—then would be a worthy poster girl of Ge ation X. She says that she is a survivo let's see her prove it.

KATHARINE FRANKS LAR
Upper Saint Clair, Pennsylv

Aggie Pride

At one point in her article on J Gramm ["The Ironman Cometh," M Marjorie Williams refers to Texas A as a "second-rate university." Do consider Nobel Prize–winning fac members "second-rate"? Are Puli Prize–winning professors "second-ra We Aggies think these accomplishm are first-rate.

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a long spoon." Film producer David Puttnam, who got half of the $6 million to produce the 1981 Academy Award winner *Chariots of Fire* from Fayed, agrees. "Mohamed is somebody who works on an old-fashioned system: favors done, favors received. . . . For 10 or 12 years the government said, 'Anything goes. We live by our own ethics.' . . . What I find unfair is that what Mohamed's accused of is an everyday occurrence in London."

When I met Fayed last fall, in his heavily scented office at Harrods, which he shares with a giant teddy bear of the sort that is for sale on the fourth floor, he told me, "The more good you give, the more angels guide you, protect you. The more terrible you are, the more dishonor for you." Since then, the angels have more or less sat on the fence. The government's rejection in February of the Fayed brothers' petitions for citizenship—without explanation—was a stunning rebuff to someone who constantly invokes the importance of loyalty and respect. But if the affidavit of a onetime government chauffeur who allegedly read a privileged Conservative Party memo and overheard party whips discussing Fayed and his case in derogatory language is to be believed, the decision to grant him citizenship would have been "political suicide." It appears that the Establishment has made up its mind. Fayed can make numerous highly publicized donations to charities and play the jolly merchant prince for the press as much as he likes, but those he wants most to impress—the British upper class—have decided to give him the cold shoulder. "Nobody quite accepts him," admits a friend of his, former *Daily Express* executive editor Alan Frame. "We're still a class-ridden society. He sponsors lots of things involving the royal family, and he's still not accepted."

Ironically, 10 years ago, when Fayed purchased Harrods, he had the Conservative government in the palm of his hand. Since then, many members of Parliament have come to realize what a dangerous man he is to cross. Behind his bubbly façade, Fayed maintains an elaborate security apparatus and bugging system, wields the considerable advertising budget of Harrods to intimidate the press, hires and fires at will, and is perhaps the most litigious man in England. A decade ago, with the acquiescence of Margaret Thatcher and the Conservatives, he pulled off a coup to buy Harrods that was breathtaking in its audacity. Last fall, when he unleashed his "cash for questions" scandal, he aimed at nothing less than attempting to topple Major's government. As he later told me, "I make revolution." Fayed sees himself as the victim of the worst British snobbery. "The devastating thing is the class system, created of people who think they are above the rest of the human race. They think they can shit just on anyone," he told me. "They think I'm a wog."

On the Continent, Fayed's long-sought-for status is assured. On display in his office is a citation from the Italian government, and France gave him the Légion d'Honneur after he restored not only the Ritz but also the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's former home in the Bois de Boulogne. On the far wall are four "warrants" to supply boots and saddles, housewares, linens, and other goods to the British royal family. Harrods, after all, is the second-greatest tourist attraction in London after Big Ben, and Fayed has announced that when he dies he wants to be mummified and entombed on the roof.

For two-plus decades, Mohamed Al Fayed, who is 66 but says he's 62, has lived in London as an unabashed Anglophile guided by a simple Middle Eastern motto: To give is to receive—whether it be presents, favors, or influence. Charming in public, he is privately phobic about germs and fanatical about loyalty. Surrounded by bodyguards, he often conducts business on a cellular phone in a tent pitched on the lawn of his country estate in Oxted, Surrey. His fervent love for Britannia goes hand in hand with his strings-attached mode of generosity: large charitable contributions, political payoffs, Parisian junkets for journalists, toys for their children, and Harrods Christmas baskets to half of *Debrett's Peerage*.

Ten years ago, when Fayed purchased Harrods, he had the Conservative government in the palm of his hand.

Although Fayed lives luxuriously, he carries a staggering amount of debt and spends prodigiously. The losses on the Ritz through 1993, for example, totaled nearly 1.2 billion francs ($212 million). Nevertheless, Fayed prides himself on owning world-class status symbols and maintaining the highest level of service.

Generations of English schoolboys have gotten their hair cut at Harrods, which will order anything from a castl to a Learjet for grown-ups. But befor Fayed bought the vast Knightsbridg store—the largest department store i Europe—it was a fading institution where toilet paper was sold on the firs floor. Fayed has poured many million into restoration, installing the "Room o Luxury" and the Egyptian Hall, with hi own face carved on the sphinxes aroun the molding. He has upgraded the to department, opened restaurants, and re cently, as the British retail market ha sagged, introduced a more affordabl line of Harrods private-label apparel.

At the Ritz—which was founded b the master hotel manager César Ritz i 1898, and which has catered to Garb and Hemingway, Rockefellers and roya ty—no expense has been spared; indeed the red ink has flowed to keep up th 187-room establishment as the finest ho tel in the world. Leaky pipes were tor out, the antiquated heating system wa replaced, every room was redecorated Today, guests can luxuriate in them suites—the Cocteau, the Chopin, th Chanel. The Imperial Suite, overlookin the Place Vendôme, cos more than $10,000 night. Fayed has als added an undergroun swimming pool, a cul nary school, and a nigh club for the Ritz clientel "people who care f nothing but the best."

And just in case a fo eign visitor might not intuit the level of a piration which seeks to become reali here, Harrods' dashing director of publ affairs, Michael Cole—his master's voice is superb at interpreting. Tall, handsom silver-haired, and silver-tongued, the on time BBC-TV royal reporter—who lost h post after leaking the Queen's 198 Christmas message during a festive ho day lunch—is quite a contrast to the sho balding Fayed, who, for all his ambitio struggles to read and write the langua of his adopted land. Theirs is a symbio relationship: the one knows how to par the one who holds the purse.

Cole is a magician of royal spin. T first day I spoke with him, he intr duced me to Harrods' most beloved v eran, an elderly green-suited messeng who delivers to all the little royals gi from "Uncle Mohamed." Cole declare "If it weren't for Rodney, the princ might not even know there was a F ther Christmas!" Another time, C called me from his car phone and b gan speaking as if he were back filing

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BBC report: "At a £200,000 [$312,000] party at Spencer House given by Lord Rothschild but paid for by Gulfstream, the Princess of Wales arrived, stunning in a beaded dress. She ignored everyone else and went straight up to Mohamed and said, 'I didn't know you were rich enough to have one of these planes!' Mohamed said, 'At your disposal, whenever you wish.' Diana is so easygoing with Mohamed. . . . Mohamed is not one of those who's overwhelmed by her. They spark off each other very well."

Cole encouraged me to call other friends of Fayed's, naming General Norman Schwarzkopf, *New York Times* chairman Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger, financier Ted Forstmann, and Estée Lauder, whom Cole claims Mohamed bounces on his knee. Many believe Fayed would like someday to be Lord Al Fayed. "I don't want that," Fayed protested when I spoke with him. "But they didn't also say thank you for everything I have done. It's the opposite. They just could shit on me, everyone."

Fayed was perched restlessly on the edge of his seat, wearing ankle boots with zippers on the sides and a plaid sport coat. "I did it to take my revenge, to show people who really runs this country, what quality they are. . . . These days it's only the trash people." He was referring to his disclosure last Octob[illegible] of the names of ministers who he claim[illegible]d had received favors from him. When Fayed made these charges, British newspapers reported that he might bring down the government. Several weeks before the "sleaze" scandal broke, Major had received a warning—via a newspaper editor—of Fayed's allegations against his government, and was told that Fayed wanted a meeting to discuss withdrawing or revising a report released in 1990 by the Department of Trade and Industry (known as the D.T.I. report) which accused Fayed of lying about his past and making fraudulent claims about his fortune.

When a member of Parliament asked Major if Fayed was attempting to blackmail the government, Major appeared to give credence to the charge by saying that the matter had been referred to the director of public prosecutions for investigation. Fayed was later cleared of any wrongdoing and demanded an apology, which has not been forthcoming. Today, Fayed continues to insist that the British government was indeed for sale—"like selling me ice cream," he told me. Michael Cole quickly rushed in: "Mohamed said, 'I'm a merchant. They came to me. I sell ice cream, I sell sausages. They came selling M.P.'s.'"

"Rowland could never be prosecuted in this country. Within a half-hour he could say enough to destroy the British Commonwealth."



In October 1993, after a bitter eight-year feud, rival tycoon Tiny Rowland, left, and Fayed make up with a very public lowering of the shark nicknamed Tiny in Harrods' Food Halls.

"What he is, he's still an Arab stree[illegible] trader," says Alan Frame. "He still b[illegible] lieves he can buy anybody. He reall[illegible] does believe that if enough governmer[illegible] ministers—indeed, enough journalists—are given enough fine gifts, stay in h[illegible] hotel enough times, get hampers [illegible] Christmas, he'll get what he wants."

Fayed's fury was stoked, he says, b[illegible] cause he was given assurances that h[illegible] and his brother's applications woul[illegible] pass. The government calls that clai[illegible] "rubbish." The British petition for cit[illegible] zenship requires, among other thing[illegible] that the applicant be 18 [illegible] over, have up to five year[illegible] residence, and be of soun[illegible] mind and "good character." Regarding character, th[illegible] British civil service is boun[illegible] to respect the conclusions [illegible] the D.T.I. report, which wa[illegible] written by two prominen[illegible] "inspectors," Sir Henr[illegible] Brooke, who is now a Hig[illegible] Court judge, and Hugh Aldous, who[illegible] now the managing partner of a prest[illegible] gious accounting firm. When Fayed an[illegible] his two brothers, Ali and Salah, sudden[illegible] burst onto the scene in 1984 to buy Ha[illegible] rods, they said they came from an ol[illegible] rich Egyptian cotton-growing famil[illegible] The report later documented that Faye[illegible] was actually the firstborn son of a hur[illegible] ble schoolteacher and grew up in th[illegible] slums of Alexandria. The report als[illegible] claimed that the Fayeds were not r[illegible] motely wealthy enough to have use[illegible] their own money to put up the $700 m[illegible] lion cash bid to buy House of Frase[illegible] Harrods' parent company, a vast depar[illegible] ment-store chain extending from Sco[illegible] land to Scandinavia. The report sugges[illegible] ed that the money had come from th[illegible] Sultan of Brunei, without his knowledg[illegible] Fayed maintains that the money was h[illegible]

According to Fayed, the applicatio[illegible] for citizenship were prompted larg[illegible] ly by the discomfort his brother A[illegible] feels every time he must part from h[illegible] English wife and three English-bo[illegible] sons to pass through British customs fro[illegible] the "aliens" line. (Mohamed is marri[illegible] to a Finnish woman, with whom he h[illegible] four children, aged 8 to 14.) Fay[illegible] blames Home Secretary Michael Ho[illegible] ard, under whose jurisdiction the app[illegible] cations fell, for creating a convolut[illegible] conspiracy against him. So far he h[illegible] failed to back up the charges with a[illegible] hard evidence, but his wrath encompa[illegible] es the whole ruling elite. "I can still he[illegible] the prejudice, *(Continued on page 7*



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High heels

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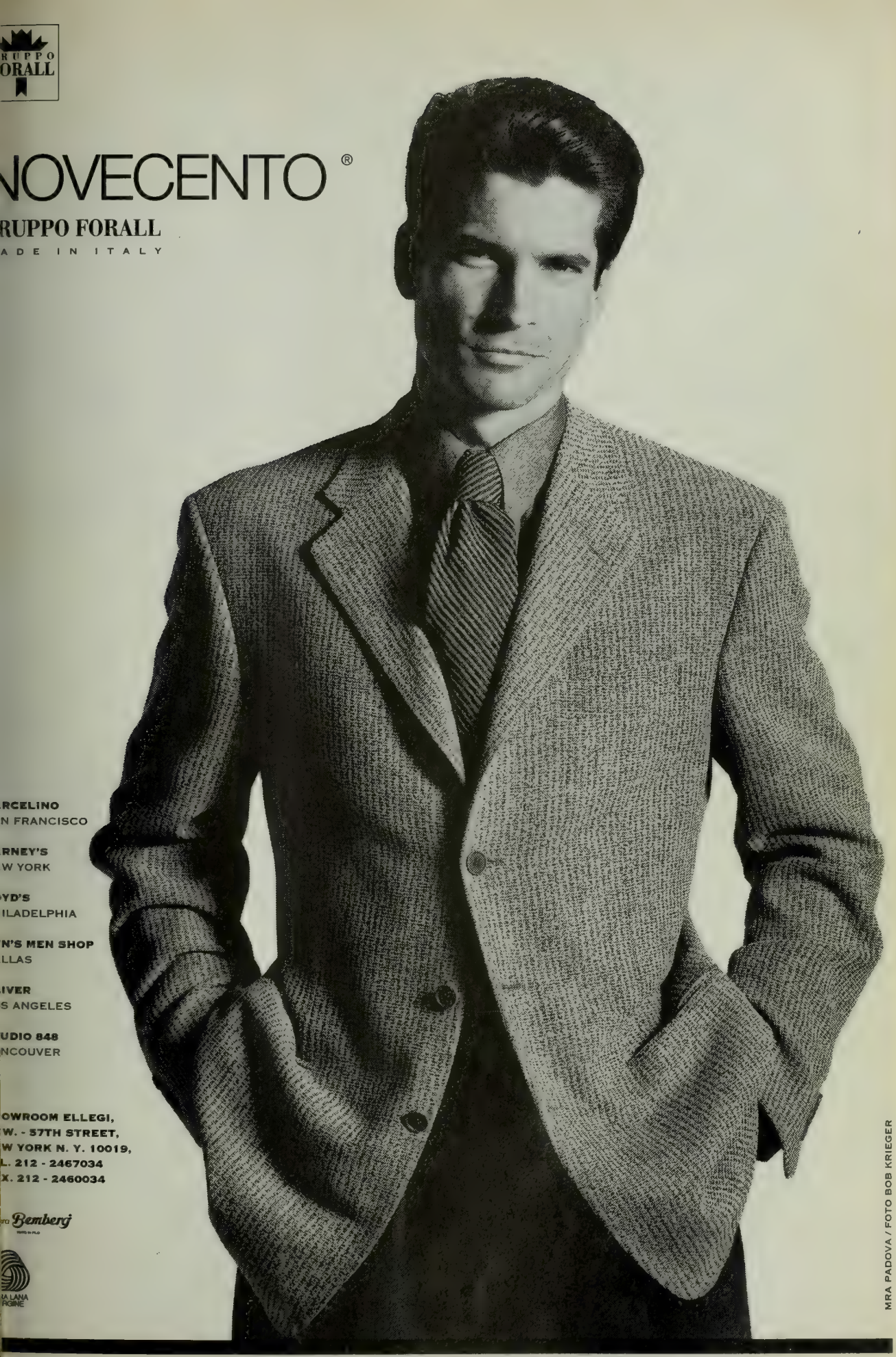
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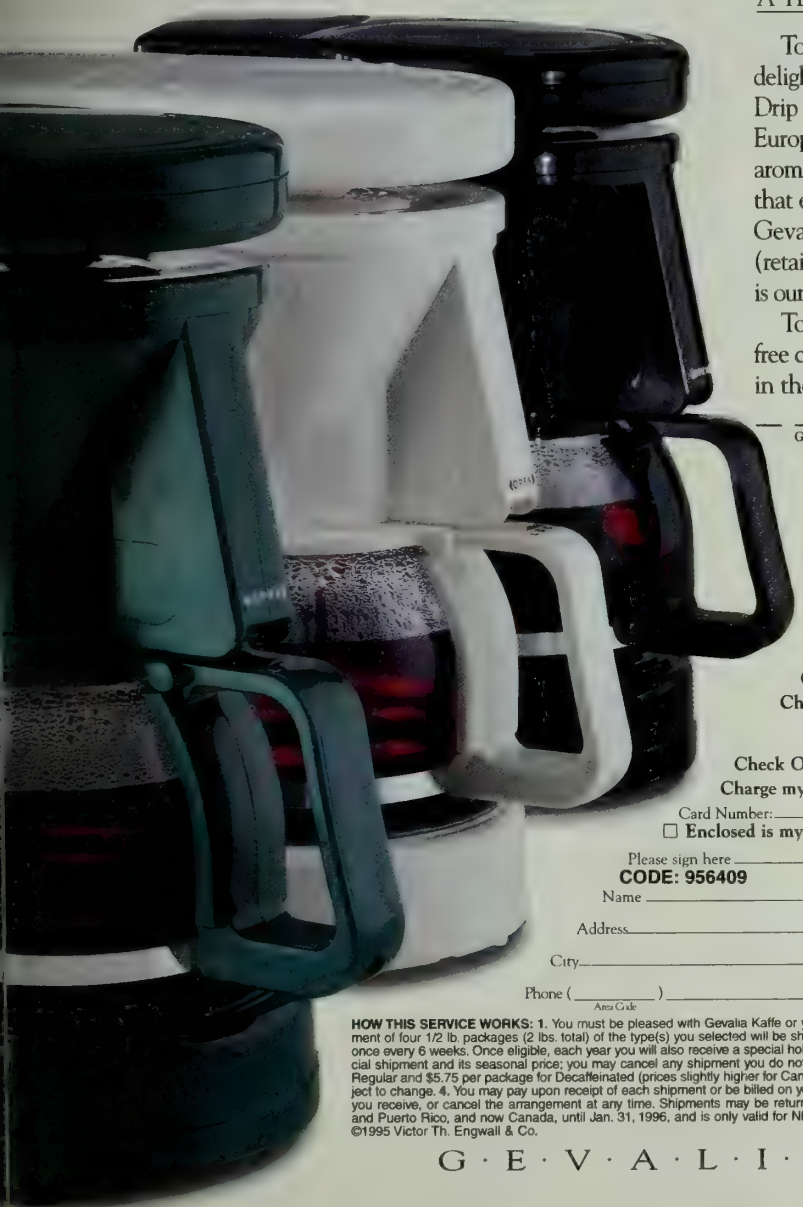
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Continued from page 74) the racists at e core of the upper class. They call emselves the so-called Establishment."

"The people he turned on were his ends—nobody quite knows why he did " says Lord McAlpine, a longtime nfidant of Margaret Thatcher's who as Conservative Party treasurer and no used to visit Fayed regularly. Fad says that McAlpine acpted £250,000 ($367,000) political contributions om him between 1985 and e election year of 1987, nen it was announced that e D.T.I. was going to instigate Fayed. British law es not require disclosure political contributions om individuals. Lord Mcpine acknowledges several yed donations to Conservative causes t not specific amounts, adding, "He uld have been sent a thank-you note d a receipt from me. Ask him to show u the receipts."

Alistair McAlpine responds to the yed brothers' charges of snobbery d racism by saying, "Then why do ey want to live here? I feel very sympthetic towards Al Fayed. I feel he's en very badly treated, but it's largely eir own fault. They get misunderood; they try too hard. I can't fathom y they *want* British citizenship."

"Do you know what 'wog' stands ?" asks Lord Wyatt, another Thatcher nfidant who has attacked Fayed in nt. "Wily Oriental gentleman." Woodw Wyatt calls the whole business "abute nonsense." He says that Fayed's acks are a result of his losing his case a unanimous decision last September the European Court of Human Rights Strasbourg—the final stage in a futile empt to have the D.T.I. report erased. he government said no, and the Court Human Rights said no, and it sort of ves them dotty. It remains a slur on ir character."

"The Fayeds dishonestly misrepreted their origins, their wealth, their siness interests and their resources," D.T.I. report states early on. More n 700 pages later, it ends by saying, he lies of Mohamed Fayed and his cess in 'gagging' the Press created a new fact: that lies were the truth d that the truth was a lie." A vehent denial issued by Fayed at the time d that the report was "worthless" and ocking." The fact that no action was r taken against him by the British vernment, he says, proves that there was no wrongdoing. His enemies, on the other hand, charge the government with a massive cover-up to protect him.

The D.T.I. investigation was ordered in 1987, a full two years after Fayed's petition to buy Harrods was hastily waved through the Thatcher government in 10 days without careful scrutiny. Fayed believes the probe came about through the ceaseless, vengeful efforts of the man he had outwitted to win the store, the equally eccentric megatycoon Roland W. "Tiny" Rowland, then chairman of the conglomerate Lonrho, which is based on mining and agricultural interests in Africa. Rowland hired private detectives to comb the world to uncover whatever incriminating facts they could about Fayed. Using the best investigative reporting that his money could buy, including the resources of his own newspaper *The Observer,* he flooded the Establishment with a series of detailed reports depicting his rival as a liar who had bought off the government and a con artist who had used the Sultan of Brunei's money to buy Harrods.

"The younger Tories were happy to take Fayed's largesse, to take his suites at the Ritz. Then they decided, We don't need him anymore."





Fayed bought the fabled Ritz in Paris in 1979 and maintains it as the world's finest hotel. After restoring it and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's house in the Bois de Boulogne, *left,* he received the Légion d'Honneur.

Fayed's life story is right out of Aladdin or Ali Baba. The characters include global fixers and dealers who think nothing of trying to destabilize countries, seduce the world's wealthiest man, sue whomever whenever, buy the press, and wage private wars. It takes place in the habitat of the offshore superrich, complete with yachts and jets, where friends become enemies, enemies become friends, and the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Truth here is rather like a Platonic ideal—it must remain an abstraction.

Michael Cole, however, continues to define his boss as a wronged and selfless hero who has been consistently victimized. "He thinks he did the right thing for this country. He has a *very* developed sense of morality. Of course, he wouldn't call it that," Cole says. "He's so used to being slapped in the face he doesn't even think about it. . . . All he's interested in is his good family name and reputation, his children, and his own health and happiness. He doesn't look for praise. He has his own foundation to relieve real suffering—he thinks it's his *sacred* duty. He has a very personal relationship with his God." Cole sighs. "I sometimes think this is a charity with a business attached."

"Enter a Different World," Harrods' longtime slogan beckoned. With Mohamed Al Fayed at the helm, it is a darkly suspicious world with laws unto itself. Fayed, who spent hundreds of millions of dollars refurbishing Harrods, has visibly tightened security and now even sells the display windows to vendors. He recently unveiled plans for a new hotel across the street, and he's designing a nearby Harrods village on the Thames. But in the 10 years of his own-

ership, Fayed has had five managing directors; he is embroiled in numerous cases brought for unfair dismissal, and he is accused of everything from racial discrimination and enforced H.I.V. tests to bugging employees' phones and maintaining a fleet of secretaries—"some who type and some who don't," according to a former employee. It is, says former Harrods deputy chairman Christoph Bettermann, "management by fear."

Fayed has a personal security staff of 38—two teams that alternate, one week on, one week off, at his residence at 60 Park Lane, at his country house in Oxted, where his family lives, and at his castle in Scotland. His "close-protection team" consists of 8 or 10. One assumes that the millions of dollars this security costs and the level of his apparent paranoia, which extends to wearing only clip-on ties so that he cannot be strangled, must mean that Fayed's life is under constant threat. Not so, according to a half-dozen former guards I interviewed, who say that his security is mainly for show.

"He modeled himself after whatever the prime minister of the day used," says Bill Dunt, a guard for three and a half years, who says he was fired after being accused of speaking to a female guest and who accepted an out-of-court settlement of his unfair-dismissal suit. "If the prime minister used a Rover fastback, he would. If they changed to a Ford Scorpio, he'd change. It's part of trying to get into the Establishment." Like the U.S. president, who has a military aide to carry nuclear-launch codes in a soft black leather bag, Fayed had guards travel back and forth between Switzerland and England with his hard silver box, which contained unspecified floppy disks.

The guards point out that real protection was impossible, because they were rarely armed, they were not allowed to ride in his car with him, and he refused to tell the guards riding in the backup car where he was going. Anyway, nobody was going to take a bullet for "the fat bastard," the guards' cruel code name for their boss. "Compared to other people I worked for, he treated the team like second-class citizens," says former guard Terry Steans. For example, guards were not allowed to touch Fayed's children, who, they say, delighted in taunting them. Bill Dunt says various children "spit at the guards," hit them with sticks, and called them "donkeys." Steans adds, "Because Fayed's English is not sound, everything is the f-word. And when he goes, he's got a very short fuse, and it doesn't take much to set him off."

Fayed's building at 60 Park Lane contains 50 apartments, which he uses for his family, staff, and guests. He also owns the adjoining No. 55, consisting of apartments for rent, as well as a building around the corner on South Street. All three buildings are connected to the Dorchester Hotel—which Fayed purchased for the Sultan of Brunei—by a series of secret passageways and an elaborate alarm system. One man who was being interviewed for a job at Park Lane was ushered into a waiting room and heard the click of a lock as the secretary left the room and closed the door. After about 20 minutes, the man looked up to see some bookcases which he had thought were built into the wall suddenly swing open and Fayed walk through them, hand outstretched.

Between fiscal 1990 and 1994, House of Fraser Holdings paid an astonishing £458.9 million ($785.6 million) *in interest* to the banks.

Guards say that bugging equipment is kept in a basement room on the corner of South Street and Park Lane. In addition, says Dunt, "everybody who calls Fayed at 60 Park Lane is recorded, and all telephone calls in and out of the building are logged on a computer." Harrods' management offices are regularly swept for bugs and wiretaps. Another former guard, Russ Conway, told me that he personally bugged meetings at Harrods. Employees' phones there were also tapped. A former Harrods executive, newly hired, watched a guard come into his office every afternoon, open a panel in the wall, and take out what looked like a videotape and replace it with another one. Curious, he discovered a tiny video camera trained on his desk.

In 1990, Christoph Bettermann became Fayed's number two, the deputy chairman of Harrods. He had worked for Fayed in Dubai since 1984. In April 1991, Bettermann was approached by an American headhunter to work in the Arab emirate of Sharjah, and almost immediately, he says, Fayed told him, "I hear you are leaving me." In June, says Bettermann, "he showed me a written transcript of a phone conversation between the headhunter and me. He accused me of breaking our trust by talking to these people. I told him, 'If you don't trust me, resign. I cannot trust you if you bugg my phone.'" Bettermann quit Harro and took an oil-company job in Sharjah

Fayed promptly wrote the ruler Sharjah, accusing Bettermann of stealin large sums of money. In a meeting wi John Macnamara, an ex–Scotland Ya detective who is Fayed's security dir tor, Bettermann asked if he was bei taped, and Macnamara said no. A ta of that meeting later surfaced. Bett mann was cleared by three courts which Fayed had pressed charges, b Bettermann's defense cost him $160,00 "Fayed has every law firm in Lond sewed up. It was intimidating," Bett mann says. "Fayed chart you at first. Once you do n turn out the way he wan you're the bad guy, and tries to get rid of you, som times in appalling ways."

Bettermann's wife, Fra cesca, who was Harrods' le counsel, resigned when h husband did. "The most co mon thing at Harrods was u fair dismissal," she says. "Y had a huge amount." Last year Harro was facing 32 such cases, compared w 2 at Selfridge's department store, whi has a similar number of employees. "T law says you can't fire people witho cause. Mohamed says, 'I can, as long a pay for it.'" Francesca Bettermann ad "He settles them all. He has never gott into the witness-box. I think he'd be ve frightened to go to court." Yet even wh his lawyers told him that he couldn't w she claims, he'd say, "Sue. Sue anyway."

When Francesca Bettermann w hired, she had to take an H.I.V. tes women working close to the chairm had to undergo full internal exams a be grilled on their entire gynecologi histories—and her handwriting was a lyzed. (In 1994, three former Harro employees claimed that they were giv H.I.V. tests although they had specifi ly withheld permission to be screen Michael Cole says it was the docto fault. The doctor had blamed the m ical lab.) Fayed has a strong phob about germs. He does not eat out cept on rare occasions, and eats o what his personal cook prepares him. Each plate he eats from must boiled and rimmed with a cut lime disinfect it. When he helicopters fr his country house to London, he we a gas mask so that he won't inhale fum

Whenever Fayed suffers a spate


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bad publicity, the press seems to be flooded with stories and pictures of him helping needy children. In fiscal 1994, Fayed had House of Fraser donate £800,000 ($1.2 million) to charity. Yet Fayed's fear of germs is such, say ex-employees, that he can barely stand to touch the children who get him so much positive press. He does not allow his own children to attend the annual Harrods Christmas party, they say, for fear of contamination, and he keeps Wet-wipes in his pockets so that after shaking every little hand he can wipe his own.

He does not abide smoking. Revlon chairman Ronald Perelman showed up to meet Fayed in his office several years ago with his trademark cigar stuck between his teeth. According to an observer, before Fayed shook hands or said a word to Perelman, he yanked the cigar out of his mouth and threw it against the wall.

"In my mind," said Adnan Khashoggi, "Fayed definitely, officially bought Harrods with the Sultan of Brunei's money."

The boss's strong likes and dislikes quickly become apparent to those who work closely with him. "He likes a pretty face. He wouldn't hire someone who was ugly. He liked them light-skinned, well educated, English, and young," says Francesca Bettermann. "I remember there was something on the application form that said, 'Your color, race . . . ' I said, 'You're not allowed to put that on the form,' and he said, 'Well, make sure they put proper photos in, then.'" Last year, Harrods settled five racial-discrimination cases against the company, and, according to union officials, between June and September of 1994, 23 of the 28 people fired were blacks, who had held mostly menial jobs. Meanwhile, *The Guardian* reported that a Harrods spokesman had said, "Mohamed Al Fayed is very aware of the evils of racism. He hates racial discrimination in all its forms, and he would not entertain anybody working for him who might decide they should start acting this way."

Fayed, ex-employees told me, changes his mind constantly, without warning. People who had worked for 20 years or more at Harrods were escorted off the premises in five minutes after having been told they were "redundant." Police were sometimes summoned for minor infractions, and officers hauled one executive off a plane at Heathrow. Shortly before Michael Ellis-Jones, ex–managing director of Harrods, left, he told staffers, "You can't run this place like a harem. The men aren't eunuchs, and the women aren't serfs."

According to former employees, Fayed regularly walked the store on the lookout for young, attractive women to work in his office. Some were asked to go to Paris with him. Good-looking women were given gifts and cash bonuses almost before they understood that they were being compromised. "Come to Papa," he would say. "Give Papa a hug." Those who rebuffed him would often be subjected to crude, humiliating comments about their appearance or dress. A dozen ex-employees I spoke with said that Fayed would chase secretaries around the office and sometimes try to stuff money down women's blouses. A succession of women were offered the use of a free apartment on Park Lane or a luxury car.







Clockwise from above: **Shri Chandra Swamiji Maharaj, the Swami, far left, with Mohamed, Salah, and Ali Fayed in the 80s; the Sultan of Brunei during an afternoon of polo with the Prince of Wales in 1994; Fayed's spin doctor, Michael Cole, director of public affairs for Harrods.**

Former Harrods workers can tell Fayed stories late into the night. He would brandish a two-foot plastic penis at male visitors and ask, "How's your cock?" He bought several of Liberace's pianos and ordered a painting of Harrods on Waikiki Beach, by actor Tony Curtis, to be reproduced for sale. Then there was Salah Fayed, the peculiar third brother, code-named by the security guards "the fruit bat" because he came out only at night. Salah, who lives in Egypt, has not ap plied for British citizenship; indeed, he i no longer even a director of Harrods Salah once bought two 18-inch miniatur horses, one for one of Mohamed' daughters and one for himself, which h would walk on a leash down Park Lane When Mohamed found out, he ordere that Salah's horse be removed.

The atmosphere in Harrods was terr fying to some, and it fostered politica backbiting. Why, if so many people fe they were so badly treated, did they wa to be fired? Many of them would sa that in a country where unemploymen runs high the Harrods name carried th day, and Fayed's money bred their de pendence. "He takes you on and pay you a relatively good wage," says forme security man Bill Dunt. "You begin t live according t your wage, an when it comes to th thought you migh lose it, they've g you."

Fayed's acquis tion of Harroc coincided with wide-open laisse faire period in Bri ain in the mid-80 when, under Marg ret Thatcher's pr business governmen entrepreneurship wa exalted as never b fore and strictures i the City were loose ing. The casinos we awash with spectac larly rich Arabs, th brash Americans Salomon Brothers ar Goldman, Sachs we coming on stron and after the Big Ban —the deregulation Britain's financial ma kets in 1986—staid British investme banks and law firms did not want to l left behind.

There's an old Arab saying, "Fin out what a man wants and give it him." Mohamed Al Fayed was one those who provided visiting Midd Eastern potentates with whatever th desired. From his early boyhood in th Gomrok slum in Alexandria—not f from the exclusive Yacht Club—he ha tracked the rich. After a flamboya and checkered early career, he had en ed up as a com- *(Continued on page 8*



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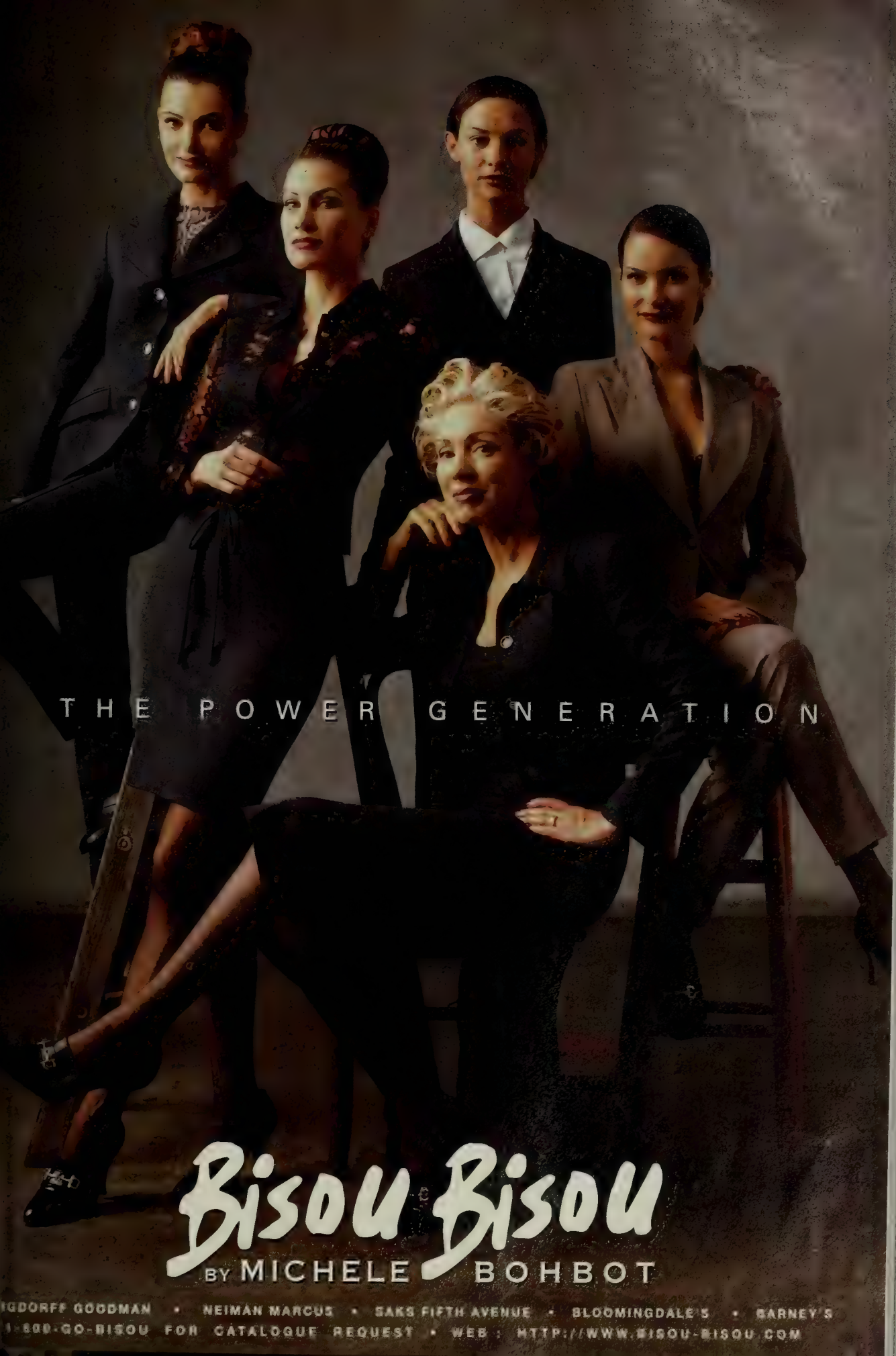
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(Continued from page 82) missions agent d middleman for one of the world's ealthiest men, Mahdi Al Tajir—the right nd of Sheikh Rashid of Dubai. But ey had a falling-out. "He was a bag- an. Your role as a bagman is exactly at. You owe 90 percent of the money those whose bag you're carrying," says ancial journalist Michael Gillard, who ofessionally has been both a friend and oe of Fayed's. "If you do enough deals d the deals are big enough, you can ake tens, hundreds of millions of dol- s." Fayed also arranged parties. "If eikhs were coming, he'd lay on a string girls for parties," says Gillard.

In 1979, Fayed had renewed an old quaintance with Tiny Rowland, and he gan to feed business reporters from owland's *Observer* leads for stories on bes and corruption among his enemies the Gulf. He and Rowland used to eakfast together, and Terry Robinson, nrho's former director responsible for ouse of Fraser, remembers that Fayed vays seemed obsessed with sex. "He'd ust on Tiny all these sex toys. He'd me back from these breakfasts laden th devices." Rowland and Fayed had t in the early 70s, when Lonrho bought yed's shares in the British construction mpany Costain and Fayed went on the nrho board. The relationship quickly yed. "I ran away from all the crooked ling, all the arms dealing and bribes," yed claimed. When I informed Row- d the next day that Fayed had said that ran a "dirty company," he was taken ack. "Our chairman was a son-in-law of nston Churchill, Lord Duncan Sandys. Fayed refers to us as a 'dirty company,' should have refused to join a company ired by Duncan Sandys."

orn Roland Walter Fuhrhop in a Ger- man internment camp in India during World War I, Tiny, by 1979, had made ortune in Africa and held a 29.9 per- nt stake in the House of Fraser depart- nt stores. Lonrho frequently expressed erest in buying all of it, but had been d against by the British Monopolies d Mergers Commission, which regarded nrho's bid as not in the public interest. hen Fayed, whom Rowland nicknamed otsie, offered to buy Lonrho's shares in use of Fraser, Rowland believed he d found a perfect vehicle with whom to k the stock until the political climate nged and he could find a way to ac- re the whole company himself.

Clashing with the government was hing new for Rowland. In 1973, after ower struggle at Lonrho, the D.T.I. had investigated him and produced a blistering report. Prime Minister Edward Heath had called Rowland "an unpleasant and unacceptable face of capitalism." (Rowland rejoined, "Of course, being called the *acceptable* face of capitalism would be equally insulting.") Like Fayed, he was a self-invented outsider who sought to be more English than the English. Elegant, amoral, charismatic, and six feet two, Rowland was considered by many Africans to be a latter-day Cecil Rhodes. Others condemned him for bringing to that continent a way of doing business that depended on payoffs and the granting of favors. In Britain, where he was educated as well as detained and jailed during World War II as a German sympathizer, he was adored by Lonrho shareholders but scorned by the Establishment.

"Do you know what 'wog' stands for?" asks Lord Wyatt, a Thatcher confidant. "Wily Oriental gentleman."

Rowland had a vast network of contacts and close personal relationships with African leaders. He knew things before anyone else. "Rowland could never be prosecuted in this country," Michael Cole claims. "Within a half-hour he could say enough to destroy the British Commonwealth. He's the man who knows too much." I asked Cole if Rowland's information was correct. "Yes. He knows everything." (Ironically, Cole denies most of what Rowland alleges about Fayed.) But for all his savvy, Rowland underestimated the wily Egyptian.

The purchase of Harrods came during a propitious moment of Fayed's life, when he had ingratiated himself with the richest man on earth, His Majesty Sultan Haji Hassanal Bolkiah Mu'Izzaddin Waddaulah, the Sultan of Brunei. The credulous sultan was irresistible to those who trafficked in the world's most expensive luxury goods and services, and wheeler-dealers from far and wide exhausted themselves trying to juggle their wares and prostrate themselves before him. Between the summer of 1984 and the spring of 1985, Fayed managed to elbow the competition aside.

Fayed told me that he had known the sultan as a little boy and his father before him. He also said they got to know each other over discussions about building a trade center in Brunei. Tiny Rowland gave the D.T.I. another explanation. He said Fayed had told him that he negotiated an introduction to the sultan for $500,000 plus a piece of the action of any resulting business with a hustling, globe-trotting Indian holy man, Shri Chandra Swamiji Maharaj, known as the Swami.

The Swami, a heavyset former scrap-metal dealer once detained in jail on fraud charges, is today a power broker in New Delhi with close ties to Indian prime minister P. V. Narasimha Rao, and he has numbered Imelda Marcos and Elizabeth Taylor among his followers. He was especially sought-after once he became "spiritual adviser" to the sultan's second wife, Mariam, a former air hostess, in the course of predicting (incorrectly) that she would give birth to a son.

Through the late Washington lawyer Steven Martindale, the Swami met Fayed's old enemy Adnan Khashoggi. Fayed had once been married to one of Khashoggi's sisters, and he had fallen out with the family. Martindale, with financial help from Rowland, later wrote a truth-is-stranger-than-fiction book about his experiences with the two men and their connections with Fayed. Called *By Hook or by Crook,* the book was never distributed. Fayed issued a libel writ on the press release announcing the book and told the English publisher that if he ever wanted to sell another book in Harrods—one of the largest book outlets in Britain—he would not publish Martindale. When I asked Fayed about his association with the Swami, he laughed and said that they had met only once.

Beginning in the summer of 1984, Fayed received several powers of attorney and written authorizations from the sultan to carry out certain tasks for him. These powers of attorney gave him legal access to large sums of the sultan's cash. Two mandates to act on the sultan's behalf were given on August 20, 1984, and were to be used to cancel two previous contracts for the construction of a luxury yacht. Another, dispensed three days later, and naming Fayed "our personal and official Financial Advisor," was issued to retrieve nearly $100 million the sultan had advanced to a Swiss businessman named Carl Hirschmann. Hirschmann was to have customized for the sultan a special stretch 747 jet with several bed-



"The hardest part was telling my mother."

re, there've been many instances of true romance ning on a showroom floor, but usually the object heart-beating affection s to be made of sheet But still, Barbara Burton looking for love when she walked into a Saturn om. Considering her past car-shopping experi- she was just looking ject. Well, in Barbara's ords, Kevin Massey at of Tampa was "very ional." Even before he her a Saturn, he lis- what Barbara wanted . Then Kevin took a on a thorough walk-around of the Saturn. ed the safety features. Let her kick the doors. ntroduced her to the service manager. Then suggested a test-drive. Never once did mention financing. *(No pressure; Barb liked* When they returned, Barbara thanked Kevin. t. Being a single mom, she didn't want to rush into such a financial decision too hastily. In fact, it wasn't till a few months later that she saw something that brought a sparkle to her eye—a red Saturn coupe. She bought it that day. Thanked Kevin. And left. *(Okay, you thought this was going to be a love story? Well, wait.)* Three months later, Barbara brought the car in for a 3,000-mile checkup. That's when Kevin inquired about a test-drive *(that included dinner and a movie)*. Well, by now Barbara figured Kevin wasn't just a very nice car salesman, but a very nice person. And the rest, well, is destiny. *(Kevin's new mother-in-law even said "yes" to a Saturn coupe.)* Now, we like to think everyone who buys a Saturn is entering into a relationship of sorts (albeit, not always matrimony). One in which you're treated honestly and fairly. Not just when you buy a Saturn. But when it's serviced. So stop by—the coffee's free—and experience it. It's, oh, well, different.



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rooms and stalls so that the sultan could fly nonstop from Brunei to London with his polo ponies. They were trying to find out what to do about the horses' urine when Fayed reportedly persuaded the sultan to dump Hirschmann. Hirschmann's son was detained in Brunei until $86 million of the sultan's money was returned to a bank account Fayed would have control over. In addition, according to the D.T.I. report, another $200 million of the sultan's on deposit for the design of the yacht was transferred away from the marine designer's control by Fayed "once he had himself been granted appropriate authority by the Sultan."

In June 1984, say the inspectors, the Fayed brothers had £50.5 million ($69 million) on deposit, "whatever its original source," in the Royal Bank of Scotland. But in the next two months, Mohamed was also busy incorporating two holding companies as receptacles for the brothers' assets in Liechtenstein, and traveling between Brunei and London acquiring the powers of attorney from the sultan. During that same period, according to the D.T.I. report, the three Fayed brothers' bank, the Royal Bank of Scotland, received a sudden transfer of hundreds of millions of dollars from Switzerland into the Fayeds' accounts. Fayed has never really explained where this money came from; the bank assumed it belonged to the sultan. However, Fayed told the bank that his portfolio was separate from the sultan's. "It may be no more than coincidence that this vast increase in disposable wealth followed quickly on the admission of Mohamed to the sultan's confidence," wrote the inspectors. "It is, however, a very powerful coincidence."

By November, Fayed had struck a deal with Rowland to buy his House of Fraser shares for £138 million ($171 million). Rowland incorrectly assumed that the shares would be safely parked if he let Fayed have them, because he was sure that Tootsie didn't have the capital to acquire more. "I sold because I wanted him to keep the stock. I've made many mistakes in my life, but the worst was I trusted him!"

Almost immediately, Fayed demanded that Rowland leave the House of Fraser board, and went behind Rowland's back to court the House of Fraser chairman,



Fayed with Queen Elizabe *left*, at the Royal Windso Horse Show, which Harro sponsors, 1988. *Below*, with his Finnish wife, Hei at the Guards Polo Club Smith's Lawn, 1990.

"Princess Diana is so easygoing with Mohamed. . . . Mohamed is not one of those who's overwhelmed by her. They spark off each other very well."



Professor Roland Smith, who received a handsome retroactive bonus from Fayed once he obtained ownership.

Rowland also wrongly believed that if Fayed made a bid to buy a controlling interest in House of Fraser, it would never get past government investigation. "We were in the right place at the right time," says Michael Cole. "They'd let *anybody* buy it who wasn't Rowland."

Next, the little-known Fayeds and their new advisers had to convince the government and the public that they controlled enough assets to be able to hand over $700 million unencumbered. It required them to invent a history of old money; overnight they became "fabulous pharaohs." The Fayeds were represented by the investment bankers Kleinwort Benson and the law offices Herbert Smith, two old-line British firms which basically accepted at face value what the Fayeds told them. "Remember," said Kleinwort's John MacArthur, who handled the deal for the Fayeds, "Kohlberg, Kravis Roberts was buying out RJR Nabisco on bus tickets. It was go-go time." As the D.T.I. report put it, "The lies which the Fayeds were telling about themselves and their resources were given a credibility they would not have otherwise attained when they were repeated by their very reputable advisers."

The Fayeds' bankers submitted a novel discredited one-and-a-half-page summary of their assets, which the government accepted. On November 2, Kleinwort issued a press release about its new clients: the Fayeds were an "old established Egyptian family who for more than 100 years were ship owners, landowners and industrialists in Egypt." To this day, the brothers are said to be "raised by British nannies, educated in British schools and unabashed admirers of British history, traditions and ethics." When Nasser came to power, they fled. With a couple of notable exceptions, the press swallowed the story whole.

"Statements about the sources of their great wealth and about the scale of their businesses formed part of their central story," wrote the D.T.I. inspectors later. "If people had known, for instance, that they only owned one luxury hotel; that their interests in oil exploration consortia were of no current value; that their banking interests consisted of less than 5 percent of the issued share capital of a bank and were worth less than $10 million; that they had no current interests in construction projects; that far from being 'leading shipowners in the liner trade' they only owned two roll-on roll-off 1600 ton cargo ferries; if all these facts had been known people would have been less disposed to believe that the Fayeds really



BRUNO CAGNARO

GIORGIO ARMANI

SCIARPE

owned the money they were using to buy HOF."

Fayed entertained the wowed House of Fraser board at the opulent 60 Park Lane and flew the Harrods manager over to the Ritz. American public-relations advisers were hired—never knowing whether they were being paid by the sultan or Fayed—to broadcast the sultan's good works. Sir Gordon Reece, one of Margaret Thatcher's kitchen cabinet and her TV-image adviser, who was also advising Fayed, was provided with a Park Lane apartment.

In January 1985, Fayed received another power of attorney to quietly purchase the Dorchester Hotel for the sultan. On January 29, Fayed accompanied the sultan to 10 Downing Street to visit Margaret Thatcher. The pound at that time was in drastic decline, threatening the economy, and the sultan, who had moved £5 billion ($5.6 billion) of assets out of sterling, kindly did Britain a grand favor. He moved it back in. Fayed has taken credit for the assist and also for persuading the sultan to give British defense industries a half-billion pounds ($560 million) in contracts.

Behind his bubbly façade, Fayed maintains an elaborate bugging system and is perhaps the most litigious man in England.

On March 4, 1985, the Fayeds announced a formal cash offer for House of Fraser of £615 million ($689 million), which Kleinwort claimed was untethered by any borrowings. The financing of the Fayeds' bid has been the source of intense scrutiny, and while no one, including Fayed, has supplied a comprehensive account, some numbers have emerged. According to the D.T.I. report, by October 1984 the Fayeds had at their disposal at least $600 million in the Royal Bank of Scotland and in a Swiss bank. "We were not told the source of any of these funds or given a credible story as to how and where they were obtained," said the inspectors. Tiny Rowland claimed that the architect behind the sultan's 1,788-room palace, Enrique Zobel, had said that Fayed controlled $1.2 billion in yet another joint account with His Royal Highness. Whatever the amount, the huge pile of cash the Fayeds claimed as their own was apparently used as collateral in order to guarantee a loan of more than £400 million ($480 million) to buy House of Fraser. "If you have a company with tremendous assets like Harrods," Fayed told me, "you have no problem. You don't need to use cash." That first loan, drawn on a Swiss bank, was then quickly replaced with another loan, secured by House of Fraser shares. Thus, within a short period of time, it seems, the Fayeds owned House of Fraser and didn't have any of their own money in it.

"Nobody's been able to find out whose money is behind the purchase, because of secrecy laws of Swiss banking codes," asserts Terry Robinson, who spent nearly two months researching the Fayeds' accounts for Lonrho. "The D.T.I. inspectors tried, and sought British-government assistance. The Swiss will cooperate, but it has to be on a government-to-government basis. The British government refused the inspectors' request. That, to me, is the fishy side of things." The inspectors were thus denied definitive proof. Nonetheless, they said they were left to conclude "that this was somebody else's money," and, further, that "the conclusion that the money was derived from [Fayed's] association with the Sultan looks not only possible but probable."

Tiny Rowland wrote Trade Minister Norman Tebbit a seven-plus-page letter repudiating the Fayeds' story, according to Tom Bower, who wrote an unauthorized biography of Rowland. Rowland also enlisted the former director of the Egyptian secret police and Nasser's son-in-law, Ashraf Marwan, to aid him in exposing the Fayeds—who had previously enlisted Marwan to help them buy Rowland's House of Fraser shares.

A full-scale press battle began. Brian Basham, a slick P.R. adviser whom Kleinwort brought in for the Fayeds, was spinning pro-Fayed pieces while Tiny Rowland sought to influence his newspaper *The Observer*. On the weekend of March 9 and 10, *The Observer* published an article using some of Marwan's information. That Sunday night on national television, John MacArthur of Kleinwort blithely reiterated that the Fayeds were worth "several billion dollars," despite the fact that he also admitted, "I have got no statement of their consolidated financial position." The next morning, March 11, the Fayeds bought more tha 50 percent of House of Fraser.

Fayed issued what was later referre to in the D.T.I. report as a "gagging writ, a libel suit against *The Observer* f its Sunday story. Whenever any newsp per deviated from the Fayed versio similar writs were routinely threatene or issued. All critical reporting outsi *The Observer* virtually stopped.

On March 14, 1985, the government i sued a press release announcing that would not refer the Fayeds' bid to the M nopolies and Mergers Commission. Th bloody battle was over. The Fayeds own Harrods. But the war had just begun.

Between 1985 and 1993, Tiny Rowlan relentlessly pursued Mohamed Al F yed. "Anyone who fell out with M hamed knew where to go," says journali Michael Gillard. Rowland's suspicio were further aroused when, just a fe hours before the announcement on Mar 14, 1985, Fayed showed up at 10 Downi Street for a reception in honor of Pre dent Hosni Mubarak of Egypt, whom h had never met. According to Bower's b ography, the invitation had been arrang by Mubarak's and Mrs. Thatcher's mutu adviser, Gordon Reece, who, several pe ple told me, kept his free Park Lane apar ment courtesy of Fayed from the sprin of 1985 until the summer of 1994. (Ree denies both claims.) Since then, accordi to former Harrods employees, the Egy tian president's family has enjoyed Fayed hospitality at Harrods, and while Mubar ak's son was living in London, his apar ment was decorated by Fayed.

After the controversy generated b the House of Fraser affair, business re tions between Fayed and the sultan su denly ceased. On April 25, 1985, the su tan and Fayed terminated, by mutu agreement, all powers of attorney give to Fayed since 1984. Publicly the sulta has always denied that his money w used. "What the sultan says . . . is that any of his money was used in the pu chase of the House of Fraser it w without his knowledge and consent," c plained the sultan's public-relations a viser, Lord Chalfont, in 1989. Chalfo also said that the sultan "has decided retain more professional advisers a has ceased all commercial contacts wi Mohamed Al Fayed."

In a 1988 article in *Forbes* by Pran Gupte, it was first reported that the Sw mi and the sultan had met in Singapo in 1985 to discuss ways of getting ba part of the $900 million the sultan h "entrusted" to Fayed. Acting on behalf



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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

the sultan, the Swami persuaded Fayed to meet with him on June 6 and 7, 1985, in a rented apartment at 1 Carlos Place in Mayfair, and the meetings were secretly tape-recorded. On these infamous "Carlos Place tapes"—partly in Hindi, partly in broken English, but mostly gibberish—which the D.T.I. subsequently had authenticated by an audio lab, Fayed brags to the Swami about his influence with both Mrs. Thatcher and the sultan. "I have power of attorney. . . . I can have $10 billion [if] I want." Gupte, who speaks Hindi, and Michael Gillard, both of whom have interviewed Fayed, told me the voice on the tapes is unmistakably Fayed's. Fayed once swore in an affidavit—and still avers today—that the tapes are not authentic.

Rowland, however, believed the tapes were just the smoking gun he had been looking for. Once he found out about them from Adnan Khashoggi, he flew to New York, where he met the Swami in Khashoggi's 45th-floor duplex, and then to Canada, where the tapes were stashed, to listen to them. Later, a delegation from Lonrho met the Swami aboard Khashoggi's yacht in Antibes and paid $2 million for the tapes. (Rowland also paid $3 million for a document purporting that Mark Thatcher, the son of the prime minister, and Fayed had traveled to Brunei together, which was later proved false.) The transcript of the tapes yielded Rowland a 185-page peccadillo-laden biography of Fayed, printed privately and sent "to anybody who was qualified"—80,000 of them. It was called *A Hero from Zero,* which is how the Swami described Fayed at Carlos Place, and it caused a sensation.

When I visited Rowland at his posh town house on Chester Square last November, the silver-haired titan casually picked up a phone and promptly got through to "His Holiness," the Swami, at his ashram in India. His Holiness would be interviewed only in person. Then Rowland made another call and handed me the phone. I was talking to Adnan Khashoggi—on the record.

"The tapes are authentic. The Swami taped him on the sultan's orders," Khashoggi said. "In my mind he definitely, officially bought Harrods with the sultan's money. I saw the agreement. He gave the sultan £300 million [$390 million] back." Did the sultan show you the agreement? I asked. "No. The sultan showed it to the Swami, and the Swami showed it to me."

Khashoggi and Fayed have a long history. They met in the early 50s, when Fayed was married to Samira Khashoggi, whom he had met on the beach in Alexandria. She gave birth to a son, Dodi. Today, Dodi Fayed, who got a producer's credit on *Chariots of Fire,* continues to function in the film business. Khashoggi claims that at the time of their meeting Fayed was a Singer-sewing-machine salesman who had previously sold Coca-Cola. Khashoggi gave him a job coordinating furniture deliveries for a company that he owned. "He started making side deals to put fees in his hands," Khashoggi claims. Fayed says that Khashoggi worked for *him,* and that he couldn't take Khashoggi's stealing and gambling away his money. "It was such a dirty family."

In fact, Khashoggi's father was the doctor of the late Saudi Arabian king Abdul-Aziz. According to Fayed and Michael Cole, however, Khashoggi's father was merely "a nurse orderly" who injected the old king so that he could perform sexually with the virgins who were brought to him nightly. When I repeated this to Khashoggi, he said, "It makes the story more fairy-tale. My father is a surgeon, who studied with Madame Curi Khashoggi added, "Mohamed alwa had the image of lying and making stories—it's a sickness."



Fayed blames Home Secretary Michael Howard, *right,* for creating a conspiracy against him.



Tim Smith, who resigned as a junior minister after Fayed's "cash for questions" scandal last October, with his wife, Jennifer.



Neil Hamilton, who also resigned as a Tory minister in the wake of Fayed's accusations of Tory corruption, denies receiving any payments.

Those Fayed wants most to impress—the Briti upper class—have given him the cold shoulder.

In 1987 the Conservatives were facing general election, and numerous busine scandals had fueled criticism that th regulation was too lax. Rowland was s relentlessly pounding the governme about Fayed, and, more important, *T Observer* had begun publishi stories critical of the busine dealings of Mark Thatcher, t adored son of, and frequent e barrassment to, the prime mi ter. The government also learn from the D.T.I. report that Kle wort Benson had based its co dence in the Fayeds' assets o single telex from a Swiss ba and on the sultan's denial that was involved. On April 9, 19 the Department of Trade and dustry appointed inspectors look into the acquisition of Harrods, only to keep Rowland and *The Obser* quiet. To this day, the British governme has chosen never to explain fully why, though the D.T.I. report was complet in July 1988, it was not officially releas until March 1990, and why, since it w full of damaging findings, it was nev acted upon. To most Americans, t would indicate a clear cover-up. The port might never have been published all if Rowland hadn't gotten ahold of and printed its findings in March 1989, an extraordinary midweek edition of *T Observer,* which usually publishes only Sundays. Fayed and the government tained an injunction which forced the p per off the newsstands within a few hou

Only recently has it become possi to piece together how desperately Fay was trying to curry favor with the Co servative Party while he was under inv tigation. Between 1985 and 1987, he n only gave the Tories £250,000 ($367,00 for the 1987 election but also met doze of times with Tim Smith and Neil Ham ton—the two ministers whose resignatio he would later force—sometimes alo and sometimes with lobbyist Ian Gre

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whose firm acted as Fayed's go-between. (Hamilton, who stayed free at the Ritz, admits to attending meetings but denies receiving payment. He and Greer sued, but their action was recently struck down.) The meetings stopped six months after the D.T.I. report was published in *The Observer*. Last month, Fayed was called to tell what he knows in an inquiry involving Jonathan Aitken, another minister implicated in the scandal over free stays at the Ritz.

During the late 80s, while Rowland continued to flood the Establishment with reports detailing the Fayeds' background, Mohamed, according to two ex–security guards, kept wooing high-ranking officials in the Thatcher government. He played host in Surrey, for example, to then home secretary Douglas Hurd, who resigned this June as Major's foreign secretary. To counter Rowland, Fayed set up his own digging-for-dirt department, headed by lawyer Royston Webb and private investigator Richard New. They produced a scathing, Nazi-baiting propaganda report on Tiny: *Faircop. Fuhrhop.* Lord McAlpine likened the struggle to watching afternoon wrestling on TV. "Nobody quite cares who wins, but it's fun to watch for half an hour." It wasn't, he says, as if anything important were at stake. Harrods, after all, was just a shop.

Since the scandal Fayed has continued to invite politicians of all parties up to his offices, where he plies them with drink and bags full of Harrods goodies. "He has loads of politicians up there, and they all get the red-carpet treatment," says former security guard Russ Conway, who says he was dismissed on a whim in March. "There's liquor all over the place. Half of them can't walk because they're stone drunk. Then you're dispatched to go down and bring up big teddy bears in bags, and if they hadn't got a car, you'd drive 'em to Commons."

Fayed and Rowland both employ former Scotland Yard detective chief superintendents as security heads, men whose close ties to the police are ongoing and of enormous help to their bosses. "They were both hired for their contacts, and still to this day they use them," says former security guard Bill Dunt. "They still have access to the police."

In 1990, shortly before the D.T.I. report was officially released, 1,000 copies of the report bound in Moroccan leather and meant to be sent to everyone from "the Queen on down" turned up in Bangkok in the possession of a German arms dealer named Herman Moll. He claimed he had been hired by Khashoggi lawyer Sam Evans, who had helped Rowland write *A Hero from Zero.* (Rowland claimed that the report had landed on his desk in a brown envelope.) Moll called Fayed's security chief, John Macnamara, asking for more than £1 million ($1.8 million) for the report. Macnamara flew to Bangkok and managed to grab a copy away from Moll in a hotel bar.

Finally, in March 1990, five years after the Fayeds' purchase of House of Fraser, Nicholas Ridley, the then secretary of state for trade and industry—the fifth since the fight had begun—released the D.T.I. report, because, he said, the Department of Public Prosecutions had decided there were no grounds to prosecute. "Only God can take House of Fraser from me," crowed Fayed.

"If I had to do it all over again," says Fayed, "I could. I could sleep in Hyde Park. All I would need was a piece of bread and some cheese."

"The lies of Mohamed Fayed and his success in 'gagging' the Press created . . . a new fact: that lies were the truth and that the truth was a lie."

"Among all the boys, we called him Fayed the Liar," says Ibrahim El Araby Abou Hamed, a former classmate who says he has known Fayed since they were seven in the Gomrok. "All the time he was dreaming to be rich. He wanted to dress and walk around with the rich people. He is one week older than I am," says El Araby, who was born in 1929. Fayed claims he was born in 1933. The D.T.I. report flatly says he lied. But such talk is dangerous. El Araby, once the editor of *Alexandria Magazine,* was beaten while helping a British TV crew investigate the Fayeds' origins, and his magazine had to close. Channel 3 broadcast that three eyewitnesses had identified Salah Fayed as the man who attacked El Araby. House of Fraser categorically denied that Salah had had anything to do with the incident.

Perhaps Fayed's greatest caper before Harrods was the brief time he spent in Haiti. "He introduced himself as Sheikh Mohamed Fayed," Luckner Cambronne, Papa Doc Duvalier's former right-hand man, says today. Fayed arrived in Haiti in late 1964, when Papa Doc, the bru dictator, was increasingly isolated. Fa told people that he could bring Mid Eastern riches to the wretchedly poo land if they would allow him the con sions to build an oil refinery and deve the wharf at Port-au-Prince. In short der a contract with an American f was canceled, and Fayed was being d en around in a limousine with Ton Macoute bodyguards and given a di matic passport. According to Raym Joseph, editor of the *Haiti Observa* newspaper in New York and one of organizers of the opposition to P Doc at the time, Fayed became enga to one of Papa Doc's daughters, whenever he made a trip to Miami, h send flowers to Madame Duvalier. was like giving Indians trinkets, and steal the whole thing."

Although Fayed claimed that he invested $4 million in Haiti and that government owed *him* money, the D inspectors found his signature on an count for the har authority in Octo 1964, when the count held just $160,000. By the of the year, both and $150,000 v gone. "We have doubt at all that hamed Fayed pe trated a substantia ceit on the gov ment and people of Haiti in 1964."

After Haiti, Fayed landed in Lon and moved into a flat at 60 Park L which he would later acquire. He be traveling frequently to Dubai, and t takes credit for building its harbor trade center, though those claims widely disputed in Dubai. Through missions and his association with Dubai billionaire Mahdi Al Tajir, hamed became rich, and two Br construction firms, Sunleys and Cos give him credit for helping them hundreds of millions of dollars' w of business in Dubai. This year, ho er, in arbitration with the ruling M toum family, he lost the manage contract for the Dubai trade center, he can no longer have a shipping ness there. For failing to comply government regulations, he has effe ly been banned from Dubai.

In the 70s, Fayed met his Finnish Heini. According to numerous fo employees, the union appears volatile. couple is rarely seen together in publ

In 1979 the brothers bought the



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hotel in Paris. Their accumulated losses on the opulent establishment have been enormous. The hotel's debts at the end of 1993 were 678 million francs ($120 million), compared with total revenues for 1993 of 243 million francs ($42 million). "The only thing 'pharaonic' about the Fayeds is the size of their debt," says Michael Gillard. The Fayeds are very highly leveraged, but the brothers explain away their vast borrowings as a tax advantage: under British law, interest on debt can offset taxes on profits.

According to figures obtained from Companies House, the official British register of corporations, between fiscal 1990 and 1994, House of Fraser Holdings paid an astonishing £458.9 million ($785.6 million) *in interest* to the banks—hardly the business procedure to be expected of entrepreneurs with billions at their disposal.

"If I had to do it all over again, I could. I could sleep in Hyde Park. All I would need was a piece of bread and some cheese."

By the spring of 1993, the Fayed-controlled House of Fraser had spent £616.3 million ($925 million) of a £668.2 million ($1 billion) credit line, and the banks wanted their money back. In what appeared to be a quick bid to raise cash, House of Fraser took a whopping £68 million ($105 million) loss on its sale of 10.37 percent of Sears, the British retailing company, to raise £156 million ($240 million) in April 1993. The Fayeds were also strapped by numerous Lonrho lawsuits challenging their ownership. Imagine the surprise, then, when in October 1993, Tiny Rowland decided to end the feud.

Absolutely no one could have anticipated it. The news was so startling to those in the trenches who had slung the mud and to the attorneys who had been putting on the writs for 9 years that a 41-year-old lawyer, whose whole career had been made on keeping track of all the suits for Lonrho, suddenly dropped dead of heart failure. Dieter Bock, a German businessman whom Rowland had brought in to replace him someday, knew that calling the whole thing off was worth a great deal to Fayed, who in April 1994 happily floated the now steadily declining House of Fraser stock for £413 million ($612 million). Bock, impatient with the battle that had cost both sides about $50 million, wanted it to be over with. At the same time, he was getting on Rowland's nerves, to the point where he was replacing Fayed as Tiny's number-one enemy. "They were going to try to settle for £5 to £10 million [$7.6 to $15.3 million], but Tiny jumped in and pre-empted the settlement. It made the board furious," says Terry Robinson. "But by then Tiny had a bigger fight with Bock than with Mohamed."

Bassam Abu Sharif, a Palestinian adviser to Yasser Arafat, played the go-between. "I told Tiny if the Arabs and the Israelis could make peace, so could he and Fayed." The feud was ended amid lights, cameras, and a very public lowering of a large stuffed shark—which Fayed had dubbed Tiny—from the ceiling in Harrods' Food Halls. Both men insist that no money changed hands, and Fayed takes great pleasu in remembering shark day. "[Tiny] s he's sorry. Kiss my hand. He say, 'I a crazy to do this to you.'"

I asked Fayed why Tiny had end the feud. As usual, Michael Cole h the answer. "Two things: One, it c him £40 million [$61 million]. And t second one, if he was going to purs his case against Mohamed, he wou have had to go into the witness-box. I would never have done it."

"He's a lovely man," Fayed jokes wh I ask him what he thinks of Tiny day. Then his real feelings come o "He's a criminal. He is the worst pers this country has from Germany. He h —how do you call it?—Nazi backgrou . . . He's bullshit, and he's a liar."

Only two weeks earlier, Fayed had cretly taped Rowland at a lunch at H rods, although he insists that Tiny kn he was in front of a camera. "I intervi him like David Frost," Fay claims.

"Do you think I would ha gone there for lunch to videotaped? I was stunne Rowland tells me. Rowlan comment to the press abo the alleged taping was to a whether the tape also reveal the part of their conversati in which Mohamed urged Ti to accompany him to t Mayo Clinic, where Moham would undergo a penile tra plant. "I love the man," Ro land continues. "He's a pat logical liar—he can't help He began sitting on the ba of a truck carrying crates Coca-Cola, and he only j started paying his taxe (Cole claims that Fayed h paid more than £200 milli [$320 million] in taxes in t last decade.)

For whatever absurd reas the Fates have bound th two larger-than-life megalon niacs together. Within a f days last March, tabloid headlines p claimed that Tiny Rowland had be kicked out of Lonrho altogether, a that Mohamed Al Fayed had been nied British citizenship. Now Rowla vows to derail his new enemy, Die Bock, and Fayed hopes he can bri John Major's divided and struggli government to its knees. The two o siders, who thrive on conflict and en ty, exchange condolences frequently.



Mohamed Al Fayed dresses up as a god-king for a Harrods public-relations event in the new Egyptian Hall, 1991. He has said that when he dies he wants to be mummified and entombed on Harrods' roof.



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Zipkin was ubiquitous in society's upper reaches. *From far left:* with Chessy Rayner at the Kennedy Center Honors gala, 198[illegible]; with Nan Kempner at a Metropolitan Museum of Art opening, 1981; with Lee Radziwill at a premiere at the Film Society of Lincoln Center, 198[illegible]; with Betsy Bloomingdale in New York, 198[illegible]

A WALKER ON THE WILD SIDE

Jerry Zipkin, extra man *extraordinaire*, was friend and arbiter to such grandes dames as Nancy Reagan, Claudette Colbert, Betsy Bloomingdale, and Estée Lauder. His death this year blew a hole in the fabric of society

BY BOB COLACELLO

Aline, Countess of Romanones, met Jerry Zipkin—the Park Avenue bachelor who dominated New York society during the Reagan era and who died on June 8 of this year at the age of 80—playing poker at Hattie Carnegie's with Elsa Maxwell in the late 40s. Mica Ertegün met him in the late 50s, playing canasta with Tatiana Liberman and Lydia Gregory, the great hostesses of Manhattan's White Russian set. Lynn Revson, the widow of Revlon founder Charles Revson, recalls Zipkin as a regular guest on their yacht, the *Ultima II,* in the late 60s and early 70s: "He was constantly playing backgammon, bridge, gin—he played *every* game!"

"Cards were a very important part of his life," says his old friend Bill Blass. "He always won, I might add. Nobody could beat Jerry."

It was Zipkin's expertise at bridge that carried him to the card table of his most important European—and only male—mentor, W. Somerset Maugham. From 1949 until Maugham's death in 1965 at age 91, he was a frequent houseguest at the sumptuous Villa Mauresque in Cap Ferrat in the South of France, where the rich, cynical, closeted homosexual writer entertained the kings, queens, and jacks of international society in the grand style that Zipkin came to assume as h own. He also amassed a vast collectio of Maugham manuscripts, first edition letters, and memorabilia, which he even tually sold to the University of Texas.

A letter of introduction from a Ne York canasta chum, Sophie Gimbel, th designer wife of the chairman of Sak Fifth Avenue and owner of Gimbel' brought Zipkin to his original Los An geles patroness, Anita May, the fanat cally chic wife of the chairman of th May Department Store Co. It wa at May's Beverly Hills dinner partie in the early 50s that he came to kno the future First Lady Nancy Reaga and many of the fashionable wome who would make up her Californi court, including Mrs. Alfred Blooming dale, Mrs. Armand Deutsch, and Mr Ray Stark.

He didn't play cards with Nanc Reagan, but they spent countless hour on the telephone shuffling the socia deck. His most obvious influence wa on her clothes and her guest lists. Lik Talleyrand, who took his niece to th



YVES SAINT LAURENT

encore

NEIMAN MARCUS - SAKS FIFTH AVENUE - TOOTSIES

Congress of Vienna to give nightly parties, Zipkin understood that an engraved invitation is worth a thousand policy papers, and that seating can be an effective diplomatic tool. His old-fashioned fixation on the importance of appearances assumed new relevance in the image-conscious age of television politics.

"Jerry had an eye," Nancy Reagan told me in a long, wistful conversation 10 days after his death. "And whenever Jerry said something, he was right. He was very instinctive about people. He was a great teacher. You could learn a lot from Jerry—about art, about books, about history—if you left yourself open to it. He enjoyed it—to teach you. Friendship was the basis of it all. Ronnie was very fond of Jerry, too. And Jerry was a big defender. God help anybody who said anything against Ronnie to Jerry. God help them. And he never forgot. *I'd* forget, but he wouldn't."

John Fairchild, the publisher of *W*, gave Zipkin the two epithets he could never shake, "the Walker" and "the Social Moth."



Sitting pretty: Zipkin and Anne Bass at an American Ballet Theatre gala, 1990.

Among his friends, his loyalty was legendary, as was, says Park Avenue hostess Nan Kempner, his discretion. "I'd call him and say, 'Have you heard?' And he'd say, 'Where did *you* hear it? *I've* known it for two months and kept it secret.' He could keep secrets better than anyone. You could trust Jerry with your soul."

Not everyone remembers him with such unalloyed fondness. "I mourn the Jerry I knew," says Denise Hale, a friend of 35 years. "Not what he became. In the 80s he became like the chief eunuch of the last empress of China."

Jerome Robert Zipkin, the son of Annette Goldstein and David Zipkin, a successful real-estate operator, was born on December 14, 1914, in New York City, and lived for most of his life in a 14-room apartment at 1175 Park Avenue, which his father built. He attended the Hun School in Princeton, New Jersey, and spent summers with his parents and younger sister, Eleanor, at Elberon-by-the-Sea, a Jersey Shore resort frequented by well-to-do Jewish families. In 1932 he entered Princeton University, where he majored in art and archaeology and was a member of the fencing and tennis teams and the debating society. He left Princeton in his junior year, with the stated intent of traveling in Europe. The real reason, according to a friend, was a nervous breakdown. He completed his education at Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida, where he joined the French, German, and Interracial Clubs. Mickey Ziffren, wife of the prominent Los Angeles lawyer Paul Ziffren, met Zipkin at Rollins. "The dilated nostrils were already there," she says. "We both fell in love with the same Italian exchange student—a count to boot—and I got him. Jerry wasn't visibly anything. He always kept a veil around his private life."

She also remembers a Christmas dinner at the Zipkin apartment: "The furniture was velvet and dark. His father was a sweet old boy. His mother was taking a course in Flemish art. They had art around the house, mostly stuff But Jerry really understood modern a early on. He liked Picasso before stopped saying, 'Why does she have fo noses?' The first Matisse drawing I ha he gave me as a wedding present i 1938."

Steven Kaufman, a Seventh Aven fashion executive, met Zipkin that sam year and became a fast friend of th family. "Mrs. Zip was a c-a-m-p," I says. "Jerry was madly insane for he and she for him. After Daddy died, 1944, he bought her *a lot* of clothes. B lenciaga was his favorite. They'd go t Europe together and stay at the Pla Athénée in Paris, Cla idge's in London, th Ritz in Madrid. The were both ardent R publicans, to the poi of nausea."

Zipkin and h mother shared th Park Avenue apar ment until her dea in 1974. Starting the early 40s, the also rented a hou in Beverly Hills fo part of each year and the buddin extra man starte collecting grand dames on bo coasts. One of h first New York social sponsor Ruby Schinasi, the wife of a Turki tobacco tycoon who entertained lavis ly at her Riverside Drive mansion, i troduced him to the Hollywood mov star he would remain close to for th rest of his life, Claudette Colbert. H was also devoted to Joan Bennett more than ever after the 1952 sca dal of her husband, Walter Wange shooting her lover, Jennings Lang, the groin.

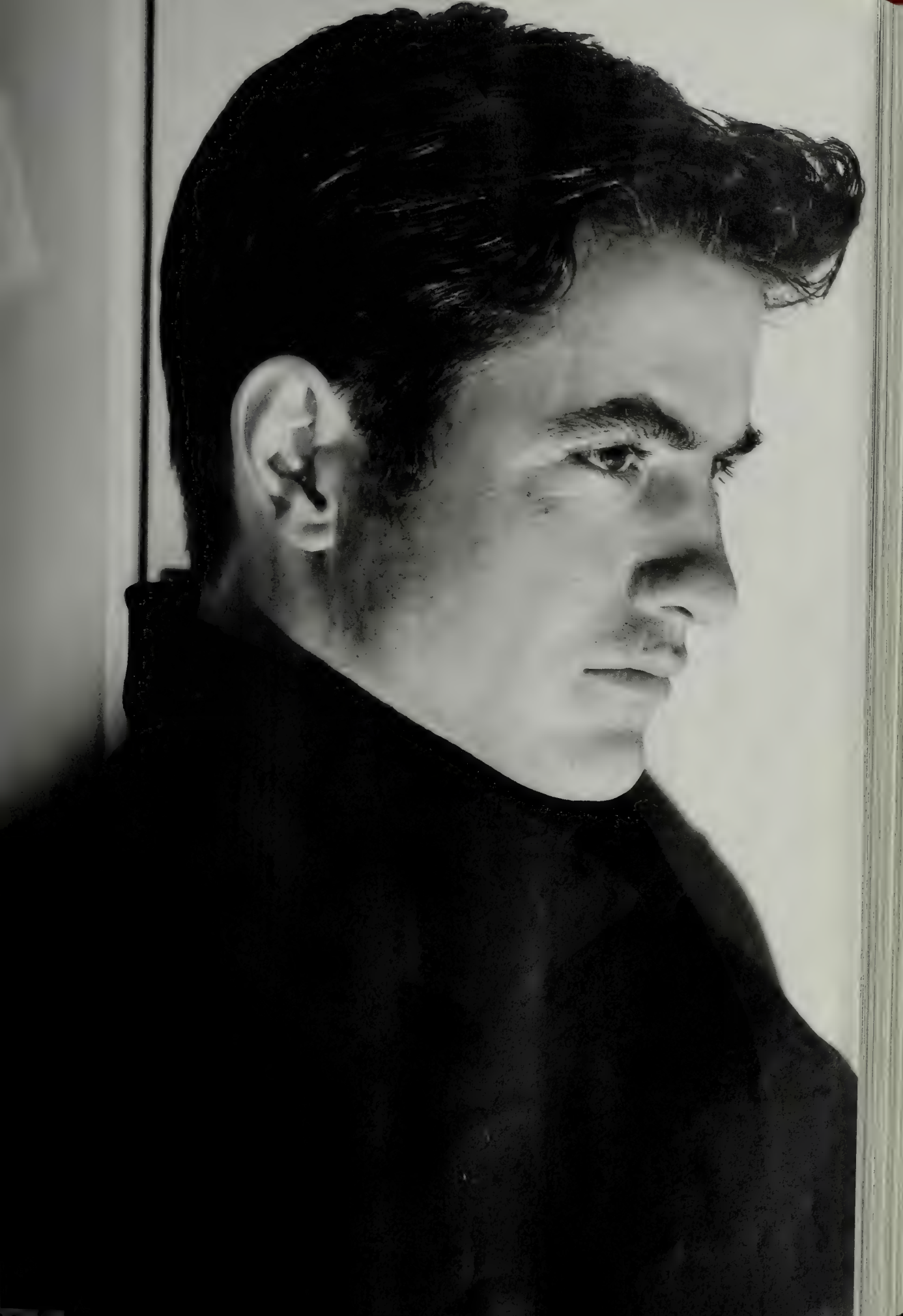
In his later years, Zipkin would te friends that he spent the war "gathe ing information for the O.S.S. at th Stork Club." An official of the Veterai of the Office of Strategic Services sa that there is no record of him as member of this precursor to the C.I. Zipkin would also proudly announc "I've never worked a day in my life But he was listed as president of th family real-estate company as early 1941, and Bill Blass remembers that the 50s "Jerry went to his office eve day. He ran the business until he re ized it was interfering with his social lif so he sold it. *(Continued on page 11*

TSE














TSE

(Continued from page 102) And from then on he specialized in friendship. It became his profession."

"Jerry was among the last people who luxuriated in the life aristocrats used to lead, of reading, traveling, and socializing," says Ahmet Ertegün, the co-founder of Atlantic Records. "He had this interest in all forms of society, not just grand society. He had contempt only for uninteresting people, and he had a witty way of showing it. He also had the greatest collection of the greatest artists' smallest works."

I met Zipkin in the early 70s. I was then editor of the fledgling *Interview* magazine, and he took it upon himself to provide me with clever story ideas and strategic introductions. Shortly after Ronald Reagan became president, I called Zipkin and said that I thought the fastest way for Nancy Reagan to shed her stiff, archconservative image would be to be interviewed by our publisher, Andy Warhol. "Call Mike Deaver and tell him what you just told me," he ordered, and then added sotto voce, "and I'll try to mention it to Madame Down There." The resulting cover story annoyed the liberal art world but put *Interview* on the big media map.

The Henry Higgins of the Reagan administration could quickly turn into its Addison De Witt, the acid-tongued critic in the film *All About Eve*. I was once standing next to Zipkin at a cocktail party when a lady who suspected that he had blackballed her from the White House guest list asked him, "Why don't you like me, Jerry?" Without a moment's hesitation, he snapped, "Have you got a pad and a pencil and an hour and a half for me to list the reasons?"

"His goodness and sweetness were entirely subjective and personal," says Jennifer Phillips, wife of the retired director of the Phillips Collection in Washington. "If he decided, for one reason or another, that you were one of his people, he was incredibly kind and supportive. And if he thought you were going in the wrong direction, he could be very 'instructive,' shall we say."

Phillips was one of the influential Georgetown hostesses Zipkin brought closer to Nancy Reagan. Another was Oatsie Charles. Interestingly, both were Democrats and very friendly with Katharine Graham, the all-powerful publisher of *The Washington Post*. In general, he pushed the worldly and sophisticated



onto White House dinner lists: Diana Vreeland, David Hockney, Valentino, the Safras, the Zilkhas, the Ertegüns, the Count and Countess de Ravenel, the Viscountess de Ribes, the Duchess de Cadaval. ("His buddies," as one former East Wing staffer put it.) He was such a fan of Robert Mapplethorpe's classical portraits that he took the risk of arranging for Reagan's kitchen cabinet to sit for the controversial photographer.

Some say his influence extended to ambassadorial appointments, and cite Ronald Lauder, the son of his good friend Estée Lauder, who became ambassador to Austria, and his successor in Vienna, Henry Grunwald, whose wife, Louise, is the daughter of one of Zipkin's oldest canasta cronies, the late Manhattan real-estate heiress Ruth Tankoos. (Louise Grunwald claims that Zipkin didn't know about the appointment until she told him.) He was undoubtedly involved in the fall from grace of Thomas Enders, the ambassador to Spain. Enders had been thought a likely candidate for ambassador to West Germany, but that post went to Richard Burt, the husband of a Zipkin favorite, Gahl Hodges, one of Nancy Reagan's social secretaries.

"Jerry was among the last people who luxuriated in the life aristocrats used to lead, of reading, traveling, and socializing."

As Zipkin's social power grew, so did his list of enemies. First and foremost was John Fairchild, the publisher of *W*, who gave Zipkin the two epithets he could never shake, "the Walker" and "the Social Moth." Like Zipkin a list-maker at heart, Fairchild had his art department airbrush Zipkin's face out of photographs of him arriving at White House dinners. Then there were Truman Capote, whom Zipkin never forgave for telling tales about mutual friends in *Answered Prayers*, and Dominick Dunne, who portrayed him as the poisonous Ezzie Fenwick in *People Like Us*—another characterization that made its way into Zipkin's obituaries.

"I think he should have been called 'the Social Mouth,'" says Kenneth Jay Lane, referring to Zipkin's great talent as a raconteur, which relied on an almost Proustian deluge of detail. As Lynn Wyatt says, "When he told you about a party, he would start with the gravel in the driveway. Listening to him, I would feel that I was there more than if I had actually been there."

A year before he died, when he knew he had terminal lung cancer, he began choosing things in his apartment to leave to his friends. Each present was beautifully wrapped, and people started receiving them two weeks before his death: a Fabergé pillbox to Joan Rivers; Verdura cuff links to Robert Higdon, the finance director of the Margaret Thatcher Foundation; an onyx-and-diamond table clock to Reinaldo and Carolina Herrera.



Zipkin's mourners at Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue included Anne Bass (in sunglasses), Pat Buckley (center), and Carolyne Roehm (in the hat).

Four days before he died, Nancy Reagan paid a two-hour visit. "I told him, 'Gee, Jerry, I had a terrible time getting up here. I didn't know what to put on. Was it too short? Were the sleeves too long?' He got a kick out of it, I think."

"I feel very strongly that he stayed alive until he saw her," says Bill Blass. "It was all very planned, his departure."

Zipkin had met with the rabbi of Temple Emanu-El to arrange his funeral a year in advance, and reportedly laid down the law: "No eulogies, no prayers, no Hebrew." And that's the way it was, "the perfectly restrained Episcopalian service in a synagogue," according to one mourner. "No mixed flowers" was one of his strictest style rules, and all the flowers were white—lilies, baby's breath, peonies, and, on the highly polished cherry-wood coffin, roses of Sharon. It was all over in 20 minutes, and then his friends filed out: former senator Abraham Ribicoff and his wife, Casey, Henry and Louise Grunwald, Ronald and Jo Carole Lauder, Leonard and Evelyn Lauder, columnists Aileen Mehle and Liz Smith, Steven Kaufman, Lily Safra, Ahmet Ertegün, Chessy Rayner, Carroll Petrie, Mark and Duane Hampton, Blaine and Robert Trump, Sam and Judy Peabody, Oscar and Annette de la Renta, Maria Goulandris, Anne Bass, Pat Buckley, and Princess Firyal of Jordan. Afterward, there was coffee at Le Cirque.

Last December, Zipkin told friends he was on a "reprieve" from his chemotherapy, and I called him. He had just come back from Bill Blass's house in Connecticut, where he spent every Christmas. "It was perfect—not a poinsettia in sight," he said in his familiar sharp nasal bark. For well over an hour he was his old self, feisty, funny, warm, and, oh, so knowing. "Did I tell you about Barton Gubelmann's party in Palm Beach? It was a fund-raiser for AIDS, and nobody came. They all said it's a self-inflicted disease. What is drinking? That's what I'd like to know. That's all they do in Palm Beach, is drink. Isn't that self-inflicted?"

He went on to discuss Brooke Astor, Jayne Wrightsman, Deeda Blair, the de la Rentas, Veronica Hearst, Wendy Goldberg, Barbara Davis, Ronald Perelman and Patricia Duff, Gloria Vanderbilt, Sid and Mercedes Bass, Grace Dudley, and Marylou Whitney. "You should call me more often, so I could fill you in on all the news," he said, "because I hear it all. Even though I haven't been going out, they all call it in. I just sit here and it comes pouring in. This is shit central." □

WESLEY SNIPES

PATRICK SWAYZE

JOHN LEGUIZAMO

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Julie Newmar

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Hyped by ABC, Diane Sawyer's "no holds barred" hour with Michael Jackson and Lisa Marie Presley ended up being too much glittering promo and too little probing interview.

THE JACKSON JIVE

Michael Jackson's interview with ABC News's *PrimeTime Live* was a public-relations triumph, in which 60 million viewers got anything but the truth

BY MAUREEN ORTH

On June 14, some 60 million people tuned in to see Diane Sawyer interview Michael Jackson and his bride, Lisa Marie Presley, on ABC News's *PrimeTime Live*. The widely advertised "no holds barred" interview, the capstone of a $30 million marketing campaign for Jackson's new double album, *HIStory*, was the first Jackson has given since being accused of child molestation by a 13-year-old boy in August 1993. The last time Jackson had talked about the charges was on a live satellite hookup from his Neverland ranch, without reporters present, in December 1993, when he complained bitterly that the police had subjected him to a humiliating inspection and taken photographs of his private parts. That portion of the satellite telecast, along with Jackson's angry, 4-minute-45-second new video, "Scream," and other taped segments, took up a lot of the *PrimeTime* broadcast. When the show ended, many with a detailed knowledge of the case were appalled by what ABC News had allowed Jackson to get away with, and by Sawyer's lack of preparation or her inability t[illegible] within the format dictated by the [illegible] forces.

Controversy raged for days over [illegible] way ABC had bent network news st[illegible] dards to accommodate Jackson's many demands, not to mention the outcry over the cruel revenge tone and anti-Semitic lyrics in his songs. Jackson's lawyers [illegible] reason to be concerned, for their worst fears had been realized. Sources close to the family of the boy allegedly molested have said that they are considering whether Jackson's specific references to the sexual allegations in the case were a breach of the contract reached in the enormous settlement he paid for his young accuser to drop the charges. Anything other than a general denial of the allegations on the part of Jackson is said to be a breach of contract.

Two years ago I interviewed dozens of people close to the case and to Michael Jackson for an article for this magazine ("Nightmare in Neverland," January 1994). That report came out before the suit was settled and before the district attorneys of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara Counties announced, in September 1994, that in the absence of victims willing to come forward to testify at a trial they would not file charges. But in the press conference they stated that the case could be reopened anytime before the statute of limitations ran out (in 1999). The district attorneys' joint press release also stated that their investigation had uncovered allegations of sexual misconduct on the part of Jackson with two other boys. Although Diane Sawyer proclaimed on the air that "we have called everyone we can call, we have checked everything we can check," she and the *PrimeTime* team, in giving no one but Jackson a say, left crucial areas unreported or incorrectly reported: for example, that Jackson had been "cleared" of all charges, and that he had settled by paying "reportedly in the neighborhood of $15 to $20 million." Herewith a fact check of the interview:


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DIANE SAWYER: How about the police photographs, though? How was there enough information from this boy about those kinds of things . . .
JACKSON: There was nothing that matched me to those charges.
LISA MARIE PRESLEY: There was nothing. . . .
JACKSON: Every—there was not one iota of information that was found that could connect me to these charges.
SAWYER: So when we've heard that there was this marking of some kind . . .
PRESLEY: There was nothing.
JACKSON: No markings.
SAWYER: No markings?
JACKSON: No.

Santa Barbara district attorney Tom Sneddon, who has seen the photographs of Jackson's genitalia, was upset enough after watching Sawyer's interview to speak to me on the record. "Regarding the markings," Sneddon says, "his statement on TV is untrue and incorrect and not consistent with the evidence in the case."

Others familiar with the evidence are more forthcoming. They say there are definite markings on Jackson's genital area, including a discoloration on his testicles. (Jackson admitted in his live interview with Oprah Winfrey in February 1993 that he suffers from the skin disorder vitiligo, which causes discoloration.) According to the sworn affidavit of a law-enforcement photographer, there is a dark spot on the lower left side of Jackson's penis. Affidavits of law-enforcement officers filed in Santa Barbara Superior Court detail the tense circumstances of December 20, 1993, when District Attorney Sneddon, Jackson lawyers Howard Weitzman and Johnnie Cochran, Santa Barbara County sheriffs, various doctors, a police photographer, and a Jackson photographer convened to have pictures taken of an "enraged" Jackson's nude body. The sworn affidavits affirm concession after concession to Jackson, and recall a "hysterical and completely uncontrollable" superstar who had to be physically restrained by one of his doctors, whom he slapped while the doctor was trying to hold him down on a couch. Jackson tried to impede the photographers' and doctors' work: "I've said I have vitiligo; so what? What more do you need? Why do you have to examine me?" At one point Jackson told members of law enforcement [illegible] here. . . . You're asshole[illegible] son flatly refused to comp[illegible] of photographs previously agreed upon.

The boy who had accused Jackson of sexually molesting him, according to those familiar with the evidence, was able to draw—first for the district attorney, then for his own lawyers—an accurate picture of the dark spot on Jackson's penis. The boy's drawings were sealed in an envelope and clearly postmarked on a postal meter before the police ever photographed Jackson. According to these sources, the boy's drawings were an accurate match of the photographs.

"Jackson has not been cleared," says District Attorney Sneddon, who calls Sawyer's announcement that he had been "a glaring mistake."

JACKSON: The whole thing is a lie.
SAWYER: Why did you settle the case, then?. . . Can you say how much?
JACKSON: It's not what the tabloids have printed. It's not all this crazy, outlandish money. No. It's not at all.

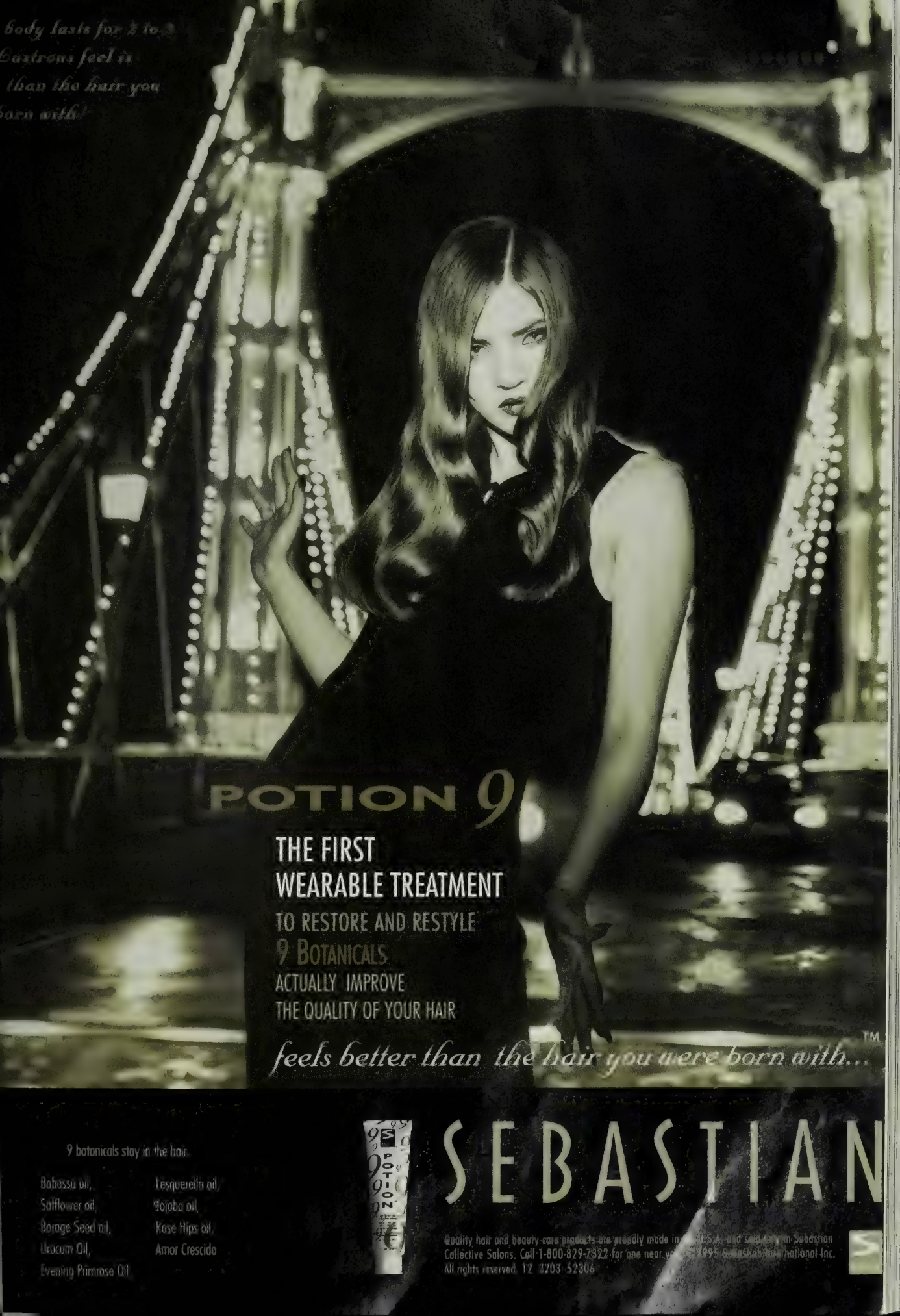
The boy got "in excess of $25 million," according to sources close to the family, and his parents were also paid off in the millions. The money, paid in one lump sum, was handed over without Michael Jackson's ever being put under oath for a civil deposition, which could be used in a criminal trial. People close to the investigation say that Jackson's lawyers kept putting off *any* depositions, and agreed to settle the night before Jackson was to have been put under oath. At one point Jackson's lawyers even argued in court that Jackson might have to take the Fifth Amendment in the civil case to ensure that nothing he said there could be used against him if the criminal case went forward. In answering a civil case in which five former bodyguards accused Jackson of firing them because "they knew too much," Jackson did invoke the Fifth Amendment on the subject of alleged child molestation. The suit, dismissed since the *PrimeTime Live* interview, was not mentioned by Sawyer.

JACKSON: Also, the idea, it just isn't fair what they put me through, because there wasn't one piece of information that says I did that. And anyway, they turned my room upside down and went through all my books, all my videotapes, all my private things, and they found nothing nothing nothing that could say Michael Jackson did this. . . . Nothing nothing nothing. . . .
SAWYER: Nothing. I got nothing. As you may or may not know, we have called everyone we can call, we have checked everything we can check, we have gone and tried to see if what we heard before is, in fact, the case. I want to ask you about two things. These reports that we read over and over again that in your rooms they found photographs of young boys—not adults.
JACKSON: Young boys, children, all kind of girls and everything.
SAWYER: Then, that they found photographs, books, of young boys who were undressed. . . .
JACKSON: No, not that I know of, unless people sent me things that I haven't opened.

According to District Attorney Tom Sneddon, "The idea that there are not any photos or pictures or anything is pure poppycock. In the search, Jackson said, they didn't find anything unless it was 'something somebody sent me.' The statement there were no books or photos of nude children on his premises is incorrect. That is not truthful."

Investigation sources say police found a lewd, commercially published hardcover book of black-and-white photos of nude boys aged about 7 to 12 "at play," and according to one, that book "is often found in the home of pedophiles." There was also a picture of a nude little boy, scantily draped with a sheet, found in Jackson's bedroom.

SAWYER: Any other settlements in process now or previously with children making these kinds of claims? We have heard that there is one, not a case that the prosecutors would bring in court, but once again, you're talking of shelling out—
JACKSON: That's not true. No. No. No, it's not true. I think—I've heard everything is fine and there are no others.


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Law-enforcement sources, however, confirm that there is another boy who has a lawyer and is currently negotiating a settlement with Jackson. Of the boys mentioned in the district attorneys' press release who accused Jackson of sexual misconduct and who are unwilling to testify, Sneddon says, "The status regarding these two is basically the same."

SAWYER: I guess, let me ask this—and I'm trying to think how to phrase it, though. I can hear out in the country people saying—and you've been cleared of all the charges, we want to make that clear—people saying, Look, here is a man who is surrounded by things that children love. Here is a man who spends an inordinate amount of time with these young boys.
JACKSON: That's right.

"Michael Jackson has not been cleared," says District Attorney Sneddon, who calls Diane Sawyer's announcement that he had been "a glaring mistake." Sneddon says, "The state of the investigation is in suspension until somebody comes forward." At one point Sawyer said, "None of the employees who claimed to have seen questionable things had a story that could be confirmed by a child." Again, Sawyer is contradicted by law-enforcement sources. Two years ago, Jackson's personal maid, Blanca Francia, told police, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the tabloid TV show *Hard Copy* that she had seen Jackson a number of times in the nude with young boys and found a picture of an apparently nude boy in Jackson's room. Under oath she also said she found Jackson in bed with several boys, and a young boy with him in the same sleeping bag. She discovered $300 in the boy's pocket (which he had admitted Jackson had given to him).

SAWYER: What is a 36-year-old man doing sleeping with a 12-year-old boy or a series of them?
JACKSON: Right. O.K., when you say boys, it's not just boys, and I've never invited just boys to come into my room.... I have never invited [illegible] into my bed ever. Children love me. I love them. They follow me. They want to be with me. But anybody can come into my bed. A child can come into my bed if they want.

"You can't get into the bedroom [at Neverland]. It's locked and alarmed, and the floor is electronically wired," says District Attorney Sneddon. "If anybody's coming down the hallway, Jackson is tipped off." In my previous article I reported that security is so tight around Jackson's bedroom that employees or anyone else who gets within five feet of it sets off an alarm of chimes. Maids must leave meals outside the door. Nobody just wanders into Michael Jackson's bed.

"The statement there were no books or photos of nude children on Jackson's premises is incorrect."



The video promoting Jackson's disappointing new album, *HIStory*, features Stalinist-looking troops on the march and a mammoth statue of the Gloved One.

Investigators who contacted approximately 400 witnesses say that no one has found a single little girl who was invited to bed with Jackson. He slept only with little boys. Jackson's chauffeur, Gary Hearne, testified under oath that on 30 nights he had dropped Jackson off at the small house in Santa Monica where the boy who brought charges lived. Even Jackson's camp admits that he slept in the same bed with the boy all those nights. A lawsuit filed last year by the stepfather on behalf of himself and the younger sister of the boy charges that Jackson let himself into the house with his own key at times and portrayed himself as a "Pied Piper." The suit, which alleges that "Jackson was a pedophile who was predisposed to become sexually involved with children," also alleges that the six-year-old sister "was dragged along by Jackson because she was [the boy's] sister. Essentially [she] was used as a pawn by Jackson in his seduction of [the boy]. . . . "

SAWYER: I just wonder, is it over? Are you going to make sure it doesn't happen again? I think this is really the key thing people want to know—
JACKSON: Is what over?
SAWYER: That there are not going to be more of these sleepovers in which people have to wonder.
JACKSON: Nobody wonders when kids sleep over at my house. Nobody wonders.
SAWYER: But are they over? Are you going to watch out for it?
JACKSON: No.

For a long time prosecutors believed that the boy who settled would take the stand for them. According to individuals familiar with the case, the boy definitely would have testified had Los Angeles district attorney Gil Garcetti moved more quickly to indict Jackson. The boy himself, according to sources close to the case, was considering going into the witness-protection program—such was his fear of the retribution he would suffer by publicly alleging that Michael Jackson was a pedophile. He had reason to be afraid. His family claims that a few weeks before the case was settled the boy and the housekeeper were nearly run down near their home by a speeding car. The car also came at them in reverse. The boy's attorney, Larry Feldman, was protected for several months by guards from the U.S. Justice Department after having received numerous death threats and had pornographic graffiti sprayed on the walls of his law-office building. The boy's father received a dead rat in a box at his home. The witness-protection-program idea fell through, however, when neither state nor federal authorities offered it and the boy realized that he might end up living his life like a prisoner.

While Jackson has gone on to marry and become the stepfather of Elvis Presley's grandchildren, Jackson's close in

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volvement with the boy ultimately ripped the boy's floundering family apart. After the settlement, the second marriages of both his parents ended in divorce. The boy no longer sees or speaks to his mother, whom he blames for allowing Jackson to become so intimate with him. He has not seen his eight-year-old sister in two years, or his stepfather, who essentially raised him. Now 15, the boy lives with his stepmother. He is not in therapy. He continues to have a relationship with his father, who was accused by Jackson's side of extortion but whom authorities declined to prosecute, saying there wasn't enough evidence—another fact not mentioned by Diane Sawyer. The boy's father and stepfather, once friends, are suing each other.

Despite the havoc wreaked and the vast sums paid out, Jackson not only continues to plead his innocence and decry the "injustice" that has been heaped upon him—prompting one music critic to write that his "self-pity now equals his talent"—but also attempts to get even in his lyrics. Many believe that the now infamous lines Jackson recorded, then apologized for, and changed in future versions of the song "They Don't Care About Us"—"Jew me, sue me . . . kike me, don't you black or white me"—were written about the boy's father and his attorney, Larry Feldman, both of whom are Jewish. "Regardless of whether it was about me or my client," says Feldman, "it is offensive and inappropriate language." Jackson told Sawyer that he wasn't being anti-Semitic, because his lawyers, his accountants, and "my two best friends are Jewish." Jackson's song "D.S." is about "Dom Sheldon"—a "cold man. . . . He think he bad cause he's BSTA." This seems on a careful listening to be none other than Tom Sneddon, the Santa Barbara D.A.

How, I asked Sneddon, does Michael Jackson get away with all this? "Why not?" he answered. "What's the downside? Who is he going to get more exposure from, your article or the TV interview? They have to read your article. To *listen* to him, all they have to do is push a button. He's got this huge public-relations train behind him—they're able to contour public opinion any way they want. There's no downside for him." Attorney Danny [illegible] represents the boy's stepfathe[illegible] il suit against Jackson, say[illegible] Oprah to his public denial on s[illegible] the Sawyer interview, this stran[illegible] is controlling a major network. He understands money and major networks."

Sneddon says that magazine articles that suggested that Jackson was innocent because "no other boys had come forward," and that the one boy who did come forward spoke of the molestation only after being administered a drug in his dentist father's office, came from the same public-relations train and were "a pile of trash." Sneddon adds, "I see injustices every day in my business." But things are so shameless in Jackson's camp that Epic Records, his label, has sent out a press release saying that sales of Jackson's new album—which at fewer than one million units in the U.S., at press time, are not nearly meeting expectations—would save small black mom-and-pop record shops in various parts of the country!

"From Oprah to his public denial on satellite to the Sawyer interview, this strange person is controlling a major network."

Liz Smith has reported that Jackson wanted Princess Diana to be with him on the Sawyer interview, to commiserate about the sufferings imposed by tabloid coverage, and that he queried the British Embassy in Washington about being knighted by the Queen for "his work with little children." According to an observer, he actually was working behind the scenes to see if the Queen would knight him right there on *PrimeTime Live*. That was one demand that was not met.

ABC News's credibility was seriously undermined when it was revealed that the network had electronically altered a pre-taped segment of Jackson because he didn't care for the way the lighting cast lines on his face. Then it was learned that ABC had swapped the airing of 10 TV commercials for Jackson's new album—ads worth between $300,000 and $1.5 [illegible]llion—for rights to "future Michael [illegible]on music videos." Such videos have [illegible] been of any commercial value in network TV, and are usually provided free. According to the Bloomberg Business News service, which broke the story, the commercials ran in the week between Sawyer's interview and the release of the album. ABC News disavowed any prior knowledge of the deal, which ABC Entertainment said had been made after the interview was set. But surely someone at the top of ABC had to know about both. Even more curious was a sudden announcement in July that ABC would broadcast a half-hour program on Jackson, including a recording session of the new non-anti-Semitic lyrics.

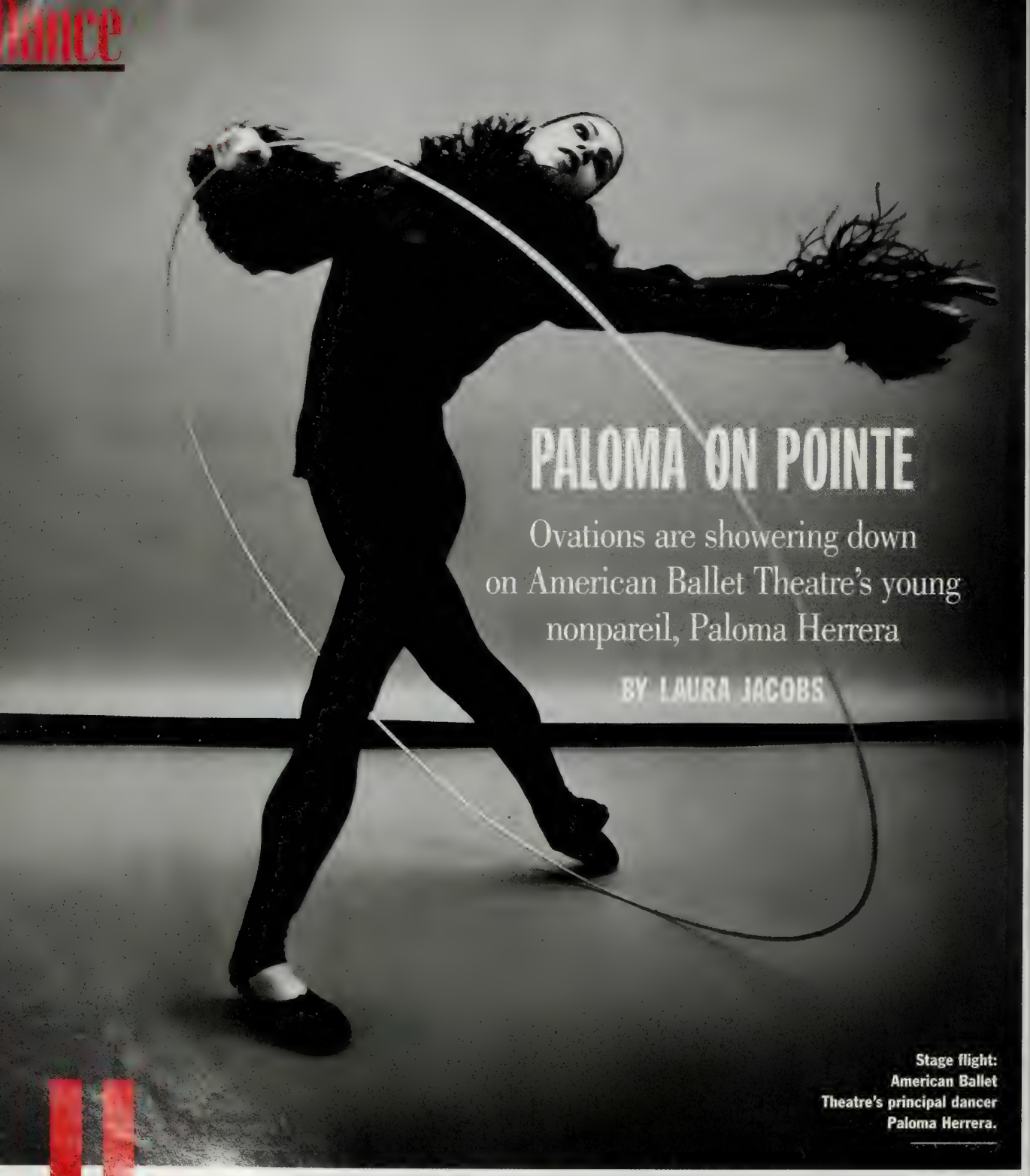
Executives at CBS and NBC said that Jackson's handlers had clearly been looking for a "package." (In the interest of full disclosure, my husband, Tim Russert, is Washington-bureau chief of NBC News, with no responsibility for prime-time programming.) A producer from one network told me, "It's difficult to pretend there was no quid pro quo in the ABC deal. Jackson's people approached a bunch of us. Basically they said, 'Come back to us with a proposition, and not just what you can do with your news division—that is not enough.'"

In addition, Sawyer had "get-together-ers" with Jackson and Presley before the expensively produced interview, which is not her usual practice. She posed with them for stylized publicity stills, which were published in *TV Guide* and sent to newspapers around the country. And contrary to news-show procedures, the air-conditioning remained on loud while Sawyer interviewed Jackson, causing a strange background noise. The cool air was necessary, veteran soundmen say, because the lights on Jackson were so hot that his thick pancake makeup and lipstick would have melted otherwise, and his false eyelashes would have come off.

"My interview was entirely in my hands," Sawyer told me. "I decided what questions to ask. No one ever said to me, 'Don't ask that. Do ask that.' I felt my primary mission was to cover the serious charges. If I didn't get to some questions of Lisa Marie or the video, well, that's that. The questions I wanted to ask were the serious questions."

"I have no idea what the purpose of her show is," District Attorney Sneddon wondered, somewhat taken aback after having spent three hours on a Saturday afternoon helping to prime one of Sawyer's producers. "Is it the *Evening News* or *Hard Copy*?" Good question. Whatever it was, 60 million Americans and untold millions around the world got something less than the truth. □


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PALOMA ON POINTE

Ovations are showering down on American Ballet Theatre's young nonpareil, Paloma Herrera

BY LAURA JACOBS

Stage flight: American Ballet Theatre's principal dancer Paloma Herrera.

Her first name sounds like Pavlova—and at least one smitten critic has made the comparison—but Hyper[illegible] r middle name. And not just be[illegible]tions that punctuate a Paloma H[illegible]nce. American Ballet Theatre's y[illegible] South America has the physique ev[illegible]s of: curve upon curve, as if drawn with H[illegible] perfect pointes; a piqué attitude—Mercury [illegible] high, held so floatingly long, she might be [illegible]ne. Classical line this lush often means academic wea[illegible]rera's technique is textbook. Even during her baby-fat days, those first demure solos two years ago, she was appallingly strong, dancing with a dewy, digital shimmer (Euclid, meet Microsoft). Is *anything* difficult for Paloma? "I think everything and nothing," she answers, a tad existentially. "I work on everything." And, in return, Everything's coming up roses. This month when A.B.T. begins its U.S. tour, Chicago audiences are scheduled to see Herrera in her first big, blooming, dramatic, romantic, erotic role: Juliet in Sir Kenneth MacMillan's full-blown take on Shakespeare. Other dares in Herrera's repertory? The chastening troubador poetry of Balanchine's *Theme and Variations,* as well as his treacherously paced *Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux.* "People are saying, 'Oh, you must have a lot of pressure.' But I don't worry what people think. I'm 19, and I have to take the chances now." □

Photograph by RUVEN AFANADOR


Carolina Herrera
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

THE TWO FACES OF O.J.

As the defense paints a weak, arthritis-plagued O.J., new questions arise about his actions after the murders

BY DOMINICK DUNNE





On July 6, after 105 days, prosecutors Marcia Clark and Christopher Darden, *above,* calmly study the jury after resting their case. *Left,* O. J. Simpson with, from left, attorneys F. Lee Bailey, Johnnie Cochran, and Robert Shapiro as they prepare to begin the defense case.

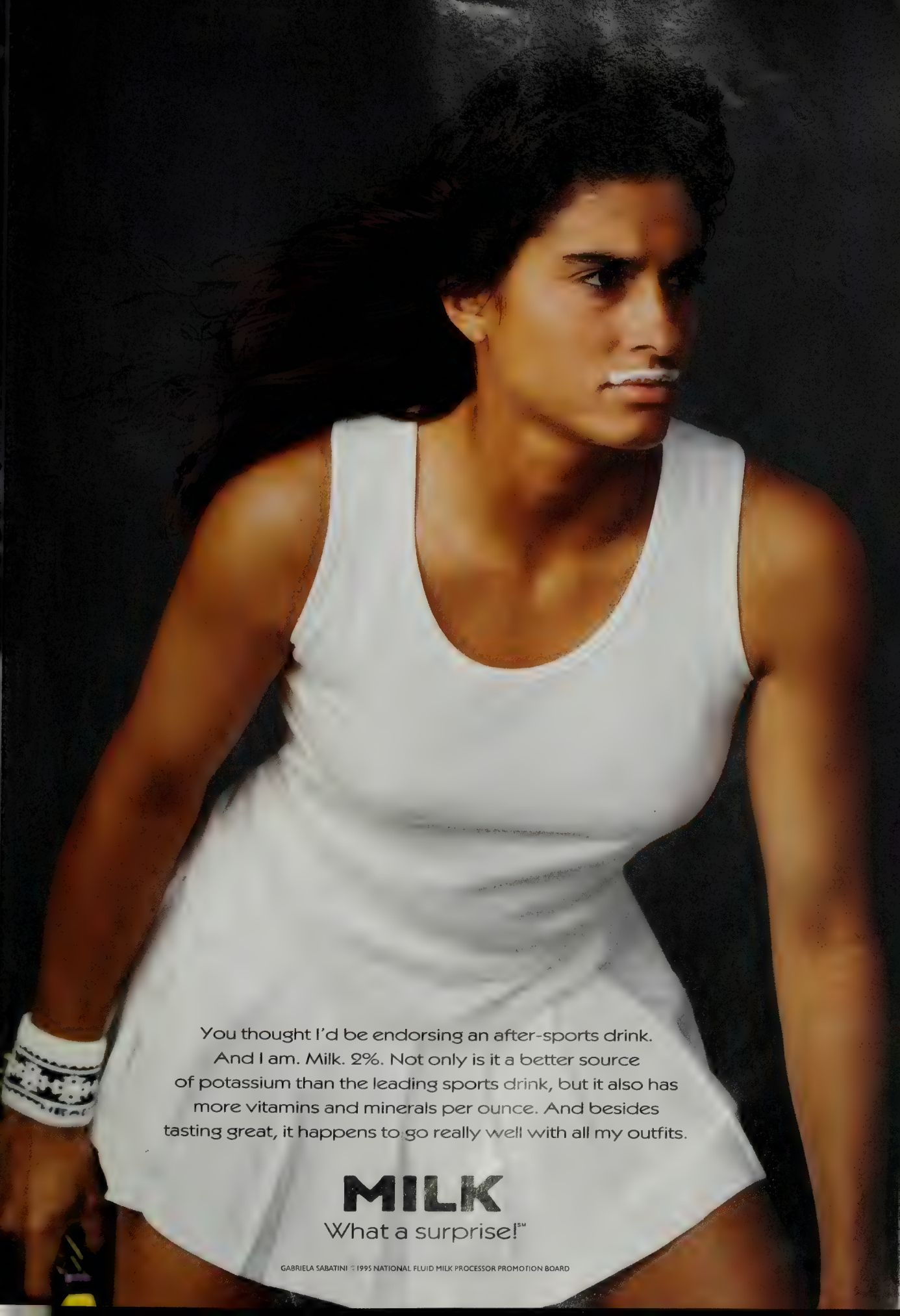
The prosecution has rested. There was no drama, no swelling crescendo. If you hadn't been waiting for it, you might almost have missed it when Marcia Clark said the words "The people rest." But there was a broad smile on the face of juror No. 3, a 60-year-old white female, indicating that she could now see a light at the end of the tunnel. The most-asked question was: Did the prosecution prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt? Yes, of course it did. Marcia Clark said that never in her career had she seen so much evidence. Over and over, observers repeated that defendants have been sent to death row on much less. But there is still a lingering doubt. Faye Resnick called [illegible] saying that I shouldn't have [illegible] vision that the prosecution [illegible] its case, but she hadn't listened to my whole sentence. What I said was that if a juror were disinclined to believe that Simpson is guilty, the prosecution did not prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt. We all know that the glove really fit, but the debacle surrounding it provided just what a doubter needed, in the same way that the mathematical error that statistician Dr. Bruce Weir owned up to could color *all* the DNA evidence for a doubter who hadn't understood it in the first place or who wanted to believe that a conspiracy had occurred.

If the jury takes a look at all of the evidence and then accepts the law, as they must, there is only one conclusion they can reach.

—Los Angeles district attorney Gil Garcetti.

To me, one of the great disappointments of the trial was that the prosecution did not introduce the freeway chase into its case in chief. Flight after murder is generally conceded to be an indication of guilt. When the fleeing murder suspect is carrying a gun, a passport, thousands of dollars in cash, and a fake beard, the guilt factor increases. Since every juror had probably seen the freeway chase on television, along with 90 million other people, it seemed like a missed opportunity. The defense has put a spin on that flight, of course, saying that O.J. was on his way to commit suicide at Nicole's grave. I never believed that, not even before I heard that the man at the wheel, A. C. Cowlings, had driven past the exit for the cemetery, in the direction of Mexico.

A. C. Cowlings, who is called Al by


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his friends, remains one of the great mystery characters in this story. A former University of Southern California Trojan and National Football League player, Cowlings has been O. J. Simpson's closest friend from their childhood days in the projects in San Francisco. O.J.'s first wife, Marquerite, had been Al's girl first. Some people will tell you that Al's a swell guy; others will tell you just the opposite. When I likened O.J. and Nicole to Othello and Desdemona a few Letters back, after watching Placido Domingo enact the Moor's jealousy and rage in grand opera, several people asked me, "But who's Iago?" Sometimes I think Al Cowlings fits the part. He was driving his old pal in the white Ford Bronco on the famous June 17 freeway chase, five days after the murders and one day after Nicole's funeral. While crowds on the sidelines cheered for their hero's safe getaway, Cowlings was calling all the shots, with one hand on the wheel and the other on a cellular phone. His best friend was being transformed during that ride from a mere sports star into a dark legend, part of the folklore of America, and Al—always there for O.J.—was helping to make it happen.

Cowlings has been mostly out of the news since a grand jury elected not to indict him for aiding and abetting a fugitive. But when I saw him on July 22 at the Palm restaurant, he was the star celebrity of the evening. In February he made a press appearance to announce his 900 number, where for $2.99 a minute you could get a taped message from him about O.J. He also appeared in court when he was sued by a would-be buyer of the Ford Bronco, which has become a treasured piece of [illegible] Pop art; the buyer claimed Cowlings had reneged on the deal and tried to sell it to someone else for more money. In late June, Cowlings surfaced again at the Los Angeles airport, with a garment bag in one hand and an airline ticket in the other. A Chicago-based CBS television reporter named Byron Harlan, who was in Los Angeles to cover the Unabomber's threat to blow up an airplane at LAX, spotted Cowlings and attempted to interview him. The incident that followed was recorded on video by Harlan's cameraman.

"We're from CBS News," said Harlan, holding out a microphone.

"I don't give a fuck where you're from, CBS News," said Cowlings.

Harlan politely persisted. Cowlings lunged forward, swung the garment bag at Harlan, and struck him.

"Hey, I'm traveling, man! Get the fuck out of my face," said Cowlings.

"You shouldn't have hit me, man," said Harlan.

"No, I should have knocked your fucking head off. That's what I should have done," Cowlings replied, walking away.

For my money, Al Cowlings, like Kato Kaelin and Robert Kardashian, knows a lot more than he's telling.

> Some of us have wondered if the missing knife could have been stashed in with O.J.'s golf clubs.

Starting this Tuesday, June 6, K-EARTH 101, Oldies Radio, will give viewers of the O. J. Simpson murder trial something to do during the countless sidebars. . . . Every time Judge Ito calls for a sidebar, viewers should turn on their radio to K-EARTH 101.1 FM. During the sidebar, we'll play the K-EARTH 101 "O.J. Sidebar" jingle and immediately take the first five callers, who will each win a special O.J. watch. . . . These collectible wristwatches depict the infamous white Bronco being pursued by the California Highway Patrol.

—Commercial on L.A. radio station K-EARTH 101 FM.

There are moments in the trial that pass without comment but that could bear closer scrutiny. One such concerns the golf clubs that Simpson took with him on the plane to Chicago on the night of the murders. He was met at O'Hare Airport at 5:34 A.M. by Hertz employee Jim Merrill, who kept the clubs in the trunk of his car so that he could deliver them to Simpson at the golf tournament later that day. After Simpson received word of the murder of his former wife, he made plans to return to Los Angeles immediately. He contacted Merrill by phone three times, and apparently was short-tempered and rude. Merrill was not able to get the clubs to Simpson's plane in time. Later, Simpson called Merrill from Los Angeles to apologize for his earlier rudeness. Merrill had the clubs put on a later plane. In the midst of mourning for his ex-wife, Simpson himself, accompanied by his friend Robert Kardashian, went to the airport to claim his golf clubs. What was so urgent about retrieving the clubs at that particular time that he himself had to go rather than send Ron Shipp or Kato Kaelin? Certainly he wasn't going to play golf at the Riviera Country Club until after the funeral service. Some of us have wondered if the missing knife that killed Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman could have been stashed in with the golf clubs, thereby escaping discovery by the airport metal detector. Or the Bruno Magli shoes.

Although he looked like Tarzan, he was walking more like Tarzan's grandfather.

—Defense witness Dr. Robert Huizenga, bolstering the defense argument that Simpson's arthritis was so bad that he could not have committed the crime of which he is accused.

As the most visible members of the family of the defendant in this horrible crime, O.J.'s sisters, Shirley Baker and Carmelita Durio, are in a difficult position, but they have behaved with such dignity and style that they have won the admiration of all the reporters. They have put their lives on hold until the trial ends. Constantly loyal to their brother, Shirley has a warm smile and sad eyes, and Carmelita, whom I have seen weep, is funny and outgoing. She knows as much of the courtroom and media gossip as any of us, and during the breaks is always at the center of a group in the corridor. Shirley remains beside her husband of 33 years, Benny Baker, and their daughter Terri is usually with them. The Bakers recently took a few days off from the trial to stay with a baby grandson who had taken a fall and had to go to


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the hospital in San Francisco. O.J.'s brother, Truman, who has had "problems," has been in court only once. Their mother, Eunice, to whom they are devoted, comes from time to time in her wheelchair.

At the beginning of the defense case, Johnnie Cochran put all the Simpson ladies on the stand as a way of showing O.J. through the eyes of those who love him. First came Arnelle, Simpson's beautiful 26-year-old daughter from his first marriage, then Carmelita, then Eunice, and then Shirley. On the first day, the Simpson women, including O.J.'s first wife, Marquerite, were all dressed in shades of yellow, which, we were informed, is the color of hope. After months of testimony in which the prosecution had depicted Simpson as a violent wife beater who ultimately grabbed her by the hair and slit her throat, the family presented a different Simpson altogether—a loving father, a loving son, a loving brother. Cochran used them to emphasize two salient points: Simpson's arthritic condition and the drinking problems of his former friend Ron Shipp, who as a witness for the prosecution had stated that O.J. told him on the night after the murders that he had had dreams of killing Nicole.

Arnelle said that owing to rheumatoid arthritis O.J. had had to give up tennis and had been unable to dig a grave for the family's pet dog. Eunice, who also suffers from arthritis, rose from her wheelchair and—with a cane and an assist from defense lawyer Carl Douglas—hobbled to the stand, her body bent over.

The defense image of a limping, pain-racked Simpson, too weak to kill, was later blown out of the water with the introduction of his exercise videotape, made two weeks before the murders.

Each of the Simpson women spoke about Ron Shipp on the evening after the murders in the house on Rockingham, and by the end of their testimony Shipp came off as a drunk and a liar. Carmelita said she had smelled his breath and realized he was high. She called him glassy-eyed. Eunice said he was spaced. Shirley said that Shipp was never alone with O.J. in his room that night.

"Not so," Ron Shipp told me the night following her testimony, after Nicole's great friend Cici Shahian had arranged for me to meet him in a Beverly Hills restaurant called On Cañon, downstairs from Dove Books, where Shahian works.

I don't think you let the defendant—of all people—be the one to tell you the glove doesn't fit.

—Author and former L.A. deputy district attorney Vincent Bugliosi criticizing the prosecution's glove debacle.

Ron Shipp provided one of the defining moments of the trial. He made all of us realize that we could look at and listen to the same witness on the stand and interpret him differently; black journalists saw Shipp one way and white journalists another, and all felt confident of their take. Shipp, an African-American former L.A.P.D. officer, had been one of O. J. Simpson's best friends. I was so impressed by Shipp's testimony and sense of honor that he became for me a figure of nearly heroic proportions, a deeply conflicted man caught between duty and friendship, racked by guilt for not doing anything to halt the domestic violence he knew was going on in the lives of his friends Nicole and O.J., a violence he came to believe resulted in murder. Twice he spoke directly to Simpson from the witness stand. The first time he said, "This is sad, O.J." The second time he said, "Tell the truth, O.J." When I told an African-American reporter my impressions of Shipp, she looked at me as if I were mad. The person she had seen was a sneak, a snake, a most disloyal figure.

"*No one* had a drink on the night of the 13th," Shipp said emphatically, slapping his hand on the table in the restaurant. "I didn't have a drink all that day." It was particularly hurtful, he said, that Eunice Simpson had used the word "spaced" to describe his condition that night. "Even when I've been drunk, I've never been spaced. . . . Someone had to say to her, 'Mom, don't you remember when Ron Shipp was spaced?' "

Shipp had admitted on the stand that he had had a drinking problem, and he didn't hesitate to discuss it now. "I drank quite a bit when I was a cop. I got to the point where I hated the job. I loved the people, but I hated the job."

"Do you still drink?" I asked.

"A little bit of wine and beer. Not much, but I do. Is that wrong?"

He was still smarting from a television interview with Bryant Gumbel on the *Today* show that morning, during which he had been accused of having called Simpson's mother a liar.

"I got to the house the day after the murders about 6 or 6:30. They were already there, both sisters and Mom. I kissed her on the cheek. I'd met her there at big parties and the wedding."

"The sisters say you were never alone with O.J.," I said.

He responded very precisely. "The conversation took place between 10 and 11 that night. It was just me and O.J. The girls were downstairs in the kitchen, or in the room outside the kitchen. They never came up when I was there. Shirley said on the stand, 'I told Bob Kardashian to go up and take off O.J.'s clothes,' or something like that, and Kardashian wasn't even there. He was already gone. He left about a half-hour before I went up there. The girls knew I was upstairs. When I came down, Shirley said to me, 'Don't let him fall asleep alone. Stay up there with him.' "

Anyone who has been in a household where a murder has occurred can tell you that no one's total time can be accounted for. Shock prevails. People come, people go. They hug. They whisper. They weep. Conversations are going on all over the house—in corners, in hallways, in the kitchen, bedrooms, bathrooms, garage. Secrets are shared. Revelations are made. Speculation is everywhere. News bulletins on the murder are relayed throughout the house by those watching television.

Luke McKissack, the veteran criminal-defense attorney and legal analyst for Fox News, said to me about the different versions of what had transpired that night, "O.J.'s a guy's guy. If he's going to tell anyone he had a dream about killing Nicole, it's not going to be his mother, or his daughter, or his sisters. It's going to be a guy like Ron Shipp."

Shipp and I were splitting a pizza. As he picked up a slice, he was thinking back to his lost friend. "The police loved O.J. I'd take cops by there, and O.J. loved having them over. He knew what I was doing, and he'd do it for me. I'd drive over there without telling the other cops where I was going. Then the cops would walk in and realize where they were. He posed for pictures with them and signed autographs. What is the reason now that the L.A.P.D. hate him and want to conspire against him?" He smiled sadly at the absurdity.

"Has this been tough for you?" I asked.

"It's been tough for both Chris Darden and me in the black community, I'll tell you that," he replied.

As we were leaving, I asked Shipp one last question. "What was the final thing that set him off? Why do you think the murders happened that night?"

"I feel it was the rejection at the recital," he answered. "No seat. No invi-

tation to dinner. O.J.'s a guy who always lived to be loved."

She's a good lawyer, but the word "finesse" and Marcia Clark should not be used in the same sentence.

—Henry Weinstein of the *Los Angeles Times,* in corridor conversation about Clark's hostile cross-examination of copyright lawyer Mark Partridge, who sat next to O. J. Simpson on the flight home from Chicago the day after the murders and later copyrighted his eight pages of notes about the flight.

Sometimes you have to separate yourself from the trial and go back to real life. I left court 15 minutes early on July 11 so that I could get to Eva Gabor's funeral on time. It was a seven P.M. funeral Mass at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Santa Monica Boulevard in Beverly Hills. For years this church has been referred to affectionately by its wealthy parishioners as Our Lady of the Cadillacs. It was my church for years. It was Eva Gabor's church, too. The place was packed. There was a roped-off area toward the front for the swells, and because of my recent "celebrity" status as a television commentator on the Simpson trial, I was taken in hand by an overzealous usher who asked me about the trial as he led me up the aisle, much too far forward, considering the degree of my friendship with Eva. In fact, to my mortification I was put in the family section, in the same row with former First Lady Nancy Reagan and Merv Griffin, who was for years the very best friend of Eva, and two rows behind Eva's sisters, Zsa Zsa and Magda. The Gabor ladies looked like glamorous grandes dames, dressed in black chiffon with pearls at the neck and pearls at the ears, holding large lace handkerchiefs to weep into. Magda, in a wheelchair, wore a huge black straw hat. On the altar was a large blowup of Eva, framed in pink and red roses. As of that day, the surviving sisters had not told their mother, Jolie, who is said to be 109, that Eva was dead.

Right across the aisle was Eddie Albert, who played Eva's husband on *Green Acres.* Behind him, next to Suzanne Pleshette, sat Mr. and Mrs. Lew Wasserman—an assurance [illegible] that the A group, as it used to be [illegible], had turned out to say [illegible].

On the way out, I dropped behind as not to look like a member of the Gabor family. "Do you think he'll get off?" someone asked me. "He's going to walk, isn't he?" "What's Marcia Clark like?" As I was leaving, a very famous woman whispered in my ear, "Nick, promise me something. When I die, don't let them put a big photo blowup of me on the altar."

I liked Marcia Clark better with curly hair.

—Betsy Bloomingdale at a lunch party given by Marguerite Littman at Harry's Bar in London.

My telephone rang. It was Michael Fleeman, who is covering the Simpson trial for the Associated Press. He was writing a newspaper article about what killers do after they kill, in anticipation of the defense's plan to bring in what are called demeanor witnesses, to say that Simpson had behaved in a perfectly normal manner at the airport and on the plane the night of the murders, suggesting that he was not guilty.

"What did the Menendez brothers do after they killed their parents?" he asked.

"They bought Rolex watches to wear to the funeral," I replied without a moment's hesitation.

It's naïve to think that an intelligent killer would behave in a sinister or suspicious manner after taking a life. On the contrary: a person who has spent his whole career in the public eye would certainly be able to sign "Peace to you" on two autographs shortly after the killings if he were called upon to do so, as Simpson was at the airport and on the plane.

I also had a call from George Schlatter, the television producer, who had had lunch with his old friend Howard Bingham, the photographer. Bingham had been a demeanor witness for the defense, because he was a passenger on the flight from LAX to Chicago that night, and talked briefly with O.J., whom he knew, on the plane before takeoff. It was a "Hi, Juice," "Hi, Bingham, how's it going?" sort of conversation—no deeper than that. Bingham, an African-American and a close friend of Muhammad Ali's, brought to court a coffee-table book of his photographs of the prizefighter, which Johnnie Cochran mentioned in order to establish Bingham with the jury. Bingham is a greatly loved figure in the circles in which he moves. A stutterer who treats his affliction with humor, he was a good and likable witness, who provided a few witness-stand laughs. As he described his encounter with O.J., he was eager to establish that he hadn't been in first class, as he normally would be, because he had three seats in coach so that he could sleep during the flight. There was no sense that he was either pro- or anti-defense; he was just a citizen doing his duty. Over lunch several days later, Bingham told Schlatter that he had been contacted by Judge Ito's secretary, asking for a signed copy of his Muhammad Ali book. The following week, Bingham appeared in court with a box of signed books for the jury, to be given to them after the trial. He had an in-chambers meeting with the judge and a courtroom seat for the afternoon session.

> She's a good lawyer, but "finesse" and Marcia Clark should not be used in the same sentence.

It's among the most popular programs we've ever done. It's one of the highest-rated programs ever on Sky, consistently every week, even during the DNA period.

—Mike Buckell, producer for Sky News, London, discussing its coverage of the O. J. Simpson trial in England.

Anita Hill came to court one day. A few weeks earlier, I had been introduced to her at Drai's, during a dinner party given by Michael Viner, the C.E.O. of Dove Books, for Vincent Bugliosi. Hill was at a different table. Prosecutor Chris Darden was expected at Viner's party, and the whispered gossip was that there was a matchmaking plan afoot to have Darden and Hill meet. The plan went awry when Darden failed to show up; an hour into the dinner, a wait-


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er removed his glass and silverware, and the meeting did not take place. The day Hill appeared in court—looking extremely handsome and very well dressed—she was reputed to be a guest of the prosecution, but it was not clear whether or not she was Darden's guest. I went over and spoke to her, and she cut me dead. In the same way, she cut a number of people dead, including author Joseph Bosco, who is writing a book on the case, when he expressed his admiration of her. During breaks, she did not go out into the corridor, as everyone does, but remained in the courtroom. A few days later, Diane Sawyer, Geraldo Rivera, and Jackie Mason were all in the courtroom at the same time, and they all spoke to everybody.

> The reason there are so few convictions is because of the way the deputies treat the jurors.

"Are you disappointed?"

"I never get too high on the good days, or too low on the bad days. I take them as they come."

—Johnnie Cochran, in the corridor, after being informed that Judge Ito had curtailed defense efforts to suggest that Faye Resnick was the target of a Colombian drug hit that killed Nicole Simpson by mistake.

I had dinner at Drai's with dismissed juror Tracy Kennedy and his wife, Judy. Kennedy was described at the time of his dismissal as Native American, but his appearance—skin, hair, beard, manner—is whiter than white. As is the fashion these days for dismissed jurors, he is writing a book about his tenure on the panel, and Dove Books is going to publish it. Like another dismissed juror, the flight attendant Tracy Hampton, on a stretcher being removed in paramedics from her parents' h over her face two day missal, Kennedy suffered pression both during and a on the jury. Although he admits that he did not endear himself to the depu charge or to some of the other jurors, he felt an acute sense of failure when he was dismissed by Judge Ito. He felt he had let everyone down. But if he was devastated, he was relieved at the same time. Now anger has set in.

Judy Kennedy's outrage over the horrors of sequestration exceeds that of her husband. "They discuss sequestration with all these legal minds, but they didn't discuss it with psychologists or psychiatrists to see what the consequences would be."

"Tell me how the conjugal visits came about," I said.

"I would drive to a certain place in an underground garage to pick up the van that took the visitors to meet the jurors. They searched you. We were taken to the service elevators of the hotel where they are sequestered. Cameras monitored the halls. You had to stay from 7 P.M. to 12. If you wanted to leave earlier, you couldn't. Then we were taken back on the van to our cars in the underground garage to drive home after midnight. That was scary sometimes."

"What they're doing to the jury is inhuman," said Kennedy. "I predict that there will be psychological fallout. They're in a catatonic state, like a trance. It breaks your spirit after a while."

"I watched my husband change from week to week," said Judy Kennedy. "There was this blank look on his face, when you lose the expression in the eyes. The jurors were losing their identity. They were sitting so close to the families of Nicole and Ron that they could feel their grief. Every week I watched all of them begin to turn inward. Each family member began bringing more food. The food became more elaborate. Food a comfort."

She looked at her husband and placed nd on his as she continued to talk about him. They seemed deeply connected to each other. "I lost my best friend," she said. "He became hyper, agitated."

"I didn't realize it," said Kennedy.

"I thought to myself, I don't know this man," Judy Kennedy continued. "After a certain number of weeks, we couldn't talk to each other. They took away his humanity. He didn't want to live anymore."

"We didn't know that the rooms weren't bugged," said Kennedy.

"The paranoia is rampant," his wife explained.

Kennedy nodded in agreement. "Everyone changed to an unnatural state. The deputies made us feel we were an inconvenience to them. They were awful." He had a particular loathing for one, whom I happen to have had dealings with myself.

"We call her Big Girl," I told him.

"We called her Butch," he replied. Then he laughed, looking over at his wife in a way that indicated they had shared a lot of stories about the deputies.

As we looked at the menu, he recalled the sequestration food with a dismissive gesture. "The food is employee food. It's cafeteria-style. You go in, stand in line. Plenty of it, all you want, but . . . " He ordered the filet mignon.

"In court, you go up in the elevator to what is called the food room. In the beginning, there were 24 of us, 12 jurors and 12 alternates. There were only two sofas and four tables with four chairs per table. Jurors complained that there weren't enough seats during the long waiting periods. A month and a half later, Deputy Jex said, 'Well, I got you another table.' There still wasn't enough room."

Judy Kennedy said, "I think the reason there are so few convictions in Los Angeles is because of the way the deputies treat the jurors. It's as if they're prisoners."

We discussed which of the remaining jurors would be the foreperson. "They've taken all the leaders away," he replied sadly, referring to the dismissed ones. Like Michael Knox, the dismissed juror who published an account of his time on the panel, he predicts that juror No. 1, a black female 50-year-old vendor, will be the foreperson. Unlike Knox, who believes that Simpson will be convicted, Kennedy believes that there will be a hung jury. About one juror, he said, "I get the feeling he hates all white people."

On the Friday before the Memorial Day weekend, nine weeks after Kennedy had been dismissed, he went to see his doctor about his depression, and was put on medication. When he returned to his house, he found a new jury summons in the mail. "That was the straw that broke the camel's back," he said. □

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Let It Be Löwensohn

The camera adores **ELINA LÖWENSOHN'S** chiseled features nearly as much as the tape recorder dotes on her mellifluous accent. Soulful and sexy on-screen, voluble and animated in person, the Romanian-born actress had a riveting scene in *Schindler's List* and even turned up as Jerry's date on *Seinfeld*. Still, it's with New York indies Hal Hartley and Michael Almereyda that she's been indelible. A melancholy porn star in Hartley's *Amateur*, Löwensohn rules the lower-Manhattan night as a glamorously cowled vampire waif in Almereyda's just-released *Nadja*. Knowing little of Nosferatu before arriving in the U.S., she was destined to play Dracula's daughter—Löwensohn's grandmother was Transylvanian, and her late father served as Nicolae Ceausescu's minister of housing. Says the former East Village waitress, "Everything I've been in, I *totally* believe in it. That's a *lot* to be grateful for." We totally agree. —J. HOBERMAN

Photograph by JAMES WHITE

Hype & Glory

By BRIAN SEWELL

A Hirst for blood: Is Damien Hirst a modern-day Michelangelo or a formaldehyde fraud?

Of all the young artists now celebrated by British dealers, critics, and curators, Damien Hirst is far and away the most notorious, the most mocked by the tabloid press, and the most mystifying to the broadsheets. He is both famous and infamous well beyond the purlieus of the London art market and is well known to all who enjoy the gossip engendered by professional personalities. Though perhaps not quite the equal of Madonna or Princess Di, he is not far behind in generating public curiosity. This fall—following much fuss over his musing about creating a Minotaur from the body of a dead man and the head of a bull and being shortlisted for the second time for the prestigious Turner Prize—Hirst hits the U.S. with a major exhibition at the Gagosian Gallery in New York City and as part of an eagerly anticipated group show at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.





Artist Damien Hirst, above, *with his girlfriend, Maia Norman (second from right), and the twin artists Jane and Louise Wilson.* Left: Away from the Flock *(1994), a lamb submerged in formaldehyde.*

Among his peers, Hirst is, at 30, the Michelangelo of his day: sculptor, painter, draftsman, cod-philosopher, polymath, a man of so many ingenious ideas that he must run a Renaissance workshop to realize them, with assistants to construct steel cages, cut sheets of armored glass, and, in breathing apparatus and protective rubber clothing, wade in tanks of formaldehyde in which they submerge animal corpses, for these are the constituents of his most famous works of art. No action painter of the 50s ever provided so much activity and entertainment. It was young Hirst who sold Charles Saatchi, Britain's Maecenas of modern arts, a tiger shark, a shoal of lesser fish, sheep's heads, the internal organs of eight cows, and a whole lamb, all suspended in formaldehyde.

An insatiable demand in the marketplace for the young, the new, the innovative, means that many art students of late have grown from puberty to adulthood with the public gaze upon them, and with dealers and critics vying to be first in their discovery. As a consequence, successful students learn that traditional skills are of far less use to them than a sophisticated use of fashionable art idioms—no matter how hackneyed—and the knowing insincerity that seduces the witless art critic and curator. When, under the influence of American Abject Art, British students concerned themselves with the fluids, emissions, and waste products of the human body, Hirst did a little lateral thinking and declared himself obsessed with death—and art his means of coming to terms with it. Serial murder fascinated him, and he observed of Jeffrey Dahmer without the slightest frisson of distaste, "He has a kind of terrible curiosity to find how living things work, by taking them to pieces." That is precisely what Hirst did in caging thousands of bluebottles and butterflies and allowing them to go about the business of living, feeding, breeding, and dying. He claims to give spectators access to their nightmare fears, and indeed, whether it be with shark or blowfly maggot, he succeeds in touching on aversions and revulsions, if not terrors, that affect us all. But is this art or a sort of old-fashioned freak show, a Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors brought into the modern day? Is it enough to present, dead or alive, with not the smallest aesthetic intervention, a creature that induces fear? Is this not the purpose of a natural-history *(Continued on page 138)*

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(Continued from page 134) museum rather than an art gallery? But here, of course, we encounter the contemporary artist's greatest boon and blessing: the critics' claim that anything and everything is art, provided an artist has declared it so. And now mere presence within art-gallery walls is enough to turn things that are quite preposterous into icons thaumaturgic.

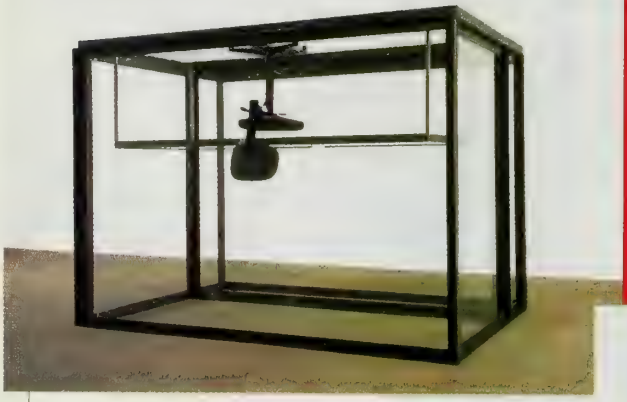
It is easy to dismiss Hirst—now famous as a wild and heavy drinker, nocturnal clubman, man-about-town in the stews of London and Berlin, bringing his baby son to bars—as no more than a self-publicist, an outrageous prankster deliberately challenging and demanding, as did Hockney with his homosexual boys, a liberal response, but this is true only in part. There is no doubt that Hirst's way of life and art is intended to affront, and as with Duchamp's inverted urinal in 1917, those who accept it as art are damned as dupes, and those who object are damned as reactionary fogies. Those of us who, Buddhist in spirit, feel that the use and abuse of living creatures or corpses are unjustifiable, and in no sense art, are treated with amused contempt.

Evidence that Hirst was once more than a mere prankster, however, lies in the works exhibited at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in London in the winter of 1991–92, when he was only 26, for in these he seemed to abandon all wish to shock, and chose instead to make a pessimistic comment on some of the world's ills. Those works were large black steel-and-glass cases that suggested bleak laboratories, life-support machines, and prison cells, with the instruments of both torture and medical survival sharing a cold, hygienic kinship, the absence of the prisoner/patient a metaphor for death particularly telling 45 years after our discovering Auschwitz, Dachau, Belsen, and a dozen other monuments to the extremes of inhumanity. The inherited references are clear—to Andy Warhol's electric chair, to the rooms devised by Edward Kienholz, and to Francis Bacon's cages—but in these three-dimensional constructions all is order, proportion, placement, each line and space informing the next as though to move anything by one half-inch would slacken the tension and ease the clinical hostility. Horrifying compulsions are implied with elegant precision and economy.

Hirst has not sustained this level of achievement. In his formaldehyde conceits he found an answer to every problem and repeated it, instead of searching for a different answer each time, and one of his most supportive commentators sees in them the "defeat of metaphor . . . they take you to the thing. The thing is the thing is the thing." In this he risks not only repetition but also self-plagiarism and descent into the quirks of style as old ideas grow stale—just as third-rate Renaissance artists hacked out their many variations of one successful image of the Virgin and her Child. It may be that Hirst has devised and done all that he can, and that he would be wise to turn his lively but undisciplined intelligence to television advertising and settings for the stage. We may well have seen the last of Damien Hirst as a serious conceptual artist; we may soon see the last of him as a fairground barker exhorting us to wonder at his freaks. For the new Hirst it will perhaps be enough to be Hirst, the flamboyant personality with the damp, limp handshake, the ebullient nocturnal talker with a felicitous command of parody and puckish mischief, ripe for television game shows and the chatty host. This will be Hirst in formaldehyde—Hirst the thing and nothing more.



Hirst sold Charles Saatchi a tiger shark, sheep's heads, and the internal organs of eight cows.





The severed head of a cow, part of an exhibition at London's Serpentine Gallery in 1993; The Acquired Inability to Escape, Inverted *(1993) will be part of the "'Brilliant!' New Art from London" exhibition at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis; Hirst attired to work on* Mother and Child, Divided *(1993).*


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Vanities



Wade to go: Actor Wade Dominguez.

Wade's World

When housepainter Wade Dominguez's acting coach, Jeannie Berlin, told him to send his picture to her mother he didn't think anything of it. But her mother happened to be Elaine May, who was script-doctoring *Dangerous Minds*. She showed it to the casting director, who was looking to replace one of the actors in the film, and days later he was reading opposite Michelle Pfeiffer. "When she came in the room I just about fell over," he says.

Dangerous Minds is a fact-based drama about a group of high-school no-hopers in California rescued from oblivion by ex-Marine LouAnne Johnson (Pfeiffer). Playing an 18-year-old delinquent wasn't too much of a stretch for the 29-year-old Dominguez, himself a problem student raised in Northern California. "I had a lot of difficulties growing up," he admits. "So I could really relate with this role." The experience has yet to change his life. "I paint houses for a living, so I'm still doing that," Dominguez says from his Los Angeles home. The release of *Dangerous Minds* this month may change all that.

—TOBY YOUNG

Hot Type

Two of the best books this season are posthumous—heavy sigh. Late, great comic icon **STANLEY ELKIN** leaves us with *Mrs. Ted Bliss* (Hyperion), a dark and subtle satire on the neuroses of a Jewish widow. And in **WILLIAM GOLDING'S** final novel, *The Double Tongue* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the prophetess at Delphi reflects on her long reign.

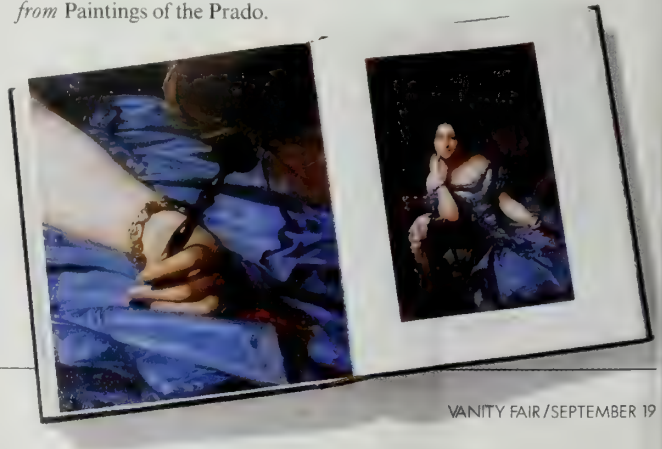


Josephine Hart, author of Oblivion.

Also this month: **PHILIP ROTH'S** wicked wit is as sharp as Satan's pitchfork in *Sabbath's Theater* (Houghton Mifflin). **DINESH D'SOUZA** posits that racism is a purely Western phenomenon in *The End of Racism* (Free Press). Seventy-four remarkable senior citizens sound off on our century in **STUDS TERKEL'S** *Coming of Age* (New Press). *Manhattan, When I Was Young* (Houghton Mifflin) is **MARY CANTWELL'S** luminous memoir of life in the Big Apple in the 1950s and 60s. **HANIF KUREISHI'S** highly original second novel, *The Black Album* (Scribner), is set at a London community college. **ALFRED KAZIN'S** *Writing Was Everything* (Harvard) is an intellectual smorgasbord. Neocon **ANDREW SULLIVAN** argues for gay equality in *Virtually Normal* (Knopf). A widower's haunting memories of his beautiful wife permeate **JOSEPHINE HART'S** *Oblivion* (Viking). Religion, violence, and adolescent gay love collide in **JIM GRIMSLEY'S** powerful novel *Dream Boy* (Algonquin). Masterworks and some never-before-seen Spanish treasures are exhibited in *Paintings of the Prado* (Bulfinch). **CAROLYN G. HEILBRUN** tells the tale of Gloria Steinem in *The Education of a Woman* (Dial), from her dreary childhood to feminist role model. **KURT ANDERSEN, JAMIE MALANOWSKI,** and **LISA BIRNBACH** eavesdrop on the embarrassing rants of famous folks in their book, *Loose Lips* (Fireside), based on their recent play. And, another heavy sigh, **JULIA PHILLIPS'S** *Driving Under the Affluence* (HarperCollins) is ax-grinding at its ugly best by the L.A. executioner no one wants to lunch with.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Amalia de Llano y Dotres, Countess of Vilches, *1853 (right), by Federico de Madrazo y Küntz (1815–94), oil on canvas, 126 cm. by 89 cm. (detail at left), from* Paintings of the Prado.



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In Todd We Trust

Designer Todd Oldham's couture de force

The empire of Todd Oldham, reigning king of haute-hobo couture, is ever expanding. This month he launches a line of blue jeans, and next year his men's fragrance and Los Angeles store debut. GEORGE WAYNE talks to the designer whom many consider the nicest guy in the perilous world of fashion.

George Wayne: *Darling, tell me about that man who was stalking you recently. That must have been terrifying!*

Todd Oldham: Oh, do we have to talk about this, George? Can we talk about it off the record? It's not that interesting.

G.W. *But it's something that has affected you!*

T.O. Yeah, it's really spooky to know someone's out there after you. It's very creepy. I lived through it for seven months, and I don't want to live through it again.

G.W. *Todd Oldham is the media darling of the fashion world. It's very impressive, the cool way you've handled your celebrity.*

T.O. Oh well, thanks, George. I guess I have a pretty clear take on what it is. I don't believe my press. I mean, I appreciate the press, but you have to have a reality check at all times.

G.W. *How is the SoHo boutique doing?*

T.O. Great. We're meeting our projections, and we're opening in L.A. in February, and I think we'll be opening in London sometime next year.

G.W. *And your new line of jeans?*

T.O. Well, I wear jeans a lot, and I always remember that nobody needs anything, so if you're gonna do it, you better make it interesting. So there's lots of tricks for the wearer, like the insides of all the jeans are printed. So only you see it when you put it on, or in the cuff sometimes. And there is a very interesting back-pocket shape which does beautiful things for sort of lifting the butt, visually cheating that area. They'll be like 70 bucks, jackets will be between $100 and $150.

G.W. *When are you going to make a men's fragrance?*

T.O. It comes out in September 1996, and there is a nice ingredient that smells like pencil shavings in it. It's a mix of funny cedar products and cucumber.

G.W. *Is Todd Oldham the next Calvin Klein, or are you scared of fashion superstardom?*

T.O. I have no competitive bones in my body whatsoever, so I don't know that anyone needs to be "the next" anything.

G.W. *Tell me about your truly significant other, Tony Longoria. What's the secret to your successful marriage?*

T.O. I think patience, a sense of adventure. Even after 15 years with him, I am still constantly surprised.

G.W. *I know you have a great interest in film. I heard a rumor you wanted to direct.*

T.O. Yeah, well, I've started to direct my pieces on MTV, and I ghost-edit and -direct some other pieces on the show. I'm gonna be directing my TV commercial for the jeans. It's very otherworldly and surreal, but supersexy.

G.W. *What do you think of your peers? Are you friendly with Isaac [Mizrahi]?*

T.O. I'm friendly with Isaac—I know him.

G.W. *Do you ever have dinner?*

T.O. No. I don't really hang out with people in the fashion world so much. But I'm a big fan of Isaac and Anna [Sui] and Marc [Jacobs]. They're all pretty good.

G.W. *Do you ever think back to those days as a club kid hanging out at the Starck Club in Dallas every weekend?*

T.O. I remember them hazily. That was some good fun. It taught me how to stay up late.

G.W. *When did you stop eating meat?*

T.O. A long time ago, and I stopped eating anything with eyes about seven years ago.

G.W. *With eyes?! You're so P.C. I could puke!*

T.O. My God! It's not intentional, it's just the way it worked out. I like animals—I don't want to eat them.

G.W. *And you're the pet favorite of PETA.*

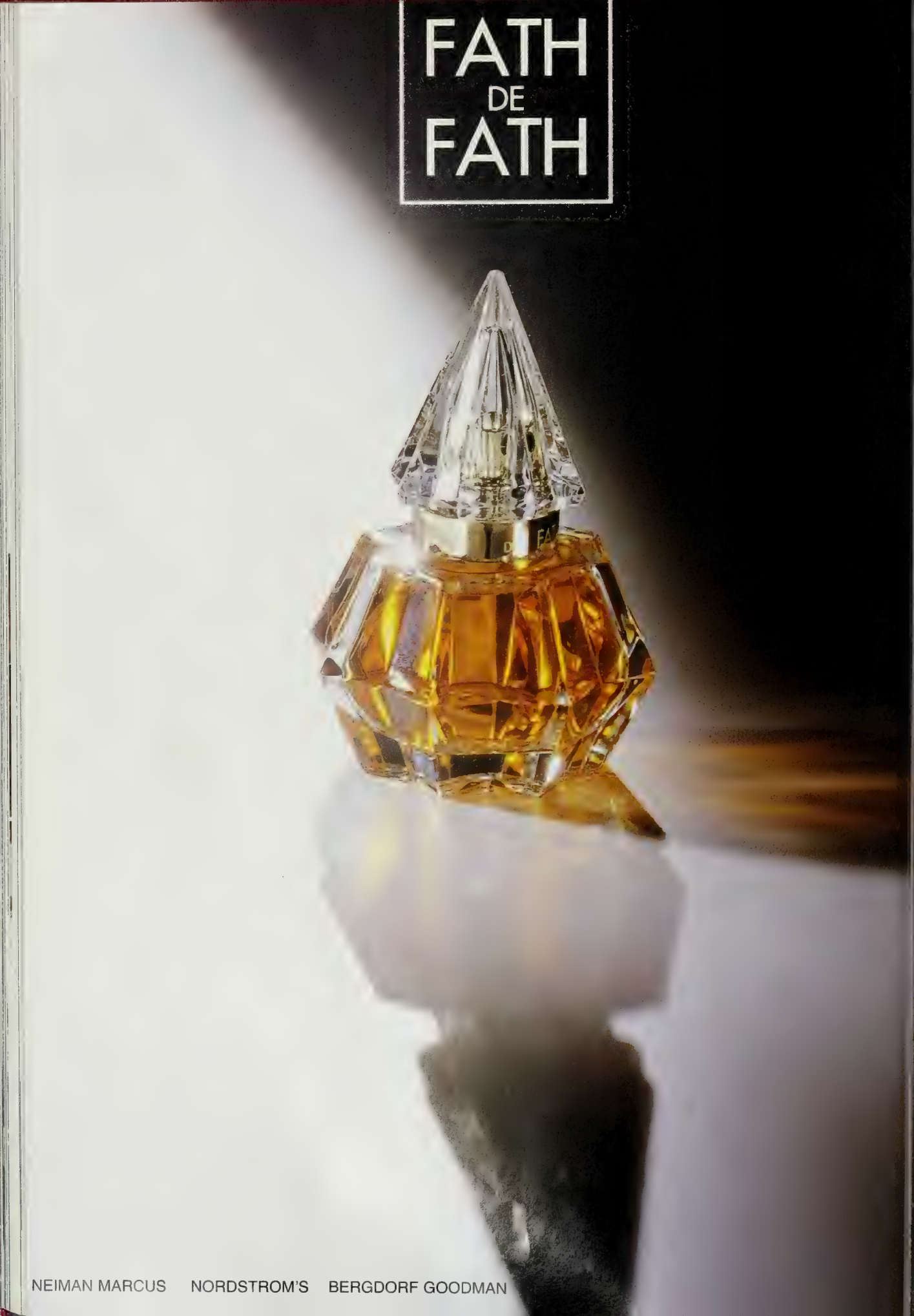
T.O. It has nothing to do with politics.

G.W. *And you're a workaholic, a slave of New York.*

T.O. I don't think I'm a workaholic. I have a thing—I don't work hard, I work often.

G.W. *Well, darlin', keep on truckin'. I know the Karma will always be with you.*


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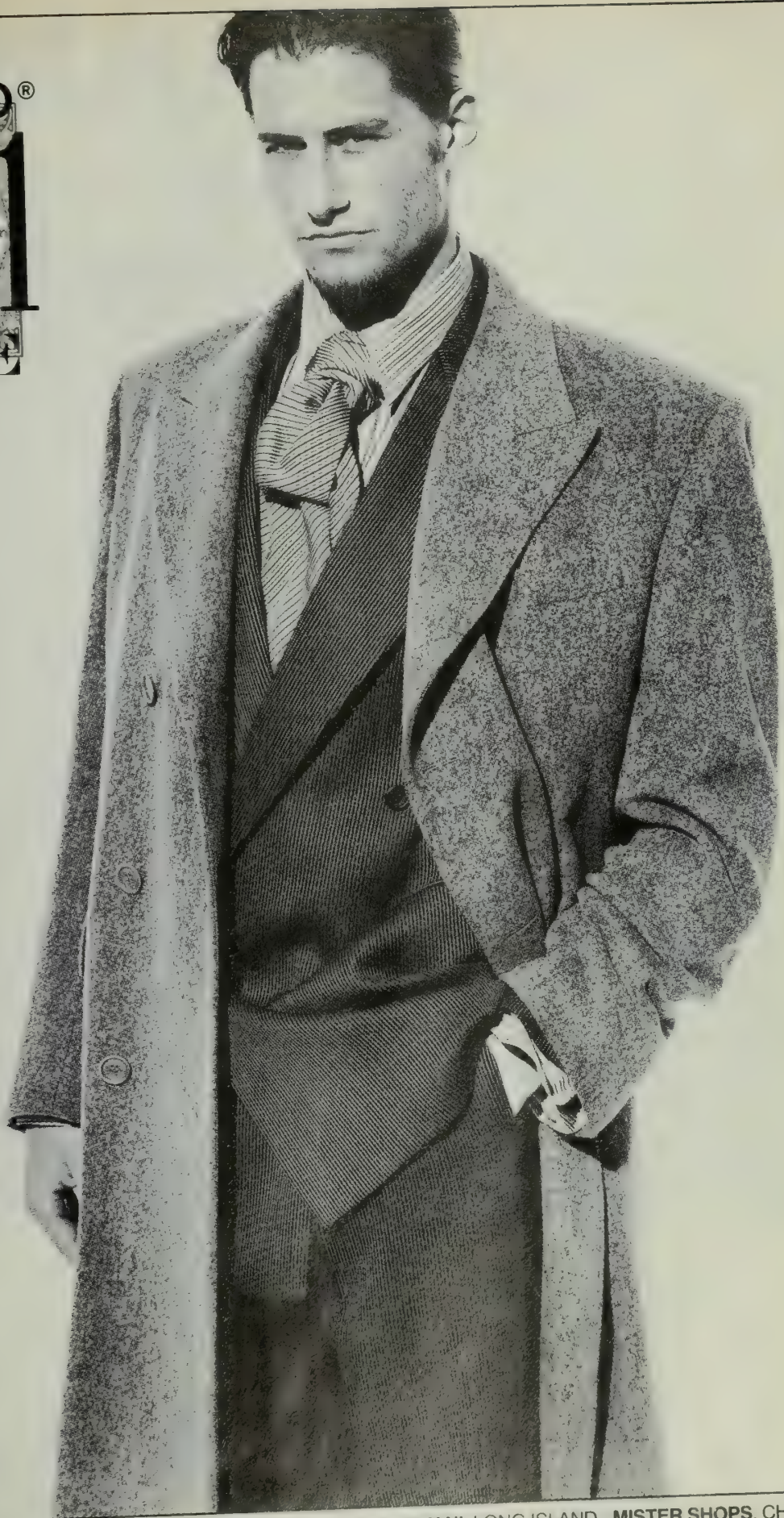

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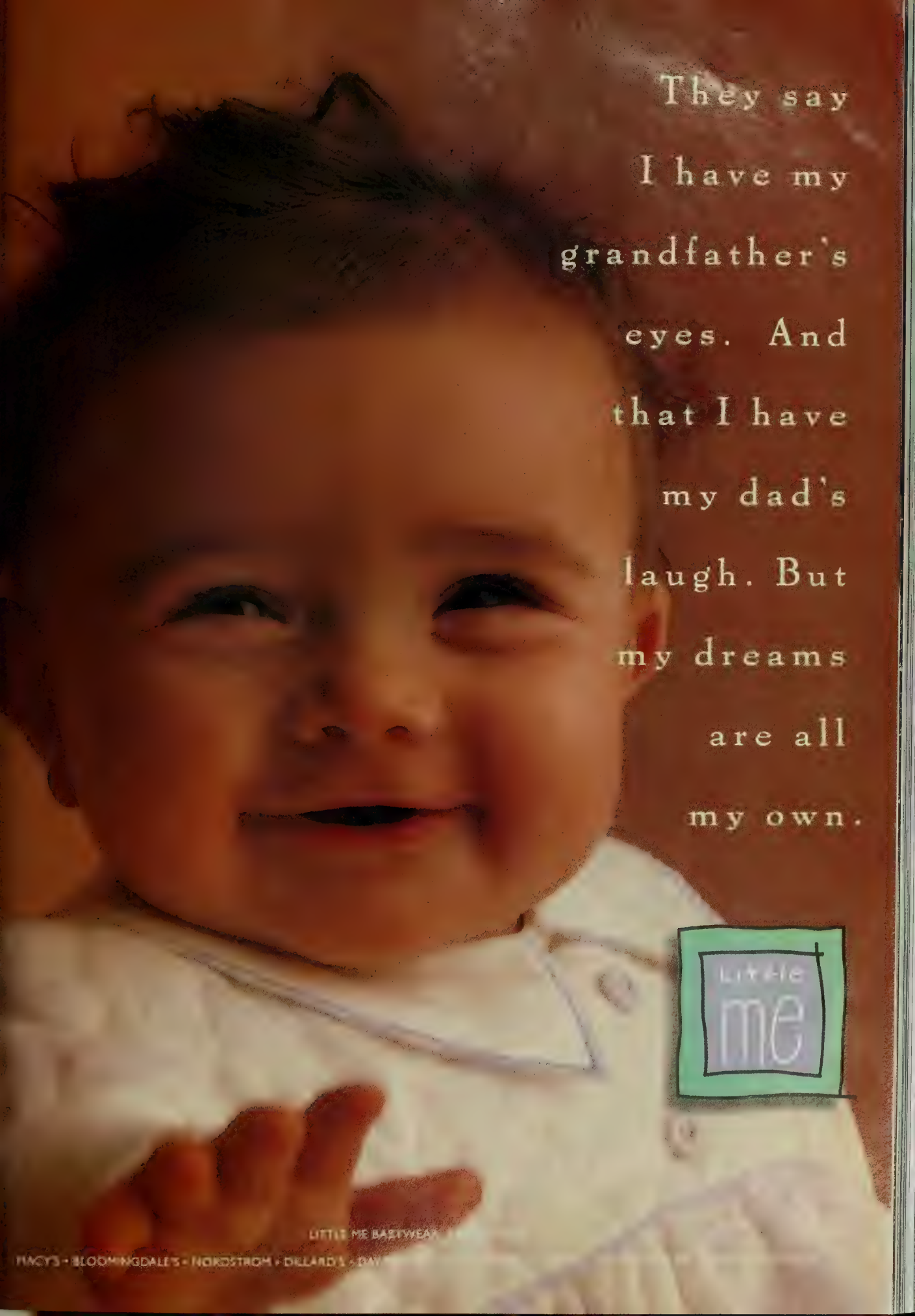
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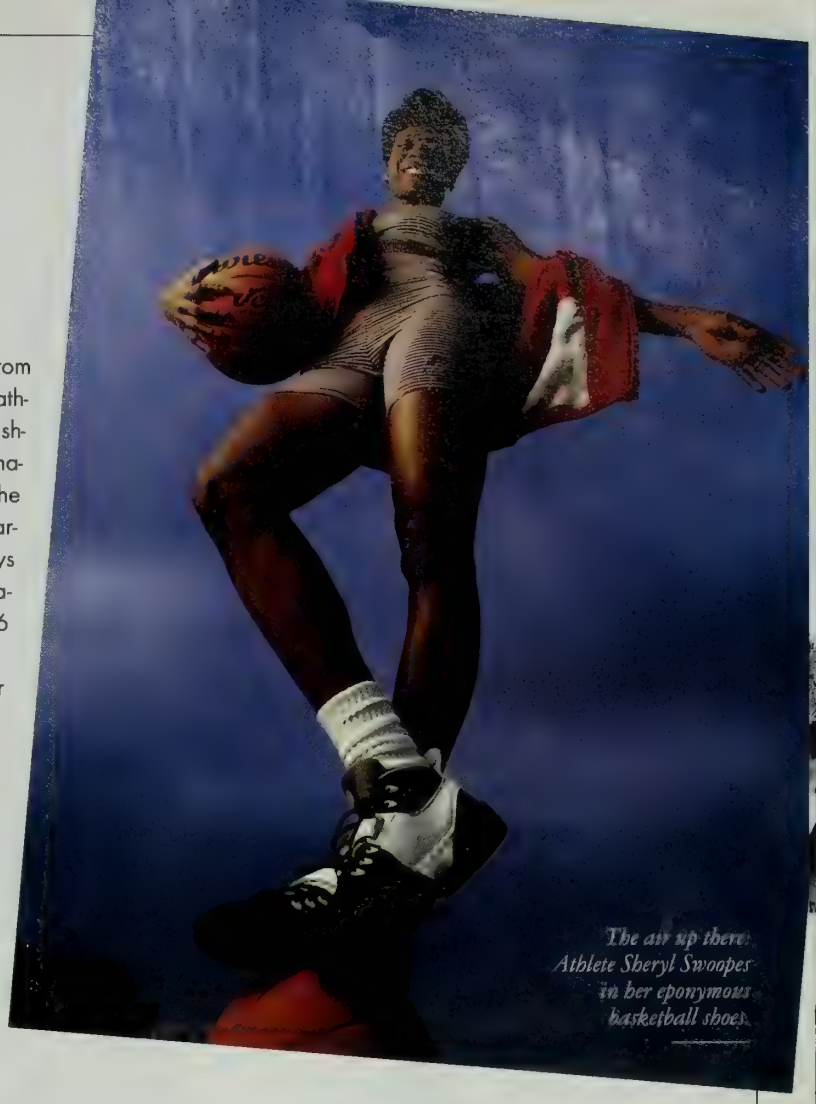
Rado, A division of SMH [illegible] New York, NY 10[illegible]

Swoopes Dreams

Basketball player Sheryl Swoopes, the tall lady from Brownfield, Texas, is an old-fashioned kind of athlete, and she's making her reputation the old-fashioned way—with nothing but talent. One of the major forces in putting women's basketball on the map (not to mention prime-time TV), the 24-year-old former Texas Tech Lady Raider currently plays guard for the U.S.A. Basketball Women's National Team and is an early favorite for the 1996 Olympic Women's Basketball Team.

And wouldn't you know that with her reputation for clean living and a remarkable slate of record-breaking achievements the rewards of capitalism would not be far behind. She is the first woman ever (and only the second person in history) to have a sport shoe named for her: Nike Air Swoopes, a lightweight mid-cut black-and-white sneaker that she helped design, which will be in stores this October. "This shoe portrays the kind of athlete I am on and off the court," says Swoopes. "On the court I'm bold and aggressive and tough. Off the court I'm very feminine and spunky."

—DAVID DANIEL



The air up there: Athlete Sheryl Swoopes in her eponymous basketball shoes.

Night-table Reading

Nan Kempner, *socialite, international representative for Christie's:*
Napoleon & Josephine, *by Evangeline Bruce (Scribner). "It is a wonderfully researched book and a great undertaking."*





Kazuko, *jewelry-maker:*
Robert Frank: Moving Out, *by Sarah Greenough and Philip Brookman (National Gallery of Art/Scalo). "Frank shows me how to see with heart. He spells out his life with honest visions."*

David Duchovny, *actor: books by Elmore Leonard (Delacorte). "I like his novels for the one-liners and because all of his characters are morally ambiguous yet decent."*





Betsy Bloomingdale, *socialite, author:*
Napoleon & Josephine, *by Evangeline Bruce (Scribner). "I have always been fascinated with every detail of this period in French history, and she makes it come alive!"*


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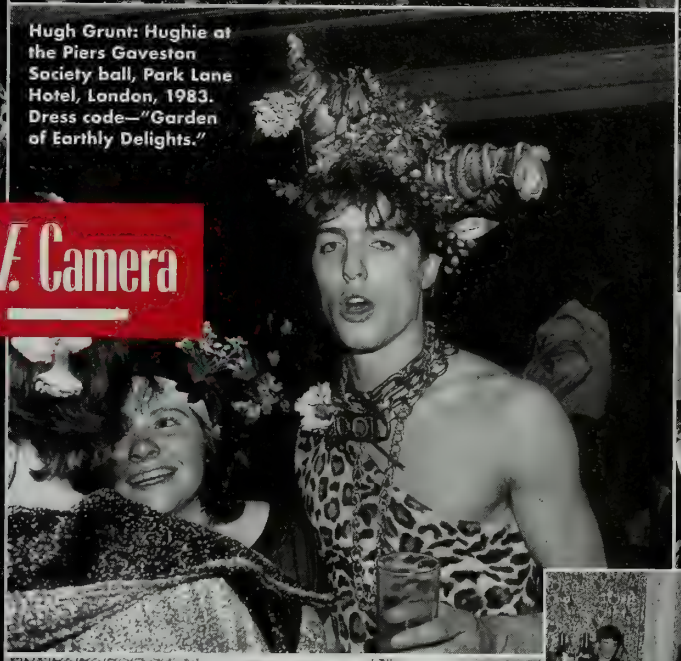
Vanities

V.F. Camera


Society party, Rhodes House, Oxford, 1980. Dress code—"Roman Camp."


be $150, ht."

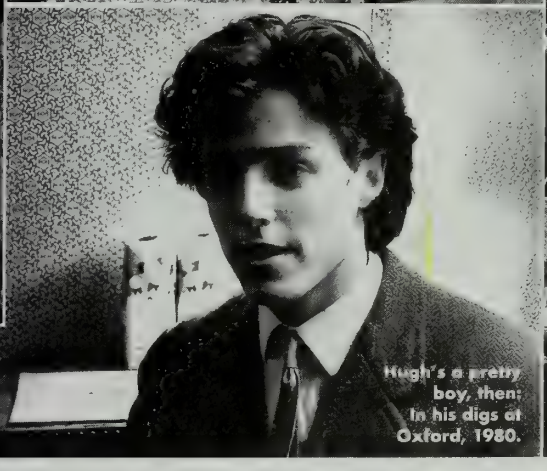

"That'll be $75, Mr. Grant."


Hugh Grunt: Hughie at the Piers Gaveston Society ball, Park Lane Hotel, London, 1983. Dress code—"Garden of Earthly Delights."


Cheers, m'dears: Piers Gaveston Society dinner, Oxford, 1980.


Hurley days: Hugh with girlfriend Elizabeth Hurley in 1988.


Whoops! Lap dancing, Oxford-style.


Hugh's a pretty boy, then: in his digs at Oxford, 1980.

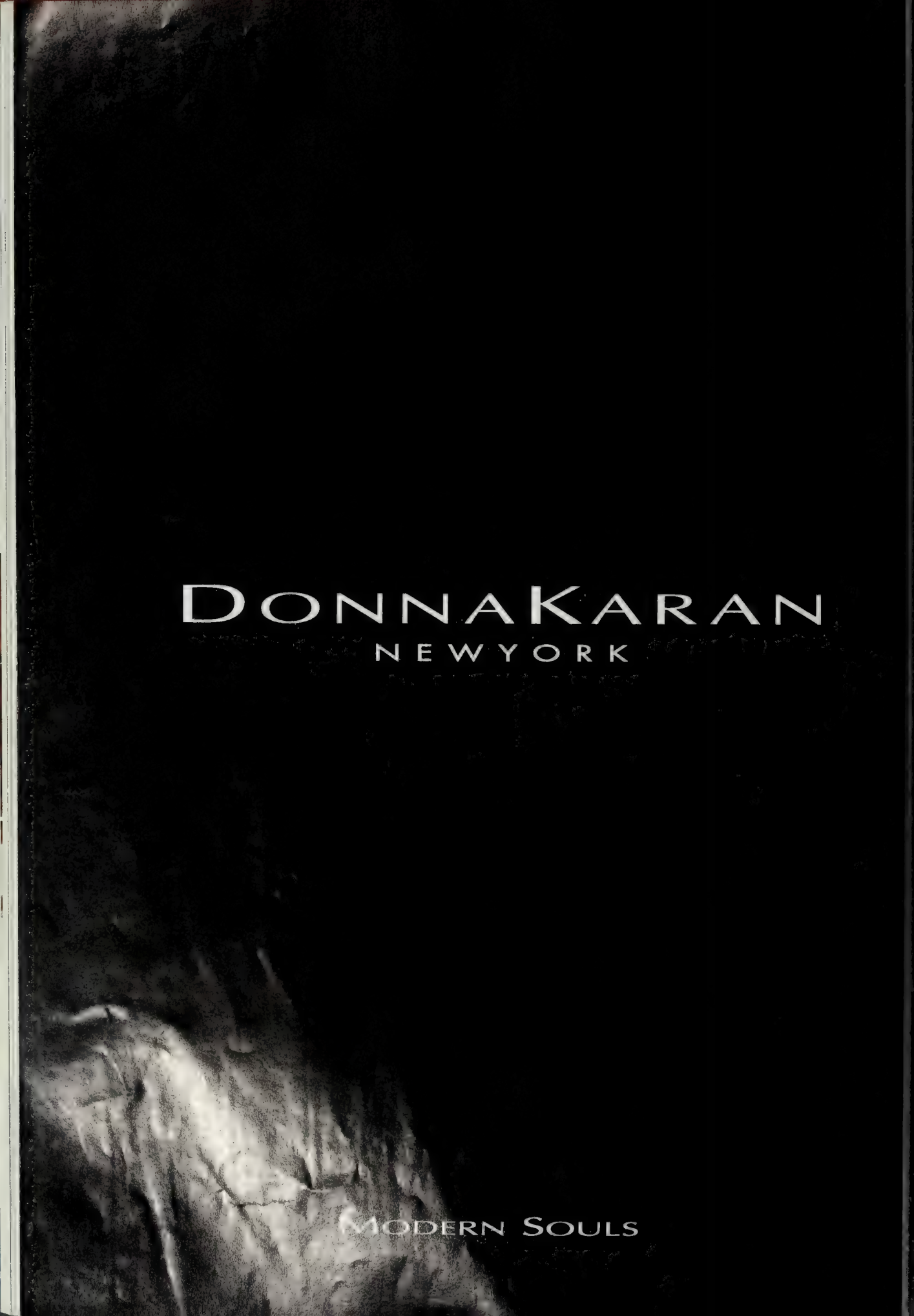

Hughie literally drinks his companions under the table.

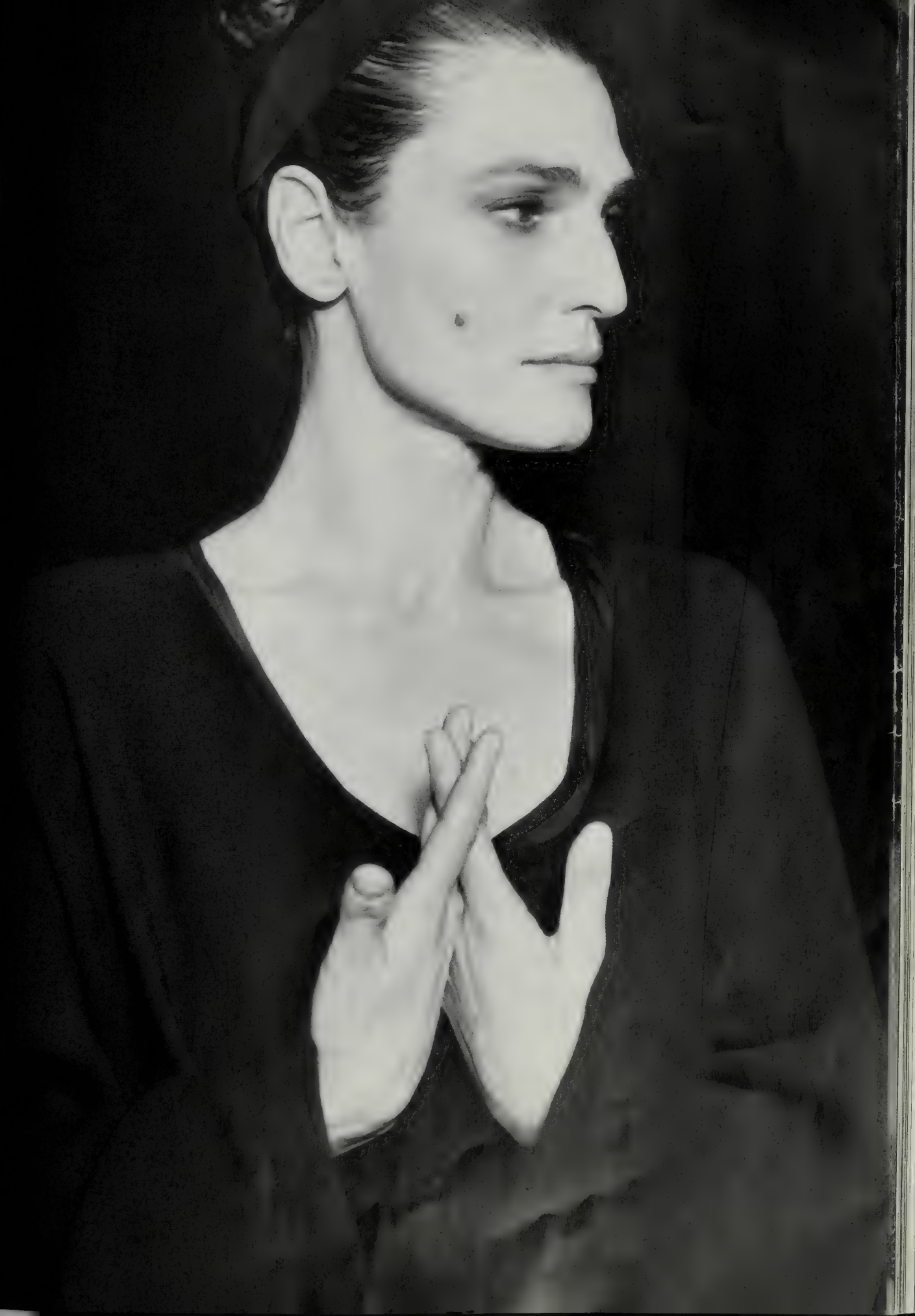
Hugh Grant: The Waugh Years

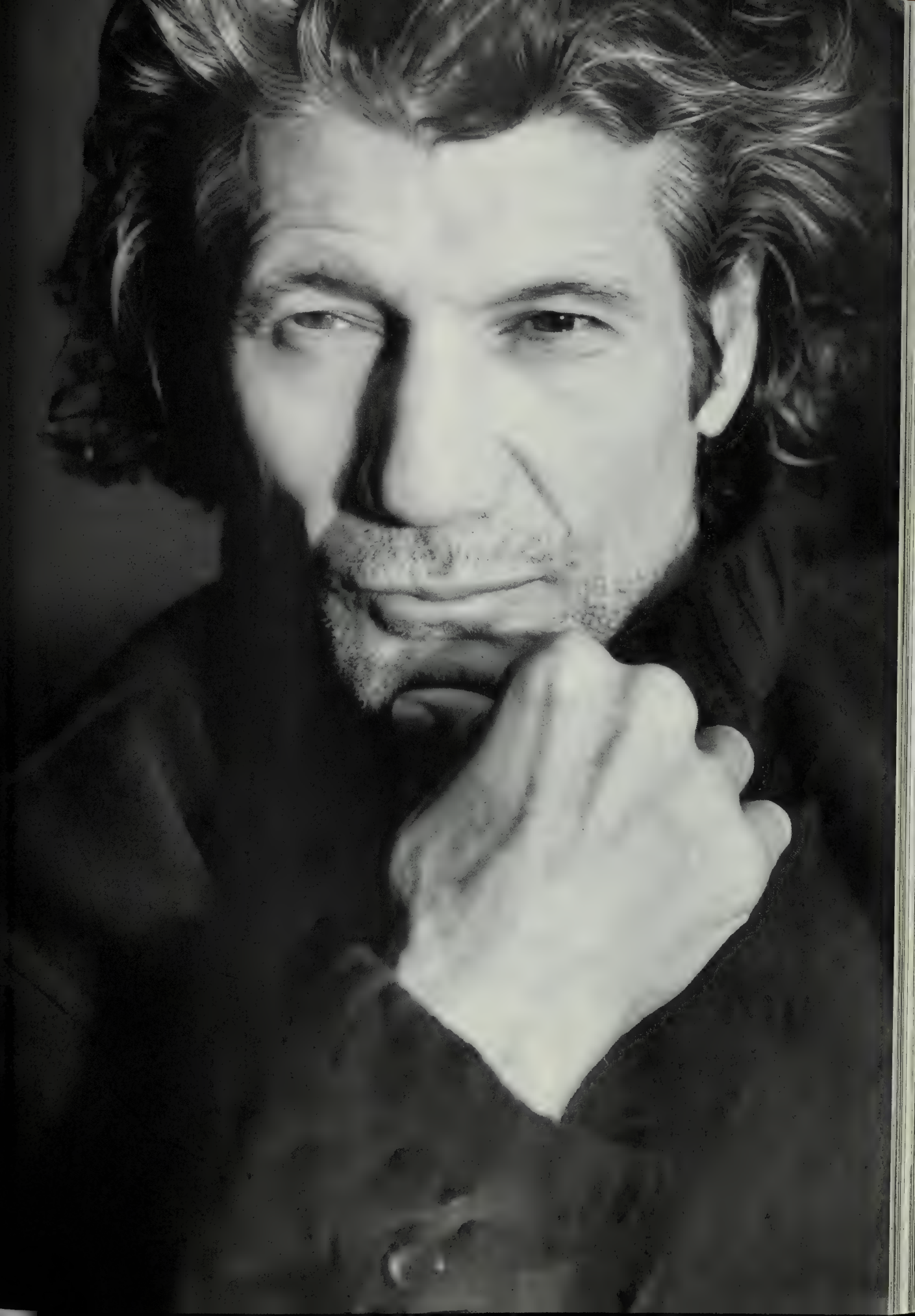
While the world reeled and scratched its collective head at Hugh Grant's assignation with a Sunset Boulevard prostitute, his classmates at Oxford University gave one another broad winks and knowing nudges. This is the Hughie they had come to know—more Benny Hill than Cary Grant. In the wake of Margaret Thatcher's 1979 general-election victory, Oxford was no longer dominated by social organizations such as the Labour Club. Nearer the hub were exclusive, *Brideshead*-y male dining societies. For most of his three years at Oxford (1979–82), Grant was a member of the most notorious of these—the Piers Gaveston Society, named after King Edward II's catamite, who according to legend was killed by being sodomized with a hot poker in 1312, though his namesake club was not formed until 1976. Presided over by the head of the society (who holds the title "the Poker"), Gaveston debauches usually included members dressed as women in outfits that would rival, well, Elizabeth Hurley's famous Versace safety-pin dress. Hugh himself wore a fetching over-the-shoulder leopardskin number, as well as a revealing Roman-legionnaire affair. So much more dashing than those mortarboards and shapeless black gowns.

—T.Y.

Photographs by DAFYDD JONES


DONNA KARAN
NEW YORK
MODERN SOULS






DONNAKARAN
NEW YORK

VANITY FAIR
SEPTEMBER 1995

From the cauldron of his childhood–the father who abandoned him, the manic-depressive mother who loved him too much, the stepfather whose anger shaped the family–Newt Gingrich emerged with a heroic need that became his mission. Talking to his inner circle of family, friends, and associates, and to the Speaker himself, GAIL SHEEHY learns the details of Newt's wars, his women, and his contract with himself

THE INNER QUEST OF NEWT GINGRICH



Newton Leroy "Newtie" Gingrich, aged two, circa 1945.

"I think you can write a psychological profile of me that says I found a way to immerse my insecurities in a cause large enough to justify whatever I wanted it to." Newt Gingrich is coaching me on writing about himself. Ten years ago he was arguably the most disliked member of Congress. Today he is holding forth from the veranda of the office of the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, looking down on the Capitol Mall as if it were the great lawn of his own vast estate.

Newt Gingrich is the sonic boom of a presidential-election season—a loud noise generated by a media meteor moving at supersonic speed. In June he declared that all presidential candidates would have to adjust to a world in which his Congress is "relatively more important than the White House." True, he has shaken up the jowly House and led the Republicans out of the wilderness, but he remains an untested national commodity. Maybe that explains the big presidential tease, which will continue as long as he can hold the spotlight. "If there were a large enough vacuum, then obviously I'm willing to consider it," he said in July.

No, no, Newt! plead many of his ardent supporters and strategists. But other observers say the G.O.P.—a party which, in columnist Joe Klein's words, "can't resist a tent show"—won't be able to resist "drafting" Newt. Meanwhile, he is honing his evangelical skills on a 25-city P.R. campaign bankrolled with a loan from

Rupert Murdoch and designed to sell his new book *To Renew America*—and himself.

But his greatest presidential stumbling block may be right under his nose. At home. Newt's second wife, Marianne Ginther Gingrich, tells me she doesn't see herself in the First Lady's job. "Watching Hillary has just been a horrible experience," commiserates Marianne. "Hillary sticking her neck out is not working."

What happens if Newt runs?, I ask.

"He can't do it without me," she replies. "I told him if I'm not in agreement, fine, it's easy"—she giggles at her naughtiness. "I just go on the air the next day, and I undermine *everything*. . . . I don't want him to be president and I don't think he should be."

Why not?

"Right now, the presidency is not a single person. It's not so much what he'd be doing. It's what *I'd* be doing."

On the day of our interview, Newt looks relaxed. It's Sunday. Marianne is far away, and he can sit back, roll up his sleeves, scratch his arms, even let his belly flop over his belt. He has agreed to see me after months of my petitions because he knows I have done 70 interviews with his family, friends, and political operatives. As I told his press secretary, Tony Blankley, there are many conflicting stories about Newt and I wanted the man himself to sort them out. Newt Gingrich is his own creation, and I was fascinated by how this extraordinary person developed.

Newt's friends had told me that his primary references are movies. They have informed his heroic ideal. "When he watches John Wayne or Jimmy Stewart on TV, he lives out these movies," says Melvin Steely, a former colleague at West Georgia College.

So we start with films, namely *Rob Roy*.

"I liked half of *Rob Roy*," the Speaker says, "but *The Last of the Mohicans* is a much more romantic movie. . . . *Rob Roy* is much too harsh. . . . The best of America is romantic realism. It leads us to be permanently frustrated with ourselves because we set an impossibly high ideal."

It is no small coincidence that the medieval hero Robert the Bruce came to our attention as a character in *Braveheart* during Newt's big summer. Gingr has long enshrined the legendary Scot in his panthe of psychic heroes.

In the whole history of Europe, writes one historian would be hard to find a more "lunatic venture" than Bruce's. For eight solid years, in a quest that Profes G. W. S. Barrow termed "the private revolution of an a bitious man," this weakling son of a tyrant king war to restore the Scottish monarchy.

"I'm a mythical person," says Newt, no stranger revolutions. "I had a period of thinking that I wo have been called 'Newt the McPherson,' as in Rob the Bruce." He is referring to his childhood, when strongly identified with his biological father, New McPherson.

"Robert the Bruce," Newt continues, "is a guy w would not, could not, avoid fighting. . . . He carried burden of *being Scotland*." Like the Bruce, Newt feels must carry the burden of *being* his nation.

"What makes me unusually intense is that I perso ize the pain of war, the pain of children being killed, pain of a 16-year-old who has been permanently ch ed by his school and cannot read."

"Are you an emotional person?"

"Oh yeah, very emotional," Newt declares.

"Compassionate?" I venture.

"I'm not sure what the word means." Newt frow "I'm enraged that a 16-year-old has been cheated th entire life by a system that has paid $7,000 a year to ucate them and did nothing for its money. Now, is t compassion, or is it just rage?"

Newt—who once called himself "a psychodrama liv out a fantasy"—is growing interested in our dialog He props his hands, as acquisitive and chubby a baby's, on top of his head as I warily approach the sue of his patrimony.

"Let me back up for a second," he interrupts. " never done this before. It's totally dangerous. But I the way you're approaching this. . . . I think it is fai say, if you want to write a psychological piece, that p of my life has been trying to live up to a standard toughness and responsibility. . . . My relatives were ei farmers, steelworkers, or industrial laborers. My u Cal was a highway-construction foreman who was e mously tough. He was shot and chased the guy. . . . couldn't catch him because of the bullet in his leg."

He unfurls his life story like a myth.

"My father grew up as a very angry person. W he signed up for the navy, the recruiting officer s 'Why did you fill out your application wrong?' said, 'What do you mean?' And he said, 'You put y grandmother's name in where your mother's na should be.' He found out that he had been born of wedlock. *They never told him.* Talk about be enraged!"

The saga continues: "Big Newt was physically enorm Six foot three, and could use a nine-pound sledgeh mer with one hand. I'd say from the time he was 1 35 he was in bar fights. . . . My mother was very fri ened of him. So she decides to file for divorce. He

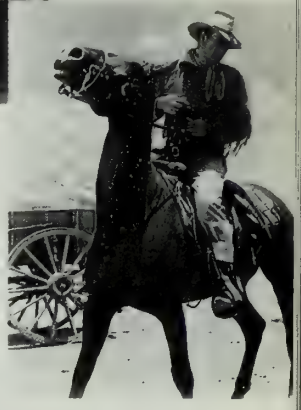


Pennsylvania, circa 1944: Big Newt McPherson and his son, who would become Speaker of the House. When Newt was three, his father allowed the boy's stepfather to adopt him—in exchange for being excused from months of child support payments.

"I was a 50-year-old at 9," says Newt. "I had imprinted hn Wayne in his mid-40s as my model of behavior."



Left: Newtie at four. *Below:* John Wayne in *Hondo,* in which Wayne throws a small boy into a lake to teach him to swim. "In my childhood," says Newt Gingrich, "that made sense."



talk her out of it, fails, scares her even more, so she orces him and then marries Bob Gingrich, who is also opted. . . . So that's the background, and people as- ne I'm some right-wing, out-of-touch Neanderthal who esn't get it. I mean, I'm *adopted!* Both of my fathers *adopted!* I mean, give me a break!"

Confusion over his identity was a recurrent theme in wt's boyhood. "I did not use the word 'stepfather' un- I was talking to Marianne in 1982," he says. "I had a y confused blockage in sorting out the relationships."

'A heck of a mess when you think about it," Gin- ch's mother, Kit, says, reviewing the past. Big Newt, ving been abandoned by his real father, Robert Ker- tter, was taken in by Newton and Hattie Belle McPher- and raised in a household where his real mother, Louise pner, was passed off as his sister. Bob Gingrich was oster child, not adopted until he was 16. It sounds like Faulkner saga. In Pennsylvania.

A painful turn came for Newt at the age of 16, when and his family returned to the U.S. from Europe, ere his stepfather had been stationed in the army.

'Your stepmother remembers you coming back furi- s," I say. "You went to her and said, 'Why did my fa- r take my name from me?' "

Anger flashes in Newt's face as he takes a sip from dinosaur mug. "I was furious because I figured out Europe that my real father had agreed to allow me be adopted."

Kit Gingrich has already told me the story of Newt's option. According to Kit, Big Newt, who made little ort to see the boy, called her when Newt was three rs old. "His new wife was pregnant," says Kit. "He d that if I would drop the past four months of child- pport payments, Bob could adopt Newtie. Isn't it aw- , a man willing to sell off his own son?"

Newt's stepmother, Marcella McPherson, recalls that er Newt's return from Europe the tormented adoles- nt asked, "'Why can't I come live with you?' He n't want to get out of my husband's sight."

Newt grows pensive as he thinks back to the summer 1960. He was 17, rebellious, searching. "Wandering und Harrisburg," he says, "I remember thinking that the Scottish tradition . . . I would have been mythi- ly called the McPherson. As in Robert the Bruce."

'When did Big Newt decide he wanted to get you ck?" I ask.

'He never wanted to get me back."

If the McPherson myth offered Newt solace, growing up Gingrich brought more pain. All his efforts and affectations never seemed to please his stepfather, Colonel Bob Gingrich.

"You know the John Wayne movie *Hondo,* where I think it's a six-year-old boy who can't swim well? Wayne picks him up, throws him in the lake, and watches him thrashing around? The mother comes over, crying. And Wayne says, 'He had to learn.' In my childhood, that made sense."

Bob Gingrich turned 70 this year. He graduated from high school in 1943. "That class was allowed to leave school to go into the military, but Bob couldn't get in," Newt's old neighbor Elise Huss told me. "Some dumb thing. He couldn't get in anywhere—even tried the merchant marines. Then when all Bob's friends came back from war, darned if they didn't draft Bob."

"He had a very sad experience," Newt acknowledges. "He had a punctured eardrum. It made him even more bitter, because he was ridiculed. 'How can you be 4-F? You're the basketball star!' Then he gets out of the military and works as a railroad engineer. . . . My father is a bread-truck driver. This is the background of hardworking, lower-middle-class, industrial people. I think this is helpful in understanding my background."

"But you," I point out, "had your nose in a book and were always spouting big words."

"My grandmother Daugherty was a teacher," says Newt. "She immersed me in reading. . . . I had grown up in a very adult world. . . . A lot of my childhood was spent near very adult, late-middle-aged people. So I think in that sense I *became* big words."

Indeed, words became his weapons. But Kit says that when Newt attempted to outsmart his stepfather with the things he had read, the colonel would order him to go back to his corner and his books. "Bob would never give in," Kit recalls.

"I think it's fair to say I lived a long period of my life autonomously," Newt tells me. "I was never alone, but I was lonely." Animals became his friends; he collected lizards and snakes and went hunting for fossils. The fact that young Newt—like Ronald Reagan—could barely see may have exaggerated his tendency to live in-

side his own imagination. "I was nearsighted—something I didn't realize until I was about 12," he discloses. "There was a sense of shyness because you literally couldn't see people. You couldn't interact."

Around this time he had a marvelous awakening, the kind he had read about. "There's a moment," Newt says, "where I realized, I can be a leader.

"I went to a double feature of African movies. . . . It was summertime. I came out at about four in the afternoon, and next to the movie theater was a sign that said CITY HALL. So I stood there, having been exhilarated by these two African movies—one of which I think was called *Trader Horn*. I decided that Harrisburg needed a zoo, and this was the right moment to do something. . . . So I go into city hall." And so it began. The local cheesebox of a movie theater became his personal Cinema Paradiso, where he watched John Wayne kill the bad guys "four or five times in a row, over and over." At the movies he discovered that you can draw inspiration from heroes, that you can create a story for yourself to star in.

Skipping adolescence, he accelerated into a pseudo middle age. "I was a 50-year-old at 9," he says. "I had imprinted John Wayne in his mid-40s as my model of behavior." One of his all-time favorite Wayne movies was *Sands of Iwo Jima,* in which the star plays Sergeant Stryker, the friendless, combat-hardened unit leader of a Marine rifle squad who makes a victim of a new recruit.

"I embarrassed my father," the recruit confides to a buddy. "I wasn't tough enough for him. Too soft. 'No guts' was the phrase he used. Now Stryker, he's the type of man my father wanted me to be."

Earlier the Speaker made a point about his fathers that makes me think of Stryker.

"They're both angry. They both served in the military. They're both physically strong. They both believe in a very male kind of toughness. They're both totalitarian. Not much difference tween them."

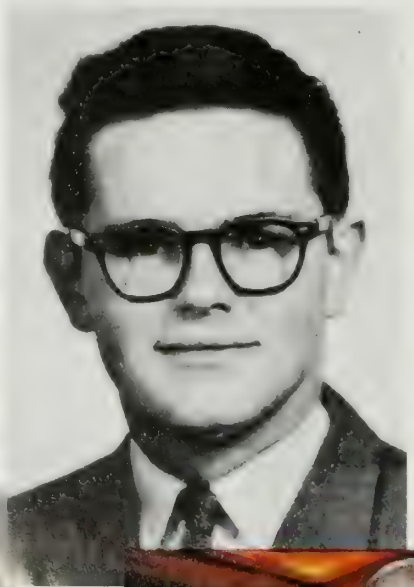
Did your big words impress Bob Gingrich?

"No. I don't think I ever impressed him. . . . He I fought from the time he adopted me until I was It wasn't tough. It was just a fact."

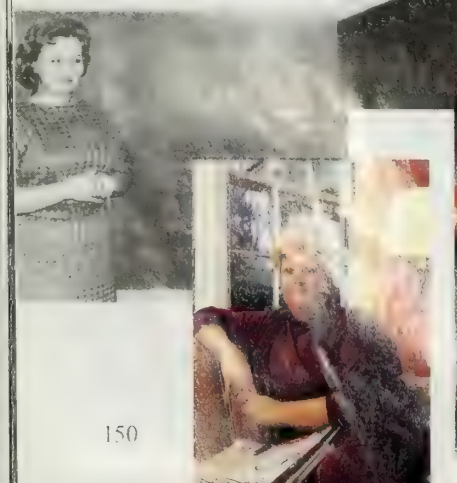
Despite the fact that one of N Gingrich's forebears fought in Civil War on the Yankee s everyone thinks that the Geo congressman is a dyed-in-the-v son of Dixie. He is not. H rootless, raised on a drifting l scape of army bases here abroad and in a blue-collar b water in Pennsylvania called H melstown. His family lived in an apartment wl looked out on the town square.

During my stay in Pennsylvania, the Gingrich fa plans a meeting at a favorite café, and I am invited. Gingrich sits surrounded by her three girls: Roberta, brown-haired and maternal, works for the governr bureaucracy as a state supervisor for home-econo education. Snow, pretty and girlish at 47, is stuck dead-end state job. (The family is not reluctant to cuss her calls to Newt to find out what he can do her.) Candace, 29, an out lesbian, has become a tional figure in the gay-rights movement and has cently signed with Scribner to do a book which trace her brother's transformation from "eccentric ertarian . . . to an arch-conservative."

Kit Gingrich is 69 now, with aqueous eyes and a ety crocheted between her brows. At times it seems



"I don't want Newt to be president," says hi wife, Marianne. "I do think he should be."





Newt, *top,* graduated from Baker High Scho in Columbus, Georgia, in 1961. It was there—in geometry class—that he met Jackie Battley, *far left,* a 24-year-old teacher whom he later married and divorced. Jackie, *bottom,* pictured here in 1994, still lives in the house in Carrollton, Georgia, that she shared with Newt. The Speaker's current wife, Marianne, *near left,* is no staid political wife. "I like adventure," she says. "I just don't like the public."

nnot quite fathom everything that has happened. But fe began to shatter her expectations early. When she as 14, her dad—who worked for the railroad—was lled in a violent accident. "Things for me went down-ll. My mother had a breakdown. She wiped out. It dn't last long."

Her father's insurance had expired, and there was lit-e money, so Kit took a job cleaning house. When her om started dating again, Kit says, she was left to her vn devices and took up with brawling Big Newt.

Candace tells me one version of the circumstances sur-unding her mother's marriage at the age of 16. "She id to leave high school for being pregnant. I'm not sure she was, you know, forced, or if it was a family deci-on or not, but I know that she later got her G.E.D."

Taking a drag from a Benson & Hedges and sipping ack coffee, Kit contradicts her daughter's version of er marriage by rattling off dates ("Married the 12th of eptember and had Newtie the 17th of June"). On the ay of the wedding she and Big Newt sneaked off and ed the knot early in the morning. She wore a dress of ay velvet. "I didn't want anyone to come," she has lmitted. "My mother made me go through with the edding," she tells me. After the marriage, Big Newt iickly joined the navy. Kit had already moved in with e senior McPhersons. "I just lived off his parents," ie says. Once Newt was born, she filed for divorce. When Newtie came, I went back to my mother," Kit lls me. "But I never hid."

When Bob Gingrich, now suffering from emphysema, nters the café he stands back from our table, scowling, orking the tobacco wadded inside his cheek. His face is sharp as a knife blade. He greets no one.

"Sit down," Candace suggests. She has told me that ob is "your typical military father. It was difficult to sagree with him. But he has really mellowed."

"Some people thought I was too rough with Newt," ad-its Bob, who wound up as a colonel in the army that id initially rejected him. "I just wanted him to get out f the house and earn a living." He says he never hugged ewt. "You don't do that with boys. I didn't even do it ith my girls." He looks at his wife. "When was the last me I told you I loved you?"

"That's a good question," Kit comments.

"If I tell you once, that's all that's necessary," he an-ounces to the family. "If it ever changes, I'll let you know."

The colonel's word was law in the Gingrich household. e refused to allow his children to learn to drive. (Newt's rst wife, Jackie, taught him how.) There was a stiff rice for breaking his rules.

When the family was living in France, in a town on ie Loire called Beaugency, about 20 miles from Or-ans, curfew in the household was 11 P.M.—even though ewt was 15 years old. One night, the boy and a friend ayed out in town until two A.M. M.P.'s dragged the oys home.

"I took him inside," Bob proudly recalls, "grabbed im by the lapels, and I smashed him against the wall. Ve were face-to-face. Newt was bug-eyed. Then I ropped him. There was no need to shout. He didn't o it again."

There was little political discussion in the Gingrich household; Kit can't remember if they even voted in the presidential elections during Newt's childhood, but Bob Gingrich knows exactly how he feels about the guys in Washington. Once mistaken for a senator by a gas-station attendant, he retorted, "I don't slop at the public trough."

The Gingrich family does not appear to have been involved in the volunteerism championed by Newt to replace government bureaucracies. Bob Gingrich is a Mason and was an Elk. Kit had church activities. "But as far as charitable work goes, I can't think of anything," Candace says. I ask if Newt volunteered for any sort of social service.

"He baby-sat," his mother announces. Roberta adds that Newt's high school in Columbus, Georgia, canvassed once a year for the March of Dimes. That comment brought forth the Baker High School yearbook.

Surprisingly, the boy in the bottle-thick glasses with a plaid shirt and plastic pocket protector was only a runner-up as a National Merit Scholar. He did make the debate team, but, according to Bob Gingrich, "he wasn't an A student. . . . He wasn't the class pride." Kit claims that Newt's I.Q. measured in the 120s.

Was Newt religious as a kid?, I ask.

"Nope," says Kit.

Snow intercedes protectively. "He went to church."

"That doesn't mean anything," Kit says, dismissing the subject.

Bob Gingrich says his stepson never discussed joining the military. "Without corrective lenses, he couldn't see across the room," the colonel sneers. "Flattest feet I've ever seen. He's *physically incapable* of doing military service."

As part of his conservative stance, Newt Gingrich aims to impose order with a vision like a surreal projection of his own past: a family structure as strict as Bob Gingrich's military hierarchy and an educational system that, as he outlines for me, rewards high-school girls who graduate as virgins. In *To Renew America,* he suggests that one could communicate values to children by simply getting out "the Boy Scout or Girl Scout handbook, or go and look at *Reader's Digest* and *The Saturday Evening Post* from around 1955." In his dream of perfection, as marketable and soothing as *Father of the Bride,* there are none of the ordinary dramas of family life. But Kit Gingrich is not reluctant to discuss the extraordinary circumstances she has survived. Her life has been defined by unpredictabilities. As it happens, she is manic-depressive.

"I had manic-depressive illness," she tells me when we sit down alone. "Oh sure." She has lived a life of moving "to another post and another doctor and more medicine. . . . You name it," she says, referring to all her various doctors' medications, "and I was on it."

In 1982, when a new doctor took her off all medica-

tion, Kit says, she "almost fell apart." According to Candace, her mother suddenly began driving all over the place "like this world traveler." Bob Gingrich was furious and wanted her tranquilized again. When she was taken off her medicine, she saw Bob entirely differently, she says. Bob is a tyrant, she admits. No question about it.

"Newt Gingrich is playing out a personal agenda in a public forum, and it threatens the safety, health, and security of our most vulnerable people," says Mary Kahn. "And that's what frightens me about him. Someday he might be president." Kahn, a reporter who covered Newt in the mid-70s, also spent time with him socially until the early 80s as the wife of Chip Kahn, Gingrich's former campaign manager.

The personal agenda of which Mary Kahn speaks is deeper than any philosophical or material odyssey. As the Speaker himself said, "*I found a way to immerse my insecurities in a cause large enough to justify whatever I wanted it to.*" Inspired by the books and movies that have been his guides, Newt Gingrich has created a revolution, a mighty quest, and cast himself as hero, the John Wayne who rescues the nation from economic self-destruction and moral chaos. His childhood—shaped by the rejection by not just one but two fathers, and the manic-depressive illness of his mother—created a psychic need so great that only the praise that attends a savior can fill the vacuum inside him. He drives himself monomaniacally, obsessed only with his goal. No amount of personal deprivation—100-hour workweeks, no vacations, no ti with his wife—diminishes his narcissistic vision of global glory that will ultimately be his prize.

"It's not altruism! It's not altruism!" he proclaimed *The Washington Post* in 1985. "I have an enormous p sonal ambition. I want to shift the entire planet. And I doing it. . . . Oh, this is just the beginning of a 20- 30-year movement. I'll get credit for it. . . . As a hist an, I understand how histories are written. My enem will write histories that dismiss me and prove I v unimportant. My friends will write histories that glo me and prove I was more important than I was. A two generations or three from now, some serious, sol historian will write a history that sort of implies I v whoever I was."

Until he reaches his "impossibly high ideal," Newt remain the unacknowledged child. Many observers see child at the center of Newt. "Newtie is still a kid," adn Kit. Marcella McPherson agrees: "Newtie wants thi Newtie's way. . . . If he wants something, he *wants* it *n* Newtie was always for Newtie."

One of his first independent acts was to escape the talitarian regime of his stepfather's home. He chose a p that women have used for generations: he made a jailbr marriage, attaching himself at the tender age of 19 to high-school geometry teacher, Jackie Battley—a buxom blo seven years his senior. "He was her little boy," says K

Says Mary Kahn, "He saw a nurturing, mother kind of person that he needed, and she finished rais him. . . . She certainly seemed to love him. But I d think he was capable at the time of loving anybody m than he loved himself."

"He locked in on her and pursued her relentless says Kip Carter, Gingrich's campaign treasurer fr 1974 to 1978. Jackie moved to Atlanta, where, coi dentally, Newt was offered a partial scholarship at Em University, which was known for its history departm He had decided to become a professor.

Bob Gingrich boycotted his stepson's wedding, Newt and Kit remained close. She remembers visiting couple at Tulane University, where Newt entered gra ate school. The Gingriches had one daughter, Kathy, v was born nine months after their marriage. Their sec daughter, Jackie Sue, followed in 1966. Kit recalls the young family's living conditions were spartan. T couch was "propped up with a brick," she says. "I m Jackie didn't have any clothes."

Says Bob Gingrich, who seems to have changed mind about his daughter-in-law, "She busted her butt him when he needed her."

Newt, who avoided Vietnam with student and marr deferments, resisted taking a job. During his col years, Newt called up his father and stepmother to for financial help. His stepmother, Marcella McPher can still hear his exact words: "I do not want to g work. I want all my time for my studies. . . . Bob grich told me he will not help me one bit. So I v dered, would you people help me?" Big Newt began sen him monthly checks.

Dolores Adamson, Gingrich's district administrator f 1978 to 1983, remembers, "Jackie put him all the



Newt Gingrich waves to an East Point, Georgia, crowd on a stop with Senator Barry Goldwater during his unsuccessful 1976 campaign for Congress.



Newt with Gerald Ford, one of the Republican leaders whom he has trashed as ineffectual.



Ronald Reagan's comforting style he may now be trying to adopt at a 1984 fund-raiser in Atlanta.

I had manic-depressive illness. Oh sure," says Newt's mother. "You name it and I was on it."



Newt's mother, Kit Gingrich, says she has lived a life of moving "to another post and another doctor and more medicine."

ough school. All the way through the Ph.D. . . . He n't work." Adds Adamson, "Personal funds have nev- meant anything to him. He's worse than a six-year-old ing to keep his bank balance. . . . Jackie did that." When I ask Marianne if she keeps the checkbook for the n determined to balance the nation's budget, she laughs etly: "Yes, I do a lot of our finances. . . . I pretty much dle the money." She acknowledges that at the time of r marriage, in 1981, Newt was in great personal debt, we had to work our way out of it," a feat she says was omplished only last year.

Friends of Newt's from graduate school recall a single-minded, achievement-oriented workhorse with a Nixonian level of social unease. Newt was, however, a mesmerizing presence—articulate, highly energized, driven by *his* quest, *his* dream. Yet even as early as Tulane, he seems to have assessed issues in purely political terms. Neither moralist nor ideologue, he was from the y beginning a pure pragmatist, an actor in the politi- theater, always honing his presentation.

'Looking back on everything, Newt was always fo- ed on his agenda," recalls Dot Crews, Newt's cam- gn scheduler through the 70s. "It was not about itical philosophy with Newt—never. If the country to- were to move to the left, Newt would sense it be- it started happening and lead the way."

During Newt's early years as an assistant professor at py West Georgia College, he developed a reputation a sort of Wagnerian overreaching. Stephen Hanser, of Newt's closest intellectual advisers, found himself 1972 in a contest with Newt over the chairmanship of r department. Hanser was unfazed by the young, un- lished instructor's chutzpah. "Oh, I think Newt being wt saw an opportunity to make some changes in the artment, and the fact that he was 28 or 29 at the time n't bother him." After only a few years on campus, also pushed himself for the presidency of the college. Newt Gingrich is hardly the first young politician to ibit relentlessness or tenacity. But from the beginning re has been an overheated quality to Gingrich's am- on that has caused remark. It still does. "He's a man rtaken by his own energy," says Mary Kahn. "He's all over himself. It's like 'Take a pill. Calm yourself vn.' If he calmed himself and could be more thought- then perhaps he could be more effective."

Dot Crews calls Newt "a frenetic psyche." Frank Gregorsky, who began working for Newt in 1978 while still in college and served as his chief of staff in the early 80s, says, "All of his colleagues have had the rug pulled out from under them enough to know that Newt's a bright bulb with no dimmer switch. It's either on or off . . . either pitch-black or you're blinded by the light. . . . He can't modulate or nuance or taper."

The legacy of manic-depression stemming from his mother, Kit Gingrich, may be relevant here, given the fact that the condition is an inherited one in about 80 percent of cases. After Kit acknowledged that she is manic-depressive, I asked whether Newt had been tested psychologically. She responded, "Smart kids don't need it. . . . They get mad and they get glad."

After reminding Newt that Churchill and Lincoln are said to have been afflicted with, respectively, manic-depression and depression, I ask if he thinks he has anything similar to compensate for. "I don't know," he says. "I think somebody could go through my childhood and my background and find some way of describing it."

I wonder whether he believes that great leaders—with their exceptional endurance and ability to act and think on several planes at once—are different from others, even biochemically different?

"I don't know," he tells me. "You have to have a genetic toughness just to take the beating. . . . Lincoln had long periods of depression. Churchill had what he called his 'black dog.' F.D.R. had polio at a time when nobody who was in a wheelchair could be a leader. You go down the list. . . . My point is this: to what degree is the capacity to lead a function of willpower and discipline?"

Dr. Frederick Goodwin, director of the Center on Neuroscience, Behavior and Society at the George Washington University Medical Center and a national authority on manic-depression, made no attempt to diagnose Newt Gingrich but did provide some illumination on the Speaker's possible genetic inheritance. "There is interesting new data on first-degree relatives," he says. "It sounds like he has one first-degree relative with manic-depressive illness, his mother, and at least one second-degree [his maternal grandmother, who "wiped out"]. What generally gets transmitted in offspring that don't have the illness itself is

the drive and creativity . . . the positive aspects without the negative aspects, the silver lining. First-degree relatives of manic-depressives often become successful. . . . Gingrich's quickness, his ability to pick things up quickly, are not inconsistent with what the studies of first-degree relatives of manic-depressives have shown."

Some children of manic-depressives exhibit traits of a less severe form of mania known as hypomania. Another expert, a psychiatrist at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center, elaborates on hypomania, describing it as the state below mania. "There are people who are close to manic but don't become flamboyantly manic. . . . You can call it a biochemical imbalance. It is part of the consideration of manic-depressive illness today. I have seen it in families." According to this expert, grandiosity is a frequent symptom of this condition. "And in Gingrich, his upbringing and the hypomanic flair of the personality might create a double reason for his being grandiose because he's trying to overcome the feeling of tremendous inferiority."

In *Manic-Depressive Illness,* which Goodwin co-authored with Kay Redfield Jamison, he describes the usual mood in hypomania as "ebullient, self-confident, and exalted, but with an irritable underpinning." He goes on to quote earlier studies that characterize the thinking of a person in a hypomanic state as "flighty. He jumps by by-paths from one subject to another, and cannot adhere to anything." Another study describes the role of hypomania and extroversion in some leaders, noting behavior that is "often intolerant and unyielding . . . given to impulsive action . . . full of energy and at the same time full of strong purpose and burning conviction . . . the outcry attracts other extroverts and soon there assembles a group of dominant men who unite in a common cause."

Newt Gingrich's political career began officially in 1973 when he declared himself a candidate for Congress. In 1974 he gave a quote to *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* which was clearly meant for the history books: "[My ambition] is to be an old-time political boss in 20 years." Not the most idealistic of intentions, but that was Newt and he has done it—on his own, feverish timetable.

Most of the people who worked on the Gingrich congressional campaigns during the 70s were actually Democrats. "My mama said that the only Republican who'd ever done anything for that part of Georgia was William Tecumseh Sherman," says Kip Carter. "We downplayed the Republican thing completely. . . . You don't see 'Republican' in any of the ads or campaign posters." Says James Gay, a professor who was Newt's officemate for three years, "I voted for him in 1974, and it's the only time I ever voted Republican. I thought he was a moderate."

Along with his amorphous political persona, Newt showed a propensity for the kind of behavior boys boast about in the locker room. Throughout his first campaign he was having an affair with a young volunteer. Dot Crews, who occasionally drove the candidate, says that almost everybody involved in the campaign knew. Kip Carter cla "We'd have won in 1974 if we could have kept him of the office, screwing her on the desk."

"I found a way t immerse m insecurities in a caus large enoug to justify whatever wanted it to

The Gingriches entered marriage counseling, but N continued to behave as if other people's rules didn't a to him. Dot Crews observes, "It was common knowl that Newt was involved with other women during his riage to Jackie. Maybe not on the level of John Kenn But he had girlfriends—some serious, some trivial."

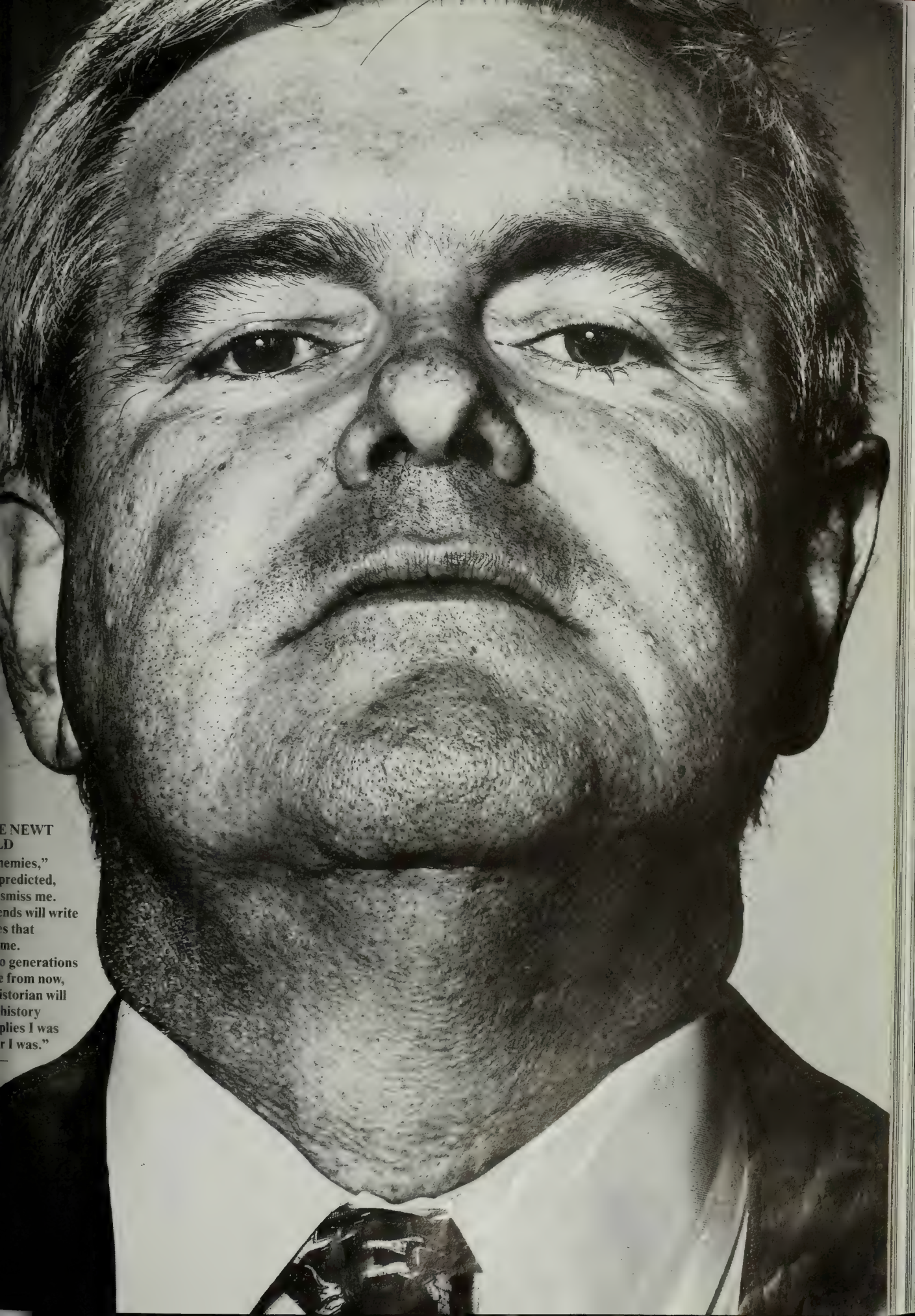
One of those women, Anne Manning, became mantically involved with Gingrich during his '76 paign. The curly-haired young Englishwoman, then mar to another professor at West Georgia, Tim Chowns, an avid volunteer in Newt's Carrollton office. "I have a relationship with him," she discloses for the time, "but when it suited him, he would totally l you off."

In the spring of 1977, she was in Washington to tend a census-bureau workshop when Gingrich took out to dinner at a Vietnamese restaurant. He met back at her modest hotel room. "We had oral sex," says. "He prefers that modus operandi because ther can say, 'I never slept with her.'" Indeed, before grich left that evening, she says, he threatened her: you ever tell anybody about this, I'll say you're lyin

She tells me this, she says, because she fears that N might become president someday. "I don't claim to an angel," she says, but she is repelled by Newt's st as Mr. Family Values. "He's morally dishonest. He gone too far believing that 'I'm beyond the law.' should be stopped before it's too late."

Kip Carter, who lived a few doors down from couple, saw more than he wanted to. "We had been working a football game—I think it was the Bow game—and we would split up. It was a Friday nig had Newt's daughters, Jackie Sue and Kathy, with We were all supposed to meet back at this professor's h It was a milk-and-cookies kind of shakedown thing, up the troops. I was cutting across the yard to go up driveway. There was a car there. As I got to the c saw Newt in the passenger seat *(Continued on page*

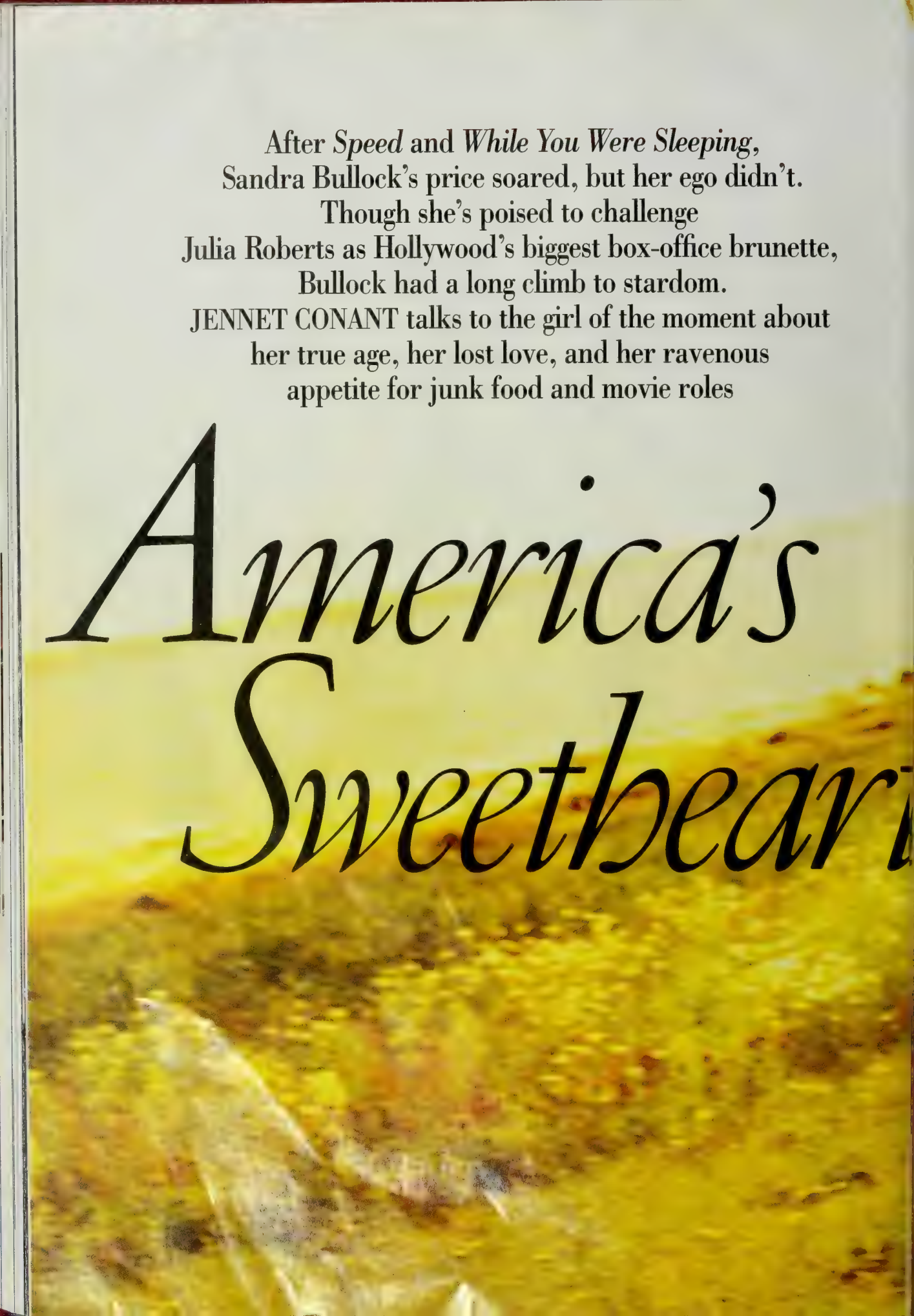
Photograph by RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE



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After *Speed* and *While You Were Sleeping*,
Sandra Bullock's price soared, but her ego didn't.
Though she's poised to challenge
Julia Roberts as Hollywood's biggest box-office brunette,
Bullock had a long climb to stardom.
JENNET CONANT talks to the girl of the moment about
her true age, her lost love, and her ravenous
appetite for junk food and movie roles

America's Sweetheart





GIRL ON A SWING
Sandra Bullock [illegible] East Chester, [illegible], where she spent seven grueling weeks filming the [illegible] and acquiring a truckload of antiques for her Los Angeles house.

Photographs by PEGGY SIROTA

Sandra Bullock is grossing out everyone on the set. She has just scarfed down a dozen red Twizzlers and a handful of mini Nestlé's Crunch bars and is polishing off her midmorning snack with a Fresca. She slurps the soda through a piece of the licorice, which she has turned into a straw by chewing off both ends. Standing in the doorway of the craft-services truck, brandishing the soda in one hand and her econo-pak of Twizzlers in the other, America's new movie sweetheart sounds like every mother's nightmare.

"This is so great!" she swears, hopping down the steps of the truck, urging crew members to sample her concoction. "You gotta try it." Unsurprisingly, there are no immediate takers.

"Here, I'll make you one," she offers Todd Thaler, casting director of *Two if by Sea,* the movie Bullock has been shooting in Nova Scotia for seven grueling weeks. Thaler shakes his head. "Aw, c'mon," she pleads. Bullock—who has a glowing Ivory Girl complexion, which no one who eats what she does has any right to—is wearing a ruby sweater set, orange flowered pedal pushers, and ruby sneakers. Technically she is in costume as Roz, a cashier from New York, though the $450 Moschino pants came from the depths of her own closet.

She holds out a freshly gnawed piece of licorice and bats the lashes of her liquid brown eyes: "Just try it, puhleeze." Thaler relents and gingerly takes a sip of strawberry-flavored Fresca. When he grimaces in disgust, Bullock lets out a whoop of delight. It's impossible to avoid the thought that in the history of Hollywood movie shoots *Two if by Sea* must be the first marked by substance abuse of this variety.

Act II: A few hours later, Bullock is engineering another gastronomical disaster. She calls it lunch. "This is the best," she tells anyone who will listen while she layers potato chips on top of tuna salad and mayo. Bypassing lettuce and tomato, she slaps the whole mess between two doughy slices of bread and takes a big bite. "*The best,*" she promises her co-star, comedian Denis Leary, between gulps of Orange Crush.

"You're getting to be more like Elvis every day," Leary replies with the trademark sneer that has made him an MTV icon. "[illegible]e adds, eyeing her sandwich, "is dangerously close [illegible]eanut-butter-and-fried-banana thing." Between [illegible]n to wonder if it is possible that Sandy Bullock, with [illegible]eader looks, buoyant manner, and [illegible]nteningly normal as she appears on [illegible] Says Denis Leary, "If she has [illegible] probably put it there." Still, it is hard [illegible]ake of a movie star whom other actors [illegible]tors repeatedly describe as "fun to work with." Whe[illegible]n Winkler, who directed her new techno-thriller, *The Net,* recalls seeing her kiss everyone from grips to soundmen good-bye every night af shooting wrapped, you begin to think: *Is this chick for re*

"The thing that is so endearing about Sandy is that *is* normal," confirms Bill Bennett, director of *Two if Sea,* in which Bullock plays the long-suffering girlfriend a reluctant-to-marry two-bit thief. "Maybe it's her se of ultimate security," says Bill Pullman, her co-star *While You Were Sleeping.* "She's not a depressed, da person. She hasn't got some spot that's going to be rubb raw. She's not hiding anything. She just has a great p sonality. I think she's really enjoying herself and it show

This has been Bullock's year, a giddy, intoxicating months in which the back-to-back successes of *Speed* a *While You Were Sleeping* have catapulted her past the c stellation of more established actresses to become Ho wood's brightest new star. Studio executives rave abo her "accessibility," the industry buzzword used to expl her boffo box-office returns. Fans—including swarms of gu ing teenagers—carry on about her as the girl they'd m like to be, have as a best friend, adopt, or marry. Her a ing price of $500,000 for *Speed* has recently increas more than tenfold to $6 million for her next project, big-budget Joel Schumacher production of *A Time to K* based on the John Grisham best-seller. She already has own production company, which has purchased a scr called *Kate and Leopold,* which Bullock intends to star next year.

Don't think Julia Roberts, whose current pr per picture is in the $12 million category, is looking over her shoulder. Bullock is clea this year's Pretty Woman, give or take Po hontas. Columbia moved up the premiere *The Net,* to the end of July, to get a jump Roberts's latest effort for Warner Bros., *So thing to Talk About,* which opened August 4. *Variety* already reported that studio executives are evaluating actresses' respective box-office performances very care ly. "This is a business where people have to become s at a very young age, and for actresses, that means t have to make it before they are 35," says Mark Gord who produced *Speed.*

Although Bullock appears to have come out of nowh hers is not one of those storybook discovered-at-Schwa careers. She spent years slogging away in straight video movies—*When the Party's Over, The Vanishing, Thing Called Love*—and being turned down for be parts because she wasn't considered "conventiona beautiful enough" to play the leading lady. Her first break, in the $70 million Sylvester Stallone picture *molition Man,* came when actress Lori Petty was fire few days into shooting. Producer Joel Silver was scr bling to replace her when a young Warner Bros. exe tive named Lorenzo di Bonaventura mentioned his Sandy. Silver was impressed by Bullock's audition t and, after a brief meeting, hired her on the spot.

Even though *Demolition Man* misfired at the box of (it has become a camp classic on video), Silver rec mended Bullock to Jan De Bont, the director of *Sp*


at an entire jar of
Marshmallow Fluff . . .
Oh, my
God, I can't believe
bas a skeleton in her closet,
probably put it there.


SANDRA CA
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eautiful enough" for leading-lady roles.

'It's going to be a long time before I ca

who had to fight for her tooth and nail over the studio's objections. "Up until two days before I got the part, the studio was going, 'No, no, no,' and Jan was going, 'Yes, yes, yes,'" says Bullock, who isn't the least bit sensitive about admitting she wasn't the executives' first choice. Talking in her trailer, she zeroes in on the subject of her career like a precision bomber. She's smart and exudes a kind of boundless enthusiasm that were she not so good-natured would seem like unalloyed ambition. "For years, my type was out of fashion," she says. "I was either too ethnic-looking or not ethnic enough. Not mainstream. Or too edgy. Or not ingenue enough. And I was like 'Oh, my God, this is really not fun.' But I've got enough energy for a thousand people because I love what I do. And I liked the rejection, because it made me more competitive."

Bullock has always refused to take "no" for an answer. Even after the success of *While You Were Sleeping,* she didn't sit around waiting. A dedicated computer buff who cruises America Online, she was determined to star in *The Net,* which revolves around a young computer-program debugger who gets caught up in a criminal conspiracy to control the country's top-secret databases. Winkler wasn't sure he even wanted to make the picture when Bullock's agent contacted him about setting up a meeting. "When she walked into my office for the first time, she was wearing overalls, the chunkiest shoes you ever saw, and a baseball cap turned backwards," recalls Winkler, who was immediately captivated. "Most actresses would wear the highest heels, shortest skirt, and lowest blouse to meet the director, but that's not the way she is."

"There are huge pressures on women in this business to keep up a certain appearance," says actor Kiefer Sutherland, who knows a thing or two about young starlets and has been a pal of Bullock's since they met on *The Vanishing* in 1991. "Sandy has never gotten caught up in that."

But the tremendous pressures of the business—and the press—can trigger surprisingly emotional reactions. Early this spring, an "overwhelmed" Bullock abruptly canceled a follow-up interview with *US* magazine, reportedly retreating to bed for the day and refusing to take any calls. The story, a portfolio of "Hollywood's Hottest Under 30," quotes Bullock as saying she is 28. But the young actress, who graduated from Washington-Lee High School in Arlington, Virginia, in the class of 1982, is probably closer to 31. A tabloid TV program recently nailed her in a segment about actresses who lie about their age. Bullock told me she was 29. When I asked if she had just celebrated a birthday, she quickly added that she had one coming up, "so I will be 30, which is fine with me."

Bullock is learning to play the game: in Hollywood, even an ingenue can't be too young. But, for the most part, what you see with Bullock is what you get. Her résumé b few of the fingerprints evident with more manufactu stars. Unlike many up-and-coming talents, she has ye bolt for the gold-plated security of Michael Ovitz's C and has stayed loyal to her young agent, Cynthia Shel Droke, at the relatively small talent agency UTA. Both publicist and manager have been with her for years. now has a personal assistant, Mark, who was her best fri and dance partner in college. She has no entourage, un you count her younger sister, Gesine, 25, a law studen Southwestern, who often visits her on the set. Sitting in trailer in Nova Scotia, alone with her work, Bullock she's doing O.K. But she admits that her new celebrity, the diminished sense of privacy and control over her has been very hard. "I am such a privacy freak," she s "and there are times I've seriously thought, Is this so thing that I can be strong enough to deal with?"

Bullock keeps having the same bad dream. Doomed-Marriage Dream. "Down at the en the aisle, there's the doorway. It's almost *The Graduate.* You know, the doors open there's this bright white light at the end of tunnel. It's this little guy. He's a *little* guy. I'm looking at him, and I'm going, 'That's I am supposed to be married to?'"

But what do you expect when the best year of your reer coincides with the worst in your personal life? S broke out just as Bullock's four-year relationship with tor Tate Donovan broke up. She fell madly in love Donovan while making the 1992 movie *Love Potion N* and admits she "chased him like a dog" until he fin had to notice her. She still sounds like a schoolgirl a bad crush when his name comes up.

"I adored Tate so much," she says, her voice a t shaky, the words tumbling out a little too fast. "It's they say, there's one person in your life, and Tate ar are closer than any two people I've ever experience my life. There's nobody that means more to me, ar know for a fact that I mean the most to him, in that tain way. I can't explain why things worked out the they did. We both know why it happened."

What made it worse was that all every reporter w ed to know was what happened. "It's not that it was favorite topic of conversation," she says with a pained pression, "and it drove Tate crazy. But when I did ar terview, the last person I wanted to talk about was me I'd talk about him for, like, a good three hours." The thing that got her through the next year was play lovesick Lucy in *While You Were Sleeping.* Bullock, was living in a rented town house in Chicago during f ing, had never been so miserable. "This way I could gr and do it in my work so I didn't feel like I was bur ing anyone with it," she said at the time.

She shakes her head at the tabloid stories linking

rust anyone again."

ith football star Troy Aikman and with a cameraman ho is a close friend. "I don't want to put myself in the ating category," she says firmly. "It's going to be a long me before I can trust anyone again. I don't know anyody who'd want to get involved with me right now, and e put through all the strain, because I have no idea what l the repercussions might be. I couldn't possibly imagine nybody wanting to be there unless they were a thrill seek-," she adds with a grim chuckle. "But if somebody does, nd they're really secure with that, and they want to be my life for the long haul, like a 12-year dating process fore we start really seeing each other . . . "

Bullock admits she's reluctant to date another actor. t's like casting agents are the perfect dating store. They it you together with someone who is beautiful, excepnally charismatic . . . " She pauses, shaking her head. 'm insecure enough, and secure enough, to say that realscares me. I don't want somebody to leave me for anher great actress."

We are sitting around the kitchen table in her trailer, ting warm cinnamon buns. Comfort food. Bullock deurs hers and starts in on mine. With her build, if Bulck's metabolism ever slows down, she's going to be in al trouble. And it's not as if she doesn't know any bet-. Her mother, a German opera singer, is a health nut, d the Bullock children were never permitted to eat junk od at home. It was a strict upbringing—she was never owed to go on "car dates," either.

She credits her father with keeping her sane. A voice ach who held the family together while his wife toured rope every season, he flew to Los Angeles during the eakup with Donovan and helped Bullock lovingly reore a 1936 Spanish stucco house she bought in one of e oldest canyon neighborhoods in Hollywood. When she s done, she was covered with bruises, but she was feelg more upbeat about life. Her younger sister has since oved in, and they have three dogs, so she is no longer lonely.

Bullock's family is very close, though her childhood was ything but conventional. She spent the first 12 years of r life commuting back and forth across the Atlantic, diding her time between Virginia and Vienna. When her other was performing, Bullock, who is fluent in German, ed with her aunt and grandmother in Nuremberg and ended the local school, studying English with a tutor in afternoons. She caught the acting bug early, often aparing onstage with her mother. "There's always a dirty psy child in every opera, and that was me," she jokes, plaining that an opera company is the best free baby-sitg service. "I spent most of my time hanging out in the stume department. There was this wardrobe woman who s this big, buxom German in a white coat, who had a eat sense of humor and who would smoke, and I'd be ing amongst the clothes, or in her lap."

At Washington-Lee High School, Bullock was the most popular girl in her class and, according to her yearbook, was also voted "Class Clown." "But the thing that set her apart from all the other pretty, talented girls was that she worked her ass off," recalls Scott Sowers, a close friend who is also an actor. "Whether it was a side job to make extra dough in school or preparing for an audition, she always went the extra mile. She had that German work ethic, and it's paid off."

Bullock majored in drama at East Carolina University, but was in too much of a hurry to earn her degree. She packed up her Honda and headed for the footlights a few credits shy of graduating. In New York, she went the traditional route, waiting tables, reading *Backstage* magazine, and going to open auditions. In one of her first Off Broadway roles, a small production of *No Time Flat, New York* magazine critic John Simon singled her out for praise. Unfortunately, he panned the play, and it closed after a short run. But, review in hand, Bullock got herself an agent and another job.

"Sandy is very aware of the essential fragility of the entire situation—of show business," says Peter Bogdanovich, who directed her in *The Thing* *(Continued on page 227)*



LONELY HAT
After her breakup with actor Tate Donovan, Bullock used her role as the lovesick Lucy in *While You Were Sleeping* as therapy.


ROSEANNE
"The Buck pops here."

Roseanne's Fifth



Roseanne believes in the magic of numbers. One of hers is five and so she is seen here full of her fifth child, who is to answer to the shouted or purred handle "Buck." One of my numbers is three. As in blind mice; faces of Eve; -inch penis; bears; strikes; father, son, and Holy Ghost; and the homespun wisdom "Third time's the charm."

Roseanne is seen here with her charming third man, Ben Thomas, who is her protective husband, other half, and wholehearted good sort. He's gearing up for his new identity as Buck's pop. "The Buck pops here," we say as we point somewhere south of Roseanne's impressive navel and smile an impish grin.

Full of different things at all times (alternately, for example, she might be full of fun, beans, the dickens, mischief, shit, or foreboding), Roseanne emanates mainly life. Ben has dragged this Sumerian fertility goddess by her ragged brown hair screaming and laughing all the way back to their spacious Brentwood love cave. There, the loudest woman on three networks, with a bra size that would bankrupt most alphabets, has grown quiet and expectant, gazing at her Everyman caveman in the campfire light. He has once again bonked and bagged some wild, nutritious chow for this boisterous ball and chain, to nosh and feed to their baby Buckmeister (the Buckmaestro, conductor of light).

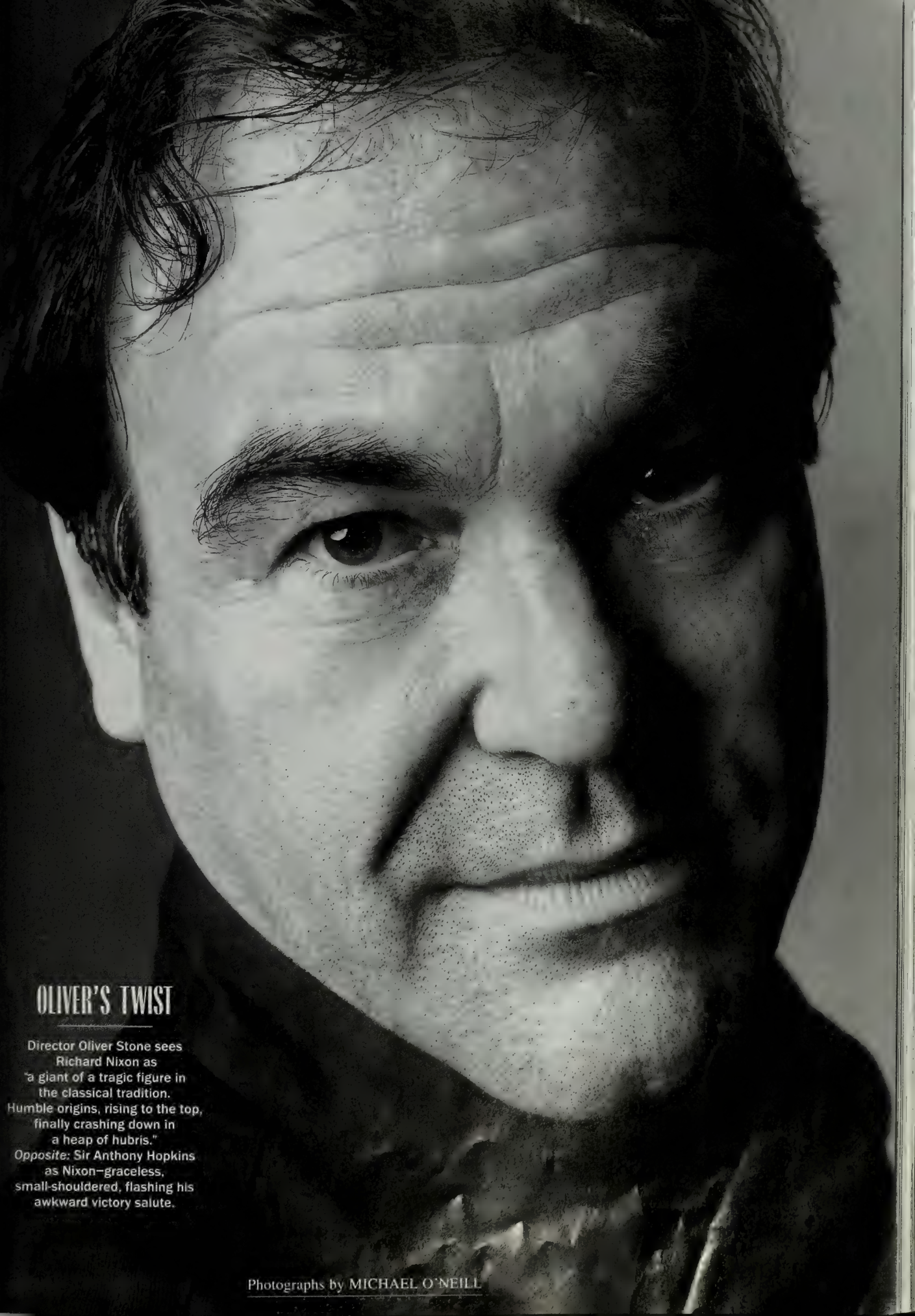
They wait in giddy suspense for Miss Roseanne to finally fulfill her fate in this primitive world and painfully pass the Buck. —CARRIE FISHER

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



NIXON IN HOLLYWOOD

Can the legacy of the Nixon White House get any more sordid? Yes, MATTHEW TYRNAUER discovers: in Oliver Stone's certainly controversial *Nixon*, Anthony Hopkins resurrects a Macbeth-like president who mixes pills and booze, prostitutes and politics, and is haunted by his role in the assassination of J.F.K.



OLIVER'S TWIST

Director Oliver Stone sees Richard Nixon as "a giant of a tragic figure in the classical tradition. Humble origins, rising to the top, finally crashing down in a heap of hubris." *Opposite:* Sir Anthony Hopkins as Nixon—graceless, small-shouldered, flashing his awkward victory salute.

Photographs by MICHAEL O'NEILL



H. R. HALDEMAN AND JOHN EHRLICHMAN

James Woods and J. T. Walsh play (respectively) the president's chief of staff and domestic-policy adviser. Haldeman and Ehrlichman were both forced to resign in April 1973. They each served 18 months in prison for conspiracy and perjury.

It starts right where it all began to unravel. The title on the screen: JUNE 17, 1972. THE WATERGATE HOTEL. Burglars in suits, wearing surgical gloves, carrying cameras. File drawers are rifled at the Democratic National Committee. The voice of G. Gordon Liddy: "Remember – listen up! . . . Leave your radios on *at all times*. . . . No IDs, no credit cards. We rendezvous. . . . Howard Johnson's. Room 214 . . . at zero three hundred." Cut.

Fade in to the White House at night. November 1973. A light is on in a second-story window. In the Lincoln parlor, a figure sits alone in the shadows, a tumbler of scotch by his side, a bottle of pills spilled on a desk. A Uher tape recorder on a side table is reeling, playing a barely audible tape.

THE PRESIDENT

They did what? . . . When? . . . They go into O'Brien's office *in the first pla*

Evidently to install bugs. . . .

THE PRESIDENT

If Mitchell'd been minding the store instead of that *nut* Martha, we wouldn't have that kid Magruder runnin' some third-rate burglary! Was he smoking pot?

This, fellow Americans, is *Nixon. Un film,* unmistakably, *de* Oliver Stone. Starring Sir Anthony Hopkins, who, with just a bad suit, fake hair, and false teeth, virtually reanimates the unindicted co-conspirator. Joan Allen co-stars as an eerie Xerox of Pat. And playing the president's men: James Woods as Haldeman, J. T. Walsh as John Ehrlichman, Paul Sorvino as Henry Kissinger, and Ed Harris as E. Howard Hunt. Stone himself, our leading deranger of National Gospel, will certainly be omnipresent this December, when the film is released, eager to answer all charges of narrative sacrilege.

With memories of *JFK* only partially negated by Jackie O's death, the prospect of a $42 million Stoned version of Richard Nixon's life gives pause. What could *possibly* be done to further scandalize or embellish the 37th president's story, to make it more appalling (ergo, appealing) than, say, the CD-ROM version of *The Haldeman Diaries*?

Stone says that his movie, which was filmed on regal sets that duplicate the Nixon-era White House, "plays out like a classical tragedy." And Sir Anthony assures that *Nixon* "is by no means an assassination job" on the president. However, Joe Roth, the chairman of Disney Motion Pictures Group, made



JOHN MITCHELL

Nixon's devoted political ally, portrayed by E. G. Marshall, served as attorney general until 1972, when he assumed the chairmanship of the Committee to Re-elect the President (CREEP). Mitchell was a war hero who had commanded the young J.F.K. and was Nixon's closest contemporary in his White House inner circle. For his role in the Watergate cover-up, he served 19 months in prison.

Mitchell'd been minding the store, we wouldn't have some third-rate burglary!"

THE PRESIDENT

"Tony can morph without the assistance of computer-generated effects," says Oliver Stone of Hopkins's hauntingly brilliant Nixon interpretation. "It's a four-dimensional portrayal—compassionate, sometimes frightening," adds the director. To play Nixon, Hopkins says, "I had to find sympathy for him. I had to like the man, so I approached it from a sympathetic point of view."

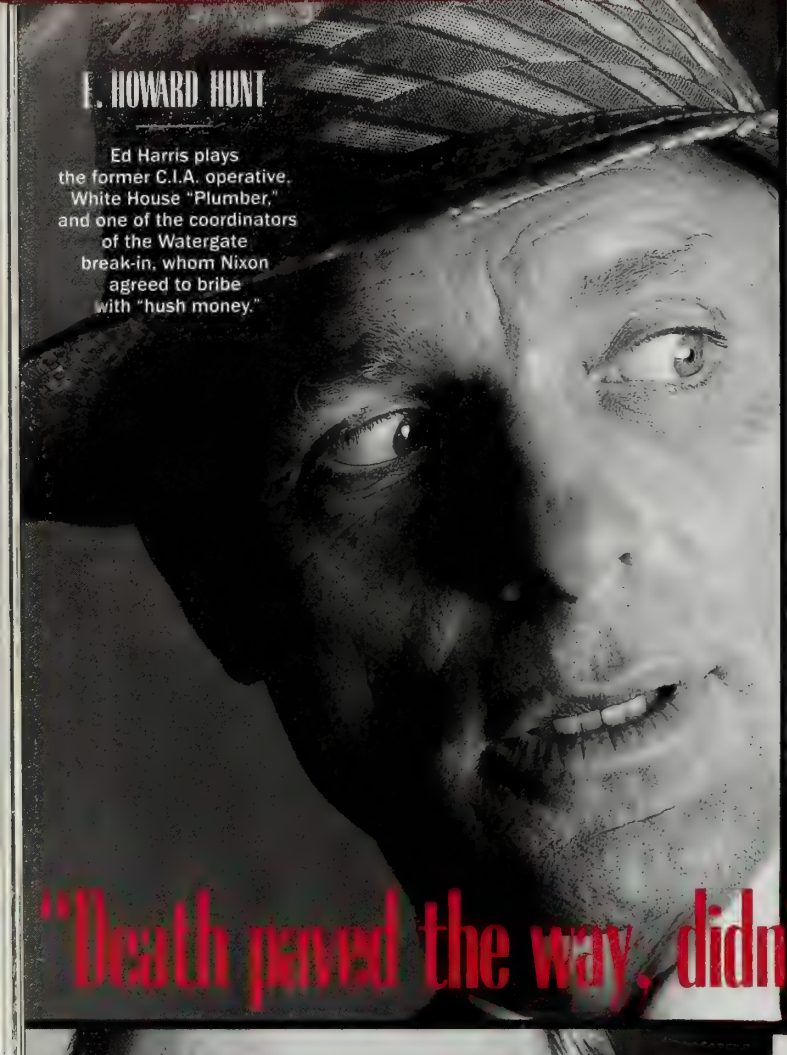




"Nixon sought love from the masses, but he had trouble giving love to his wife."

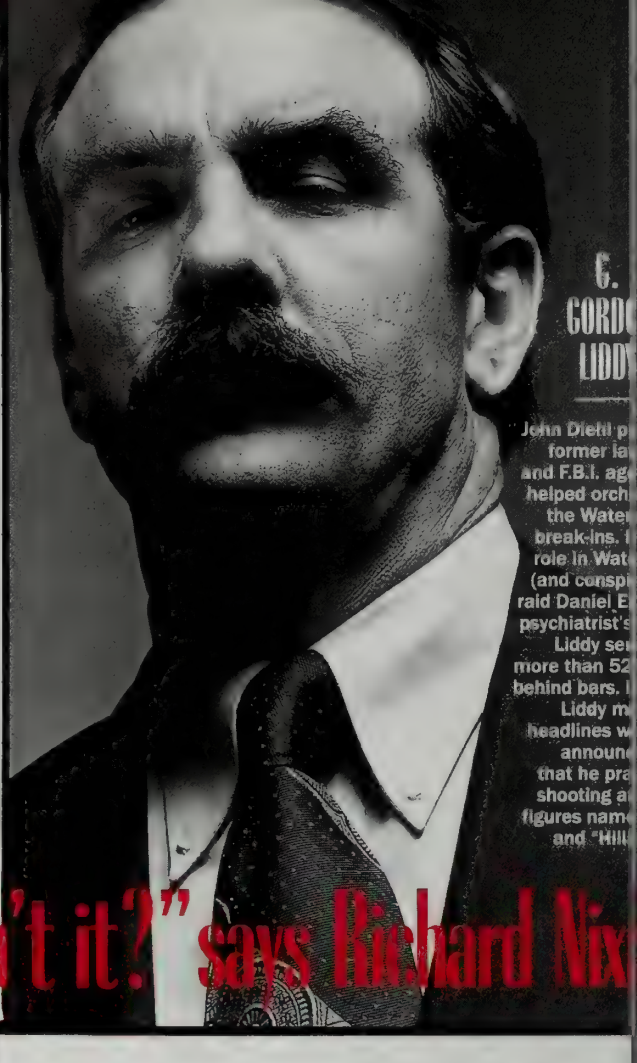
THE FIRST LADY

Joan Allen plays Pat Nixon. "Evidently on the day of the resignation Pat was heard yelling at the president, 'You ruined my life!'" says Hopkins. Though this scene will not be included in the film, the marriage is portrayed as difficult and cold. "Nixon sought love from the masses," says Stone, "but he had trouble giving love to his wife."



E. HOWARD HUNT

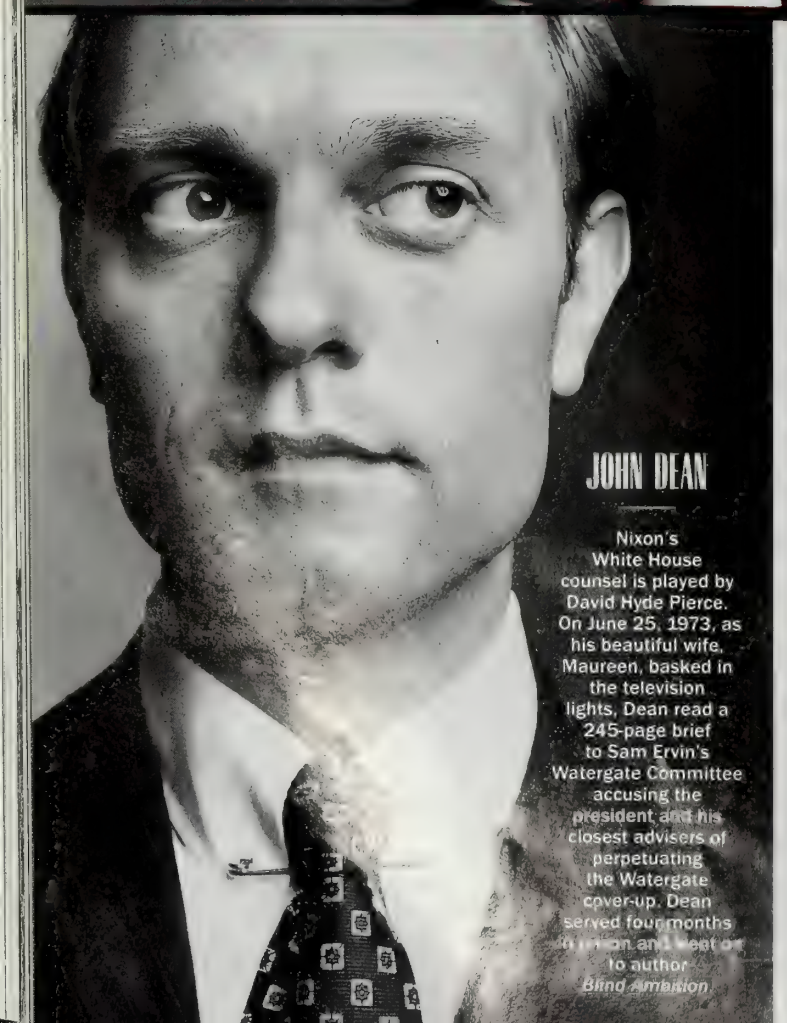
Ed Harris plays the former C.I.A. operative, White House "Plumber," and one of the coordinators of the Watergate break-in, whom Nixon agreed to bribe with "hush money."



G. GORD LIDD

John Diehl p former la and F.B.I. ag helped orch the Wate break-ins. role in Wat (and conspi raid Daniel E psychiatrist's Liddy se more than 52 behind bars. Liddy m headlines w announ that he pra shooting a figures nam and "Hill

"Death paved the way, didn't it?" says Richard Nix

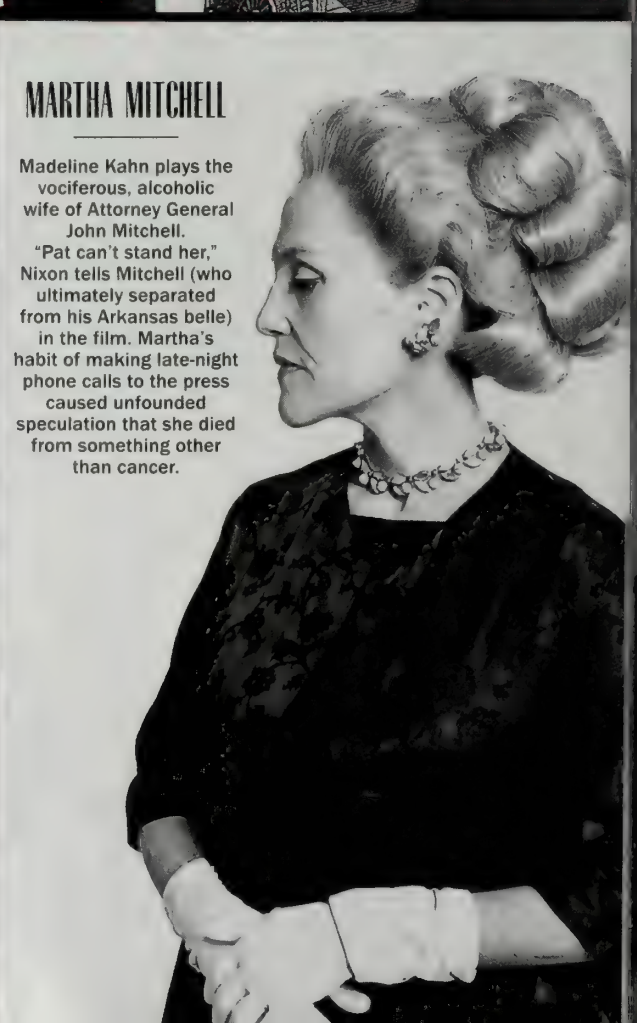


JOHN DEAN

Nixon's White House counsel is played by David Hyde Pierce. On June 25, 1973, as his beautiful wife, Maureen, basked in the television lights, Dean read a 245-page brief to Sam Ervin's Watergate Committee accusing the president and his closest advisers of perpetuating the Watergate cover-up. Dean served four months in prison and went on to author *Blind Ambition*.

MARTHA MITCHELL

Madeline Kahn plays the vociferous, alcoholic wife of Attorney General John Mitchell. "Pat can't stand her," Nixon tells Mitchell (who ultimately separated from his Arkansas belle) in the film. Martha's habit of making late-night phone calls to the press caused unfounded speculation that she died from something other than cancer.



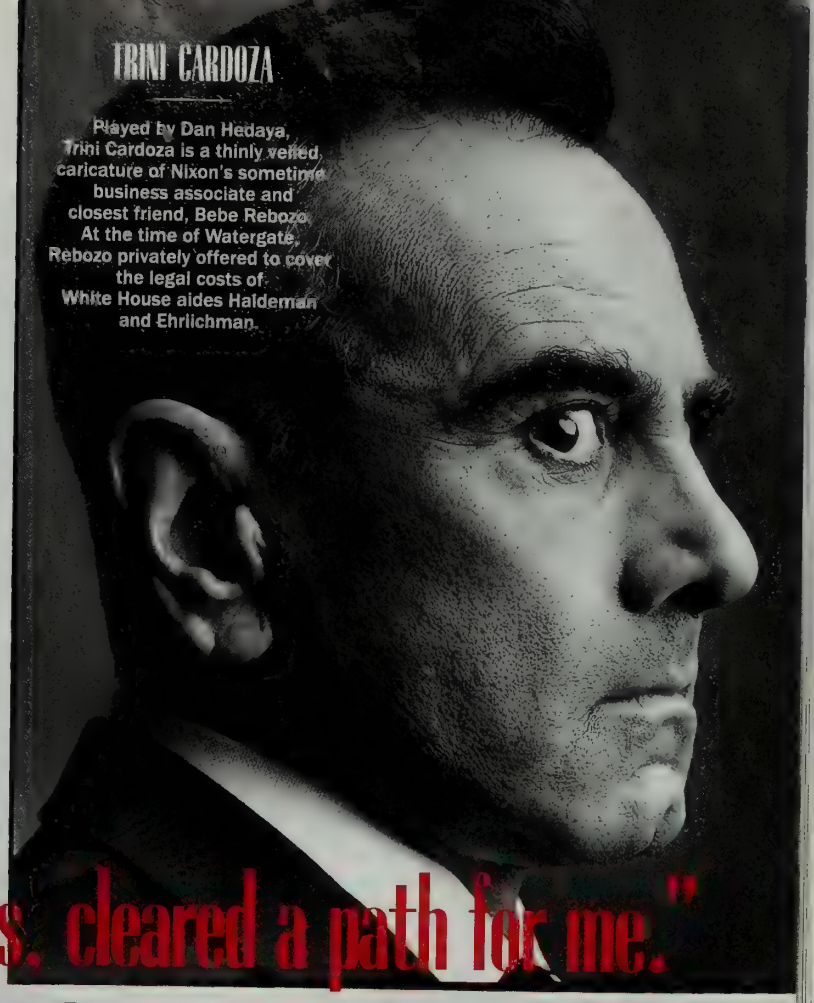
JACK JONES

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says Stone.



TRINI CARDOZA

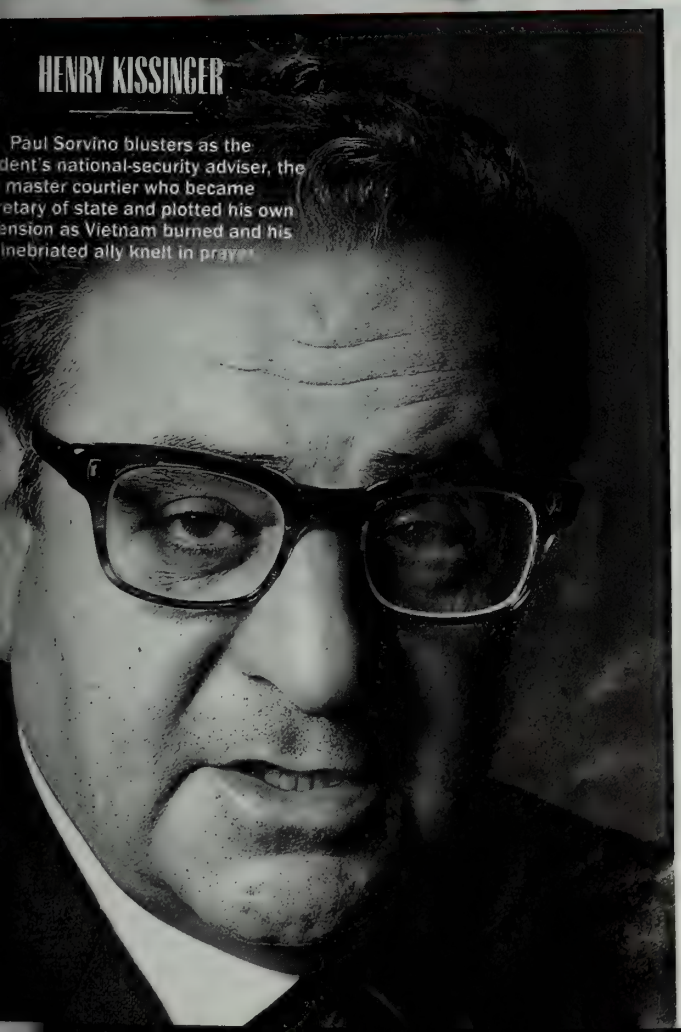
Played by Dan Hedaya, Trini Cardoza is a thinly veiled caricature of Nixon's sometime business associate and closest friend, Bebe Rebozo. At the time of Watergate, Rebozo privately offered to cover the legal costs of White House aides Haldeman and Ehrlichman.

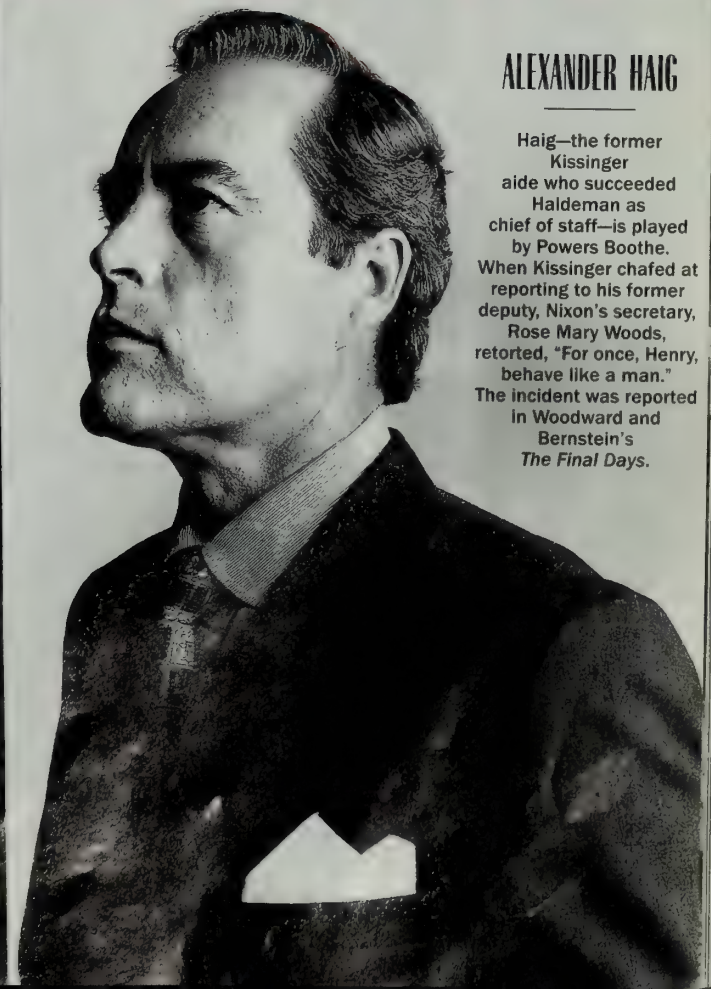


Vietnam, the Kennedys, cleared a path for me."

HENRY KISSINGER

Paul Sorvino blusters as the
dent's national-security adviser, the
master courtier who became
etary of state and plotted his own
ension as Vietnam burned and his
inebriated ally knelt in pray





ALEXANDER HAIG

Haig—the former Kissinger aide who succeeded Haldeman as chief of staff—is played by Powers Boothe. When Kissinger chafed at reporting to his former deputy, Nixon's secretary, Rose Mary Woods, retorted, "For once, Henry, behave like a man." The incident was reported in Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days*.

it clear that he would not have risked a single Mickey Mouse dropping on a political biopic (box-office poison as a genre) unless it was *especially* controversial.

So it appears that Stone has been given new license to—in the approximate words of his protagonist—*sock it to us.*

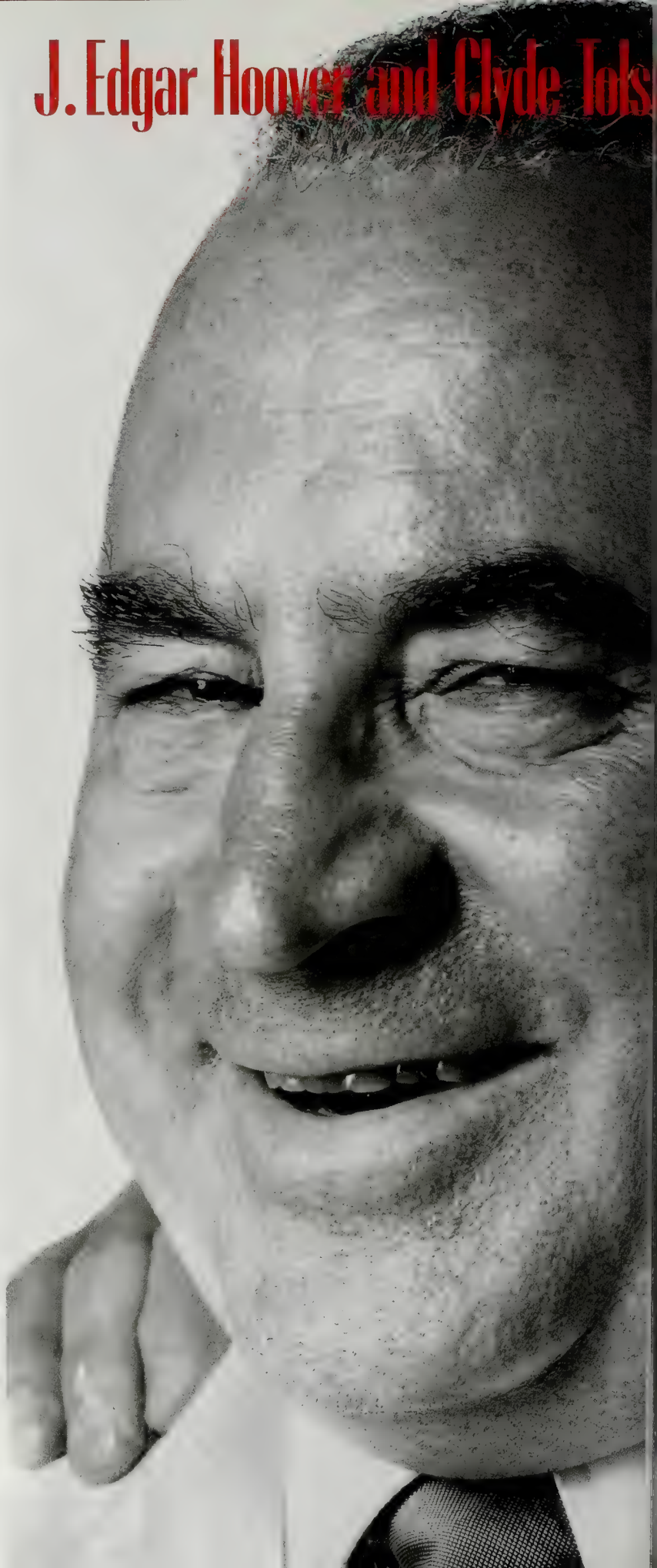
A draft of the screenplay, "based," according to a disclaimer, "on incomplete historical findings," provides brief patches of nasty Nixonia on virtually every page. We see a president who liberally mixes pills with drink, and conservatively mixes prostitutes with politics. Here is a tragic leader haunted, Macbeth-like, by visions of blood—even at the dinner table, where he is plagued by a steak oozing blood. Too much blood. "Death paved the way, didn't it?" R.N. says to Haldeman. "Vietnam. The Kennedys. It cleared a path through the wilderness for me. Over the bodies . . . "

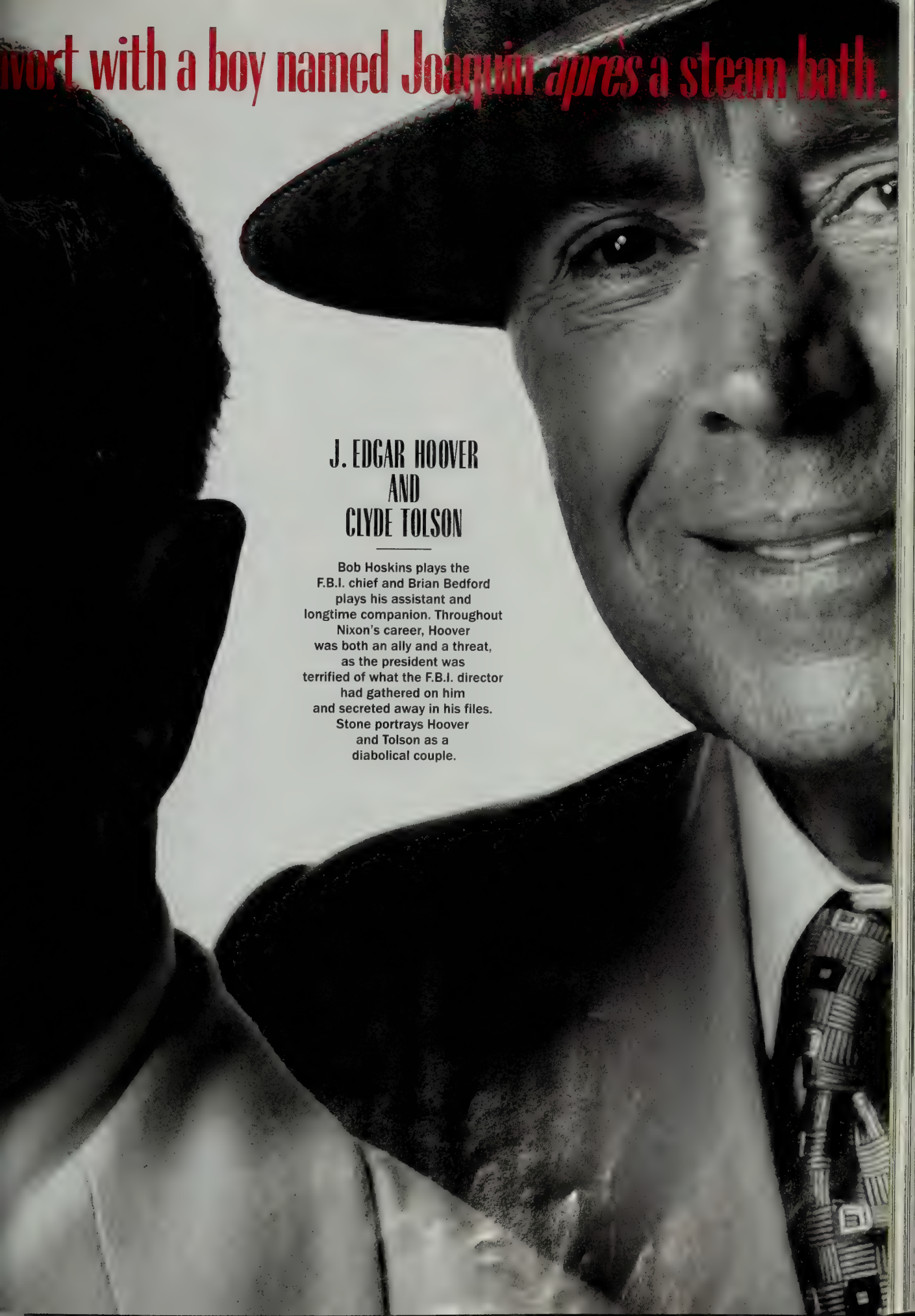
Other expected highlights: J. Edgar Hoover (Bob Hoskins) and Clyde Tolson (Brian Bedford) cavort with a boy named Joaquin *après* a steam bath; Pat threatens to leave Dick right before the "last press conference" in '62, the point at which their union became chaste; Martha Mitchell (Madeline Kahn), smashed, chides R.N. in the early 60s for being a political flop.

But the real *Nightline* fodder is Stone's assertion that Nixon, as vice president, was deeply involved in Track 2, a C.I.A. plot to kill Fidel Castro, and that elements of Track 2—mobsters, Cuban émigrés, the C.I.A.—may have stayed in contact and played a role in the assassination of J.F.K.

This bend, effectively, makes *Nixon* a sequel to *JFK,* or *JFK Lite.* (A notion R.N. would have hated.) Historians are guaranteed to get the vapors. But surely all the hysteria will be for naught. If *JFK* taught us anything, it's that even 188 minutes of a brilliant Oliver Stone film cannot overpower the 8-mm. frames of Abraham Zapruder. And even though half of the people portrayed on these pages are dead and nearly forgotten, history has already shown that no force is strong enough to overpower R.N.

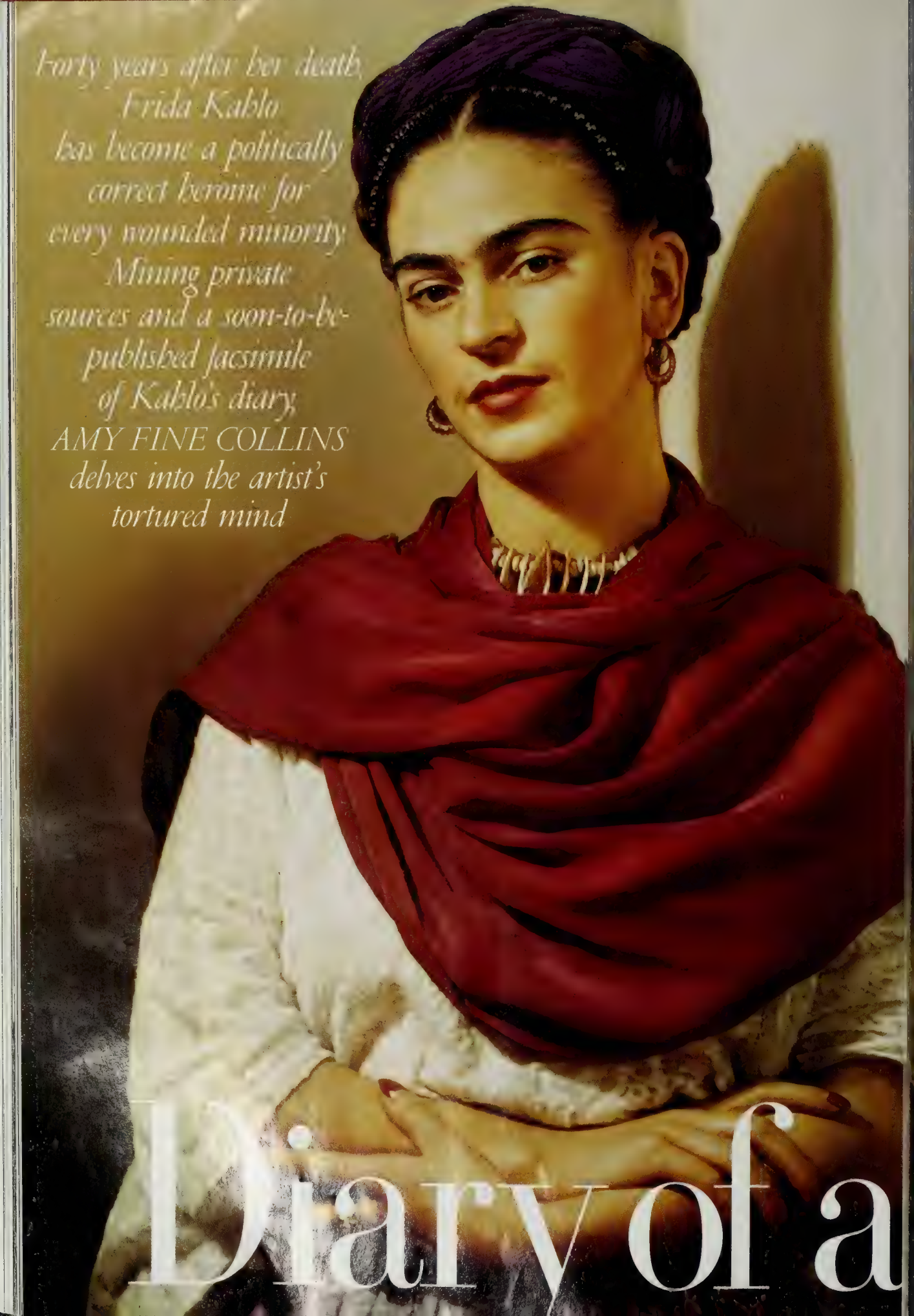
As Gore Vidal once put it, "We are Nixon; he is us." □





J. EDGAR HOOVER AND CLYDE TOLSON

Bob Hoskins plays the F.B.I. chief and Brian Bedford plays his assistant and longtime companion. Throughout Nixon's career, Hoover was both an ally and a threat, as the president was terrified of what the F.B.I. director had gathered on him and secreted away in his files. Stone portrays Hoover and Tolson as a diabolical couple.



Forty years after her death, Frida Kahlo has become a politically correct heroine for every wounded minority. Mining private sources and a soon-to-be-published facsimile of Kahlo's diary, AMY FINE COLLINS delves into the artist's tortured mind

Diary of a



KAHLO THE WILD
Frida Kahlo, opposite, dressed in her traditional Mexican costume, photographed by Nickolas Muray in New York, 1939. *Left*, Kahlo's brutal self-portrait *The Broken Column*, 1944 (oil on canvas mounted on Masonite, 15⅝ in. by 12⅞ in.), represents the artist pricked by nails and wearing a polio corset, her spine a ruined Ionic column.

Mad Artist



CROSS-DRESSED FOR SUCCESS
At age 19, Frida poses for a family portrait by her father—a photographer. *Inset,* another page of Kahlo's diary, a naughty French postcard partially obscures the words on the back: "mara villa," a private pun on Frida's Spanish lover's name for her. The words *sonrisa* ("smile") and *ternura* ("tenderness") reflect her happiness with their relationship. *Opposite,* Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo, in New York City, 1933.

As frenzied mourn watched the earthly mains of Frida Ka roll away into the matory, the artist, kn in her day for her cabre sense of misch played one last gh ish trick on her audie The sudden blast of l from the open in erator doors blew bejeweled, elabora coiffed body bolt right. Her ignited hair blazed around her head like an fernal halo. One observer recalled that, deformed by phantasmagoric, flickering shadows, her lips appeared break into a grin just as the doors closed shut. Fri postmortem chuckle—a last laugh if there ever was on is echoing still. Half a century after her death, Kahlo, aro whom a whole industry has sprung up like a garden c grave site, grows more alive with each passing decade

What Elvis Presley is to good old boys, Judy Garland a generation of homosexuals, and Maria Callas to opera natics, Frida is to masses of late-20th-century idol seek Every day at the San Francisco Museum of Modern the 1931 double portrait of newlyweds Frida and Diego Ri draws a worshipful horde, as reverent as the devotees g ered daily before the Louvre's *Mona Lisa.* Says Hay Herrera, author of the groundbreaking 1983 biography *da,* "Her paintings demand—fiercely—that you look at h

Kirk Varnedoe, a chief curator of the Museum of M ern Art (which is exhibiting two of its three Kahlos summer show of women's art), reflects on the Frida l nomenon: "She clicks with today's sensibilities—her cho-obsessive concern with herself, her creation of a perse alternative world carry a voltage. constant remaking of her identity, construction of a theater of the self exactly what preoccupy such conten rary artists as Cindy Sherman or l Smith and, on a more popular level, Ma na—who, of course, collects her work. Ka incidentally, is more a figure for the ag Madonna than the era of Marilyn Mon She fits well with the odd, androgynous monal chemistry of our particular epoch

In fact, a whole cross section of marg ized groups—lesbians, gays, feminists, the ha icapped, Chicanos, Communists (she profe Trotskyism and, later, Stalinism), hypochor acs, substance abusers, and even Jews (des her indigenous Mexican identity, she was in half Jewish and only one-quarter Indian)—have covered in her a politically correct heroine. most concrete measure of Frida's nail-digging on the popular imagination is the number of pu cations on her: 87 and counting. (Though she has been the subject of at least three documentaries

ne Mexican art film, the world still awaits the movies romised by Madonna and Luis "*La Bamba*" Valdez.) ays art dealer Mary-Anne Martin, who as founder of otheby's Latin-American department presided over the first uction of a Kahlo painting, in 1977 (it went for $19,000—1,000 below the low estimate), "Frida has been carved up to little pieces. Everyone pulls out that one piece that eans something special to them."

Just when Frida fever seemed on the verge of cooling down, the public's attention has once again been riveted by her—1995 is turning out to be yet another *annus mirabilis* in the Frida chronicles. This May her 1942 *Self-Portrait with Monkey and Parrot* (acquired in 1947, reports Kahlo expert Dr. Salomón Grimberg, by IBM from the Galería de Arte Mexicano for around $400) sold Sotheby's for $3.2 million. This is the highest price er paid for a Latin-American work of art, and the second-highest amount for a woman artist (Mary Cassatt holds e record). About the auction record he set, Argenean collector and venture capitalist Eduardo Costantistates firmly, "There is a correlation between the painting's ice and its quality."

And riding the wave of what Sotheby's director of atin-American painting, August Uribe, calls "a thrilling, storical sale," next month Abrams is releasing with great nfare what may be the publishing coup of the season: facsimile edition of Frida Kahlo's diary, an intimate, igmatic written and pictorial record of the last and ost lurid decade of the artist's tortured life. Though this cument has been on display at the Frida Kahlo Muse- in Coyoacán, Mexico (formerly her house), since it ened in 1958, only a handful of researchers, such as ayden Herrera, have been permitted to page through it. nd even then it has resisted coherent interpretation. The uation has been further complicated by the fact that an ecutor of Kahlo's estate, wealthy Rivera patron Dolores lmedo, has jealously guarded the diary. It took the savvy ung Mexican art promoter Claudia Madrazo two years persuade Olmedo to allow publication, in order at last make the strange workings of Frida Kahlo's mind, ite literally, an open book.

Once she had Olmedo's blessing, Madrazo showed up at office of New York literary agent Gloria Loomis with fuzzy color photocopy of the diary. "I flipped," says omis. "It was original, moving. And I told her, yes, nerican publishers will be crazy about it." *The New York mes* broke the story of the diary, announcing on its publishing page that an auction would be held that week. "The xt morning the phones went mad," Loomis recounts.

The Mexican press had picked up the *Times* story, and furor erupted. In Mexico, where Kahlo is known as *la roína del dolor,* "the heroine of pain," the artist is—like e Virgin of Guadalupe—a national idol. "They were deanding to know who is this gringa who has the right to this to our national treasure," Loomis says. "I had to assure the Mexicans that I was auctioning the right to



Frida and Diego were the Liz and Dick of the international art world.

reproduce the diary in facsimile, not the diary itself." Loomis invited a series of publishing houses to view the color photocopy in the Banco de Mexico's New York offices and place their bids. "I was immediately intrigued," says Abrams editor in chief Paul Gottlieb. "I dug in my heels and went for the moon—and we won!" Though Gottlieb won't divulge the amount of his successful bid, he allows that it is more than the $100,000 estimated by an insider in the *Times* article but "less than $500,000." Even before the first book is sold (the initial print run is more than 150,000) Abrams undoubtedly will have made good on its investment, for Frida-mania has a global reach. Abrams has already sold the foreign rights in nine different countries, and these editions will all be published simultaneously with the American one. "A miracle," Gottlieb declares breathlessly. Madrazo will publish the diary in Mexico under her own imprint—and her plans for Frida *objets* based on the diary are currently under way.

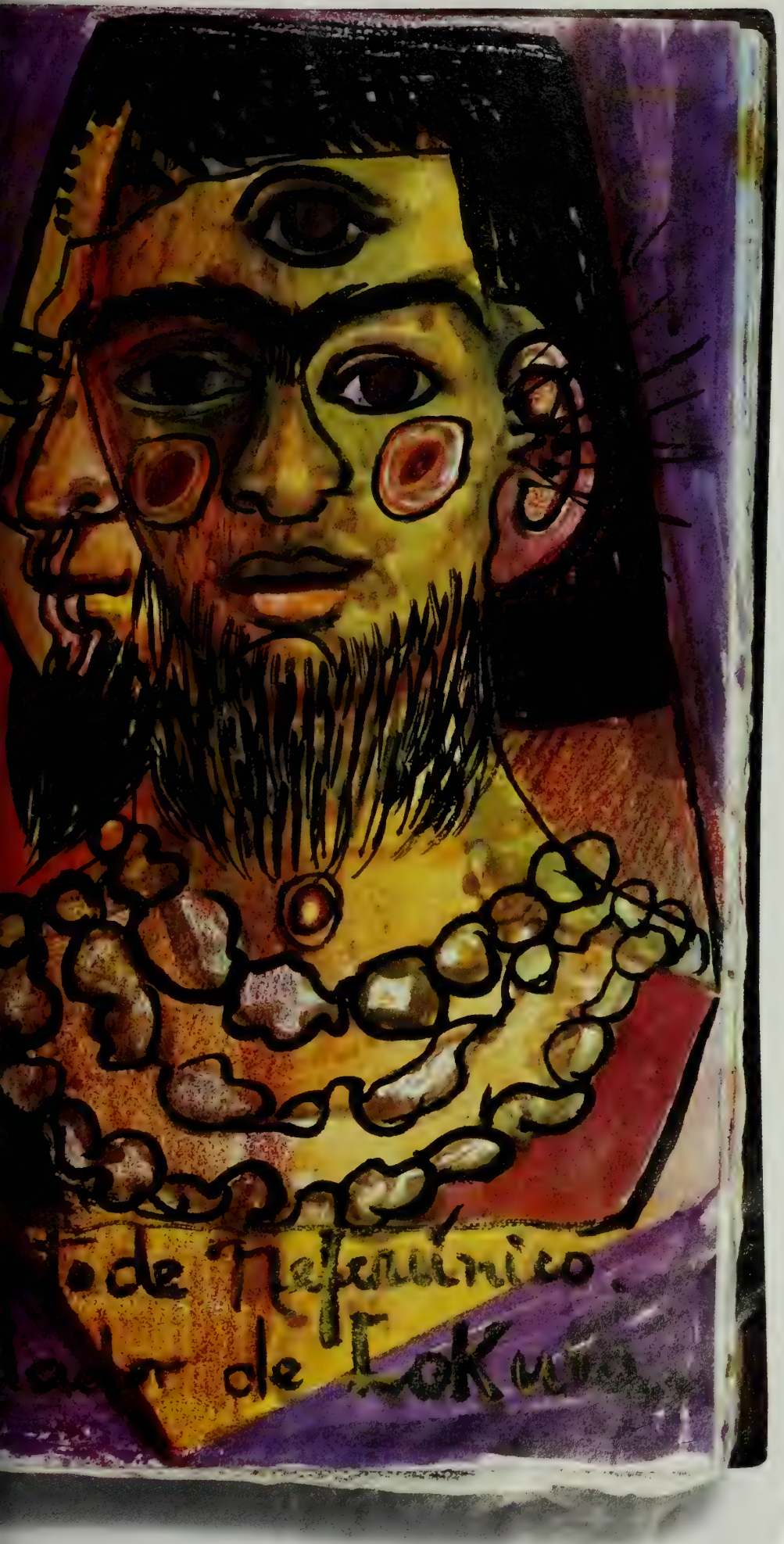
What is so compelling about Frida's esoteric scribblings and doodles, which are unintelligible to the casu-



PAREJA EXTRAÑA DEL PAIS DEL PUNTO Y LA RAYA.

OJO-ÚNICO, CASÓ CON LA BELLÍSIMA "NEFERISIS" (LA INMENSAMENTE SABIA) EN UN MES CALUROSO Y VITAL..

NACIÓLES UN HIJO DE RARA FAZ Y LLAMÓSE NEFERÚNICO, SIENDO ÉSTE EL FUNDADOR DE LA CIUDAD COMUNMENTE LLAMADA "LOKURA"



"In the diary you see Frida unmasked. She pulls you into her world. And it's a mad universe."

DEAR DIARY
A spread from Kahlo's enigmatic diary. *Opposite,* a portrait of "Neferisis," who is pregnant, and her consort is, says Dr. Grimberg, the artist's interpretation of the Egyptian gods Isis and Osiris. The first line of the text, "Strange couple from the land of the dot and line," probably refers to her and Diego. *Left,* the portrait of "Neferúnico" (Neferisis's son), with his unibrow and facial hair, resembles Kahlo's self-portraits.





al reader (especially one with no Spanish) and, at best, puzzling to most Kahlo experts? "They're hypnotic," says art historian Sarah M. Lowe—who, in her succinct notes to the text, has valiantly endeavored to make sense of Kahlo's wild, sometimes polymorphously erotic pictographs and stream-of-consciousness ravings. (Carlos Fuentes is the author of the belletristic introduction.) "The diary is the most important work Kahlo ever did," Claudia Madrazo asserts. "It contains energy, poetry, magic. They reveal a more universal Frida." Continues Sarah Lowe, who cautions that her comments on the diary are not definitive, "In Kahlo's paintings you see only the mask. In the diary you see her unmasked. She pulls you into her world. And it's a mad universe."

Most pertinent to the diaries is an understanding of how the daughter of a lower-middle-class German-Jewish photographer and a hysterically Catholic Spanish-Indian mother became a celebrated painter, Communist, promiscuous temptress, and, later (during the diary years), a narcotic-addicted, dykish, suicidal amputee afflicted with a bizarre pathology known as Munchausen syndrome—the compulsion to be hospitalized and, in extreme cases, mutilated unnecessarily by surgery.

Thanks to an astonishing, largely unpublished body of research as complete as Hayden Herrera's exhaustive biography and complementary to it, compiled by an unlikely scholar—Dr. Salomón Grimberg, a 47-year-old Dallas child psychiatrist—it is possible to amplify these facts of Kahlo's life and even, Grimberg says, "decode 90 percent of the diary." Like Kahlo, Grimberg grew up in Mexico City, where he commenced, while still an adolescent, his rigorous investigations on the artist. A somewhat casual interest became an earnest fixation during his pre-med studies, when he started working at Kahlo's former gallery, the Galería de Arte Mexicano. There he started amassing records about every work of art she ever created, tracking down lost paintings, collecting pictures by her and other artists, and befriending anyone whose life had intersected Kahlo's. Though Grimberg is something of a pariah in the art world, where his unapologetic zeal and his affiliation with another profession are eyed with suspicion—"I am a bastard of art history," he admits—his knowledge of his subject is unrivaled and incontrovertible. He is routinely consulted by auction houses and dealers, often without compensation, who rely on him to locate, document, and authenticate art by Kahlo and others. And he has been given (again, without remuneration) the texts of other, better-known scholars' books for fact checking. He is, however, a paid consultant to Christie's, a curator of museum exhibitions, the author of numerous pioneering scholarly articles, as well as a co-author of the catalogue raisonné of Kahlo's work.

Because he has earned the complete confidence of several key players in the Frida story, Grimberg has been entrusted with some startling Kahlo documents—in particular a soul-baring clinical interview conducted over many sessions between 1949 and 1950 by a Mexican psychology student named Olga Campos (a classmate of Diego Rivera's daughter by Lupe Marín). Additionally, Grimberg has the transcripts of a full battery of psychological tests Kahlo underwent, in preparation for a book C pos planned to publish on the theory of creativity. K was, Campos writes, "cooperative" with her, not only cause of their friendship but also because the young chologist had begun her research at a devastating junc in Frida's life. In response to a sudden announcemer Diego Rivera that he wanted a divorce to marry Mexican film siren María Felíx, Kahlo, Campos rep overdosed.

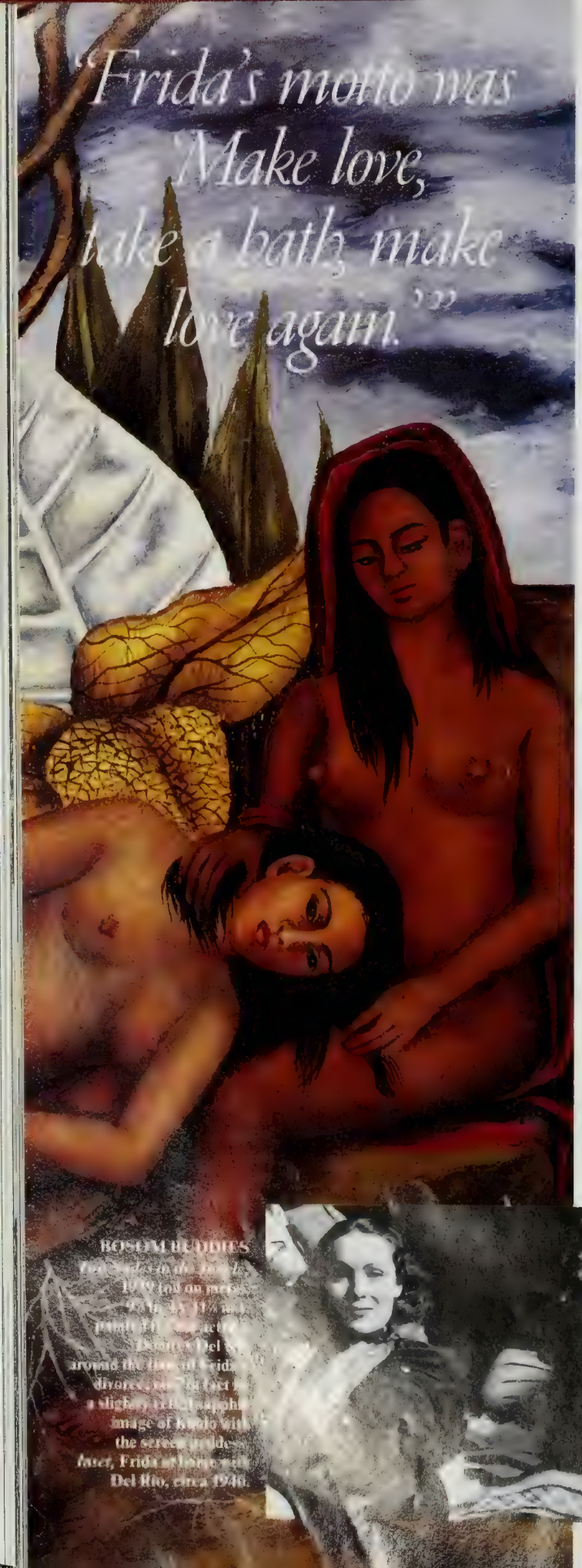
The text of Campos's interview—in which Frida didly discusses her life and her paintings—forms the of Grimberg's unpublished book manuscript. Kahlo' timate revelations are then fleshed out by Grimb psychobiographical account of Kahlo's life, Camp personal reminiscences about the artist, the results o artist's Rorschach, Bleuler-Jung, Szondi, and TAT chological tests, Kahlo's medical records, and Grimb line-by-line analysis of the 170-page diary. For n years and from several sources he has been accum ing photographs of the journal pages (some barely size of a playing card), assembling them in sequence, studying the results nightly for hours at home after w His reading of the diary, as outlined in his unpubli book, is a much closer, more thorough, and more a rate interpretation than the one offered by the Ab volume. More astonishing still, his compilation of th ary pages is probably more complete than the Ab facsimile. Grimberg has discovered three missing p that Frida had torn from the diary and given to frier lost leaves represented in the Abrams book onl jagged, ripped edges.

Though she gave her birth date as July 7, 1910, K Kahlo was actually born on July 6, 1907, in Coyo

Kahlo delighted in driving Rivera into a rage by humiliating him with the memory of her affair with Trotsky.



FRIDA BANDIDA



ROSUM BUDDIES

Mexico, now a suburb of Mexico City. This most basic alone qualifies her for a name she goes by in the dia "the Ancient Concealer." Her epileptic father, Guiller Kahlo, and her mother, Matilde, had another daughter, Cri na, 11 months later. Before Frida arrived, Matilde had l a son who died a few days after birth. Unable, or too a bivalent, to breast-feed her, Matilde passed Frida on to t Indian wet nurses (the first, Frida told Campos, was fi for drinking). Probably because of the confusion of hav three erratic caregivers, and her mother's general depr sion over the loss of a son (Frida called her family's hou hold "sad"), Kahlo had from earliest infancy a v damaged sense of self.

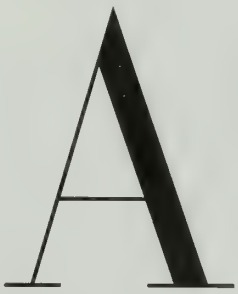
In the absence of a Kahlo boy, Frida assumed son thing of a son's role in the family—certainly she was father's favorite, and the one who identified most w him. Frida told Campos in her clinical interview, "I in agreement with everything my father taught me a nothing my mother taught me." Lucienne Bloch, a cl friend of Kahlo's and disciple of Diego Rivera's, rec that "she loved her father very much, but Frida did have these same feelings for her mother." In fact, 1932, when Kahlo returned to Mexico from Detroit up hearing that her mother was dying (Bloch accompan her on the journey), she failed to visit Matilde or ev view her body. The painfully obstetric work *My Bi* (now owned by Madonna), in which Frida's head emer from the vagina of a mother whose face is covered b shroud, was most likely her painted response to Mati Kahlo's death.

At age six or seven, Frida contrac polio, an illness not detected imm diately by her parents. When right leg began thinning, the Kah attributed the withering to "a wo en log that a little boy threw at foot," Kahlo told Campos. She tr to hide the deformity by wrapp her atrophied leg in bandages, wh she then concealed with thick woolen socks. The you Frida, however, never wore a leg brace or orthope shoe. Her unbuttressed limp led her pelvis and spinal umn to twist and deform as she grew, according to Gr berg, who does not agree with another doctor's rec diagnosis that she suffered from spina bifida, a congen condition. The etiology of her later proble with childbearing and spinal malformation, feels, can therefore be traced all the way b to her polio. She herself presents this idea in painting *The Broken Column,* in which a crev opens in her body to reveal a backbone in form of a ruined Ionic column. Says Grimbe "The steel corset she wears in this painting i polio corset," not the kind she later used w recuperating from back operations.

Though her peers maliciously nicknamed "peg leg," Frida nevertheless found some sol in her disease. "My papa and mama began

oil me a lot and love me more," Kahlo told Campos. his statement, extraordinary in its pathos, provides one rrowful key to the artist's psyche. For the rest of her life, ahlo would associate pain with love (she read one Rorschach "male genitals with fire and thorns"), and use illness to tract from others the attention she so desperately craved. amily photographs from her adolescence show she found nother unusual technique to gain attention and at the me time disguise her gimpy leg. Surrounded by primly essed relatives, she appears nattily turned out in the full asculine attire of a three-piece suit and tie. Kahlo's ear- cross-dressing, of course, also reflects her ambiguous nder identity. In a poignant section of Campos's inter- ew entitled "My Body," Frida responded, "The most im- rtant part of the body is the brain. Of my face I like e eyebrows and eyes. Aside from that I like nothing. My ad is too small. My breasts and genitals are average. Of e opposite sex, I have the moustache and in general the ce." (Lucienne Bloch says Frida always carefully groomed r mustache and unibrow with a little comb.)

Kahlo also intimated to Campos that her first sexual ex- rience occurred at age 13 with her gym and anatomy acher, a woman named Sara Zenil. Noticing Frida's icken leg, Zenil declared the girl "too frail," pulled her t of sports, and initiated "a physical relationship" with r. When Kahlo's mother discovered some compromising ters, she removed Frida from the school and enrolled r instead in the National Preparatory School, where she s one of 35 girls in a student body of 2,000. Tellingly, nen she had her first period it was a male friend who ok her to the school nurse. And, she recounted to Cam- s, when she got home it was to her father, not her moth- that she reported the news. While Frida was attending e National Preparatory School, the government engaged e celebrated muralist Diego Rivera to paint the walls of auditorium. Frida, about 15, developed an obsessive ush on the 36-year-old, internationally famous, and odigiously fat Michelangelo of Mexico. She declared to r school friends that her ambition was to have his child. Frida's affair with Diego would begin later, however, for e course of her life was diverted by a cruel twist of fate. 1925, Frida, now apprenticing (and sleeping) with an tist friend of her father's, was riding in a wooden bus th her steady boyfriend, Alejandro Gómez Arias, when electric trolley car crashed into it. Frida's boyfriend told ayden Herrera, "The bus . . . burst into a thousand ces." Trapped under the trolley, Gómez Arias sustained mparatively few injuries. But Frida, probably destabilized her bad leg, was pierced by the trolley's metal handrail, ich entered her lower body on the left side and exited ough her vagina, tearing its left lip. Her spinal column d pelvis were each broken in three places; her collarbone d two ribs broke as well. Her right leg, the one deformed polio, was shattered, fractured in 11 places, and her ht foot was dislocated and crushed. Somehow, in the im- ct, Frida's clothes had also been yanked off, and she was t completely nude. Even more freakish, Gómez Arias re- lled, "someone in the bus, probably a housepainter, had en carrying a packet of powdered gold. This package broke, and the gold fell all over the bleeding body of Frida." Kahlo was hospitalized for a month (her mother visited only twice), and then sent home to recuperate. During her convalescence she bombarded Gómez Arias with lovelorn letters, and took up painting. Her letters show how intertwined her anguish over Gómez Arias's waning attentions was with her physical suffering. She created her first self-portrait, a gift for her lukewarm beau, as a way to force him to think of her and look at her. "If, after her polio, Frida ever had the chance to separate the idea of love from the experience of pain, the accident destroyed that chance," says Grimberg. Beginning a pattern that would recur with the 30-odd operations performed on her in the course of her beleaguered life, Frida ended her bed rest prematurely and healed poorly.



round 1927, through mutual Communist acquaintances, she remet Diego Rivera. Their affair began after she showed up one day while he was frescoing Mexico City's Ministry of Education building. With paintings tucked under her arm, she demanded that he critique her work. In 1929 they married, launching an obsessive, earthy, and doomed union that turned them into the Liz and Dick of the international art world. Twenty-one years older, 200 pounds heavier, and, at more than six feet, nearly 12 inches taller than she, Rivera was gargantuan in both scale and appetites. As irresistible as he was ugly, Rivera was described by Frida as "a boy frog standing on his hind legs"—women flung themselves at him. (Paulette Goddard was perhaps his most famous conquest.) Casual as well as compulsive in his philandering, he compared making love to urinating and declared he could well be a lesbian because he loved women so much. Frida was hopelessly attracted to him (she returns to the theme constantly in her diaries), and developed a special fondness for his huge stomach, "drawn tight and smooth as a sphere," she wrote, and for "the sensitivity" of his pendulous, porcine breasts.

Frida altered her persona to please Diego, painting works influenced by indigenous Mexican art, dressing in the colorful, feminine costumes of the Tehuantepec peninsula, and arranging her long, black tresses in Indian-inspired styles. Frida became pregnant just before she married Diego, but she aborted at three months, supposedly because of her twisted pelvis. Her second pregnancy ended in a miscarriage—though she had in fact tried to induce an abortion by ingesting quinine. The third pregnancy was also terminated, quite possibly because it was a lover's child. It is part of the Frida myth that she could not bring a child to term, a situation which caused her much grief and which became the subject of at least two important artworks by her. Yet, in spite of her congenitally underdeveloped ovaries, she was still able to conceive. And though her pelvis had been damaged by both polio and the accident, there still remains the question of why she never considered a cesarean delivery. Diego supposedly worried that childbearing would ruin her delicate health, but, as Grim-

berg says, "even if she were physically capable of having a child, she was psychologically unable. It would have stood in the way of her bond with Diego," whom she babied to the point of filling his tub with toys while she bathed him.

Throughout the early 30s, Kahlo traveled with Diego to San Francisco, Detroit, and New York while he worked for American capitalists on large commissions with leftist themes. Kahlo, meanwhile, with Rivera's proud encouragement, developed her craft, honed her engagingly sassy persona, and made important contacts in the social and art worlds—from the Rockefellers and Louise Nevelson (with whom Diego probably had an affair) to that other amazon of art history, Georgia O'Keeffe. Frida's friend Lucienne Bloch remembers that Frida was "very irritated by the famous O'Keeffe" when she met her in 1933—a reaction probably provoked by competitive feelings. But Frida habitually neutralized rivals (usually Diego's mistresses) with a disarming camaraderie, which in this instance may have flowered into a physical relationship. Art dealer Mary-Anne Martin has in her possession an unpublished letter Kahlo sent to a friend in Detroit, dated "New York: April 11, 1933," which contains a revealing passage, sandwiched between jaunty gossip about mutual acquaintances: "O'Keeffe was in the hospital for three months, she went to Bermuda for a rest. She didn't made [*sic*] love to me that time, I think on account of her weakness. Too bad. Well that's all I can tell you until now."

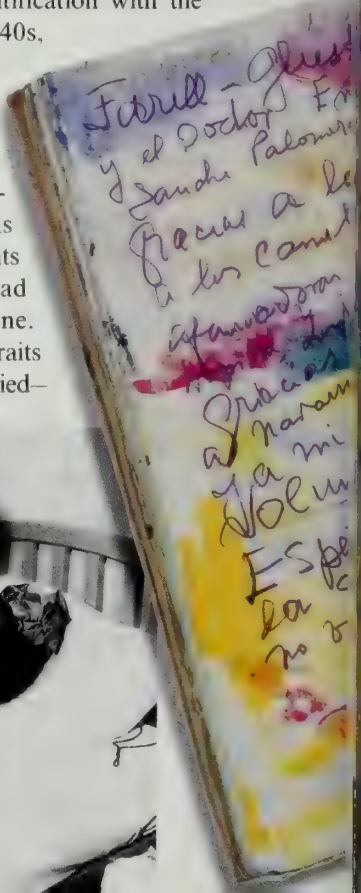
Homesick in the United States, Frida persuaded the reluctant Rivera to return to Mexico. Once there, he retaliated by having an affair with her sister Cristina. (Rivera eventually paid a creepy price for his priapism; in his 60s he was diagnosed with cancer of the penis.) Devastated, Frida began painting herself wounded and bleeding. According to most Frida literature, the artist's series of vengeful extramarital affairs also date from the Cristina crisis. But Grimberg has discovered that Kahlo very quietly had been keeping up with her husband all along. Grimberg has found a letter among the papers of the handsome, womanizing photographer Nickolas Muray (whom Kahlo probably met through the Mexican-born *Vanity Fair* contributor Miguel Covarrubias) which proves that Frida and he had begun their passionate affair as early as May of 1931.

Kahlo tried to conceal her heterosexual liaisons from Rivera—not so difficult after they moved into his-and-hers houses, adjacent residences connected by a bridge. Once detected, these dalliances, such as her mid-1930s fling with the dapper Japanese-American sculptor Isamu Noguchi, usually ended. (In contrast, Rivera boasted to anyone who would listen of her flings with women.) Her brief liaison with Leon Trotsky—whom Rivera, with his potent political pull, had helped bring to Mexico in 1937—infuriated him most. (Kahlo also did not miss the opportunity to seduce Trotsky's secretary, Jean van Heijenoort.) Friends recall that long after Trotsky's assassination Kahlo delighted in driving Rivera into a r by humiliating him with the memory of her affair v the great Communist. The Kahlo-Rivera duet was friend says, "heightened torture and heroism."

After Kahlo's successful New York exhibition at Julien Levy Gallery in 1938, Rivera—eager for some tance from his overbearing wife—urged her to travel Paris, where the Surrealist poet André Breton had prom to organize a show. Though Frida professed to feel al and miserable in France, this "beautiful human magnet" a friend called her), decked in ethnic fiestawear, mesr ized Picasso, Duchamp, Kandinsky, and Schiaparelli (v paid homage by designing a "*robe* Mme. Rivera"). F found Breton insufferable, but she had discovered a s mate in his wife, painter Jacqueline Lamba. Half a dec later Frida even copied into her diary a letter she had v ten to Lamba after departing France. It is possible to r through the letter's doubly crossed-out line "We were gether . . . " When Grimberg asked Lamba if she and da had been close, she replied, "Very close, intima Grimberg feels that Kahlo's painting *The Bride Frighte at Seeing Life Opened* is a tribute to Lamba, who confided in Kahlo the trauma of her wedding night. The tle blonde doll peering over this still life, and alluded t the letter, resembles the elegant Lamba.

After her 1939 return from Paris, Rivera demande divorce from Kahlo. (Paulette Goddard had by t moved across the street from Diego's studio.) Kahlo mour the separation by cutting her hair as she had during Cristina affair. She painted herself shorn and desexed described herself to Nickolas Muray as looking like a "fair wearing a man's baggy suit capacious enough to be Diego a curious case of identification with the aggressor. In the 1940s, she also embarked on the series of arresting self-portraits that have seared her features so indelibly into the public's imagination. As Grimberg astutely points out, Kahlo clearly had difficulty being alone. "Even in her self-portraits she is usually accompanied—





In her hospital bed Frida entertained guests like a hostess at a party.



NO BED OF ROSES
Frida Kahlo in her four-poster bed at her Coyoacán home in 1952. During her lifetime, Kahlo had more than 30 operations. *Opposite,* Diego kisses Frida at the English Hospital in Mexico City during her 1950–51 stay. *Inset,* the final page of Frida's diary, which thanks all her doctors and nurses, and ends, "I hope the leaving is joyful—and I hope never to return—FRIDA."

by her parrots, monkeys, dogs, or a doll," he says. "She kept mirrors in every room of her house, her patio included, as if she needed constant reassurance of her very existence."

A painting known today by the descriptive title *Two Nudes in the Jungle* (1939; originally titled *The Earth Herself*) is usually interpreted, like the contemporaneous *Two Fridas,* as a double self-portrait. Painted for Dolores Del Rio around the time of Frida's divorce, it may in fact be a slightly veiled sapphic image of Kahlo with the screen goddess. In the Campos interview Frida states that she painted a portrait of Del Rio, yet in the actress's estate only two Kahlo pictures turned up: *Girl with Death Mask* (1938) and *Two Nudes.* The fairer, recumbent nude, with her sloe-eyed, oval face, bears an undeniable, if somewhat stylized, resemblance to photos of Del Rio from the period. The painting brings to mind a salacious confession Kahlo made to Campos—that she was "attracted to dark nipples but repelled by pink nipples in a woman."

Never good, Frida's health—physical and otherwise—worsened after the divorce. Her endemic infirmity was exacerbated by her bottle-a-day brandy habit, chain-smoking, and steady diet of sweets. (When her teeth rotted she had two sets of dentures made, one in gold and a more festive pair studded with diamonds.) By 1940 not only was she racked with agonizing pain in her spine, she was also suffering from infected kidneys, a trophic ulcer on her right foot, where some gangrenous toes had already been amputated in 1934, and recurrent fungus infections on her right hand.

Rivera, who had fled to San Francisco to avoid embroilment in the Trotsky-assassination-attempt fiasco (he was briefly under suspicion), was disturbed to learn of Kahlo's debilitated condition and her two-day imprisonment for questioning after the Communist leader's eventual murder. Rivera sent for Frida, had her hospitalized in California, and, as Frida wrote to a friend, "I saw Diego, and that helped more than anything else. . . . I will marry Diego again. . . . I am very happy." These tender sentiments, however, did not prevent Frida from carrying on—from her hospital bed—an affair with the noted art collector and dealer Heinz Berggruen, then a boyish refugee from Nazi Germany. Says Herrera, "Remember, Frida's motto was 'Make love, take a bath, make love again.'" Nonetheless, the couple re-wed in San Francisco on Diego's 54th birthday, returned to Mexico, and set up housekeeping in Kahlo's childhood Coyoacán home.

In 1946, having consulted numerous Mexican doctors, she elected to undergo major surgical intervention on her spinal column in New York. There an orthopedic specialist named Dr. Philip Wilson performed a spinal fusion using a metal plate and a bone graft sliced from her pelvis. The operation filled her with an eerie euphoria. "He is so marvelous this doctor, and my body is so full of vitality," she wrote to her childhood sweetheart Alejandro Gómez Arias, in a letter illustrated with diagrams of the cuts Dr. Wilson had made into her back and pelvis. In her painting *Tree of Hope* (1946) these gaping wounds *(Continued on page 227)*

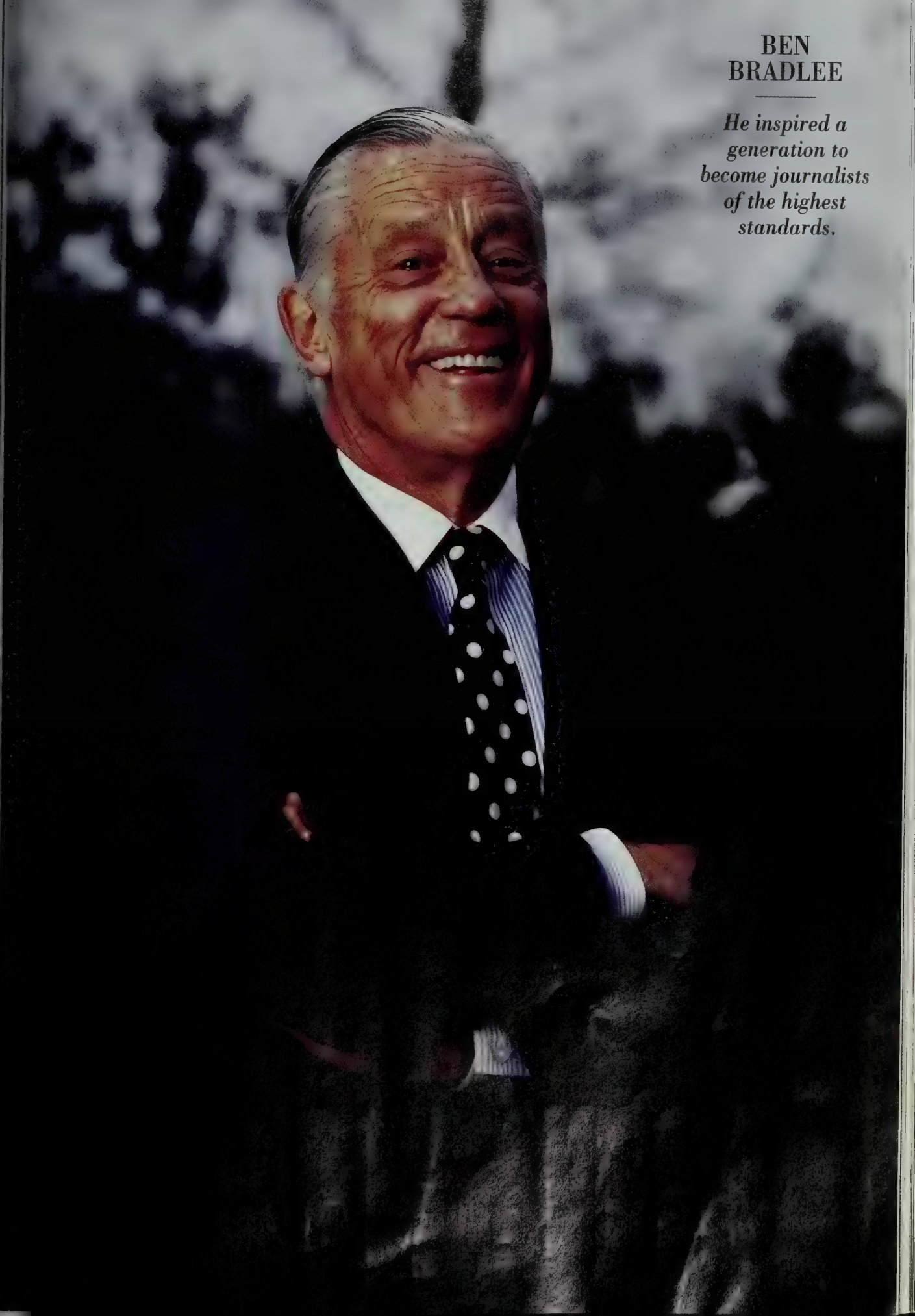
Washington Monument

He is a journal
legend well beyond his newspaper's somewhat
cumscribed circulation area, the man who successf
fought the government to publish the Pentagon Pap
who doggedly pursued the real story behind Wc
gate when everybody else had given up, who so c
manded the loyalty and affection of his staff that h
dreds dressed up in his trademark striped shirt v
white collar to honor him on his last day as edito
The Washington Post.

That was four years ago. Now Benjamin Crow
shield Bradlee, after 26 years of editing the stories
others, has written his own story in a zesty autobio
phy, *A Good Life: Newspapering and Other Adv
tures* (Simon & Schuster), which will have Washingtc
power elite perusing the index to see if they are m
tioned, and students of journalism reading every worc
if it were the Bible. Watergate, after all, made jour
ism fashionable, even sexy.

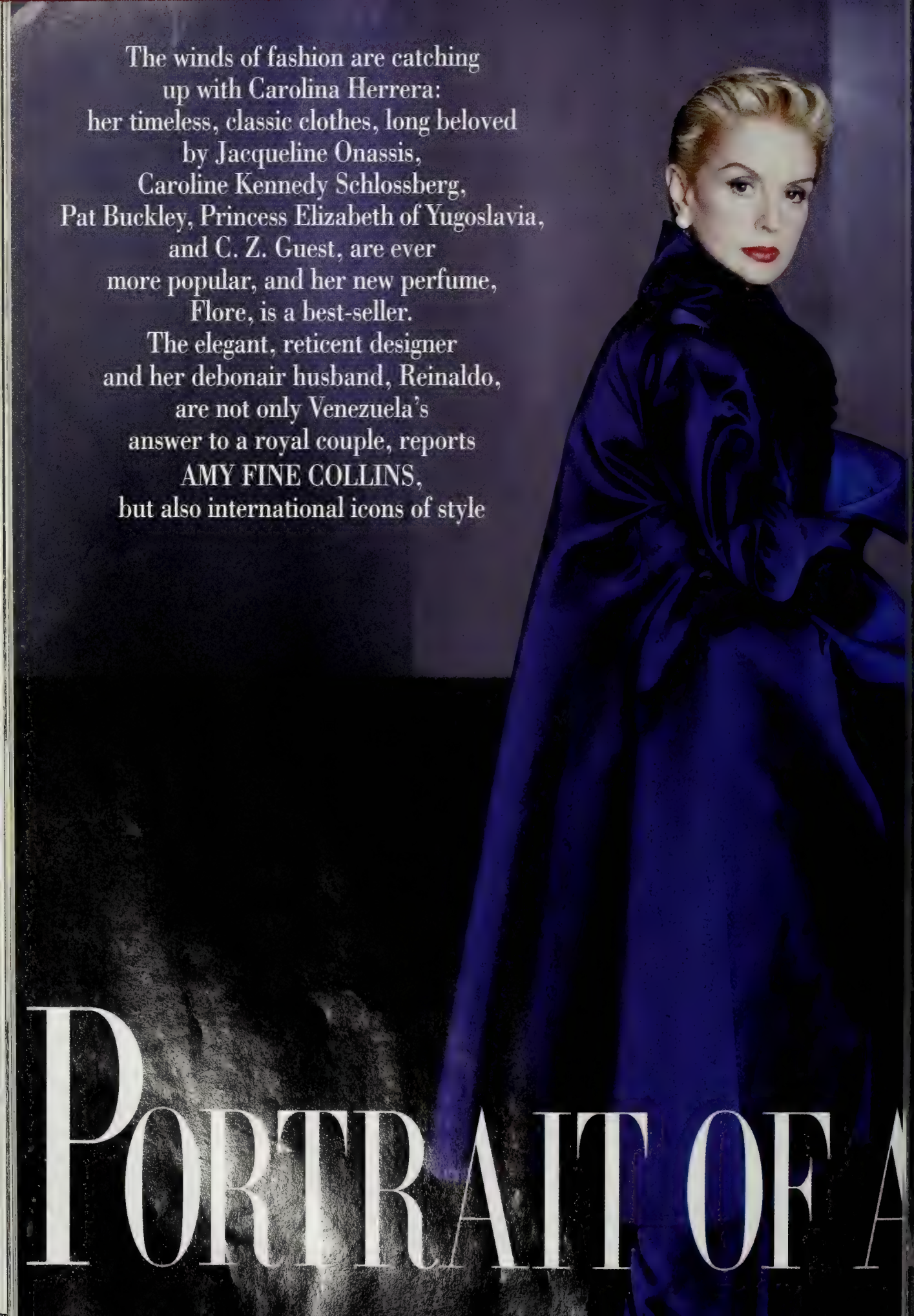
Coming from the man who presided over the Worl
Greatest-Ever Scoop, this book is remarkably free
revelation. Yet it cannot diminish Bradlee's pren
place in American journalism's Hall of Fame. He turr
the *Post* into a world-class newspaper and inspire
generation to become journalists of the highest st
dards. Like all great editors, he was a character—c
much of his personality rubbed off onto his pap
which is what made it great. —ANDREW N

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



BEN BRADLEE

He inspired a generation to become journalists of the highest standards.



The winds of fashion are catching
up with Carolina Herrera:
her timeless, classic clothes, long beloved
by Jacqueline Onassis,
Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg,
Pat Buckley, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia,
and C. Z. Guest, are ever
more popular, and her new perfume,
Flore, is a best-seller.
The elegant, reticent designer
and her debonair husband, Reinaldo,
are not only Venezuela's
answer to a royal couple, reports
AMY FINE COLLINS,
but also international icons of style

PORTRAIT OF A



AMAZING GRACE

Carolina Herrera wearing a double-faced satin evening coat of her own design. Herrera was a fixture on the International Best-Dressed List for nearly a decade until ascending to its Hall of Fame in 1980.

LADY

"A hot night at the wax museum" is how one guest described the glittery New Year's Eve dinner Carolina and Reinaldo Herrera threw last winter at their favorite restaurant, Mortimer's. At a moment when Manhattan's Upper East Side is traditionally emptied by the holiday exodus, the Herreras, with more acceptances than anticipated, had almost found themselves short a few seats. Reinaldo, dashing in black-tie, and Carolina, a Goya-esque vision in emeralds and a long black sheath, glided in concert to greet late arrivals. Separating couples—Reinaldo taking the woman's arm, Carolina the man's—the Herreras too branched apart, like estuaries of the same river, as they found places for their last guests. Their streaming movements could have been choreographed, so smooth was the execution of their hostly duties. Assembled in the two rooms, as one young reveler noted, were "four generations of serious partygoers"—a heterogeneous, international, and interracial composite of diplomats, artists, writers, movie stars, and socialites. There tasting the capon with currant sauce and chocolate soufflé were Bianca Jagger and Valerie Perrine, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Norman Mailer, Anne Slater and Cari Modine. As the first hours of the new year came and went, and guests trickled out into the night, the Herreras stayed on dancing, with their friends, with each other—handsome, happy, confident, and admired.

As it happens, 1995 has given Venezuelan-born fashion designer Carolina Herrera ample reason to celebrate. On the first day of the year—Inauguration Day in Albany—New York's First Lady, Libby Pataki, showed up looking unexpectedly chic in a Carolina Herrera velvet-trimmed camel coat, brown suit, and cognac-colored handbag. Herrera's new perfume, Flore, launched last September, is proving to be a hit—her third in a row. Helen O'Hagan, a consultant for Saks Fifth Avenue (one of Herrera's major retailers), reports that not only is Flore now one of its top 10 brands but the store's sales of Carolina Herrera clothing have "doubled in the last two years." And, according to firm president Michael Pellegrino, the company itself has grown by 20 percent in the past year.

The fashion barometer, apparently, has shifted back to Herrera's point of view. For the first time in recent memory, fall-fashion stories bumped hard news off covers—not just in the trade papers and glossies but also in the general media. Classic clothes are back, the reports proclaimed, conservative chic has arrived, G.O.P. style rules—if not yet in the White House, then at least on the runway. For fall '95, the trendiest designers in Milan and Paris as well as New York reined in their usual outré antics to show exactly the kind of elegant staples Herrera has been

Photograph by DAVID SEIDNER

"Carolina looked like a





HIP, HIP, HERRERA

Clockwise from far left: a teenage Carolina poses with childhood friends Marta Anglade and Ana Mercedes Zuloaga, while Ana's cousin Astrid on, at Carolina's family home in Caracas; the 16-y old Carolina Pacanins dances with a dashing youn Reinaldo Herrera at a costume ball; Carolina at 1 sunbathing at her father's beach house outside Car at Alpha, Pucci's boutique in Caracas, 1966; with Reinaldo in 1973 at their Caracas hacienda, La Ve posing for *Interview*, 1982; in New York City, 1971; attending a 1956 car show in Caracas; photographe a De Beers diamond exhibition, 1984.











ngel—but you could see the power behind it all."

ietly advocating for 14 years: just-to-the-knee dresses th matching jackets, deftly tailored luncheon suits, and ure-enhancing gowns. Turning the fall season even more phatically in a Herrera-esque direction (a position as ady as a compass point) were all the homages paid to cqueline Kennedy Onassis—a close friend whom Herrera ne dressed during the last dozen years of her life.

Herrera is not one to call attention to such self-aggran-ing fashion ironies. Her conversation can flow almost ywhere, from child rearing to journalism to Venezuelan litics, as long as it does not linger on herself. "It's bor-g to talk about yourself. That is the definition of a bore," e declares firmly one day, stroking her toy poodle Alfon- in her Seventh Avenue penthouse office. Almost severe its chic understatement, the room seems to be the exact jective correlative of her character: precise, ordered, inti-te, and vaguely exotic. Silver-framed family photos crowd st surfaces (more are stashed in drawers), while a re-oduction of Andy Warhol's portrait of her stares impas-ely from one wall. "Andy made three of them. One is in Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. Another is in Germany. e third is in our house in New York. They're all similar, cept the color of the eye shadow," she giggles. "He paint-ed too much makeup on my face. Blondes have to be very careful, you know. Otherwise they end up looking like bim-bos"—a word she pronounces "beembos" in her fast and musical clip. "She talks," says her closest male friend, the writer Taki Theodoracopulos, "like a spick. Which is very cute, adorable, and flirtatious. But I wonder if her English isn't perfect at home with Reinaldo."



A youthful 56, Herrera looks even better today than in the 1979 Warhol picture. More sure of herself than ever, she has pared down her look to a more effective simplicity. Her figure is so trim that the heavy brown cashmere turtleneck tucked into her trousers fails to create even the tiniest bulge below her waistline. In spite of her casual attire, there is an aura of regal rectitude about Herrera, a strictness of comportment that seems a throwback to a more decorous age.



"With her beauty and his family, the Herreras are our royal couple," states a fellow Venezuelan residing in New York. Says Harold Koda, associate curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, "Her looks really do belong to another period." Movie producer Richard Roth recalls, "I remember seeing her in England in the 60s, when she was staying at Kensington Palace—she and Reinaldo are friends of Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother. There she was, very beautiful, with a snood, looking almost like she came from another era. I see her now a completely modern woman."

Herrera, née Maria Carolina Josefina Pacanins y Niño (the name Pacanins is Catalan), is without question the product of another age—a result maybe not so much of time (she was born in Caracas in 1939) as of place. The codes of conduct in Caracas, even at mid-century, were still heavily suffused with an antiquated colonial flavor. Descended from landowners and statesmen who had been in Venezuela for some 400 years, Carolina was the second of four daughters (still very close today) born to Guillermo and Maria Cristina Pacanins. The four Pacanins girls were brought up to be "very organized and with a lot of discipline," Carolina says. (The word "organize" recurs like a leitmotif in Herrera's speech.) A photograph of Carolina at age four shows a tiny, precociously poised creature projecting an astonishing degree of self-possession. "Carolina is the most consistent person," her younger sister Alexandra says. "She has always been a perfectionist." Guillermo Pacanins and his brother bred racehorses, and Carolina, an accomplished athlete, excelled at jumping and dressage. "My horse was my passion. My father said he thought any day I might start whinnying."

Her passion for sports, of course, did not preclude a fascination with clothes. "Carolina had such an imagination. She always used to change her clothes around," says Anita de Zuloaga, the mother of her childhood friend Ana Mercedes. "If the dress was supposed to button in the front, she'd try it on backwards. Carolina used to make her own perfume too. And she and my daughter were always in my closet!" When Carolina was 13 her grandmother took her to see the couture collection of the great Cristóbal Balenciaga—whom she still holds in the highest esteem.

Another good friend was Carolina Herrera, the younger sister of Reinaldo, the worldly scion of an old landowning family, who lived mostly in Europe. Oscar Molinari, a cousin of Reinaldo's who sometimes resided at the Herrera hacienda, La Vega ("the Valley"), recalls Carolina Pacanins's visits. "Though Carolina was there to visit

Reinaldo's sister, there was always in the air the idea that she loved Reinaldo." Carolina herself states without hesitation, "Reinaldo was my first love."

For his part, Reinaldo (now *Vanity Fair*'s special-projects editor) remembers "first seeing Carolina at age 11 or 12, playing with my sister. I thought of her as a beautiful child—she looked like a doe. Then, after her debut, I began seeing her at parties, and we had a flirtation. Her older sister was supposed to be the most beautiful in the family, but I thought Carolina was. She had a waist smaller than her head. Do you know that is the perfect proportion? I always liked her, but then she married."





While Reinaldo was living out of the country, the 18-year-old Carolina impulsively married another well-to-do landowner, Guillermo Behrens Tello. Behrens, by most accounts, was a charming but difficult man. Ana Luisa Behrens, the younger of the two daughters from this first marriage, now a fashion editor at *Mademoiselle*, says, "Basically, my father was a spoiled child from a very good family who was not ready to get married." (The older daughter, Mercedes, the mother of Carolina's three grandsons, lives in Caracas.) At 25, Carolina divorced Behrens. "It was a huge scandal in my family," she admits. (Behrens has since remarried at least once.)

Carolina and her two daughters moved back in with her family, and she began working afternoons helping out with public relations at the Caracas branch of Pucci. The oil-rich city was entering its great period of wealth and stability, and Venezuelan women counted among the important patrons of European couture houses. The queen of the glamorous Venezuelans was Reinaldo's jet-setting mother, Maria Teresa "Mimi" Herrera, a friend of the Duchess of Windsor and Greta Garbo, whose ravishingly ornamental presence graced all the smartest parties around the world. At about the time Carolina's marriage was dissolving, Reinaldo, having just ended an involvement with Christina Onassis, returned to Caracas and re-entered Carolina's life, this time making good on their earlier flirtation.

The couple legitimized their romance in 1968 at a ceremony held at her older sister's house. Carolina wore a short-sleeved pale-yellow organdy dress of her own design. For their honeymoon they visited Reinaldo's friend the great stage designer Oliver Messel at his Barbados home, a romantic structure renowned for the Rousseau-like fantasy of its jungle garden. As a wedding gift, Messel gave Carolina his mother's 18th-century pearl earrings, which Carolina presented to Viscount Linley (the son of Messel's nephew Lord Snowdon and Princess Margaret) when he married Serena Stanhope in 1993. "Oliver was my great hero—a genius, my great inspiration," Carolina says. "Every time I work on a collection I think of him, and wish he could be in the audience."



The Herreras settled in the 65-room La Vega (built in 1590, it is said t the oldest continuously inhabited house in the Western H isphere), along with Carolina's in-laws, the elegant Mimi the equally glamorous Reinaldo senior, whom socialite C Guest calls "one of the best-looking men I ever saw." older Herreras were also known as the Marques and M quesa de Torre Casa, a Spanish title granted to an anc in 1722; the younger Herreras inherited the title in 1 though they relinquished it in 1992. "We only use it w we're traveling in Europe, to get better hotel rooms!" naldo says.) To this remarkable household, the young reras added two daughters, Carolina Adriana, now 26 a segment producer for a cable-TV *(Continued on page*

Herrera alone dressed Jackie O for the











DESIGNING WOMAN

Clockwise from top left: backstage at her 1995 fall-collection show
ryant Park, Carolina Herrera makes a last-minute adjustment on a
model; Carolina with socialite Jacqueline de Ribes, at a late-70s
ume Institute gala; Los Marqueses de Torre Casa under 100-year-
old mango trees at La Vega in 1974; the designer photographed
Annie Leibovitz for *V.F.*, 1986; the Herreras on the town in 1990;
e 1979 Andy Warhol double image of Carolina which hangs in the
l Museum in Pittsburgh; Carolina with First Lady Nancy Reagan
t the White House in 1985; Robert Mapplethorpe's portrait of his
friend Carolina, taken at New York's Mayfair hotel; Carolina
with Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg on her wedding day in 1986.

zen years of her life.



HOT ROTH

In *Captives*, Tim Roth, photographed on the Paramount back lot's New York Street, is a convict who seduces a dentist played by Julia (*Legends of the Fall*) Ormond.

ROTH 'N' ROLL



After stealing his scenes in *Rob Roy*, Tim Roth has emerged as an offbeat, jack-the-lad sex symbol. CATHY HORYN profiles the 34-year-old Englishman who sucked Julia Ormond's fingers in *Captives*, had his hair combed by Harvey Keitel in *Reservoir Dogs*, and bellhops through next month's hilarious *Four Rooms*, the much-anticipated collaboration of four hypercool Hollywood directors

Photographs by PEGGY SIROTA

Tim Roth has glorious lips. At the moment they're nursing a bottle of Amstel, sucking away another murky Los Angeles afternoon in a piano bar off Sunset. The temperature is down in the clammy zone, where bare flesh begins to bond with Naugahyde, and from where Roth sits, with his Zippo lighter and half-smoked pack of Marlboro Lights, he can observe the necrotic rituals of his fellow man.

"Actually," says Roth, lighting up, "this is busy. Normally there's just three old guys in here watching O.J. on TV." He grins, and though his eyes make him look innocent—all soft and yearning—something about the way his upper lip curls around the smoke tells you that Tim Roth is anything but.

Much of the attitude that Roth exudes on-screen has to do with the fact that he seems to be exactly the sort of guy you could commune with in a bar. Sweet and funny, he knows the barmaids by name. But when he enters the place, springing on the balls of his feet like a prizefighter, ass twitching, he appears to assume that nobody will recognize him as anything other than plain old Tim, in for a tipple. This, of course, is not the case. At least not since his lavender performance in *Rob Roy.* As the monstrous Archibald Cunningham, the 34-year-old Englishman all but sashayed off with the film. And now Roth has emerged as a kind of improbable postmodern sex symbol—a boyish, semi-adorable putz who specializes in toying with people's minds. This is particularly apparent in *Captives,* a film that Roth recently made with British director Angela Pope. The plot turns on the love affair between a convict and a dentist, played with terrific anxiety by Julia Ormond. Strange as this scenario sounds—illicit lovers swept away against a backdrop of oral hygiene—it is even more mind-boggling when you consider that for a large part of the movie Roth is coaxing Ormond into submission simply by gazing into her eyes or, in one delicious scene, by sucking on the end of her latex-sheathed finger.

Among his fellow actors there is no shortage of praise for Roth. Jessica Lange, who stole every scene in *Rob Roy* that he hadn't nailed down, thinks Archie would have been far less believable if Roth had not embedded in him a sympathetic core of tenderness. "He's such a visceral actor," [illegible] "He's like raw nerves. And this is what I think makes [illegible] There's something so absolutely truthful about [illegible]"

"[illegible] Tim could do anything," declares Lawren[illegible] ed *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*—[illegible] Roth—as well as the film that will ain[illegible]'s crucible, the much-anticipated *F*[illegible]l, *Four Rooms* is sort of a con[illegible]ywood. Written and directed by Quentin Taranti[illegible]son Anders, Robert Rodriguez, and Alexandre Rockwell, it stars, among others, Mad[illegible]na, Bruce Willis, Marisa Tomei, Ione Skye, Lili Tay[illegible] and Antonio Banderas. Roth plays an English bell[illegible] named Ted who services all these people, in one way[illegible] another, in four rooms of a fashionably shabby hotel[illegible] Los Angeles. The film is hilarious. And Roth is so m[illegible]ic that he is bound to be compared to a young Je[illegible] Lewis. "It was really a shock to see that Tim could[illegible] that far," admits Anders, who directed the sequence[illegible] which a coven of witches needs a fresh supply of sp[illegible] and turns to Ted.

When Miramax screened *Four Rooms* in May to a group of college students, the filmmakers concluded alm[illegible] immediately that no further research was necessary. "I[illegible] sitting next to Harvey Weinstein," Bender recalls, refer[illegible] to the Miramax co-chairman, "and I don't think he's e[illegible] been to a test screening where the audience's reaction[illegible] so decisive. Those kids just loved Tim's performance."

Roth and I are sitting at the bar of a res[illegible]rant in Hollywood, poking through a pai[illegible] salads as we discuss the recondite sex app[illegible] of Harvey Keitel's love handles.

"I don't think I could have done[illegible] says Roth, munching thoughtfully. "Get na[illegible] like he has done."

Shifting our subject slightly, I point[illegible] that not many actors can say they've[illegible] their hair combed by Harvey Keitel, as Roth did in *Re[illegible]voir Dogs.* I ask him if this was an improvised bit of gro[illegible]ing for the dying Mr. Orange. Roth shrugs at the mem[illegible] of his freshly combed character's demise. "I don't kno[illegible] it was in the script. It may have been a Harvey thin[illegible] just kind of went with it."

"Still," I suggest, goading him a little, "it must h[illegible] been nice."

"Well," says Roth, wiping his mouth, "as far as[illegible] concerned, Harvey could have done anything to me r[illegible] then and there. He's the man for me. I think he's[illegible] of the best actors in the world."

You have to understand something about Roth: He l[illegible] acting, the craft and the life. He loves the jokes, and[illegible] sets, and those of his fellow actors who practice the[illegible] and live the life—the men who are gods to the audience[illegible] to those who have seen their raw talent and power[illegible] closer range. At one point, Roth asks if I know why B[illegible] Willis refused star billing in *Nobody's Fool.* "Because[illegible] wanted to be near Paul Newman," says Roth. "That's[illegible] man. It was all about being with Paul Newman. I l[illegible] him for that. Bruce is just *so* rich. And he has great c[illegible] Roth then tells me about the time Willis pulled up in[illegible] gorgeous Shelby Mustang and handed a gob-smacked I[illegible] the keys. "He said, 'Go take it for a drive.' I said, 'I'm[illegible] fuckin' touching it.' So he took me and my friend Paul[illegible] the 7-Eleven for a pack of cigarettes. We blew out of[illegible] parking lot, and the front end lifted off the ground." I[illegible] smiles appreciatively. "He's a boy, Bruce."

Curiously, the words most often used by Roth's leagues to describe him are "kind" *(Continued on page*



"Tim's a visceral actor," says Jessica Lange. "He's like raw nerves."

ROTH

Roth's many co-stars
pcoming *Four Rooms* is
na. His verdict?
"a breeze. An absolute
We just kind of got
other's face."

BECOMING BARBRA



She was an awkward unknown from Brooklyn named Barbara, but when she opened her mouth and sang . . . ! In an excerpt from *Streisand: Her Life*, JAMES SPADA re-creates the dawn of the raw young talent—her first auditions, her marriage, and the epic battles over her first leading role, in *Funny Girl*— as she burst into superstardom



ONE AND ONLY
"Do you think anyone could ever love this face?" Barbra moaned to her first roommate, Elaine Sobel, in 1960. Four years later, when she was starring on Broadway in *Funny Girl,* Cecil Beaton took this photograph of her.

In the fall of 1957, Barbara Streisand, a gawky 15-year-old junior at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn, was a culturally starved sponge. Three evenings a week after school and on weekends, she took the subway to Greenwich Village to help out with a production of Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust* at the Cherry Lane theater. She swept floors, scurried out to pick up food for the cast, and during lulls did her homework. Noel Behn, the writer, who managed the theater at that time, later remembered her as "a dirty little girl who was always running around humming."

Anita Miller, the wife of the acting coach Allan Miller, played Avril in the show, and though Barbara later said she understudied Avril, Anita recalled that the production didn't have understudies. Still, as the weeks wore on, Anita grew fascinated by this singularly ardent teenager. The offspring of a brilliant educator father who had died when she was 15 months old and an unsupportive mother who wanted her to become a secretary, Barbara had sought refuge wherever she could from her abusive stepfather. She was hungry for knowledge, for encouragement, for acceptance.

Anita tried to interest her husband in taking this girl on as a student, but he refused even to meet her, because of her age. Finally Anita invited her home to dinner. Barbara chattered nonstop throughout the meal, asking Allan an avalanche of questions. At first he was aghast at this "creature" and thought, Oh, my God, if this were my kid I'd get her some good clothes to wear and cut down on her crazy eccentricities. He considered her "a misbegotten, misshapen, skinny little nudnick." And yet, as the evening progressed, Miller found himself agreeing with Anita's assessment of her as "valuable and dazzling and interesting": "There was no question that she had something special. She'd keep saying, 'Can I ask you something?' It was not simpleminded openness and hunger. She was intellectually keen and very alive."

After dinner Anita and Barbara did a scene they had prepared from N. Richard Nash's *The Young and Fair.* Barbara's reading, Miller thought, "was the worst I think I've ever seen in my life. I couldn't believe that anyone could be so ignorant of acting technique that her arms and body would contort and do things that had nothing to do with the emotional life she was trying to project. The vocal patterns were equally disconnected. Nothing linked together." Still, Barbara impressed Miller. "She was trying to achieve something but didn't have the tools to do it. I was dumbstruck by the ferocity of this young woman."

Early in 1958, Miller took Barbara into his workshop, a part of the Theater Studio of New York on West 48th Street, in exchange for baby-sitting the Millers' two sons.

In January 1959, shortly before her 17th birthday, Barbara graduated from Erasmus Hall. Three months later she met Barry Dennen on the stage of the Jan Hus Theatre on East 74th Street. They were part of a raggle-taggle group who called themselves the Actors' Co-op, rehearsing their first and last show, a production of Karel and Josef Čapek's *The Insect Comedy.* Barbara had been cast in three roles: Apatura Clythia, one of the main butterflies in Act I; the Messenger in Act III; and the Second Moth in the epilogue.

Dennen, a 22-year-old U.C.L.A. graduate from a wealthy Los Angeles family, played a cricket and a snail. Handsome in a gaunt, somber way, obsessive in his love for every aspect of show business, he would set his alarm clock for three A.M. in order to audiotape-record an old Mae West or Bette Davis movie from television. The shelves in his Village apartment groaned under thousands of vintage records he had collected since childhood—Ruth Etting, Al Jolson, Edith Piaf, Fred Astaire, Mabel Mercer.

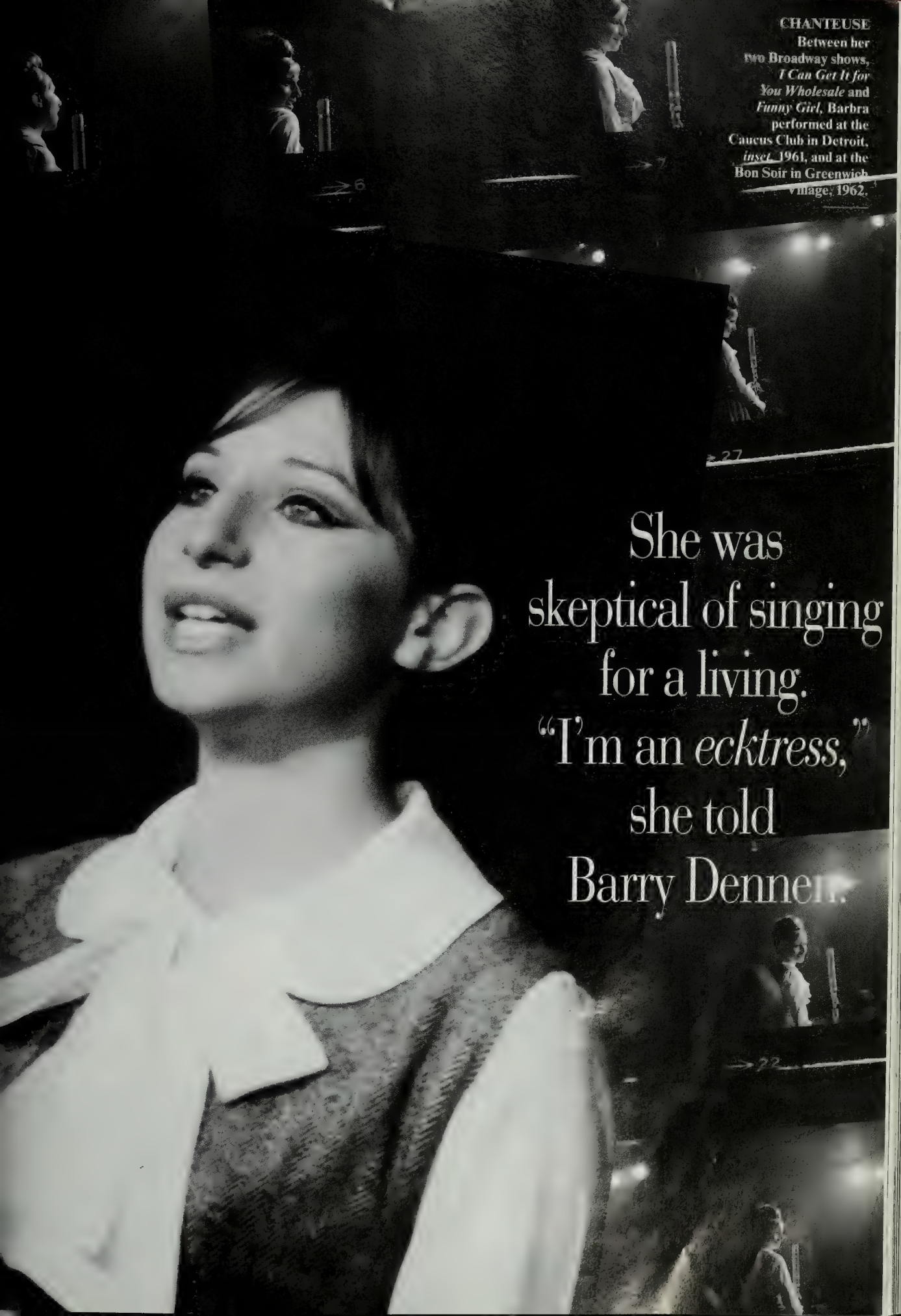
Dennen considered the production they were in "unspeakable," but he found Barbara's performance "hysterically funny" as she chased after a boy butterfly crying, "Oh, you great, strong, handsome thing!" while her diaphanous pink wings fluttered and her wire tennae flopped wildly atop her he

The Insect Comedy lasted only th days, Sunday through Tuesday, Barbara and Barry remained close. " went everywhere together," he recal "She was very young, endearing, exceptionally serious about becom a great actress." Dennen owned Ampex stereo tape recorder with microphones, so when a prospec agent asked Barbara for a tape of singing, she asked Barry to make "We spent the afternoon taping," later recalled, "and the moment I he the first playback I went insane knew here was something special voice the microphone loved." The was a bar across the street from Ba ry's apartment that had a talent co test on Monday nights, and h challenged Barbara to enter it. A though she was skeptical of singin for a living ("I'm an *ecktress,*" she told Barry), Barbara agreed when she heard that the winner would get a $50-a-week gig and free meals.

On a hot Monday morning a few weeks later, Barbara, unsure and scared, walked into the Lion, the dark, slightly seedy neighborhood watering hole on the ground floor of a brownstone at 62 West Ninth Street. Hopefuls for the talent show had to audition for the club's manager, Burke McHugh, on the morning of the contest, and the best four were invited back for the competition. McHugh was used to dealing with some very questionable characters at these cattle calls, and when he saw Barbara he muttered to his pianist, "Oh, boy, here comes a winner."

With her hair unwashed, dressed in dungarees and a sweatshirt, she looked, McHugh said in 1992, like "a kid off the street who hadn't been home to

Excerpted from *Streisand: He*
by James Spada, to be p[ublis]h[ed] [m]onth
by Crown; © 1995 by Jan[e] S[pada].



CHANTEUSE Between her two Broadway shows, *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* and *Funny Girl*, Barbra performed at the Caucus Club in Detroit, *inset*, 1961, and at the Bon Soir in Greenwich Village, 1962.

She was skeptical of singing for a living. "I'm an *ecktress*," she told Barry Dennen.

"We fought all the time," Elliott Gould said. "I wasn't always sure abou what. I was madly in love with her."



NEWLYWED
Barbra and Elliott
they met in *I Can Get It*
Wholesale—in the ap
on Central Park West they
to in 1963, the year
began rehearsals for *Fun*

ange her clothes." He asked her if e had come to audition. Self-pro-ctively, she feigned ignorance. "Au-ion for what?" McHugh explained out the talent contest, and Barbara d, "Well, I've never sung in public fore, but I'll give it a try."

She told him her name was Bar-ra Strinberg, and then she sang the arold Arlen–Truman Capote ballad Sleepin' Bee" for him. McHugh and piano player, a young man named tty, felt goose bumps rise on their ms. When she finished, McHugh claimed, "Oh, my God, Barbara, that s really magnificent!" He told her come back for the contest and ked how to spell Strinberg.

Now that she had been accepted, ere was no reason to hide her iden-y, but she didn't want to admit e'd lied. "I've gotta change the name. can't stand it. . . . It sounds too wish." According to McHugh, at that oment "Footsteps in the Sand" blared om a radio in the next room. "*Sand,*" arbara said. "I like that, that's a od last syllable. I'll call myself Bar-ra Streisand!"

When she came back at eight that ening, Barbara looked around the rk, smoky room and wondered, here are all the women? Barry had glected to tell her that the Lion s a predominantly gay bar. With r liberal leanings, Barbara had no oblem with homosexuals, but she d never seen them behave so open-before, and she watched them with scination as she waited for the con-st to begin. They were arguably the ughest audience Barbara could have ced. Like Barry Dennen, most of em were immersed in show-busi-ss history. They adored Judy Gar-nd and Ethel Merman; they would ek miles to catch a performance by lie Wilson or Hildegarde; they ought the original-cast album of every oadway musical. For a young girl nger to excite these men, she'd have be awfully good.

Barbara's competitors were a co-edian, a light-opera singer, and jazz nger Dawn Hampton, the niece of e vibist Lionel Hampton. Last on e bill, Barbara stepped timorously to the parquet "stage" next to Pat-'s piano, the lusty applause for awn Hampton ringing in her ears. e took what looked like a briefcase from under her arm, put it on top of the piano, opened it, pulled out her sheet music, and gave it to Patty. "Tonight," she said softly, "I am going to sing 'A Sleepin' Bee.'"

If she heard the titters, she didn't let on. By now most of the audience suspected McHugh was having fun with them. They looked at this awkward, skinny girl with her distractingly large nose and crooked teeth and eyes that seemed to watch each other, and they didn't know whether to laugh or groan. Her getup hardly helped. On top of her head she had bobby-pinned a Dynel hairpiece that looked, in the words of a friend, "like a cheese Danish." From under it her real hair fell stringily to her shoulders. She wore a short purple sheath and a jacket festooned with purple ostrich feathers from a thrift shop.

Then this eccentric, clearly misguided creature opened her mouth and sang, and the titters and the talking stopped. She began that languid ballad of young love softly, her voice youthful but as clear as a bell, her high notes enthrallingly pure. Then she gathered steam, took on more force as her voice built to "Broadway belter" proportions. Finally she took a breathtaking swoop up the scale, leaping a full octave in one word, "love," and her first song in front of a paying audience came to an end.

For a few moments the 70 or so men sat in stunned silence. Then they burst into wild applause and cheers, shouting "More! More!" as Barbara laughed nervously and looked around the room. She glanced at Burke McHugh and mouthed, "Should I do another one?" He nodded, and she went back to her briefcase and pulled out "When Sunny Gets Blue." Again the voice was mesmerizing. The "applause meter" gave Barbara the contest by a wide margin, and McHugh told her to come back on Saturday night.

When she returned, she sang the same two songs plus "Lullaby of Birdland" and again wowed the audience, many of whom had come expressly to see her after hearing the buzz about her Monday-night performance. The following Monday she defended her title, adding "Why Try to Change Me Now" and "Long Ago and Far Away" to her brief set. The gay comedian Michael Greer was one of the contestants that night. The falsetto singer Tiny Tim was another. Greer recalled that Barbara wore a tiny high-heeled shoe in her hair, because she liked the rhinestones in it.

Barbara won again, and on the following three Mondays as well. By now word had spread throughout New York's hippest audiences, and lines of people trailed down Ninth Street to Sixth Avenue on Monday and Saturday nights. The second week, Barbara told McHugh she wanted three pictures of herself, not just one, on the signboard outside the club. And she wanted to change the spelling of her name. "Back to Strinberg?" McHugh asked.

"No," Barbara replied. "I wanna take an *a* out of 'Barbara.' Who needs it? The name's pronounced Bar-bra. So that's how I want you to spell it: B-A-R-B-R-A."

Boy, this one really *is* a nut, McHugh thought. But he did as he was asked, and Barbra Streisand was born. It was her answer to all those agents who had advised her to change her name to Barbara Sands because Streisand was too ethnic or too hard to pronounce. This way, she had changed her name and she hadn't. What she *had* done was become, among all the thousands and thousands of Barbaras in the world, the one and only Barbra.

After a month at the Lion, Barbra was forced to retire from the competition as an undefeated champion when McHugh and his partner, Ernie Sgroi Jr., told her they wanted to give somebody else a chance. Without the $50 a week and free meals she had grown used to, Barbra faced dire financial straits again, and she asked McHugh if there was something else she could do at the club. He said he needed a replacement coat-check girl for a couple of weeks, but she wouldn't want to do that, would she? "Sure I would," she replied. "Why not?"

Every night she arrived at the club at eight o'clock, sloppily dressed, went into the coatroom, closed the door, and reopened it a few moments later wearing a flashy cocktail dress. After a week of this, one of the regulars, a costume designer who called himself Peach-

es, noticed that she never cleaned the dress. "Hey, Barbra," he teased her, "don't you think you should send that dress to the dry cleaner's? It's gonna start to walk on its own pretty soon." As he and his friends giggled, Barbra snapped back, "Go ahead and laugh. When I'm a big star on Broadway, you'll still be just a bunch of drunken, cackling hens!"

On August 7, 1959, Barbra bounced down the steps into the popular Bon Soir Club at 40 West Eighth Street and auditioned for Ernie Sgroi Sr. Sgroi told her to come back that night and do her songs again in front of the regular customers. If they liked her, he would give her a two-week booking.

That night the emcee introduced her as "a little extra surprise, a young singer who's been causing quite a stir over at the Lion." She stepped onto the small stage and realized that she still had chewing gum in her mouth. She took it out, stuck it on the microphone, and sang "A Sleepin' Bee." By the time she came to the end of the song, she had entranced the entire room. Ernie Sgroi hired her for two weeks, two shows a night, $125 a week.

On September 9, Barbra debuted at the Bon Soir third on a bill with the comic pantomimists Tony and Eddie and comedienne Phyllis Diller. Diller vividly recalled the moment when, as she patted on her makeup and prepared to go on, she first heard Barbra Streisand sing: "On her third note, every hair on my body stood up! I am basically a musician, and when I heard that voice—and that heart—I knew this is a *star!*"

By now Barbra had fallen in love with Barry Dennen and had moved into his apartment. The serious turn their relationship had taken surprised Bob Schulenberg, a friend of theirs. "One night I went over to their place," he said, "and they were on the floor, and Barbra was resting her head on Barry's lap, and it was very romantic. They had that kind of glow that says that two people have just been intimate. They started talking about getting married. I said, 'Are you serious?' And they said, 'Yeah, we're going to get married.' It was sort of a sacred, hallowed moment. It was very *intense.* Barbra was enthralled with Barry. He has a brilliant mind. He was the first man who would ever trade jokes from [illegible] or Groucho Marx movies with her and in the next moment enlighten her on art, theater, music. His influence on Barbra was tremendous. And he was thrilled with his creation."

The Bon Soir gig brought Barbra her first manager, her first agent, and her first reviews. In the *New York World Telegram and Sun,* Perry Rebell wrote, "The Bon Soir has swung into the new nightclub season with the find of the year. She is Barbra Streisand, a Brooklynite whose voice and poise belie her scant eighteen years." She also received her first New York column mention, from Dorothy Kilgallen: "The pros are talking about a rising new star on the local scene—eighteen-year-old Barbra Streisand, currently at the Bon Soir. She's never had a singing lesson in her life, doesn't know how to walk, dress, or take a bow, but she projects well enough . . . to bring the house down."

The Bon Soir engagement ended on June 6, 1960, and Barbra had no new job offers. By then she had broken up with Barry and had no place to live. She went home to Brooklyn for a few weeks, but she couldn't stand her mother's harping about how she should get a *steady* job, not this on-again, off-again nightclub nonsense.

She fled back to Manhattan and spent the nights wherever she could, most often in friends' apartments, where she usually slept on the couch. Sometimes, if someone else had beaten her to it, she slept on the floor or in the bathtub. Finally she paid $12.95 at a Whelan Drug Store for a cot, which she lugged around with her everywhere she went. For a time a friend let her sleep in his office, but she had to wait until the place was closed before she could go in, and had to be out again by eight in the morning.

Elaine Sobel, a friend from Allan Miller's acting class, came to the rescue. Elaine had a one-bedroom walk-up on 34th Street near Second Avenue, and she offered Barbra her couch in exchange for help with the rent. "It was a lot better than the street or bathtubs," Elaine said.

Living together created a deep intimacy between Barbra and Elaine. "We spent hours talking about our problems, until early in the morning," Elaine reminisced. "We were both trying to escape our past. We shared a core of pain that was nonpareil. I would cry, but Barbra wasn't a crier. Usually we talked about Barbra's problems. S never took much interest in mine."

They talked a lot about men. "Sh tell me about some guy she liked a she'd ask, 'Do you think he's cut It was always more 'Do you th he's cute?' than 'Do you think h talented?' Barbra used to moan, 'W I ever get a guy? Do you think a one could ever love this face?' "

In 1961, for her audition David Merrick's Broadw musical *I Can Get It for Wholesale,* based on Jero Weidman's novel about garment industry, Bar wore a mottled honey-colo 1920s caracul coat trimm with thick fox fur at the kn and neck which she had bought $10. Her feet were adorned by smud tennis shoes; her unwashed hair spil out in tangles from beneath her w knit cap. She smacked vigorously chewing gum.

"Can I do this sittin' on that cl over there?" she asked, pointing t secretarial chair on wheels.

"Sure, whatever you want," Art Laurents, the director, replied.

"Great!" She plopped herself o the chair, took off her shoes, pu the wad of gum out of her mouth, stuck it underneath the seat. Then launched into a comic number ca "Value" while she careened across stage on casters. When she was d Laurents, Weidman, and Harold Ro the composer, burst into applause.

Then Laurents asked her, "Do have a ballad?"

"Do *I* have a ballad!" By the t she finished the haunting, plain "(Have I Stayed) Too Long at the Fa the *I Can Get It for You Whole* creative team's jaws were slack. Ha Rome leaned over to Arthur Laur and whispered, "Isn't she *somethin*

"She's terrific," Laurents agr "But what can we do with her? S not right for the ingenue, and M Marmelstein's 50 years old."

"Maybe Miss Marmelstein doe have to be 50 years old," Rome mu "The way this girl looks, people w believe her as a spinster. She c be any age."

Laurents thought a few mome "Let's have her back for Merric take a look." He asked Barbra if

uld return that afternoon. "Gee, I don't know." She elded her eyes and sought t Marty Erlichman, her w manager, in the empty ater. "Marty, what time's hair appointment?"

"Two o'clock."

"Ya see, I gotta get my hair ne because I'm opening ight at the Blue Angel. I'm ging there. Maybe you'll me and see me."

She promised to be back four, and after she left, thur Laurents asked his istant to check under Bar-'s chair for the wad of n. As he had suspected, re was none. "She had gift of thinking some-ng out and then, when did it, making it look ntaneous," Laurents said. When Barbra returned, the t thing she asked was how ryone liked her hair. All eed it looked smashing. is time David Merrick was the audience, and Barbra g five songs. Afterward she said to rty, "I don't think they liked me." eryone had liked her just fine, ex-t Merrick. He thought she was y, he told Laurents, and "too weird." Laurents, Rome, and Weidman did to the Blue Angel that night, with-Merrick, and they asked Barbra audition four more times, all the ile trying to convince Merrick that was right for the part. Finally, the ducer yielded, and they told her would be their Miss Marmelstein. rbra Streisand would make her adway debut in a topflight pro-tion at a salary of $150 a week. h, goody!" she exclaimed. "Now I get a telephone."

Cast in the leading role of Harry Bogen was 23-year-old Elliott Gould, whose previous career height had been kicks in the choruses of *Rumple, Irma la Douce,* and *Say, Darling.* Barbra didn't Elliott initially, and he was too to ask her out at first. But he would metimes walk Barbra to the subway after rehearsals. When he finally asked for a date, Barbra recalled, "I thought he was being funny, because he was always joking around and doing nutty things." Their evening out consisted of dinner and coffee in a diner after a late rehearsal. "I found myself always laughing when Elliott was close by," Barbra said. They talked until the small hours of the morning, and as they spent more and more time together, Elliott opened up his heart to her. She was amazed at how much alike they turned out to be, far beyond the surface similarities of their profession, their Jewish faith, and their Brooklyn upbringing.



TAURUS AFFAIR
April 24, 1964: Barbra with her leading man and love interest, Sydney Chaplin, the son of Charlie, celebrating her 22nd birthday backstage after a performance of *Funny Girl.*

After Barbra ended their affair, Sydney Chaplin took to whispering "*nose*" in her ear onstage.

He had spent his childhood in a stifling two-and-a-half-room apartment he shared with his parents, Bernard and Lucille Goldstein, in the Bensonhurst section, where he had slept in the same room with them for 11 years, listening to their ever worsening battles. "That's the place where I was most vulnerable, where I began to withdraw and become self-conscious," he said. "I would have loved to have taken a bat and just destroyed every wall and every shelf and everything else in it."

He could have been talking about Barbra's life with her stepfather, Louis Kind. But as much as their commonalities captured Barbra's imagination, it was the one major difference between them that fascinated her the most: from the age of nine, Elliott Goldstein had sung and danced, pushed into lessons and auditions and recitals by his ambitious mother.

"Oh, that must have been wonderful," Barbra burbled.

"I hated everything I was doing," he replied.

When *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* opened, Barbra received rave reviews, and she was the only member of the cast or crew to win a nomination for a Tony Award. At the April 29 ceremonies in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, she

"I didn't take this to be *good!* I have to be gre



BECOMING A LEGEND
Clockwise from top left: rehearsing *Funny Girl,* 1964; backstage with Sydney Chaplin and Elliott Gould; onstage with Chaplin as Nick Arnstein to her Fanny Brice; with Broadway producer Billy Rose on opening night; at the first performance party, from left, producer Ray Stark, director Jerry Robbins, lyricist Bob Merrill, Jule Styne and Lauren Bacall; Barbra with her sister, [illegible] and mother on opening night, surrounded by fans in front of the theater; hairstylist Gene Shacove, Barbra ready to go out after a show while Gould mans the phone.







vied for best featured or supporting actress in a musical with Elizabeth Allen in *The Gay Life,* Barbara Harris in the revue *From the Second City,* and Phyllis Newman in David Merrick's other new show that season, *Subways Are for Sleeping.* Merrick sat at Newman's table, and just before the winner was announced, he leaned over to her and said, "I voted for Streisand." Nevertheless, the award went to Newman.

Barbra did, however, collect *Variety*'s New York Drama Critics Poll Award and the lion's share of that Broadway season's acclaim and publicity. She also won the leading man. Shortly after *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* opened, Elliott moved into Barbra's apartment above a seafood restaurant on Third Avenue.

It was a tiny one-bedroom cold-water flat. The only window in the living room looked out smack onto a brick wall. The bathtub sat in the middle of the kitchen, the floor was so uneven that visitors felt they were listing, and there were no closets. Barbra didn't mind. The rent was only $67.20 a month, and for the first time she had an apartment all her own.

Whenever she or Elliott bathed, they had to boil four large pots of water on the stove to keep the water hot. The rest of the time they covered the claw-footed tub with a piece of plywood and piled stacks of dirty dishes on top of it to free up counter space.

Working together and living together often put a strain on Barbra and Elliott's relationship. "We fought all the time," he said. "I wasn't always sure about what." After one disagreement, Barbra locked Elliott out of the apartment and refused to answer the door or pick up the phone to talk to him. He went home to Brooklyn. Another time he locked her out in the rain until four in the morning. When he finally opened the door, there was a wet, cold Barbra, her face awash with tears.

But always they would kiss and



FASHION PLATE
In Paris to be photographed for *Vogue* in 1966, Barbra watches the Chanel spring collection in a jaguar suit she designed herself. With her, from left, are Jacqueline Delubac, widow of the playwright Sacha Guitry; unidentified woman; the Italian movie star Elsa Martinelli; and Marlene Dietrich.

She wore a Dynel hairpiece that looked "like a cheese Danish" and a jacket with purple ostrich feathers.

On the first day of rehearsals for her next Broadway musical, *Funny Girl,* on the stage of the Winter Garden Theatre on December 10, 1963, Barbra came perilously close to being fired. Milton Rosenstock, the show's musical director, recalled in 1990 that during the initial read-through with the cast earlier that month Barbra had sung Jule Styne and Bob Merrill's score so beautifully that "she broke everybody's heart." But now, as Barbra struggled with blocking and phrasing and breathing, Rosenstock was amazed at what he saw. Christ, he thought, she can't even walk across the stage properly. And when she sang, Rosenstock felt "it was like some kid out of high school. It was all gone. Something had happened."

The producer, Ray Stark, and several of his associates watched from a few rows back. Styne and Merrill took notes. The director, Garson Kanin, studied Barbra carefully from beneath a furrowed brow as his wife, the actress Ruth Gordon, whispered comments into his ear. Barbra was supposed to end a line of a song with a dismissive "*Ecch,*" but she was overdoing it. "It's too much," Kanin called out.

Barbra froze. "What you want?" she asked.

"Make it more natura

She tried again; aga

Ruth Gordon whispered

Garson Kanin; Kanin ask

Barbra to do it once mo

"Just tell me what y

want and I'll do it!" s

pleaded.

"Well, Miss Str

zund—"

"My name is Str

sand!" Barbra snappe

At that Ray Sta

stood up and start

toward the stage. B

bra seemed near tea

"I'm trying to do eve

thing you say. I've lost my cor

dence. I don't know how to si

anymore, because I'm doing wh

you want!"

"You're doing fine," Ray Sta

said soothingly. "You're doing gooc

"I didn't take this to be *good!*" B

bra exploded. "I have to be great

nothing! Either you tell me how to

great—not good, *great*—or don't t

me *anything!*"

Stark called off the rehearsal, a

as everyone said perfunctory goo

byes, Milt Rosenstock feared t

farewells might be final. "They h

somebody already lined up to

place her," he recalled. The next mo

ing at 11, everyone regathered "in de

silence," according to Rosensto

"Kanin announced we'd pick up w

'Don't Rain on My Parade,' th

looked at Barbra and said, 'Are y

ready, Miss Strei*sand?*' "

Barbra began to sing, and as Ka

called out directions to her it

came clear that nothing had chang

"If she was supposed to move,

stood still," Rosenstock recalled.

she was supposed to face this w

she faced that way." Finally one

Stark's partners leapt from his s

and ran toward the stage. "He v

going to stop her. Jule Styne s

the guy, runs after him, and jun

on him. He pushes the guy intc

seat and tells him, 'Leave her alor

Streisand's singing, she doesn't kn

any of this is going on. Styne wl

pers to me, 'She's on fire! She's

fire!' She was burning up the sta

hitting every note.

"When she got to the end of

hug and make up, and later they'd laugh about it all. "I was madly in love with her," Elliott said. In September 1963, they were married.

ng, there was a point where she
d to take a breath or she wouldn't
able to hold the final note on that
eat big finish—'Nobody, no, no-
dy is gonna rain on my pa-a-a-
de!' She didn't take the breath,
d when she got to the note she
dn't make it. She stood there and
rted to cry. She said 'I'm sorry'
d walked away. She thought for sure
e was through.

"But the performance was so bril-
nt, and in a way not being able to
ake the final note added to the in-
nsity of the emotion she was con-
ying. Everybody just burst into
plause and cheers and bravos."

Funny Girl was the story of Fan-
Brice, the great musical comedi-
ne, and her tragic marriage to the
mbler and con man Nick Arnstein.
y Stark, the Hollywood agent, was
ice's son-in-law, and his original
an had been to turn her story into
movie, but he couldn't get financ-
g from any of the Hollywood moguls,
o were less impressed than Broad-
y veterans with Fanny Brice's long-
o stardom.

By early 1961 Stark had decid-
to tell the Brice-Arnstein story
a Broadway musical, as a sort
out-of-town tryout for the movie.
ark enlisted David Merrick as
s co-producer and Jule Styne
d Stephen Sondheim, hot off
ypsy, as composer and lyricist.
e then sent the script to Mary
artin. The star indicated her in-
rest, but Sondheim balked. "*Mary*
artin is going to play Fanny Brice?"
said to Stark. "You've gotta
ve a *Jewish* girl! And if she's
t Jewish, she at least has to have
nose!"

"Oh, c'mon, Steve," Styne answered.
We're not going to find any girl
th a nose."

Sondheim withdrew, largely be-
use he didn't want to do another
ckstage musical after *Gypsy*. Mary
artin departed as well after re-
nsidering the wisdom of playing a
mous ethnic comedienne. She also
alized that it would be difficult for
r, at nearly 50, to carry off the
ay's early scenes of Fanny as a
enager.

Three months went by without
yne's hearing a word from Ray
ark, and it was during this period,
the spring of 1962, that Styne found the girl with a nose. When Marty Erlichman became aware that *Funny Girl* was in the works, he began to badger David Merrick to give Barbra the part. Merrick urged Styne to catch Barbra's act at the Bon Soir, and she excited the composer so much that he attended every night of the three-week engagement save one. Styne had seen Barbra in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* but hadn't thought of her for *Funny Girl:* "She was very funny in that show, but it didn't look like she had the quality for a romantic story like the one Isobel Lennart had written." Seeing her at the Bon Soir changed his mind. Now he fantasized about this marvelous voice singing his songs, and he found himself writing new tunes with Barbra in mind, even though there was no guarantee she'd get the role. "I was writing the score for someone with that range, that dynamism, that sense of fun."

Styne conveyed his excitement about Barbra to Ray Stark, but Stark wanted to cast a name star who would guarantee the show a solid initial box-office take. While the producer sent out feelers to Carol Burnett, Eydie Gormé, Kaye Ballard, Shirley MacLaine, Anne Bancroft, and others, Styne began a public-relations campaign to win the role for Barbra.

At last, the following October, Ray and Fran Stark went down to the Village to see Barbra at the Bon Soir. Styne was sure that would do the trick. It didn't. Both Starks thought Barbra "too sloppy," "not chic." "That girl will never play my mother," Fran said. "My mother was something special."

But after Jerome Robbins, then the show's director, saw Barbra's act, he too began to argue for her, and he persuaded Stark to have Barbra come in for an audition. It did not go well. Still, Robbins found Barbra fascinating despite her apparent dramatic deficiencies, and he understood when she explained that she couldn't weep where he wanted her to because the words as written hadn't touched her. He called her back seven times. "As far as I'm concerned," he told her at last, "you *are* Fanny Brice." Ray Stark finally saw the inevitable, too.

By the time *Funny Girl* went into rehearsals, Barbra's meteoric rise to stardom as a singer on records, in nightclubs, and as a guest on television variety shows over the prior year had brought the public's interest in her to a keen pitch, and advance bookings were already in the millions of dollars. Casting had been completed with Sydney Chaplin, the handsome 38-year-old son of screen legend Charlie Chaplin, set to play Nick Arnstein, and Kay Medford cast as Fanny's mother, Rose. By then, too, the show had a new director in Garson Kanin—who had stepped in after Jerry Robbins quit over book problems and Bob Fosse had come and gone—and just one producer when David Merrick sold his share of the show to Ray Stark after a bitter disagreement between the two men.

Merrick's departure created a potentially disastrous problem because Barbra had signed her contract with him, not with Ray Stark. Without Merrick, *Funny Girl* had no Streisand, and Stark likely had no show. David Begelman and Freddie Fields, Barbra's agents, smelled an opportunity, and they upped the ante for her to re-sign with Stark on the theory that she was a far more valuable commodity now than she had been six months earlier when she signed her contract. They told Stark that Barbra wanted an increase in her weekly salary from $1,500 to $7,500, a chauffeured limousine, a personal hairdresser, and free daily meals for her and Elliott.

Stark finally agreed to raise Barbra's salary to $5,000, but he agreed to none of her other demands, and the sometimes acrimonious negotiations left each wary of the other. Stark resented what he saw as Barbra's agents' hardball tactics; Barbra thought him niggardly in light of how important she clearly could be to the success of his long-held dream to bring his mother-in-law's story to life. The volatile love-hate relationship between Barbra and Stark, which would extend from Broadway to Hollywood and cover more than 12 years and seven productions, had begun.

On January 13, 1964, *Funny Girl* had

its first out-of-town tryout, at the Shubert Theatre in Boston. It was a disaster, partly because Barbra's performance was uneven and uninspired.

Erasmus Hall High School alumna Lainie Kazan, Barbra's understudy, confirmed that Ray Stark interviewed actresses to replace Streisand at this point. Kazan was privy to that, she said, "because I was one of the people they talked to." For Lainie, a Broadway novice, the experience of working on *Funny Girl* was an eye-opener. "It was like going to war. There were hirings and firings and accidents. There were a lot of power struggles. I was in shock. And it must have been overwhelming for Barbra. But she got through it because she was a strong-willed, feisty little thing."

Fearful of being dismissed, Barbra became more obsessive than ever about being "great." After one of the Boston matinees, Garson Kanin returned to the theater and was surprised to find Barbra kneeling on the apron of the stage, singing "Don't Rain on My Parade" at full throttle. He went down to the footlights and called out, "Barbra, wait a minute." She stopped, startled. "Barbra," Kanin said, "you've just played a whole tough, long matinee. And in about an hour and a half you'll have to be back here again starting to get ready. You should be in your hotel room, resting."

"Goddamnit!" Barbra shouted. "I gotta get this fucking thing right! Jesus Christ!"

Kanin backed off. "All right. It's your life and your career. Do what you want."

That evening, Kanin recalled, Barbra apologized for blowing up at him. "I didn't mean to do that," she said. "But that whole number was getting so fucked up. And the tempo! Jesus, I thought it was my fault. But it was that goddamned asshole in the pit. Jesus Christ!"

"Kanin's not telling me what to do!" Barbra wailed to Marty Erlichman. "I need direction! If he ever tells me is everything fine!" Erlichman sat down and had a drink with the director and relayed Barbra's concerns. "What are you going to tell her more—like what to do?"

"She doesn't need to be told what to do," Kanin replied. "She knows what to do. I'm only gonna tell her what *not* to do." Kanin's approach might have worked with a veteran such as Mary Martin or Ethel Merman, but it wasn't working with Barbra. Something had to be done, and Barbra knew what it was: she needed Allan Miller to coach her.

Ray Stark gulped when she told him this: "O.K.," he replied, "but you can't let Garson know. I don't want to offend him."

"But Allan will have to come to the theater and watch the performance," Barbra protested.

"Well, tell everyone he's your cousin or something."

Masquerading as Barbra's lawyer cousin from California, Miller watched a performance, and his heart sank. "She looked like a rank amateur," he recalled. "The scenes between her and Sydney Chaplin were awful. They stood onstage during these supposedly intimate moments and there was a chasm between them."

According to Miller, another major problem was that audiences weren't responding to Barbra's rendition of "People." There was a real risk that the song, which Jule Styne expected would top the pop charts, might be dropped from the show. "Barbra was singing it the same way all the way through, with no connection at all to the lyrics," Miller said. "And she was singing it out to the audience, rather than to Sydney. We worked on all that, and the next night—all of this exploration had to be done before live audiences in Boston—she sang the song very differently. Sydney Chaplin looked at her like 'What the hell's going on?' And Milton Rosenstock didn't know what she was going to do. She was so halting in the beginning—which was right for the song—that Rosenstock didn't know how to keep the orchestra in sync with her. He just had them stop playing and she sang a cappella.

"When she got to the phrase 'two people, two very special people,' she turned to Sydney and sang the rest of the song only to him. It was magical, touching, real. I could see Sydney smiling, he really got caught up



BIG WINNER
A thoroughly polished Barbra turns to Elliott Gould at the reception dinner at the Beverly Hilton after the 41st Annual Academy Awards. Her Oscar—she tied with Katharine Hepburn—is on the table in front of her.



"Every age has its Super Lady . . .
Sarah Bernhardt. Gertrude Lawrence.
Judy Garland. Well, we've got ours.
Her name is Barbra."

in what this girl was doing. At the end of the number, the audience was on their feet. It stopped the show."

By the time *Funny Girl* got to Philadelphia early in February, Barbra and Sydney Chaplin were enmeshed in an affair. Barbra had said to Elliott six months earlier, arguing against marriage, "I have to sow my oats," and Sydney Chaplin—handsome, dapper, charming, a ladies' man—proved too attractive for her to resist. With Chaplin's wife Noelle back in France and Elliott at home in New York a good deal of the time, Chaplin and Barbra began a discreet romance, dining alone after the show and having rendezvous in each other's hotel rooms.

Years later Elliott said that when he first heard of the affair he confronted Barbra, and she readily admitted that she and Chaplin were involved. Barbra's infidelity, needless to say, put a strain on the Goulds' barely five-month-old marriage.

By now, a buzz had come out of *Funny Girl*'s Philadelphia tryout—that Barbra Streisand's performance had evolved into a stunner. It was at this time that Allan Miller saw Barbra give "the most surpassingly beautiful performance I've ever seen on a musical-comedy stage." He had been working with her daily, refining her interpretation of Fanny, developing the nuances that make a characterization memorable.

After this performance, Miller recalled, Ray Stark, Jule Styne, Bob Merrill, and Milton Rosenstock went to Barbra's dressing room. "They said to her, 'Barbra, if we ever had any doubts about you, please forgive us. You are golden. Anything you want is yours.' And they literally bowed down in front of this 21-year-old girl for this incredible performance."

The next night, as he watched Barbra's performance, Miller was even more stunned. "She tried to do everything the same from the night before, and it was a travesty. It was unhuman, unfeeling. Nothing worked. She was indicating, not feeling. Ray Stark stormed out of the theater in the middle of it."

The night after that, Miller felt Barbra had brought the performance about two-thirds of the way back, but that evidently wasn't enough for Ray Stark. According to Miller, "Stark came zooming back to her dressing room and flung open the door. He barreled in and barked at me, 'You get out of here!' And then he *screamed* at Barbra [illegible]. 'You goddamned fucking little bitch! How did I trust you? You'll never work in the theater again! I want Monday night's performance back!'"

"What are you yelling at me about?" Barbra wailed.

"I'm yelling at you because it's my show. I own you."

"You don't own me! You get out of here. My throat is hurting, and I don't want to yell. Fuck you! Get out!"

Stark was shocked. "You can't say that to me!"

"This is my dressing room. And I'm saying it to you! *Fuck you!* Get out!" Stark stormed out, slamming the door behind him. Barbra looked at Miller wide-eyed. "Did you hear what I said to him?"

"Good!" Miller said.

Barbra giggled. "Do you think I should call the others in and say it to them, too?"

"No, you don't need to do that," Miller replied.

"Wow," Barbra whispered. "I really said 'Fuck you!' to Ray Stark!"

"When Barbra opened on Broadway," Shana Alexander wrote in a *Life*-magazine profile, "the entire gorgeous, rattletrap show-business Establishment blew sky-high." Barbra's performance was electric, thrilling—due partly to Jerry Robbins, who had returned as director—and her audiences knew that they were witnessing an extraordinary melding of performer and role. As they cheered Fanny on through poverty to stardom and love and loss, they also cheered Barbra's incredible rise from a housing project in Brooklyn to the top of her profession. It was the start of the Streisand cult.

The fame and the adulation that *Funny Girl* brought Barbra staggered her. Two weeks after the show opened, an evocative portrait of her by the artist Henry Koerner graced the cover of *Time* magazine, placing her among a select group of entertainers so honored by a publication that then generally featured scientists and statesmen on its cover. The six-page article, complete with color photos, rare in that era, was headlined simply "The Girl."

And then there was Elliott. Barbra's phenomenal success had swept him up in its current, and often now he felt adrift. He could laugh, he professed, about being called "Mr. Streisand," but her total professional dominance over him was harder to accept. "To have a relationship with someone as successful as Barbra made it difficult for me to face or find myself," he said. Their world revolved around Barbra now. Everything seeme be in her service, including Elliott. waited for her in their car every nigh ter the show, ready to drive her home.

He had a lot of time on his ha time he often spent playing three-r pickup basketball games in Manha schoolyards. He also became deeply volved in gambling on sporting event bet on every game on the boards, t sands on a game," he told *Playbo* 1970. "I wasn't very successful." Eve ally he would lose nearly $50,000 on football season. And every night Broadway his wife played a wo whose success overshadowed that of husband, an inveterate gambler on a ing streak. Onstage, art was imita Fanny and Nick's life, and offstage bra and Elliott's life was imitating art liott told himself that his idleness wa service to his love, that he needed t tend to his marriage. "Possibly that me an excuse not to look for work," admitted. "I was afraid I wouldn't g afraid to go out on my own."

As if to complete this sorry syndr Elliott's few efforts to strike out or own failed. Less than a month after bra opened in *Funny Girl,* he flew t maica to appear in a film, *The Co sion,* along with Ginger Rogers and Milland. The budget was low, his pa a deaf-mute who is miraculously cure the end of the story was small, and picture was shelved for seven years it came and soon went under the *Quick, Let's Get Married.* Later, E did not list it among his credits.

In June 1964, *Once upon a Mattre* television version of the Princess an Pea legend which Elliott had tape March, was aired on CBS. It was a ings success, but Elliott's role as Prince was largely forgotten in the of Carol Burnett's hilarious comic pe mance as the Princess. While Barbr gotiated a $5 million deal with the network for a series of specials o own, Elliott received no other offe television work.

One night during the opening ba "People," Barbra's eyes fell on ney Chaplin's face and she lost her centration, and very nearly her pla the song. Chaplin, his back to the ence, was grunting and mumbling scenities at her, loudly enough so she feared the audience could hear Shocked and disconcerted, she barel through the song. "He would actual talking to try to upstage her whil was singing 'People,'" cast member

reisand

Gerard recalled. "He would be doing gs that were so ridiculous and so am-ur-night-in-Dixie."

A few days earlier, Barbra had ended affair with Chaplin, and he was highly leased. "It was a scorned affair," Chap-s understudy, George Reeder, recalled, d they were at each other's throats."

Chaplin continued to vex Barbra, and September Ray Stark called the two s into a meeting. Barbra pleaded with aplin to tell her what she was doing ng. All he would say was that the ing of the show was terrible.

During intimate scenes, George Ree- recalled, Chaplin took to whispering se" into Barbra's ear. At one intermis-, she ran back to her dressing room in s, and the stage manager, Tom Stone, to use all his powers of persuasion to her to return for the second act.

The battles escalated. Finally Barbra ided that she had no recourse but to g Chaplin up on charges before Ac-' Equity. There was a hearing, but no on was taken against him. According Reeder, "Sydney could be such a rming and witty man that he just t in and charmed the pants off the ity Committee. Barbra was angry, she came off a little bit aggressive abrasive, and here was this tall, dsome, ingratiating man giving his of things. Barbra didn't have a nce."

But she got her revenge, Reeder re-ed. At the end of the "You Are man, I Am Man" number, after Fan-falls back on a chaise longue and ky starts to kiss her, a blackout cur-would come down as the set moved tage to make room for the next scene. ere was a heavy lead pipe sewn into bottom of the curtain," Reeder re-ed, "and Sydney and I were warned to p our heads down, because if we lifted n up too soon we risked getting ked on the noggin with this pipe as curtain fell.

"Well, this one performance, as Syd-was pretending to nuzzle and kiss bra's neck at the end of the scene, he l 'nose' to her again. She bit his neck lly hard, and he reared his head up. pipe hit him. Everybody was going e you all right?' and he said, 'Yeah, fine.' But then when he came down n his dressing room for his next ne, he stopped on the stairs and said, , my God, I don't think I can do .' He felt really dizzy, and it turned out he had a concussion. So I had to go on for him."

In June 1965, Chaplin left the production. Johnny Desmond, younger and better-looking, stepped into the Arnstein role.

Barbra's recording career kept pace with her Broadway stardom throughout 1964. It had taken Marty Erlichman more than a year to convince Columbia Records that Barbra wasn't "too special" to be commercial, and her first two albums made her the best-selling female vocalist in America. *Barbra Streisand/The Third Album,* released in February, rose to No. 5 on the pop charts and went gold a year later. The mostly classic songs highlighted the beauty of her voice as much as her second album had showcased its theatricality. Two months later the original-cast recording of the *Funny Girl* score hit the stores. The excitement the show had generated and Barbra's growing legion of fans propelled the album to No. 2. The sales of all four of Barbra's albums were bolstered considerably in May when *The Barbra Streisand Album* won the Grammy Award as album of the year and Barbra was chosen best female vocalist. She remains the youngest recipient of both awards.

Despite the stunning impact Barbra had made on Broadway, the Tony eluded her again when the best-actress-in-a-musical award went to Broadway veteran Carol Channing for her role as Dolly Levi in David Merrick's production of *Hello, Dolly!*

Barbra reached a new recording milestone in September when her fourth studio album, *People,* climbed to the No. 1 position on the *Billboard* "Top LP's" chart, helped along by the sales and airplay of Streisand's first bona fide hit single, a new recording of the title tune. It was a remarkable accomplishment in an era dominated by the Beatles—Barbra knocked *A Hard Day's Night* out of the top-album spot—but understandable both in terms of the excitement surrounding Streisand and the album's quality. Arguably her best recording to date, *People* featured songs of unusual musical and narrative depth which highlighted the richness her voice continued to acquire. Had there been any thought that Streisand might be a flash in the pan, *People* put it to rest. The record won Barbra her second consecutive Grammy as best female vocalist.

By the end of 1964, Barbra Streisand had become a very rich woman. Her *Funny Girl* salary tallied up to more than a quarter of a million dollars a year, and the annual royalties from her record sales amounted to at least that. On top of it all she had just signed a $5 million contract with CBS to star in five television specials.

In March 1965, Marty Erlichman, David Begelman, and CBS programming chief Michael Dann had a meeting at the Four Seasons restaurant in Manhattan. Dann had just screened *My Name Is Barbra,* in which Streisand turned the concept of television specials on its head with a one-woman tour de force of celestial singing and audacious comedy. As Marty slid onto the leather banquette, he wondered just how effusive Dann's praise would be.

"Let me get this out of the way," Dann began. "I just saw the special, and in one fell swoop you're gonna ruin this girl's career." Marty's eyes widened, and his astonished gaze went from Dann to Begelman and back again.

"That show is gonna do *daytime* ratings," Dann went on. "It's gonna be blasted by the critics. We've got a firm airdate that we can't move, so here's what I think you should do to save the show. I would re-arrange the three sections of it and put the second one first, where she does the comedy monologue. I mean, how dare you take this girl, with a name nobody's even gonna be able to pronounce, and allow her to open up a TV show by singing for 17 straight minutes before she even says hello to the audience?"

Marty couldn't believe that Dann, who must have been speaking for others at CBS as well, hadn't seen the quality of Barbra's show. He told Dann he was dead wrong and offered to void the entire CBS deal. "Daytime numbers? She'll double them. It will be the highest-rated variety special this year. And reviews? She'll win every award." Marty could afford to hold his ground, because Barbra had complete creative control over her special and was answerable only to the network censors. *My Name Is Barbra* would be shown as it was or not at all.

On April 25, three nights before the show aired, Barbra made a rare promotional appearance on the venerable quiz show *What's My Line?* As a mystery guest, Streisand signed in on a blackboard, and she immediately managed to plug her special by boldly scrawling "My Name Is Barbra." Before a blindfolded panel composed of the actors Tony Randall and Arlene Francis, the publisher Bennett Cerf, and the columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, Barbra attempted to obscure her voice by responding in Italian to questions designed to determine her identity. It didn't work; she was rec-

ognized quickly, thanks in part to continuous cheers from the studio audience.

The following Wednesday, April 28, Barbra and the entire *Funny Girl* cast crowded into her dressing room to watch the first 15 minutes of the special during their intermission. "Finally the big moment came—nine o'clock!" Barbra said. "But there was no *singing,* there was no *picture.* My first television special and the engineer had forgotten to push the button to start the show! I couldn't believe it!" Streisand the perfectionist recalled the moment as being more dramatic than it really was. Only the first second and a half of the show was missed, and it was barely noticed by anyone but Barbra.

After she completed that night's performance of *Funny Girl,* Barbra, accompanied by Elliott and Marty, swept into a cocktail party in her honor hosted by Bergdorf Goodman owner Andrew Goodman in his 22-room penthouse above the store. Sybil Burton, Bill Blass, and Arlene Francis joined most of Manhattan's high society in singing Streisand's praises. Wearing a jeweled evening gown in paisley voile, with long, silver-painted fingernails to match, Barbra accepted the compliments graciously, but soon repaired nervously to a bedroom, where early reviews of the show were read to her over the phone. The first one was an ecstatic rave, but Barbra's reaction to it surprised the guests. "They must be more specific," she fretted to no one in particular. "I want to know everything."

"Everything" turned out to be all that Barbra could have hoped for. The majority opinion was echoed by a review by Rick du Brow of United Press International that has become a milestone in the Streisand lore. The special, he felt, was "a pinnacle moment of American show business, in any form, in any period. She is so great, it is shocking, something like being in love. . . . She may well be the most supremely talented and complete popular entertainer that this country has ever produced. . . . She sang . . . but that is as complete as saying Tolstoy was a writer. . . . She touches you to your toes, and then she knocks you out."

For days afterward critical raves continued to pour into Marty Erlichman's office, but his favorite response came from Mike Dann, the man who weeks earlier had told him the show would ruin Barbra's career. Dann's phone call was the first one he got the morning after the show aired. "I apologize," Dann said simply. "I was wrong." By the end of the week it was clear Marty had been right about the viewership too. *My Name Is Barbra* got a terrific 35.6 percent share of the viewing audience.

The importance of *My Name Is Barbra* to the broadening appeal of Barbra Streisand can scarcely be overstated. She looked beautiful on the show, and within days of the airing, teenage girls in high schools across America proudly sported exaggerated eye makeup and blunt-cut pageboys while they struggled to grow their fingernails to "dragon lady" lengths. Barbra Streisand had truly become a national phenomenon.

To no one's surprise, *My Name Is Barbra* received six Emmy nominations, and at ceremonies held simultaneously in New York and Hollywood on September 12, 1965, the show won five of the awards, including outstanding program achievement in entertainment and outstanding individual achievement by an actor or performer. Looking a bit zaftig but tanned and glowing, Barbra accepted her Emmy with relaxed good cheer. "I think I have a run in my stocking," she quipped. "Of all nights!" She told the audience that she used to watch award shows as a little girl only "to see who showed up drunk." She then announced that she had figured out she would have to perform in *Funny Girl* for 58 years to be seen by as many people as had watched *My Name Is Barbra.*

Before Barbra went to Hollywood to make the film of *Funny Girl* with producer Ray Stark and director William Wyler, she gave birth to Jason Gould, on December 29, 1966. The filming of her Broadway triumph took a year, and in the course of that time history repeated itself. Once again she became involved with the handsome actor playing Nick Arnstein, in this case Omar Sharif. Once again, the affair did not last.

On September 18, 1968, *Funny Girl* had its world premiere at Manhattan's Criterion Theater. Barbra sat with Ray Stark and Marty Erlichman and fidgeted nervously. She had arrived with Elliott, looking every inch the movie star in a nude-colored net gown and cape designed by her favorite couturier, Arnold Scaasi, and a towering wig in the French Directoire style. Surrounded by a dozen burly bodyguards, she made her way regally up the red carpet leading to the theater entrance as fans cheered, flashbulbs popped, and reporters hurled questions.

In the weeks that followed, the public flocked to the picture. It grossed nearly $60 million, an enormous sum for period, and *Funny Girl* remained am the top 20 all-time moneymaking mo for years.

"Every age has its Super Lady," Reed wrote in *Women's Wear D* "Other ages had Lillian Russell Sarah Bernhardt and Gertrude Lawr and Helen Morgan and Judy Garl Well, we've got ours. Her name is Ba and whether we like it or not, all t monstrous things she keeps doing to ple out of fear and insecurity only n her more exciting on screen. Wher that talent comes to a boiling, raging rocious head of fireball steam, as it in *Funny Girl,* bad publicity pales in glow of her extraordinary genius."

Funny Girl played for more than a at exclusive-run theaters in the Un States before going into wider genera lease—an unprecedented success. Ba had achieved her greatest dream: now was indeed a *movie star.* She had quered every major realm of show ness, and she might have been the ha est woman in the world. But in a s real Hollywood cliché, her marriage come to an end.

The Goulds made a joint annou ment of their separation on Februar 1969. Barbra seemed to hope for an tual reconciliation. "We are separatin to destroy our marriage, but to save she told a reporter. Conventional wis had it that the Gould marriage wa stroyed by one partner's career's expl while the other's languished. Certainly was part of the problem. (Perhaps the aration freed Elliott to achieve suc The following year, he made the cov *Time* after his huge success in Rober man's film *M*A*S*H.*)

Later, Elliott intimated that the fa of his marriage had more to do with bra's deep-seated psychological prob than with her success. "I don't think knew how to love me back," he to British reporter, Corinna Horan. "She incapable of real love because she had it from her father." He said he once told her, "Your mother thinks tion is something people use to get s thing," and she had replied, "That's am the way I am."

Over the years, Barbra would b silent on the reasons for the breaku Elliott would be talkative. Her only ment was that she was "so deeply we ed" during her marriage that "I thou would never give myself to any again. . . . We did nothing but battl and night."

espite the breakup, Barbra asked Elliott to escort her to the 41st Annual ademy Awards ceremony at the Doro- Chandler Pavilion on April 14, 1969. *nny Girl* had been nominated for eight cars, including best picture and best ac- ss. The other nominees in the last cate- ry were Katharine Hepburn for *The n in Winter,* Patricia Neal for *The Sub- t Was Roses,* Joanne Woodward for *chel, Rachel,* and Vanessa Redgrave for *dora.*

When Ingrid Bergman began to read best-actress nominees, Barbra stared mbly straight ahead. Bergman opened envelope and gasped. "The winner is . It's a tie! The winners are Katharine pburn . . . and Barbra Streisand!" It s the first Oscar tie for acting since 32. Barbra turned joyfully to Elliott d ran up to the stage, tripping briefly er the hem of her sequined see-through ck net pantsuit.

Jack Brodsky, Columbia's head publi- t, had suggested her opening line—one had used in the film. "Hello, gor- ous!" she exclaimed as she held the ld-plated statuette aloft. "I'm very hon- d to be in such magnificent company Katharine Hepburn. Gee whiz, it's ne kind of wild feeling. Sitting there ight I was thinking that the first script *Funny Girl* was written when I was ly 11 years old. Thank God it took so g to get it right, you know? I would e to thank my co-producer, Ray Stark, waiting until I grew up."

Six weeks later Barbra opened at the concert theater of the spanking-new International Hotel in Las Vegas, Kirk Kerkorian's $60 million, 30-floor, 1,500-room hotel and casino, the largest in the world. Kerkorian wanted the country's biggest star to open this lavish playground in style, and he first approached Elvis Presley. Presley's manager, Colonel Tom Parker, turned the offer down, unwilling to let his client take the risk of appearing at a brand-new facility before all the inevitable problems with sound, lighting, acoustics, and logistics had been ironed out. "Let somebody else stick his neck out," Parker said, then agreed that Elvis would follow whoever opened the hotel. When Kerkorian offered Barbra $100,000 a week and enough stock in the hotel to make her four-week engagement worth $1 million, she decided to stick her neck out.

Elvis Presley was scheduled to follow Barbra at the International—an engagement that would be a triumphant comeback—and he caught her next-to-last show. Barbra, looking ravishing in a flowing pink diaphanous gown and a curly blond wig, introduced him to the audience, and afterward he went backstage to meet her. One of Barbra's musicians, Don Lamond, passed him in the hallway and was impressed by how good the 34-year-old Presley, who had been out of the public eye for a while, looked. "I think he was the handsomest guy I ever saw. This was before he got bloated and all that stuff. My wife said she couldn't believe how fantastic he looked. He went into Barbra's dressing room, and they got together."

Years later Barbra's longtime lover, Jon Peters, revealed in an unpublished interview the extraordinary scene that followed, recounted to him by Barbra. She was alone, sitting at her dressing table. After Elvis closed the door behind him, he said simply, "Hi," and an awkward silence followed. Suddenly he reached over and picked up a bottle of red nail polish from the vanity table. Without a word, he fell to one knee, took Barbra's hand in his, and began, slowly and painstakingly, to apply bright-crimson polish to Barbra's tapering fingernails.

The intimacy of the gesture, the supplication of it, stunned Barbra, who stared in fascination as Elvis worked, and when he finished, she mumbled, "Thank you." An associate of Presley's, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, claimed that the intimacy between Barbra and the King of Rock 'n' Roll didn't end there. "Elvis told me that he spent the night with Streisand in her suite. I guess he was kind of bragging. Elvis didn't say how long he and Barbra stayed involved, and I made it a policy never to press him for details about anything. But I have the feeling it was a pretty fleeting thing. One of the books about him said that when he saw her show he said, 'She sucks,' but that's bull. He talked as though he worshiped her. I was absolutely amazed by what he told me. Barbra Streisand and the King! Wow."

That year Barbra Streisand turned 27. □

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ingrich

ontinued from page 154) and one of the ys' wives with her head in his lap going and down. Newt kind of turned and ve me his little-boy smile. Fortunately, ckie Sue and Kathy were a lot younger d shorter then."

The conventional line on Newt's politi- cal ambitions is that he has been sin- e-mindedly determined to gain the eakership. In fact, he started planning run for president 20 years ago.

In November 1976, ignoring the minor back of having just lost his second cam- ign for Congress, he and his acolytes be- n to plot a presidential run scheduled for 00 or 2004. According to a close source, Ve were all discussing the timing, his age, rking out the one-term and two-term esidencies in between. I think the plan is ll going. I think he will be president."

As is his habit, Newt is apparently toying with the notion of accelerating his schedule. So I ask him about some of the scenarios now floating around Washington.

"Some, even your mother, say Bob Dole looks old. By fall he may look older."

Newt chuckles. He does not defend his fellow Republican. (Eddie Mahe, one of Newt's advisers, has told me that Newt well understands that it is in his interest to see Bill Clinton re-elected if he doesn't run himself.)

"Some say it's in your interest to have a weak president to kick around for four more years," I propose.

Newt arches back in mock shock. "Only a city as cynical as Washington could come up with that. . . . I can't imagine anyone who knows me well who would say that. I don't operate that way."

"Suppose," I say to the Speaker, "in late fall the Republicans come to you and say, 'Look, we've got a vacuum, and we really need you to fill this hole.'"

"The last genuine draft for the presidency was in 1789, and he was sitting on Mount Vernon. Think about it this way. This is a moment in time when there's an enormous vacuum, and the baby-boomers know it. . . . We'd better get this country back together again, or they're not going to be able to retire." Newt then verbalizes what sounds like the basis for his own internal debate: "You could spend the next 18 months as one of a number of decent, hardworking people trying to be president, which is an entire job of its own. Or you could spend the same number of months leading 230 other members of the House and framing the environment of the presidential campaign so that the whole team can go in."

Tentatively, he muses that he would probably have a bigger net impact being the Speaker of the House. But in that role he's merely a featured player in the upcoming presidential epic. Wouldn't he

rather star as Newt the McPherson? He comes back with bombast—but puts off the choice: "I care about driving and getting this country back together. This country is desperate for leadership."

The General Patton style of leadership which allows Newt to see a hole and drive straight through it does not lend itself to winning friends or building lasting coalitions based on loyalty. His self-confessed people problem—the inability to connect easily with others—could handicap him in ascending to a higher platform. It may even be a problem already. One of the shrewdest Democratic movers in recent congressional memory defines the Speaker's position in terms of "no depth of loyalty" from his party in Congress. "And he doesn't show loyalty, either."

"Newt reads books," says Eddie Mahe. "He doesn't do friendship." Newt's former best friend in Congress, Vin Weber, has also admitted that Newt has problems with interpersonal relationships. "I told him so every day," Weber remarks.

"He always tried to be one of the boys," says Kip Carter. "He never quite was." To illustrate the point, Carter tells a down-home kind of story from the 1970s. Newt and Carter, who was then his campaign treasurer, used to barbecue hogs in the Gingriches' driveway in Carrollton, Georgia. They would go to a friend's farm and pick out a hog—and shoot it.

"One day, Newt says to me, 'I need to be the one to kill the hog. It's only right, just morally.'"

Carter showed Newt how to use a Walther P-38, a W.W. II German pistol. "I said, 'Put some corn in your left hand. When the pig comes over to get it, put the pistol against his head and shoot him between his eyes.'

"So the pig comes over and he starts eating," says Carter. "Newt flinches as the round hits the pig on the side of the head and ricochets down." But the shot only stunned the hog and sent it fleeing back into the pen. "Newt keeps trying to get this pig to come back to him. Newt's getting madder and madder. I said to him, 'You just shot the son of a bitch in the head, Newt, why do you think he's gonna come to you?'"

Carter recalls urging [illegible] arms, "'You gotta get [illegible] hogpen, and go get him.' But [illegible] wouldn't do it. So I ended up go[illegible] the pen and killing the hog."

Unlike Bill Clinton, Newt Gingrich cannot easily transmit empathy to the camera or a gathered audience. Like Nixon, he does not easily communicate sympathy, trustworthiness, or compassion. His eyes do not meet the camera. He meets the world with the gaze of an outsider whose attention is inwardly engaged. People willingly give to Newt for quite an extended period of time because they are electrified by his tenacity and vision. But as time passes and they expect their relationship with the man to deepen, it doesn't. And when he is finished using them, he moves on, discarding former loyalists like so much used ammo. Gingrich routinely dismisses any negative public statements as the work of disgruntled former employees, but the depth of feeling among his former allies is remarkable. "There *are* no former disgruntled employees," says Dot Crews. "We're all just sorry that we ever went to work for him in the first place and that we didn't get out sooner."

Ladonna Lee, president of the Eddie Mahe Company, did many projects with Newt in the 80s. She sums up one aspect of his people problem this way: "He's a very tough taskmaster. A lot of different people who have been his chief of staff or A.A., no matter how well they do, it's never enough. "

Newt's style of leadership, described by Eddie Mahe as "the mountaintop philosophy," may be a further complication. Says Ladonna Lee, "He would always get people started on a project or a vision, and we're all slugging up the mountain to accomplish it. Newt's nowhere to be found. . . . He's gone on to the next mountaintop."

Echoes Dolores Adamson, "He would say, 'You have to understand that I am a think tank, I can save the West, and when I come up with a new idea, we need to move on it immediately.' We'd have this big project going, and all of a sudden it just faded away. Everybody went into swarms to try and get something accomplished. And then he turned on them and did something else."

Vin Weber says, "I never saw a lot of crackpot ideas, I saw a lot of good ideas. But there was difficulty in assessing a cost-benefit ratio. Even if every idea is good, resources are limited. With Newt, it didn't matter if we were overreaching, we had to do *everything*."

In 1978, in the G.O.P.'s first election [illegible]ry in rural Georgia this century, [illegible]n Leroy Gingrich was elected to [illegible]gress. Party pros dubbed "the $1,000 suits" by the Georgia good old boys, town to offer tips to the new star. without them, Newt had already pressed no less than Eddie Mahe, t deputy chairman of the Republican tional Committee. Mahe well remem the summer afternoon in the mid- when he first met the young politic Hot sun was pouring through his of window; Newt was dressed in sky-b polyester pants and a madras jac "How did this dork get in here?" M thought. Then the visitor began to sp the unknown renegade sweating it ou polyester impressed the seasoned c paign strategist with a shrewd, con ("Three points—boom, boom, boom") sessment of his Democratic foe in G gia. Mahe saw a very live wire—and gan to spread the word.

The 1978 victory closed a remarka ugly campaign which foreshadowed next chapter in the annals of Newt, had now begun his metamorphosis the Che Guevara of conservatism. I ing a recent interview with David Fr Gingrich was asked about a leaflet— of his '78 "Let Our Family Repre Your Family" campaign—which said if Newt's Democratic opponent, Virg Shapard, were elected she would hav break up her family to move to D.C. hire a nanny to assume her materna sponsibilities. Newt maintained that leaflet was sent out without his kn edge by an operative he later force resign—Kip Carter. "It was a mistak have used it, and I would have told at the time, frankly," Newt maintai Carter says that the candidate himself only approved the leaflet but was als volved in television advertising whe Shapard stand-in was shown "wearin iron bracelet that looked like she longed to the SS."

The family-values campaign m have seemed a bit risky to some ca dates who had done a bit of philande But Newt, it appears, does not see self as vulnerable to the trip wires tha snare others. His blind spot may b own perceived invulnerability, his fai his ability to *always* manipulate opi By the time the Gingriches move Washington, however, at least one loyalist, his wife, was no longer sw by Newt's bluster. When a friend p visit, she found Jackie and Newt qu ing about his refusal to dump the tra was the classic argument of the won saying, "When you go to the Hill, are the god that everyone waits on when you come home . . . It's still job to be part of the family!"

Jackie had reason to make demands. n sure Jackie's income as a teacher s very essential between 1970 and '9," says Richard Dangle, Newt's n at West Georgia. "Most of their in- ne went into Newt's political cam- gns." According to Dangle, Newt's istant professor's salary of $11,000 s cut by a third each time he took a ve to run for Congress.

During 1979 and 1980, Newt Gingrich— pite his political success—entered a peri- of crisis. He almost, to borrow a phrase, ped out." "He went through a real vn period, ducked his head, retreated n the battlefield," says Eddie Mahe. Ac- ding to other sources, Newt was drink- heavily. "There were people concerned ut his stability," says Kip Carter.

'It was a very, very bad period of my ," Newt has admitted. "It had been ing steadily worse. I ultimately wound at a point where probably suicide, or ng insane, or divorce were the last ee options." In April 1980, he told kie, who was suffering from uterine cer, that he was filing for divorce.

He was soon having an affair with a man known to a member of his staff as e mystery lady." Fifteen years younger n Newt's wife, she had "big cow eyes," s one former congressman. It was the ire Marianne Gingrich, whom Newt l met at a Republican fund-raiser in io in January of 1980.

Newt tried to explain what he was go- through to his mother. She remem- s his words: "He said, 'I'm going to l with Jackie.' I asked, 'But why?' He l no idea. He said, 'I'm either going to a divorce or I'm going to have a ner- is breakdown. I can't take it.'" Kit ls, "I've often wondered if she had tak- that weight off maybe they would still together."

One of the "$1,000 suits" from Wash- ton suggests that Newt's attitude might "a delayed adolescent rebellion." But ther observer cites a different factor. e thought that she was not transferable sophisticated Washington, which he nsidered himself—Mr. Backwater—to be e to manage."

Dot Crews learned about the divorce m Newt himself. "I was driving him e day, and . . . I asked if there was an- er woman, knowing full well that re was one." He denied it. But Crews lized, "You don't ask children ques- ns you know they're going to have to about."

For some time, Jackie tried to hold on. e can say that we had been talking ut it for 10 years, but the truth is that it came as a complete surprise," she told Lois Romano of *The Washington Post.* "He walked out in the spring of 1980. . . . By September, I went into the hospital for my third surgery. The two girls came to see me, and said, 'Daddy is downstairs. Could he come up?' When he got there, he wanted to discuss the terms of the divorce while I was recovering from my surgery."

Jackie's divorce lawyer, Edward Bates, expected that Newt would want to have the divorce handled quietly and diplomatically. But it started off very badly. "We went to court to get the basic financial necessities met." The utilities were about to be cut off—it was dire. Jackie's testimony at a hearing to determine alimony—revealing Newt's $34,000 personal debt, his spending habits, his refusal to pay forwarded bills—appeared in detail on the front page of the hometown newspaper, the *Carroll County Georgian,* on October 23, 1980. It was two weeks before Newt's bid for re-election to Congress.

"Holy shit, how are we going to survive this?" was the first reaction of Frank Gregorsky, then a staffer for the National Republican Congressional Committee who worked in the Gingrich camp. But as it turned out, Newt carried the county and added to his majority in the rest of the district. Gregorsky developed a theory: "There must have been some quiet, angry white males out there . . . who felt trashed by women. He now had a badge of honor."

The slim, dark-haired stranger who began to appear around the Gingrich congressional office about the time of Ronald Reagan's inauguration in 1981 did not impress all the members of the Gingrich team.

"Well, I don't want to be unkind to her, but Marianne didn't know how to dress," says Dolores Adamson. "She was smart enough, I think, but she was somehow a little naïve. . . . In staff meetings, she'd go away in tears, because she didn't really understand. She would just be totally frustrated and confused."

Marianne Ginther's perspective was formed by the small-town culture of Leetonia, Ohio, a speck of a village so tiny that it has only one traffic light. Harry Ginther, Marianne's father, an insurance manager, was at one time the town mayor.

Although she rather proudly characterizes herself as strong-willed, Marianne admits, "I was not like what you'd call the best student. I was not a bookworm. . . . I was a tomboy. I could outrun all the boys on the block." She enrolled in an architecture program at Kent State, but fell away after her second year, which followed the tragic shootings of Kent students in the spring of 1970.

Marianne made her way in the world with a little help. She eventually became a community planner for the Trumbull County Planning Commission. "I watched her and I thought, Here's a lady who can function in a man's world," says Lyle Williams, then the Republican congressman from her district. Despite the fact that Marianne had no professional degree, Williams maintains that she became a very effective community planner. "She could get along with men," he repeats several times. Williams was part of a board that replaced the longtime director of the planning commission, Ed Kutevac, with Marianne. ("Within 24 hours," she recalls, "I was *it!*") Kutevac, however, fought back and ultimately regained his job. Williams allows, "Politically, it kind of put Marianne on the spot."

"I didn't think I was going to rise quickly or do anything fancy," she says, "but if you show up and you're the one who's working, you just end up to be the person getting promoted."

Shortly before meeting Newt Gingrich, the 28-year-old Marianne ended her affair with Marlin "Whitey" Ford, the head of a United Auto Workers local. His relationship with the younger woman had been strained, Ford told Kim Masters of *The Washington Post,* because he had been married at the time—and the father of three. I ask Marianne if her relationship with Ford was an important one. "I don't want to explain it," she says. "I think it's irrelevant to bring it up."

"Very quickly after the breakup of Marianne and Whitey, she and Newt went on a camping trip," says an old Leetonia friend. "She said Newt's divorce wasn't final yet." Marianne doubted that her romance with the congressman would be more than a fling, says Betty Sekula, an Ohio planning official who worked with Marianne. Lyle Williams was also surprised when the couple stayed in touch. "I didn't think it was spectacular fireworks," says Williams. Others, however, have noted the contrast between Jackie, the maternal sparring partner, and the adoring acolyte he acquired in the younger woman. His sister Candace explains: "Jackie was his equal. With Marianne initially, he was the authority figure, the high power."

The second-term congressman married the country girl in Leetonia, Ohio, in August 1981 (six months after his divorce). A family friend who knew both

wives observes, "He became the 'only child' in a world where she worshiped him." In the first few years of their marriage Marianne turned herself inside out to please her man, who has admitted to "the habit of dominance." She went back to school and earned an undergraduate degree in business administration from Georgia State University. She tried wearing bows in her hair and did beauty makeovers and became an image consultant for BeautiControl Cosmetics. Knowing her husband's devotion to reptiles, she gave him an emerald-tree boa for his birthday. They kept the snake in the bathtub. She worked hard to make Newt happy. But there were problems.

"Newt was indifferent to Marianne right from the beginning," says a sympathetic Betty Sekula. "It was *him,* not *us.*"

I ask Marianne if their marriage was a one-sided equation at the beginning. "That's true. . . . I was not necessarily happy being married to somebody like Newt," she admits. Later on, she says, "I made it very clear I wasn't happy with certain behaviors." She gave him a copy of the book *Men Who Hate Women & the Women Who Love Them,* by Susan Forward and Joan Torres. The book describes men who are socialized to dominate and control. One variation is the "Henry Higgins" type of man, who is "often charming and even loving," but who switches to "cruel, critical, insulting behavior on a moment's notice. . . . They gain control by grinding the woman down. They refuse to take responsibility for how the attacks make their partners feel."

"Oh, boy, does that sound like Newt!" exclaims a family friend. Another family observer agrees with this assessment and says, "She may not be Eliza Doolittle, but he sure as hell is Henry Higgins. I felt sorry for Marianne."

"When their relationship is good and strong, he's at his very best," says former congressman Vin Weber. "If there's any tension in the marriage, it just drives him to distraction." In 1982, Newt fairly exploded in frustration when his chief of staff, Frank Gregorsky, objected to having the Gingrich campaign pay to have Marianne fly around the country with him. Gregorsky argued that it was the wrong thing to do politically. But the congressman wouldn't bend. Gregorsky describes him banging his arms against a door and wailing, "Why don't you all understand? Why don't you understand what I need?" He won the argument, of course. Gregorsky says, "If you ever fight with Newt on one of those things, he will either go ballistic or he will break down. It is dangerous."

By the mid-80s the marriage had been perforated with separations. One issue may have been the fact that Marianne was expected, as Jackie had been, to contribute her time and earnings to Newt's political advancement. "I felt that Marianne had a mission," says Betty Sekula. When Marianne turned up in Leetonia in 1988 and tried to outfox Sekula in a situation involving a federal grant for a former employer, Sekula challenged her. "You forget that if anything happens in this town, I know about it by early afternoon." Marianne, she says, grew very uncomfortable and pleaded, "I had to do it." Sekula gathered that "it was her marriage, it was money, I think she was desperate."

At one point, Newt publicly described the chances of his second marriage succeeding as 53–47. He confides during our interview that he really had not learned to express emotion until he married Marianne—when he was nearly 40.

"It's been one of the most painful things I've ever been through in my whole life," Newt tells me, "trying to understand the degree to which behaviors that I thought were totally appropriate were destructive." He pauses, looking glum.

"You mean you drove people away that you loved?"

"Sure. I had stupid, unthinking assumptions."

"About women?"

"About women, among other things."

Today, Newt asserts unconvincingly that the presidency is not "one of the three highest items" on the checklist for the rest of his life. "But," he says, "hanging around with Marianne is pretty high on the list. . . . I really do want to experience a lot of marriage."

When I ask what else is on the list, Newt rolls out a wish list that sounds like the contents page from *Men's Journal:* "I've always wanted to cross the Owen Stanley Range in New Guinea. . . . I would love to go and collect dinosaur fossils for a while. Probably in Montana or northern Arizona. I would really love to spend six months to a year in the Amazon basin, just being able to spend the day watching tree sloths."

But in Washington there are many demands on the Speaker's time. Since Newt became a national celebrity, he has no shortage of female admirers—from Callista Bisek, a former aide in Congressr Steve Gunderson's office who has bee favorite breakfast companion, to the u uitous Arianna Stassinopoulos Huff ton, who has become a self-appoir guardian to the newly desirable Newt.

Marianne Gingrich, however, doe see her husband very often.

"I like adventure," Marianne tells "I just don't like the public."

A year ago, she and her husb bought their first home, in the affl Atlanta exurb of east Cobb Count former pasture now paved with money. Cobb County subdivisions h names such as "Beverly Hills" and " con Crest." She spends most of her t there alone.

Marianne's world is a small "clu house" on a cul-de-sac. "We have bedrooms and an office room," M anne says proudly. "We also have a ing room with no furniture. I hav had a chance to go shopping."

What attracted her to Newt Gingri

"Good question," she says, add "Newt says we started talking and kept talking. There's some truth in th

Does she want children of her own

"Let's not touch that one," she ansv

Newt suggested I ask his wife if he changed.

"I would have to honestly say Newt has worked very, very harc change," concedes Marianne. He even helped her build an indepen career. Last September, a job was ranged for her as a marketing repre tative for an Israeli-based company s ing a free-trade zone there. She was ommended by Vin Weber after Ne intercession with top Israeli official behalf of Weber's interests as a lobb for the company.

Marianne tells me that the job t a lot of her time. But she has l "hanging on to it for dear life," s Newt's enemies have added it to list of the Speaker's alleged eth lapses. "My job has been on semi-l because the company has decided cally to shut down some operatic Marianne confides sadly. "But I'm involved, because they made me president of marketing."

I ask Marianne how often her husl takes a vacation with her.

"Let's see, last August . . . " Her drifts off. "But not what you'd call a vacation." She finally recalls a time, years ago, when they stayed several in Stephen Hanser's cabin in the n Georgia mountains. "We went for h

cooked at home a lot, but we kind of ng out and read and talked."

"He completely ignores her," observes Washington journalist who has interewed Marianne. "It's my impression the arriage is a dead letter. He is so self-obssed, she could open the door wrapped plastic wrap and he wouldn't notice."

But Marianne has at least made the eaker notice when she asks him to take t the trash. "Lives are at stake here," protested one day when she made her quest. He had been on the phone deal- with the Nicaragua situation, says arianne.

"No, no, no," she shot back. "It esn't matter. Take the garbage out."

What was Newt's greatest test of courage?, I ask his press secretary. Maybe taking on Jim Wright," says ny Blankley. "He wasn't taking on one n, he was taking on essentially a whole vn, relatively alone. He knew what the nger was going in." But by 1984 he s ready for the attack that would be e equivalent of his Normandy.

Wright, a 30-year veteran of Congress, presented Newt's Faustian pact for ne and power. Newt's ultimately successful campaign to unseat the Texas emocrat began in 1987, when he unished an extensive round of ethics arges against the Speaker, but the first stilities came in May 1984, inspired by ewt's recognition that the C-SPAN cams in Congress offered his main chance r national exposure.

Frank Gregorsky, then a Gingrich staff iter, had worked for nine months on a per which cited particularly controverl Democratic statements on foreign licy in Vietnam, Cuba, and Nicaragua. cording to Gregorsky, Newt said, We're going to read this on the record. e're going to pick a fight." Democrats re apparently informed that Gingrich s to deliver a Special Order that afteron. "They just thought it was another ewt thing," says Gregorsky. At the close the legislative day, Newt read the indiary paper—before an empty chamr and for the benefit of the C-SPAN audice. He accused the Democrats of beving that "America does nothing right." was pure theater.

Yet the attack so violated the traditioncomity of the House that then Speaker O'Neill "lost his cool" (in Gersky's words) and a few days later—in a l session of Congress—accused Gingrich of "the lowest thing I've ever seen in 32 years in Congress." Representative ent Lott demanded that O'Neill's words be stricken from the record, and the presiding congressional officer ruled in his favor. Gingrich's tour de force made all the network news shows that night—and a star was born. "I am now a famous person," Newt crowed to the press.

But in his mania for immediate headlines, Newt had drawn blood, and his enemies still swear vengeance.

The mid-80s saw the debut of a new storyteller in the land. Cultural myths are what we live by. And Newt brought us a new myth—the Angry White Man Strikes Back—delivered in a voice sharpened by Newt McPherson and Bob Gingrich, a voice with the swagger of John Wayne and the stridency of Sergeant Stryker, a voice perfectly pitched to the tenor of the times. In *The Ambition and the Power,* John M. Barry reports that in 1985 Newt was already aware of the new myth he intended to create for America. As he had done during his lonely childhood, Newt used words as weapons, perfecting a politics of personal destruction. At one lunch, writes Barry, Newt grabbed a napkin and drew a diagram illustrating how he intended to define the opposition "out of existence." On other occasions Newt said that Democratic leaders were "corrupt," that they associated with "thugs," and that they followed Neville Chamberlain's philosophy of "withdrawal from the planet." Their policies, he warned, would bring to American shores "the joys of Soviet-style brutality and the murder of women and children."

The more outrageous his rhetoric became the more "hits" he got on television and in magazines. "We are engaged in reshaping a whole nation through the news media," Newt himself acknowledged to *The Washington Post.* "Newt's used the media from the beginning," boasts Tony Blankley, who goes on to emphasize that Newt's style and approach actually pre-date the rise of Rush Limbaugh. Newt's press secretary even draws a comparison to the Ayatollah Khomeini, another charismatic leader who created a revolution by audiotape. Newt took over GOPAC in 1986 and transformed the PAC once associated with former presidential candidate Pete du Pont into his personal marketing and money-raising machine. Every Republican candidate for state or local office got a new audiotape once a month; these tapes transmitted the conservative gospel straight from the mouth of Newt to the ear of every young, ambitious true believer behind the wheel of a car traveling the back roads of politics. "Over the years he has put out a total of something like 2,000 tapes," says Blankley.

"Not many of us had much confidence in the post-Watergate era that we would be the ruling majority in our lifetime," says Wilma Goldstein, who was director of survey research for the National Republican Congressional Committee in those years. "Very few, maybe nobody. But Newt was always writing memos to all of us about what a Republican majority would look like."

And on November 8, 1994, Newton Leroy Gingrich triumphed over all the doubters and detractors from his past. He became King of the Hill and spiritual leader of the first Republican majority in both houses in 40 years.

Can Newt Gingrich change? Can the wild-haired warrior tame himself into a silver-haired statesman? "He reminds me of Daniel Ortega in a way," quips Democratic senator Christopher Dodd. "These guys never take off their fatigues after they've won the revolution."

The fact is that Newt Gingrich has been concerned about his ability to shift into a more presidential persona for at least a decade. Ten years ago Wilma Goldstein asked him point-blank, "Are you the right person to be the leader of the movement if we ever become the majority?"

"I've been thinking about that," Newt said. He had just returned from England and a debate at the Oxford Union, lugging a stack of books about leaders who had played both backbench attack dog and seasoned leader. "I want to see if I can learn what it takes to do that," he told Goldstein. "But if I'm not the right person, I won't be that leader."

The point is that Newt's inner dynamic, the single-minded drive that has fueled his quest, is so all-consuming that it may distract him from the need for consistency on issues he sees as peripheral. In July, Newt blurted out his support for U.S. recognition of Taiwan as a free and independent country, drawing fire from even his friend Henry Kissinger. Chastened, he admitted he didn't care much about Taiwan; he was re-enacting a scene from Allen Drury's novel *Advise & Consent.* "I don't do foreign policy," he said, adding, "I wanted their attention."

Under the pressures of his racing internal time clock, Newt is likely to betray the core issues he sounded so passionate about yesterday. "Newt is decisive but changes his mind, so whatever he's doing might change in six months," says Frank Gre-

gorsky. "But when it changes he is blindingly defensive and assertive about it." The biggest change may be yet to come. Newt, who started out as a moderate, may shed another skin when the pain of the budget revolution kicks in. Newt's loyal point man, Congressman John Kasich, head of the Budget Committee, may be the fall guy.

Newt's military mind-set, formed by Bob Gingrich and the battles of his psychic heroes, is deeply ingrained and an essential part of the way he operates. In a recent appearance on the Charlie Rose show, Newt quoted Mao: "Politics," he intoned, "is war without blood." Gingrich's pal Stephen Hanser says that part of Newt's strategy in the House is based on combat theory, namely the German armed-forces doctrine of *Auftragstaktik,* or "mission orders." The problem is that in the heat of battle subtleties are lost. Standards fall. Atrocities are forgiven. Especially if the action is rapid-fire.

And with Newt, it *always* is. Speed is unfailingly of the essence. The 100-day Contract with America is the best proof. The Speaker has the tendency to set up accelerated timetables and artificial deadlines, based on the necessity to keep his "frenetic psyche" within some boundaries. In Newt's world, dominated by hungry media perpetually in need of bigger jolts of adrenaline, there is no debate, no moderation. As Marcella McPherson said, "If he wants something, he wants it *now.*"

"I think the manic part of Newt's personality is troublesome," says one moderate Republican in Congress. "The hyperactivity, the racing thoughts. He flits from one subject to the other and sometimes fails to make the connections."

"You can't sprint when you're in a marathon," frets Stephen Hanser, "and this is a marathon. . . . He does need time to read, he does need time to reflect." And basically, says Hanser, since July of last year, Newt hasn't taken a moment to reflect. His aide-de-camp tried to coax the Speaker to his cabin in north Georgia during the recess that followed his triumphant first 100 days. But Newt was already "laptopping" for his treatise, *To Renew America.*

One well-known television interviewer recently observed Newt at very close range. "When Gingrich was being made up for his interview, he looked beat, lifeless, exhausted." Once the interview started, he came to life. "But you know from seeing people that wrung out and still under high pressure, their judgment isn't great and they can make disastrous decisions," says the interviewer. "I think Gingrich will inevitably self-destruct."

Five different accusations have piled up against Newt Gingrich in the House Ethics Committee over the past year. Two of the major complaints concern Newt, Inc. (as the Speaker's multimillion-dollar fund-raising empire is known), and the activities of GOPAC. Critics charge that the secretive PAC has acted as a legislative fix-it shop for Newt's major contributors and has also been used to support the Gingriches' personal lifestyle.

Newt's handpicked Ethics Committee chair, Congresswoman Nancy "Stonewall" Johnson, failed to question many of the most obvious witnesses until a front-page story in *The New York Times* in late June pushed her to open the hearings on Newt's $4.5 million offer from publisher Rupert Murdoch. Privately, even some G.O.P. leaders have expressed distaste at the spectacle of the new Speaker rushing into a commercial book deal with one of the barons of the telecommunications revolution, namely Murdoch, whose interests are at the fore of the Gingrich legislative agenda.

"The volume of published evidence clearly calls for investigation. . . . It is vital that the Ethics Committee hire outside counsel and pursue these questions thoroughly. The trust of the public and the integrity of the House will accept no lower standard."

That statement was not issued by Congressman David Bonior or the Democratic National Committee's *NewtGram.* These were the sentiments of Newt Gingrich himself, issued in a 1988 press release where he demanded an outside counsel—with no restrictions—to investigate the activities of then Speaker Jim Wright.

Since Newt Gingrich helped set many of the snares that brought down his fellow congressmen, the ultimate enigma in his character is this: Why would he court disaster by stepping anywhere near the very same snares? "It's easy to tiptoe through the perils of Washington by reading history," points out Stan Brand, a former counsel to the House now known as "an ethics doctor." Continues Brand, "As the facts begin to come out, the parallels between Newt and Wright become more consistent."

The rap on Jim Wright's book deal was that it was an elaborate ruse to allow a friend to funnel him money by publishing a book of repackaged anecdotes and excerpts from speeches. Newt Gingrich's book *To Renew America* is based partly on repackaged material from Gingrich's course at Kennesaw State College in Georgia, material allegedly generated by the tax-exempt Progress & Freedom Foundation and GOPAC. "What does this look like?" asks Stan Brand. "Jim Wright with more zeros."

I ask Gingrich himself, "A person as brilliant as you obviously knows what the trip wires are in Washington."

"I'm probably the leading expert in the House on it," he boasts.

"So why would you step anywhere near close to the perils that brought Jim Wright down, like the controversial book deal? You yourself have said, 'I might have been crazy.'"

"I made a public-relations mistake," he replies.

Shouldn't you be suspicious if Rupert Murdoch asks to meet with you?

"Rupert Murdoch is a leading right-wing conservative who was very close to the Reagan administration. . . . I've been on Rupert's side ideologically from day one."

"Do you see anything obscene about Rupert's publications?

"Not particularly."

Tits and ass as a formula? That's what he's known for all over the world.

"I don't particularly like Fox Broadcasting, some of their shows. But I can tell you that in the Reagan years he was very helpful editorially."

So because he's helpful politically to you, you can overlook the fact that he contributes to the moral decay of America?

"No, I don't overlook that fact. I'm saying I meet with everybody who comes by me."

Will the quest of the hero be cut short by the posse because of his blind spot—faith in his own powers? If he does fall, Newt Gingrich would not be the first politician to get what he's always wanted only to self-destruct.

Perhaps Gingrich doesn't quite believe the mythology in which he has cloaked his long, unglamorous march to the top of the Hill. As was the case with Gary Hart before him, one part of Newt is truly confident that he would make a magnificent national leader. But there may be an inner voice of doubt—the voice of the past, that Newt and Bob Gingrich—which is silenced only by the attempt to prove he is so worthy, so tough, so heroic that he is above the rules that apply to ordinary mortals.

But what happens to the country when Newt Gingrich immerses his insecurities in a cause meant only to justify himself?

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Herrera

(Continued from page 194) fashion program, and Patricia Cristina, a 22-year-old student at Brown University. The Herreras established a family life not unlike their parents'—a traditional, correct upbringing for their children, combined with extensive travel.

Carolina's enthusiasm for creating and wearing clothing matched her mother-in-law's (one retainer still in residence at La Vega, Julieta, was constantly occupied with seamstress duties), with the difference that the younger woman had more adventuresome tastes. She patronized Zandra Rhodes and the Italian couturier Walter Albini, for example, now nearly forgotten but one of the most inventive and influential designers of the 70s. Ana Luisa remembers vividly her mother dressed "in a beige shirt, green pants, and platforms. And we went to the seamstress every day of our life! For her clothes. For ours. For curtains for the house. Or something for the doll. All the salespeople in the stores loved her!"

Meanwhile, Herrera had also been attracting acclaim for her sartorial sizzle well outside of Caracas. She appeared on the International Best-Dressed List from 1971 to 1980, when she ascended to its Hall of Fame. Inevitably, she caught the attention of the legendary taste arbiter Diana Vreeland, whose quick eye for talent and acute taste for the exotic were intoxicated by what she called Carolina's "*bombe style.*" Jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane notes that Vreeland and Herrera had similar domestic arrangements. "Like [Vreeland's husband] Reed, Reinaldo always organized the social life and the dinners. Most husbands couldn't care less." The two women also shared a fundamental conservatism tempered by a taste for life's more bizarre manifestations. Like Vreeland, Carolina befriended Warhol and his circle, and negotiated, without any loss of dignity, the hedonistic scene at such nightspots as Studio 54 (the late Steve Rubell was an intimate friend)—always as curious spectator more than active participant. Carolina Herrera also was a very early supporter of Robert Mapplethorpe, whom she had met on a flight to Mus[illegible] glamour photo was a black-and-white portrait of her taken at New York's Mayfair hotel (now hanging in the Herrera showrooms), in which she is mysteriously adorned with a hat and veil. One of his last pictures, taken when he was confined to a specially rigged wheelchair, is a second portrait of Herrera, this time a haunting image almost ravaged in its severity. When he died, she paid homage to Mapplethorpe in her collection with black velvet motorcycle jackets decorated with gold studs and zippers. Though at the time this tribute was ridiculed by some as a déclassé digression, Harold Koda praises Herrera as the first to elevate biker gear to high fashion, now a couture cliché.

During one visit to New York, Reinaldo recalls, the Herreras were dining at Winston and C. Z. Guest's country house with Vreeland, Count Rudi Crespi (the publicist who had introduced the Italian designers Valentino and Fendi to America), and his wife, Consuelo. Vreeland and Crespi were "pushing Carolina like mad," Consuelo says, to try designing clothing professionally. They obviously had targeted a willing victim, because she immediately acted upon their suggestion.

In September 1980, Herrera presented her first collection—20 ensembles sewn in Caracas by three of the city's best dressmakers—in a borrowed Park Avenue apartment. "The clothes"—stately gazar dresses (a tribute to Balenciaga) and superbly tailored suits—"were fantastic," she says. "I called up people and said, 'Come and see what I did!'" Martha's, Saks, Bergdorf, and friends such as Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia came and wanted to buy everything. "Except I had to tell them I didn't have anything! I only had samples. I could not fill the orders. I had only been testing to see if it would work." Carolina returned to Caracas, and by chance ended up at a cocktail party where she ran into Armando de Armas, a self-made publishing magnate. A spread on the Herreras had just appeared in the first issue of one of his magazines, the Spanish edition of *Harper's Bazaar.* "I went up to him and thanked him for the article," she says. "And he asked me what I was up to. So I told him I was about to open a dress company. He told me that he would call me the next day, and I of course thought, This gentleman will never call me back. But on Monday he called. Then my people from New York met his people in Miami, and by Thursday we had signed"—creating a solid 50-50 partnership.

Herrera opened a diminutive showroom on East 57th Street, and moved her husband and daughters to New York. While on holiday in Mustique in February 1981 she sketched the designs for her first show, which took place in April at the Metropolitan Club. A royal flush of society pals—C. Z. Guest, Chessy Rayner, Nan Kempner, Jerry Zipkin—turned out, along with retailers, press, and, as *Women's Wear Daily* reported, "a suppor[illegible] husband flashing diamond cufflinks." E[illegible] nor Lambert, the doyenne of fashion p[illegible] licity, recalls Herrera's appearance on [illegible] runway at the end of the show. "She loo[illegible] like a beautiful angel, so feminine, so [illegible] cate, so sweet—but you could see the p[illegible] er behind it all. Around the same ti[illegible] other well-dressed society women trie[illegible] be designers, too, but no one ever [illegible] ceeded like Carolina."

The collection gave her an immed[illegible] identity in the fashion cosmos. [illegible] sleeve treatments, "puffed, tucked, [illegible] lined, winged, lantern-shaped, and o[illegible] out of control," as *Women's Wear* w[illegible] somewhat condescendingly in its rev[illegible] moved the trade paper to anoint her "[illegible] Lady of the Sleeves." Still, the respo[illegible] were generally favorable, and, as E[illegible] nor Lambert observes, Herrera's des[illegible] proved uncannily prescient. "Her clo[illegible] arrived at exactly the right time, when[illegible] whole big-sleeve and big-shoulder thin[illegible] fashion was just getting started." This [illegible] after all, the dawn of the 80s, the mom[illegible] not only for big shoulders but big mo[illegible] and big spending—all neatly symbolized[illegible] the conspicuously well-heeled Nancy [illegible] gan, a close Herrera friend and custom[illegible]

In New York the Herreras were eag[illegible] sought-after by the decade's newly e[illegible] gized social set—Reinaldo prized for[illegible] gallant manners and gifts as a racon[illegible] Carolina for her graciousness, talent, [illegible] beauty. "Out there is a world of boa [illegible] strictors," says Glenn Bernbaum, pr[illegible] etor of Mortimer's. "And she's a lady. [illegible] doesn't try to stir up trouble. She is [illegible] part of that venal set." Taki's wife, Ale[illegible] dra Theodoracopulos, says of her cl[illegible] female friend, "Carolina never talks a[illegible] work, never complains. And she m[illegible] her own phone calls, never her secret[illegible]

Herrera's clients from the 80s hav[illegible] mained a faithful lot—philanthr[illegible] Judy Peabody and her daughter, Eliza [illegible] Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg, soc[illegible] Pat Buckley, Alexandra Theodoracop[illegible] Consuelo Crespi, Fernanda Niven, [illegible] cess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, C. Z. G[illegible] and Princess Marina of Greece. And [illegible] rera in turn has reciprocated their l[illegible] ty. Though many designers trade on [illegible] client list for publicity, Herrera's [illegible] tomers depend on her discretion. "V[illegible] Jackie started coming to Carolina, it [illegible] at a point when she had been losing fr[illegible] because people had been taking ac[illegible] tage of her," says Consuelo Crespi. ' she hadn't been going out much. She [illegible] nothing but raincoats and trousers—

certain age not necessarily the best look. rolina completely respected her privacy, d so renewed Jackie's interest in dress- up and going out." Explains Herrera, don't believe in naming clients to get ess. I hated it when I was a couture ent. If the dresses don't sell themselves, re's something wrong. Once, I saw an- ner designer at a party, and he boasted me that he had 46 women there wear- his dresses—and he asked me how ny did I have? I told him just one, ! When I did Caroline Kennedy's wed- ng dress, there were cameramen waiting tside the showroom on the street, offer- money for a peek. We had to make o boxes, a fake one and a real one, in der to sneak it by them. It was the same th Marla Maples's dress."

"It's very attractive, very intelligent, w she's handled her career," says Bill ass. "It adds to her mystery and allure. e even refused to appear in her per- me ads. Carolina pays attention to the nsumer, not to the fucking press—and u can say 'fucking.'"

When hard times hit after the '87 crash, and other fashion houses undered, Herrera fell right into a silk- safety net. While attending a Fragrance Foundation dinner, Herrera had noticed a strange man hovering at her side, apologizing for having mistaken her for the actress Linda Evans. "And who are you?" she inquired. "I was dumbfounded, speechless, embarrassed," relates Dr. Fernando Aleu, president of Compar, the distributing arm of Puig, the Spanish perfume giant. So he blurted out the one thought on his mind: "You smell good." She replied, "I make this fragrance myself." Aleu continues: "I liked her, and I liked her fragrance, so I said, 'We would like to market this scent.' And then she told me that she already had a commitment to develop a perfume. By this time we were already conversing in Spanish, so I used an expression we have in our language. I said, 'If your deal develops a flat tire, I would like to hear from you.'" Five weeks later, Aleu's secretary informed him that there was a lady on hold for him "insisting she had a flat tire. It was Carolina calling to say, 'If your partners in Spain are interested, so am I.'"

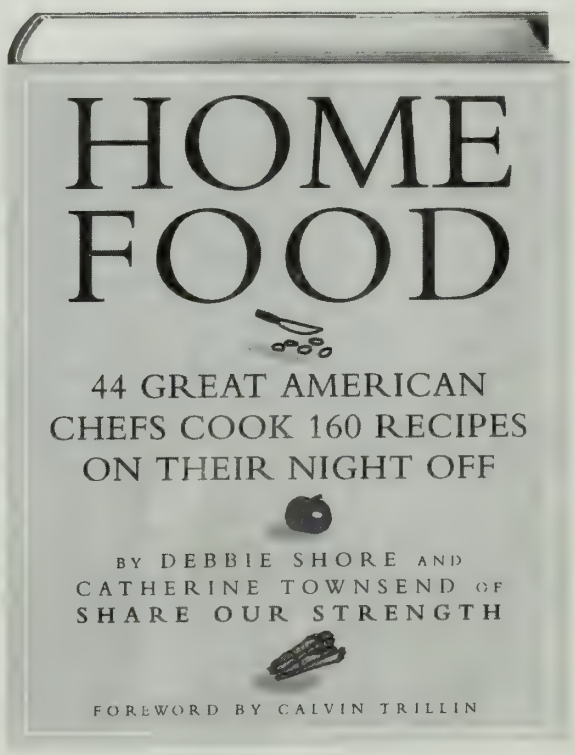
The fragrance Herrera had been wearing—concocted out of jasmine essences and inspired by the aromatic spring flowers growing outside her bedroom windows at both her childhood home and La Vega—turned out to be the base for her eponymous first perfume, introduced in 1988. Herrera for Men—one of the few successful masculine scents ever launched by a woman—followed in 1991, and the newest entry, Flore, arrived three years later. (Together they generate $20 to $30 million annually, from which Herrera's company earns a royalty.) Says Dr. Aleu, a physician turned perfumer who has criss-crossed America with Herrera to promote the fragrances, "I'm astonished at the vibrancy of this woman. The bubbles keep rising. To watch her with the salespeople and the buying public is incredible." Herrera's common touch, Aleu says, comes from a combination of queenly ease with people of all backgrounds and "shrewdness. She understands that it doesn't hurt—that people like to be recognized." Michael Pellegrino, who has also accompanied Herrera on promotional trips, says, "It's surprising how a lady who has led such a privileged life can relate to many types of people. Halston, whom I used to work for, would not meet his public."

At the end of last year Herrera's original Venezuelan investor, Armando de Armas, sold his 50 percent interest to Puig. Accordingly, the Spanish company's plans for Herrera, Aleu explains,

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are expanding. One project in its germinal phase is the development of Carolina Herrera cosmetics. "We have a very vital brand name in all of South America. We are a Spanish company, and Spanish imports have a tremendous following in South America, so why not cosmetics?" Though Herrera's couture line—retailing for between $1,500 and $6,000—barely pays for itself (designs in her lower-priced Studio line sell for between $300 and $450, and her licensed knitwear for a bit more), Aleu says Puig will unconditionally support it. "We are here for the long run. The plan is to do everything."

The week before Carolina Herrera's fall show, the designer appears already engaged in "doing everything." Deborah Hughes, Herrera's director of public relations (she arrived 12 years ago as a model), has completed the delicate task of seating the show. Herrera's spectacles are unusual in that her paparazzi-attracting socialite friends are all placed toward the back, while press and store buyers are assigned the choice front-row spots. "Without these people, there wouldn't be any business," Hughes explains sensibly. Hughes has also just finished mixing the audiotape for the show. "Everything here is done in-house, down to the styling," Herrera states proudly. "Everything you see on the runway comes from here," she says, pointing to her forehead.

Even though it is collection time, the showroom atmosphere is (in Bill Blass's words) "serene, peaceful, and quiet—states of being not usually associated with fashion." Unlike the former, minuscule 57th Street showroom, "where we all sat together around one big table," Hughes says, each room in the new, 15,000-square-foot space is designated for a specific purpose. There is a sample room for the Carolina Herrera line, supervised by a white-smocked technical wizard named Rick, and a special area for private clients' made-to-order fittings. There is also an archive room, where retired samples are stored, and a separate atelier and showroom for the Studio line.

Herrera, Hughes, Rick, and Bill Hamilton, the design assistant, are now gathered in the room where final fittings for the show take place. Herrera greets the newest toy poodle in her menagerie as it bounds joyfully into the room. "Gaston," she cries, scooping up the quivering puppy, "your first fitting!"

The Belgian model Ingrid, whom Carolina used in an ad just before Guess? picked her up (and who will be the show's bride), is trying on a polite celadon suit that tames but does not disguise the love-goddess contours of her body. "If it's not the idea I first had in mind, I kill it now. Better to kill it here than to have it killed in public on the runway!" Herrera buttons the jacket, smooths the skirt, and steps back, arms folded and head cocked. "Let's leave off the blouse. It'll look less matronly. Should we give her the green bag or brown bag to carry? Let's vote," she says democratically, though her eye already seems to have locked on the first accessory choice. "I hate huge bags. I only carry money, lipstick, and a handkerchief." After a quick lunch in her office, the designer returns to find Stephanie, the house model, dazzling the assembled in a slinky purple-and-black one-shoulder column dress in silk charmeuse and satin. Walking fluidly toward her reflection, Stephanie beams, while around her discussions about shoes take place.

"I hate black shoes with white soles. It distracts me so much," Herrera says heatedly. "It's all I see when I watch Elsa Klensch. We blacken the soles for the shows, and I do it with my own shoes too. Everything must be soigné.

"I don't understand dirty hair, tattoos, dirty jeans any more than Chinese. And I hate retro looks. Naturalness in fashion is so important. I also have a mania against heavy dresses. If you're not comfortable, you can't look elegant. I love simplicity. I hate excess. It is a disaster! Extravagance and glamour have nothing to do with excess. It comes from the way you move, the way you accessorize, the perfection of a fit. Style is a very important part of personality. Appearances are how judgments are made."

Though most designers renounced strong shoulders several seasons back, Herrera persists with them (she believes they minimize the waist and give the figure an erect bearing), just as she never varied her to-the-knee skirt length when hemlines dropped. Like jewel necklines, elbow-length sleeves, and four-ply silk-crêpe tuxedo pantsuits, these are the hallmarks of Herrera. "I have very definite ideas, a distinct point of view. To survive in this business you have to believe in something, stay with it, and be secure about it. If you want to shock the public, you are out of control and about to become a fashion victim."

The following Monday morning H rera, Hughes, Hamilton, the hairs ist Stefano, a battalion of hair and ma up assistants, and 20 models gather ba stage at the Gertrude Pavilion in Bry Park. Professional dressers from Ground Crew station themselves bes racks of clothing that have been tag with Polaroids and marked with a m el's name. Camera crews from more th a dozen different television programs– cluding the cable show Carolina jun works for—mill about, waiting for th turn to interview the designer. Reina and daughter Patricia drift in, accom nied by a Brown roommate.

Whatever her inward state may be this moment, outwardly Herrera is picture of sangfroid. The mannishness her crisp navy pantsuit is relieved by a amond-and-ruby flower brooch Reina had Van Cleef & Arpels assemble ou the clasp of his mother's pearl neckl Mannequin Teresa Stewart, already place next to the rack of clothes she soon model, says, "Mrs. Herrera kn exactly what she wants. Most of the t designers are unsure, influenced by people around them, changing things the last minute. She is strong, secure, not a bitch." Rachel Smaltz, one of Ground Crew dressers, says, "Most signers keep their distance from the ba stage personnel. But she introduces self to everyone. She's a regal lady."

Minutes later 73 ensembles flash on the runway. The clothes—not the m els or the audience members—are stars of this show. Sunset-hued dayt dresses, perfect backdrops for jewelry, followed by faux-fur-lined powder-l coats and sleek black evening dresses tening with artfully placed silver teard and rhinestone-toothed zippers (an pating a detail seen a few months l on the Paris couture runways). Just fore the finale the catwalk ignites wi series of tuxedo suits in a brilliant s trum of stained-glass tones, all acce rized with velvet flats. Herrera has d ered on her simple but difficult pron repeated endlessly to the eager swarm backstage reporters, to present a co tion that is "all about dressing well." terward, the models march out for an core and one more round of appla And then Carolina Herrera appears, fidently triumphant, taking Ingrid by hand. So exalted is she by the accol that she accidentally steps on the edg the bride's train. Thwarting a potent awkward moment with consummate, second grace, she sinks into a deep balletic curtsy. □

ullock

ntinued from page 163) *Called Love.*
er parents are in the business, and she seen them struggle and never make it way they would have liked to. She ows the ups and downs."

Bullock has built up a strong support work of friends that operates as her ex-ded family in Los Angeles. The actress mantha Mathis, whom she met on the of *The Thing Called Love,* is one of her t friends. When Mathis's boyfriend, er Phoenix, died of an overdose two rs ago, "it was one of the scariest expe-nces I've ever had," Bullock recalls. y mom called and told me at six in the rning, and for two hours I just let the ne sit on my lap." The ordeal made this and Bullock as close as sisters. e saved me last year," says Mathis. "I s going through a hard time emotional-and wanted to stay under the covers, she dragged me out. We'd go shop-g. She'd call me up and say, 'I'll be re in 15 minutes.'" Another member of lock's inner circle is the modern artist rell Moore, whose Venice studio func-ns as sort of a continuous house party.

The constant upheaval she experienced in the early part of her life as the daughter of a performer has made Bullock focus on stability. Whatever free time she has had in Nova Scotia has been spent scouring the seaside for antiques and furniture for her house in Los Angeles. During a break from shooting, we steal away from the set for an hour to check out a carved oak table she has found in a shop nearby.

Though Bullock has put most of her earnings into the bank and high-yield bonds, she has allowed herself some indulgences—a Ford Explorer and plans for a luxurious Mexican vacation.

But all else pales in comparison with her passion for property. Bullock can spend hours talking architecture, acreage, and location. She is already in the market for another home, a quiet little hideaway, preferably somewhere with four seasons. "It's like basically what I realized is that I'm trying to plan places to have a home for the rest of my life, in case something should go wrong. I know that I've gotten prime real estate, and the best schools nearby, if I have kids," she says, getting ahead of herself. "I've got it all planned out."

If the price of fame gets too high, Bullock will have no trouble taking time off from Hollywood for a year or two. She has no intention of becoming an emotional basket case, another burned-out young actress. "I know how to disappear," she says simply. "My outlook seems to be O.K. so far. But who knows—in a year, I might be at the point when I need a break. So I will go away for a long time and do something else. I have a lot of other things I want to do that don't have anything to do with acting."

Bullock takes one of the Nestlé's Crunch bars I have brought her and chews thoughtfully, sinking back into the corner of her trailer. On the table in front of her is a large box, a parting gift from Denis Leary. She decides to open it now rather than wait. Inside, there is a small folklore figurine of "the Juggler," with four balls deftly balanced in the air. The card from Leary reads, "I came, I saw, I laughed my balls off."

Bullock throws back her head and howls with delight, and when she looks up again she is wearing her old familiar grin. Something about that smile tells me the class clown of Washington-Lee High School won't be packing it in anytime soon. □

ahlo

ntinued from page 188) reappear, eding exhibitionistically on her almost ristlike body, wrapped as if in winding-ets and resting on a hospital gurney.

There were several causes for the al-most morbidly elated tone of Kahlo's e to Gómez Arias. Surgery always e her a strange high—she gleefully ked up the ministrations of doctors, ses, and visitors (in bed she enter-ned guests like a hostess at a party). e also was receiving huge doses of rphine, which left her addicted to nkillers for the rest of her life. But, st pertinent to the genesis of her di-, she had embarked on what would be last and most satisfying romance h a man.

In 1946, just before she left Mexico to Dr. Wilson, Frida fell in love with a utiful Spanish refugee, a gentleman great discretion and a painter like self. Still alive today, he is, as when da knew him, a peripatetic soul—and remains infatuated with Frida. In an cigar box he preserves a relic of their e, a *huipil,* the loose Mexican blouse Frida often wore. When they were both in Mexico, the couple trysted at the house of Kahlo's sister Cristina, and corresponded by means of a post-office box in Coyoacán. She confided to one of her friends, "He's the only reason why I'm alive." This confidante says that the Spaniard was the love of Frida's life. By contrast, the relationship with Diego was, she insists, an "obsession"—a kind of complicity of needy souls. An unpublished incantatory poem Frida addressed to Diego, which her reputed late-in-life lesbian lover Teresa Proenza gave him a few months before he died, bears witness to the kind of raw, perverse emotional ties that bound her to her husband: "Diego in my urine— / Diego in my mouth / —in my heart, in my madness, in my sleep . . . " she wrote.

The diary is conventionally understood to have originated in 1944—that date, it is true, appears on one page. But Frida often referred to past events in the diary, and sometimes copied old material—such as the missive to Jacqueline Lamba—into the book. And her letters and diary entries show how frequently the imprecise Frida made chronological, and other, slips when she wrote. One date in the diary, for example, first written as "1933" is then corrected to 1953. On the opening page of the diary, Frida scrawled, "Painted from 1916," an inscription that has mystified scholars, but that Grimberg feels is merely a slip for 1946. The recollection of her Spanish lover, who met Frida that year, is, however, certain proof of the 1946 dating. He recalls that Cristina Kahlo was in the habit of buying little notebooks—for addresses, accounts, etc.—for her sister from a stationery store in Coyoacán. One day when he visited Frida at Cristina's house, he found her pasting a collage of flowers onto the first page of a dark-red leather book, larger than the others, with her initials stamped in gold on the cover. The collage in question is the frontispiece of Kahlo's diary. The memory of the initials is also accurate—and shows up the persistent blindness of most readers of the diary, who have, despite its crossbar, routinely mistaken the monogrammed *F* on the cover for a *J.* In fact, a preposterous story has even sprung up around this misreading and clung to it tenaciously—that the book had once belonged to John Keats. From cover to cover, the signals given off by the diary have been misunderstood, misinter-

preted, or disregarded—as if "the Ancient Concealer" has posthumously been covering people's eyes with her heavily beringed fingers.

Frida's Spanish flame remembers next seeing Kahlo with the diary in New York, at the hospital. A comparison of the drawings and handwriting in the book with sketches and letters she gave him at the time bears this out. What is more, several of the diary's more mysterious entries, once deciphered, clearly refer to the Spaniard, whom she saw until 1952 (the affair ended because he needed to travel and she was incapacitated). But by no means is this to say that he was the only lover referred to in the book or its sole subject. (Diego, naturally, is mentioned far more frequently; she, as always, is her own main subject.) Of particular interest, as far as the Spanish lover goes, is a page, partially obscured by a naughty French postcard, where fragmentary words are still legible on the right. The first of these, " . . . ra villa," Grimberg explains, in its entirety reads, "mara villa," a private pun. The Spaniard's nickname for Frida was "Mara"—in Hindu mysticism, the temptress who entices the soul through the senses. (Many of the strange words in the diary are in arcane languages—not only Sanskrit, but also Nahuatl, an Aztec tongue—and even Russian. Far from being a naïf, Kahlo was extremely sophisticated about language, art history, and culture.) She added the Spanish suffix *villa,* Grimberg says, because when people heard her secret lover call Kahlo by her nickname, Frida and he would pretend it was short for *maravilla,* the Spanish word for "marvel." Similarly, the word *árbol,* or "tree," clearly discernible beneath "mara villa," is a reference to the Mexican song "Tree of Hope Stand Firm" (also the title of one of her paintings), which the Spaniard had taught Frida to help her overcome her despair. "Voyage" refers to a trip her errant lover took, the one that occasioned the postcard. "There's always an underlying theme in the diary," Grimberg says. "You just need to find it."

Another coded reference to her clandestine lover appears on a page which begins with "September at night. Water from heaven. the dampness of you. waves in your hands. matter in my eyes . . . " Further down [illegible] the words "D[illegible]ware and [illegible]tar[illegible]ch," an allusion, Grimberg says, to the [illegible]bound [illegible] door from his home [illegible] that state to visit his paramour. Perversely, sometimes Kahlo's obscure scribblings weave several lovers together, in rebuslike fashion. A few pages after the one on which she pasted the French postcard, she writes, "Anniversary of the [Russian] Revolution / 7th of November 1947 / Tree of Hope / stand firm! I'll wait for you —b. / . . . your words which / will make me grow and / will enrich me / DIEGO I'm alone." The song and painting title "Tree of Hope," of course, evokes the Spanish lover—but so does the lowercase *b,* the first initial of one of his names. (The faintly marked *b* is left out of the Abrams transcription of that page.) Frida's plaintive invocation of her husband is obvious. Less so is the reference to



SALOMÓN MINES
Dr. Salomón Grimberg with his Kahlo paintings *Life, How I Love You,* 1938 (oil on board, 22 in. by 14 in.), and *Self-Portrait Very Ugly,* 1933 (fresco panel, 10¾ in. by 8¾ in.).

Trotsky, whose birthday fell on the same autumnal day as the revolution. There is something undeniably disturbed about the way she conflated these men in the space of a few sparse lines—as if on an unconscious level they were all interchangeable.

Kaleidoscopic, dissociative, and fractured, the writing and drawings—floating networks of penises, faces, ears, mystical symbols, and anthropomorphic beasts—may be "automatic" in the Surrealist sense, and sometimes even funny, but they are hardly intellectually calculated avant-garde exercises. They demonstrate, Grimberg feels, the kind of chaos unleashed in Kahlo's psyche when she was left in the one state she could not bear—solitude. The word ICELTI, Nahuatl for "alone"—untranslated in the Abrams notations—blazes in large red letters amid the disembodied heads and eyes of one page. Left to her own devices, she often summoned up the name or image of Diego to allay her interior sense of disorder. "Diego was her organizing principle, the axis around wh she spun," Grimberg says, pointing out other mantra-like diary entry: "Diego = husband / Diego = my friend / Diego = mother / Diego = my father / Diego = son / Diego = me / Diego = Universe."

The psychiatrist continues: "Anythi no matter how banal, that emanated fr the great Rivera was sacred to her. picked his crumpled drawings out of trash, and asked him to inscribe in her ary his recipe for tempera," an anci egg-based artist's medium. (The Abra book mistakenly assumes this uncharac istically orderly entry was written by da.) Similarly, a feverishly carnal mess ("I pressed you against my breast and prodigy of your form penetrated all blood . . . "), addressed to "Mi Die and assumed in the Abrams volume have issued directly from Frida, is in fa medleylike pastiche of erotic poems her intimate friend Elías Nandino even scrawled the poet's name up the r margin of the page). Some of these ve he later published in the collection *Po in Loneliness,* dedicated to Kahlo.

Inevitably, Frida's profound amb lence about her inordinate emotional pendence on Diego bubbles to the face, along with all the other flot and jetsam streaming from her unc scious. "Nobody will ever know much I love Diego. I don't want anyth to hurt him. nothing to bother him o sap the energy that he needs to live," writes on another leaf. This is a cla case of what psychoanalysts call "n tion" and what Shakespeare ca "protesting too much." Why bring "hurting," "bothering," and "sapping all, unless it is in fact a secret wish?

The only one whom she ever effect "hurt" or "bothered," of course, herself; the only vital energy Frida ceeded in sapping was her own. In th ary she obliquely compared her pers auto-da-fé to that of the Jews of the S ish Inquisition. The Israeli art histo Gannit Ankori has detected that a cr drawing labeled "ghosts" has its sour an illustration of Jews (a few are wee females with long black hair) being hu ated by Spanish soldiers that Kahlo l from a book about the Inquisition ir Coyoacán library. (This revelation, lished in the 1993–94 issue of *Jewish* is not mentioned in the Abrams b Kahlo had good reason to identify these wretched victims, for her final added up to a Passion of her own.

A 1950 examination suggested th the 1946 New York operation the w

rtebrae may have been fused. Kahlo's ck was thus reopened and another fu- n was performed, this time with a nor graft. When the incisions became scessed, the surgeons had to operate ain. She lay in the Mexican hospital for a ar, her wounds once more healing badly cause of a fungus infection, and her right exhibiting early signs of gangrene. But her own baroque variation of the Munausen disorder, Frida turned her hospital y into a festival. Diego took a room next hers, and doctors noted that on those e occasions when he was attentive her ins disappeared. Like Christ with Saint omas, Frida exhorted her guests to look her oozing sore, and when doctors ained it, Hayden Herrera wrote, she uld "exclaim over the beautiful shade of een." After her release, the exhibitionism Kahlo's illness reached a bizarre apogee en, warned against attending the open- of her first Mexican one-person show, the Galería Arte Contemporáneo, she s ceremoniously brought in on a stretch- and installed in the room on her four- ster bed as a live display.

Whatever warped satisfaction Kahlo d habitually derived from illness and op- tions was unavailable to her when she derwent the most drastic of her 30-odd ocedures (Kahlo had at least as many ctors as lovers) in August 1953—the amtation of her right leg. Kahlo's injured nal column was already metaphoric oof that she was indeed "rotten at the re." But, unlike her backbone, the mp was an outwardly visible sign of her fectiveness. The incorrigible egomaniac vera wrote in his autobiography, "Folving the loss of her leg, Frida became eply depressed. She no longer even nted to hear me tell her of my love afrs. . . . She had lost her will to live."

Though she painted, mostly still lifes, whenever she had the strength, and, if the occasion warranted, could summon up her diabolical humor (in a quarrel with Dolores Del Rio, she announced, "I will send her my leg on a silver tray as an act of vengeance"), she tried several times to kill herself by hanging or overdose. But even in her livelier moments, she was doped up on Demerol; between the scabs from previous injections and her surgeries, it was impossible to find a virgin spot of skin in which to insert a needle. Vain to the finish, she continued her daily makeup ritual—Coty rouge and powder on the face, Talika eye pencil on the unibrow, and magenta lipstick—but her expert touch failed her, and, like the surfaces of her last canvases, the cosmetics were grotesquely caked and smeared. Her features coarsened and thickened, giving her countenance, in the past compared to an effeminate boy's, a distinctly masculine cast.

In her delirious despair, Frida became an ardent Stalinist. The Soviet tyrant, who died not long before Kahlo, was somehow merged in her agitated mind with Rivera—and with her father. "VIVA STALIN / VIVA DIEGO," she wrote on one diary page. Her last known painting is an unfinished likeness of the Russian leader. With his brushy hair and drooping mustache, he resembles, Grimberg observes in his unpublished manuscript, the posthumous image she had made in 1951 of her father.

All signs point to the fact that Kahlo's death on July 13, 1954, was a suicide by overdose. As art historian Sarah Lowe says, "Enough was enough." Many factors, the diary not least among them, support this theory. Her last written words include a long list of doctors and companions whom she thanks, and then the lines "I hope the leaving is joyful—and I hope never to return—FRIDA." The diary's last self-portrait shows a green face, which looks like an amalgam of her features with those of Diego, under which Kahlo inscribed "ENVIOUS ONE." And the book's last image is a bleak and transcendental study of a dark winged being—the Angel of Death.

Through a doctor friend, Rivera obtained a death certificate that listed the cause as "pulmonary embolism," but Kahlo's body was cremated before an autopsy could be performed. In Grimberg's text Olga Campos recalls that when she leaned over to kiss the corpse's cheek Frida's mustache hairs bristled—for a moment the psychologist thought her friend was still alive. After the cremation, when Frida's ashes slid back out on a cart from the oven doors, Rivera, some witnesses claim, scooped up a handful and ate them.

With her diaries now bared to the world, what, finally, can we make of Frida, the Ancient Concealer? Was she victim, martyr, manipulator—or even a great artist? Certainly her pain, her tears, her misery, her talent were authentic—but so was her need to exploit them. Which is not to deny Frida the essential tragedy and heroism of her life. Says the psychologist Dr. James Bridger Harris, who interpreted the Rorschach tests administered by Olga Campos, "It is Kahlo's heroic battle in the face of feeling defective, deformed, and unloved that everyone taps into." Frida projected onto one of these Rorschach cards a poignant, metaphoric description of herself. Its ambiguous shape suggested to her "a strange butterfly. Full of hair, flying downward very fast." Her remarkable response to an even murkier gray inkblot eloquently reveals Kahlo's longing to transcend her afflictions with dignity and grace: "Very pretty. Here are two ballerinas without a head and they're missing a leg [this was several years before the amputation]. . . . They're dancing." □

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oth

ntinued from page 198) and "decent." lis friends are not in the movie indus-," insists his longtime American agent, ne Feldman. "They're not yes-people. ey're on equal ground with him." This not such a paradox. Roth lives up in Hollywood Hills with his wife, Nikki, fashion designer whom he met four rs ago at the Sundance Film Festival e was skiing; he was screening), and ir newborn son, Hunter. *Rob Roy,* he s, "was my first real paycheck." His gins are humble, too—lower-middle-class London, all the way. His father was a Fleet Street journalist who later took up freelance writing, and his mother taught school but is now a painter. Of his father, he says, "He looked like Spencer Tracy. Very handsome and he could be very witty. A Socialist. We were always going to demonstrations when we were kids."

Perhaps as a measure of how little (or much) his life has changed since then, Roth tells me a story of the time his sister came to visit a few years ago. She slept on the couch, and one morning she woke up to find Liam Neeson standing in the doorway with two bottles of wine in his arms. "I had forgotten I told Liam to come over for a drink," explains Roth.

Bruce, Liam: you have to wonder. Roth makes it sound so ordinary, these star drop-ins. But he hasn't gotten too blasé to smile with pleasure at the telling of his tales. One of his first acquaintances when he came to Los Angeles in 1990 was Sean Penn, who had phoned Roth some months before to tell him how much he liked *Vincent and Theo* (the Robert Altman film in which the actor gave one of his first major performances). Penn suggested that Roth give him a ring if he ever got to town. By the time our hero actually arrived Stateside, he had appeared in a number of widely touted films in England, including

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Roth

Stephen Frears's *The Hit* and Alan Clarke's *Made in Britain,* in which he played a nazi skinhead. And he had had a relationship with a London woman, a partnership that produced a son, Jack, now 11. But when Roth got to L.A., he did phone up Penn. He says that at the time he really hadn't planned to stay in California. "Then I thought, Why not?"

He says his friendship with Penn has produced amazing insights—at least on his side. For one thing, he found out that someone whom he had once considered a "hero" was also generous enough to be a friend, to take him around to parties and introduce him to people in the industry. The second insight? Roth found out he hated the Hollywood social scene. "We went to this one party," recalls Roth, "and everybody was there. Sean introduced me to people, but I felt so out of place. I think I ended up in a corner munching a sandwich."

He looks around the bar and shrugs. "I always feel so wretched at those things."

Maybe it's the hour, but this sounds a wee bit disingenuous, and I suggest that perhaps people are now talking about him with the same awe.

"No, they're not," he snorts. "Most of the time they're talking about real estate."

Lawrence Bender says that Roth was not the first choice to play Ted the bellhop. Steve Buscemi was, but for one reason or another he couldn't do it. "We were all sitting around one night—Quentin, Allison, Alex, and Robert—going through actors," recalls Bender. "We came up with a lot of interesting choices, but as soon as Tim's name came up, we all said, 'That's a fucking great idea.' It was completely unanimous."

Roth seems to have figured out the dynamics of working for four directors simultaneously. "Allison is very, very mellow," he says. "She has a real hard edge, but it has a completely different texture. Alex Rockwell is all psychological—he should be seeing a shrink constantly. Robert, I don't know. He was so fast. We were doing 58 setups a day. It was mad. . . . And Quentin, I know the way he is. He has this incredible enthusiasm. His was the last section, so it was like going home again."

And Madonna? "A breeze," sings Roth. "An absolute breeze. We just kind of got in each other's face and had fun."

There is no doubt that Roth is now at a very different place in his career than he was just a year ago. Having overcome enormous fears about his ability to p the fey Archie, he proved to himself—a to MGM/UA—that he could rise to alm unbearable heights of wickedness, and s be human. His decision to play a remor less Russian hit man in James Gray's scure drama, *Little Odessa,* was no risky. And, of course, there is Ted. A co plete send-up. Totally strange. Brilliant.

So I ask Roth if all this doesn't p vide him with an excellent springboard

He looks at me, puzzled. "A spri board to what?" It is so like Roth to p ceed on his instincts and then be bless with roles that invariably reveal yet anc er aspect of his talent. Next month h go to work with Woody Allen, appear with Julia Roberts in a film whose t and plot remain, par for Allen, clos guarded. For now, though, he is work on a low-budget drama on Staten Isla called *Gasoline Alley.* It is telling t Roth's first choice after *Rob Roy* was with a studio, as one might have expe ed, but with an independent filmma named Buddy Giovinazzo. The film, starring Peter Greene (who played sodomist in *Pulp Fiction*), is about the lationship between two brothers after (Roth) gets out of prison. Although R was offered "a large amount of mon by a studio to star in a thriller, his ag says, he turned it down because he wa passionate enough about the character really respect him for that," says F man. "He doesn't want to sell out."

But then, Roth has never been dictable. For years he has refused to auditions, which is not an uncommon hibition among actors. In Roth's case, h ever, the list of directors he's turned do is pretty impressive. He wouldn't read Steven Spielberg when Spielberg was ing *Schindler's List,* and he almost di read for Tarantino. But, says Roth, two of us got so drunk, I said, 'Ah, f I'll read for you.'" Tarantino wrote the lines on a cocktail napkin.

Jessica Lange says that one of the sons she wanted to work with Roth that "he is still so unknown as an act One suspects that Roth would like to serve the mystery of his aura for a l while longer. Because, after all, isn't the point?

Roth gets up to leave. He's supp to meet Peter Greene at his house at P.M. He starts to smile.

"I first met Peter in a bar. He sai want to work with you.' And I said, O.K.'" Roth's voice drops to a low per. "He said, 'Yeah, I'll kick your a

Roth shakes his head.

The putz. □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Sandra Bullock's Issey Miyake jacket from the Issey Miyake boutique, N.Y.C.; Romeo Gigli shirt from Spazio Romeo Gigli, N.Y.C.; Valentino Boutique skirt from the Valentino Boutique, N.Y.C.; Charles David shoes from Charles David stores nationwide.

Page 12: Sandra Bullock's coat by Donna Karan, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; skirt by Yohji Yamamoto, from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.; shoes by Krizia, from Krizia, N.Y.C.

Page 16: See credits on page 166.

Page 26: Bottom left, see credits for page 163; bottom right, see credits for cover

Page 122: Paloma Herrera's Dolce & Gabbana blouse from selected Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Kym Canter for Butler-Reghanti.

Page 133: Elina Löwensohn's Debra Moises shirt and jacket by special order, 212-496-6811; Yohji Yamamoto hat from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Page 140: Top left, styled by Lee Moore for Visages Style; shirt and pants by So, by special order from Charivari, N.Y.C.

Page 142: Styled by Frank Camarda; jeans by Todd Oldham, from the Todd Oldham Store, N.Y.C.

Page 157: Sandra Bullock's Marina Spadafora coat from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Isaac Mizrahi skirt by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Vivienne Westwood gloves from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Patrick Cox boots from Patrick Cox, N.Y.C.

Page 159: Alberta Ferretti dress from selected Neiman Marcus stores nationwide.

Page 160: Rochas skirt from Betsy, N.Y.C.; Patrick Cox shoes from Patrick Cox, N.Y.C.

Page 161: Isaac Mizrahi skirt by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Nana ruffled pants from Nana, N.Y.C. and Santa Monica; Prada shoes from Prada, N.Y.C.

Page 163: Vivienne Westwood jacket and Isaac Mizrahi skirt, both by special order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; La Crasia gloves from Glove Street, N.Y.C.; Lola top hat from Lola Millinery, N.Y.C.

Pages 166–75: Sittings styled by Agnes Baddoo for Rex and by Kate Bergh

Pages 190–91: George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard

Page 196: Tim Roth's Dolce & Gabbana coat from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Page 197: Dolce & Gabbana trousers from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; American Rag Cie shirt from American Rag, N.Y.C.

Page 234: Styled by Andrew Richardson for Oz New York. **Harry Belafonte's** turtleneck and coat by Paul Stuart, from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Sandra Bullock's hair styled with Redken Hot Sets Thermal Setting Mist. All makeup from MAC. On her eyes, Lola Eyeshadow; on her lips, Lipstick in Sheer Plum. Joanne Gair for Cloutier/MAC.

Page 26: Bottom, see credits for cover

Page 122: Paloma Herrera's hair styled with Paul Mitchell Super Clean Sculpting Gel. All makeup from Shiseido. On her eyes, Shadow Liner in Black Variations; on her lips, Matte Variations Lipstick in Dancing Purple. Rolando Beauchamp for Nubest & Co.; Alberto Fava for Marek & Associates.

Page 133: All makeup from Princess Marcella Borghese. On **Elina Löwensohn's** eyes, Eye Accento Pencil in Black Vellura; on her lips, Lumina Lipstick in Sensuale Beige. Hiromi Kobari for Tricia Joyce.

Page 140: Top left, grooming by Garen Tolkin for Cloutier.

Page 142: Grooming by Clyde Haygood for Sarah Laird.

Page 143: Top, makeup by Kim Pish

Page 155: Grooming by Kelley Quan for Makeup for Ever.

Pages 156–63: See credits for cover.

Page 164: Jo Strettell for Visages Style.

Pages 166–75: Sittings grooming by Heba Thorisdottir for Rex

Page 190: Alberto Guzman for Bumble & Bumble; Andrea Paoletti for Oz New York.

Pages 196–99: Tim Roth's hair groomed with Polo Sport Alcohol-Free Hair Gel. Jillian Fink for Smashbox Beauty.

Photographs and Miscellany

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Page 114: Video images from ABC's *PrimeTime Live*

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Pages 200–201: From Camera Press/Globe Photos.

Page 203: Right, from the Neal Peters Collection

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Corrections: Makeup for Kelly Lynch in the July issue was from Stila; Lucienne Zammit for Cloutier/Stila.

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTEN

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

While it's true that most Virgos are dedicated to keeping their fellow human beings on a path of righteousness, you are not all obsessed with flicking the lights on when slow dancers get too close. Even if your emotional development is a little slow (Virgos seem to come to puberty late), you can be very open-minded about the frailties of those not blessed with your level of self-discipline. With Pluto about to leave your 3rd house and your communication skills so sharpened, perhaps you'd like to tell the world what you've been doing on *your* lunch hour.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

A hotshot Libra executive lost his seven-figure job and—guess what—he didn't die from it. A fancy suburban Libra lady who once cared only about the total number of her carats is now thrilled to pieces that she and her husband are healthy enough to slice a carrot into a salad. The recent transit of Pluto through your 2nd house has put your values into the cosmic shredder. Your priorities are now in place. You've made sacrifices for what or whom you totally love, and your reward is that you will never go hungry. Also, you've learned to eat less, and that helps.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

How far you've come from those old masochistic days of the 70s. How well you've managed to go from being completely invisible to commanding such a strong position of respect. Back then a lot of people thought you were a big nothing. They were right, of course. At that time that's all you were. Then Pluto entered Scorpio, and you threw off your wimpy cloak and revealed your super powers. Now what? As Pluto leaves Scorpio, you've got to reinvent yourself and be reborn again—pull another rabbit out of the hat, yank one more clown from the Volkswagen.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

With Pluto in their 12th house, some Sadges have been perfect angels—sacrificing for others, graciously accepting charity in return for their good works, and quietly going off in a spiritual direction. The less evolved ones have been self-indulgent and self-destructive, allowing themselves to be led down very foolish paths. Now, as Jupiter and Pluto go direct in mid-August, here is a chance to come clean and start over. The life (or lie) you've been living for 10 years is currently trudging to a close. Yes, that's the fat lady you see up there onstage. She's about to sing.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Friendships you've had for years are coming to an end. Whether you're a juicy young Capricorn whose biological clock hasn't even begun ticking loudly or a crusty old one who has already pushed the snooze button, you're bound to feel a tickle way down where your legs meet the rest of you. If that happens, you don't have to run to church and light a candle because you think passion will wreak havoc with your master plan. Just chalk it up to fast-moving planets' goosing your 8th house, and Pluto's leaving the 11th. The cosmic plan is larger than yours. No offense.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

For years now, Aquarians from Bombay to Brooklyn have been living un- [illegible] a 10th-house Pluto. They have felt like bugs being [illegible]der a microscope or turkeys being basted in an oven. Get hip. Whether you have been hooked into the security offered by a corporation, obsessed with getting your blood checked every five minutes, or stuck repaying a favor to the Mob because of an offer you weren't able to refuse, [illegible] bound to bring good news. [illegible] to kiss your Godfather good-bye.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Over the past decade you've been exposed to some powerful influe everybody from wacko cult members to spiritually ascended practitio You've gone from thinking of yourself as just another pretty face a hot you-know-what to being a right-thinking person with strong, ind dent ideas. With Pluto just about to leave your 9th house, you've g stay high in the purest sense. You can't simply take a pill and escap pain of knowing that life is a shaggy-dog story with a stupid punch especially now that you almost certainly have something to live for.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

You were once closed and uptight in your thinking about matte lifestyle, but with Pluto in your 8th house you've been able to ope to possibilities not dreamed of by D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, or the Marquis de Sade. The sexual transformation you've been going thr is no more mind-crunching than if RuPaul were to start playing ho for the New York Rangers. You haven't yet totally abandoned your lessons and gone off to Pleasure Island with those wicked guys who to turn Pinocchio into a donkey. At least let's hope not.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

Congratulations on completing the course in human relationships. Ge your rigid worldview of having everything in its place and no one c to move your toothbrush from the right to the left side of the sink to's transit through your solar 7th house has helped you go eyeball t ball with narcissistic control freaks, unapproachable doctors, gorgeous n swarthy terrorists, dark-eyed mind readers, power brokers able to with corporate heads, and even—if you have been lucky enough to fest Pluto's vibration on the *highest* level—your soul mate.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

When loved ones tell you to relax, it doesn't quite sink in. You're now between wanting to believe you can let go because the opportu being presented to you can really be counted on and feeling anxiou if you give in for a second to any member of the opposite sex you're for. As Pluto prepares to leave your 6th house and Jupiter moves fo in your 7th, you've got to see that maybe you can let yourself be to in places you haven't let anyone touch. Maybe you won't die from contact. Can you imagine such a thing?

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

As Pluto completes its transit of your 5th house, you should alrea aware of those intense emotional experiences of the last 10 years to you have become very attached. Traditional Cancerian housewive themselves from the bosom of security and plunged into the arms duction. Timid security freaks flung themselves into the vortex of c risk. In less grandiose but no less profound situations, Cancer p learned how to learn from their true teachers, who happen to be the The question is, can you now cope without all this drama?

LEO *July 23–August 22*

If octogenarians could become pregnant, then great numbers of 8 old Leos would certainly be doing so now. It's natural to cling to curity of family. We all do it. Those of us who are blessed with development, however, peck our way out of the shell, go off to c get married, and make our way in the world. We know we cannot side the nest forever, avoiding life. If that statement seems harsh, the mirror. It's time to face your past and go forth into the realm perience. That goes for all Leos—even the blond ones with black


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Social Study

Harry Belafonte made history in 1955 when *Calypso* became the first album to sell or million copies. Forty years later, it's still his Day-O. This month he returns to the big scr in *White Man's Burden* and spices up *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

Harry Belafonte



Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Day-O.

What is your greatest regret?
Not being a banana.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A world without violence or poverty.

What is your greatest fear?
The Republicans will win everything.

What is it [illegible] like?
Racism.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Paul Robeson.

Which living person [illegible] admire?
Nelson Mandela.

Which living person do you most despise?
Clarence Thomas.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To compose like Duke Ellington and to sing like Odetta.

What is your most treasured possession?
A good song.

Where would you like to live?
In Carnegie Hall.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My self-doubt.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Blindly following.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Watching CNN.

What is your favorite journey?
Looking for leaders.

When and where were you happiest?
Playing Seldom Seen in Bob Altman's film *Kansas City*.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Bluntness.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
His constant state of trying to discover.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Being a liberated woman.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My family.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A guitar.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it b
Something we've never heard of.

How would you like to die?
Slowly, over a 200-year period, without pain.

What is your motto?
LIVE!

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RALPH LAUREN HOME COLLECTION



Social Study

Harry Belafonte made history in 1955 when *Calypso* became the first album to sell o million copies. Forty years later, it's still his Day-O. This month he returns to the big scr in *White Man's Burden* and spices up *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

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If you could choose what to come back as, what would it
Something we've never heard of.

How would you like to die?
Slowly, over a 200-year period, without pain.

What is your motto?
LIVE!



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HOME COLLECTION





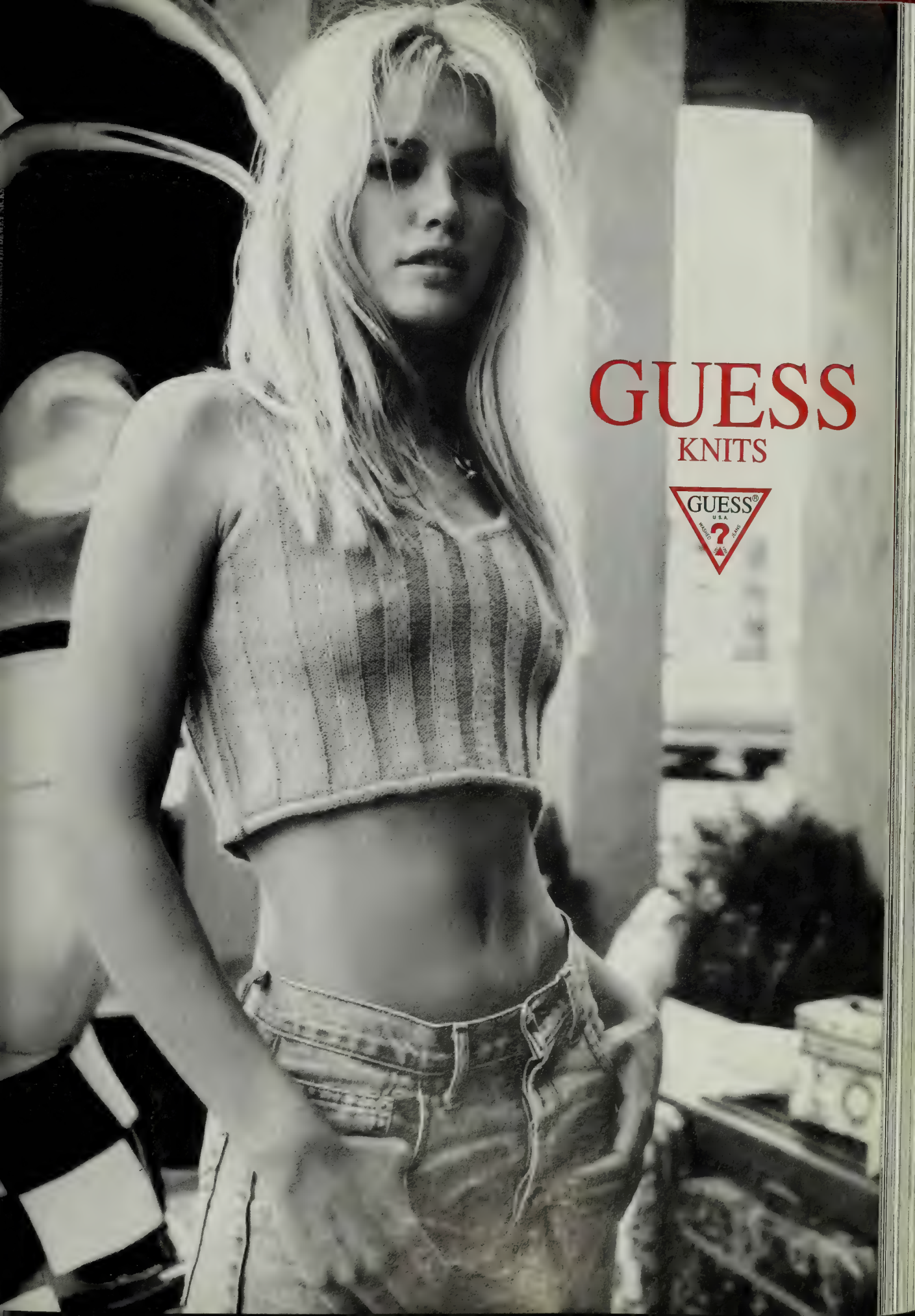


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IRL'S BEST FRIEND,
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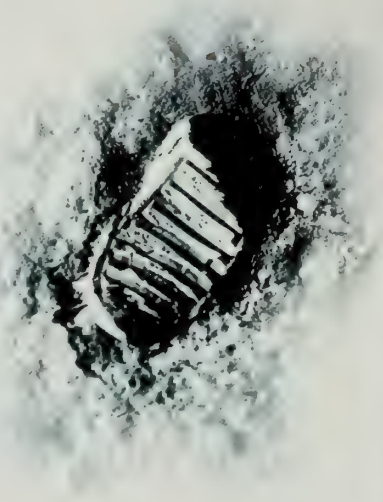
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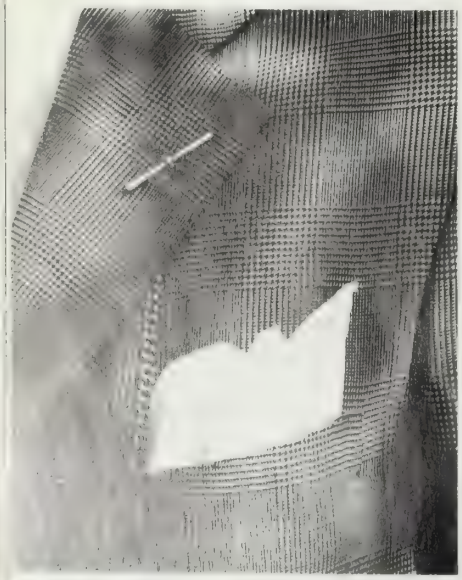




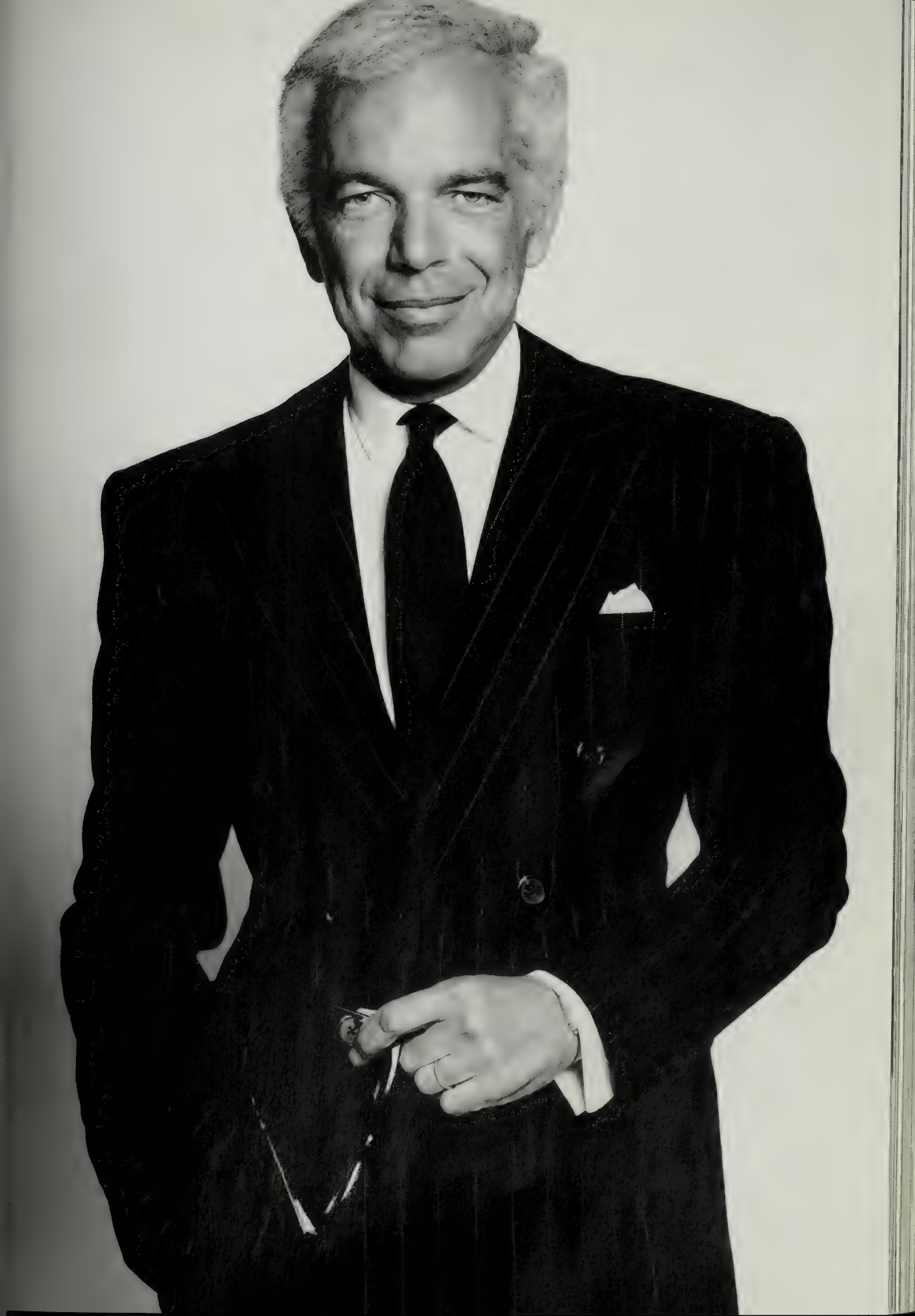












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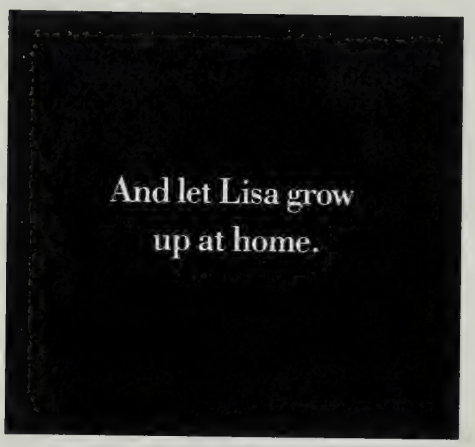
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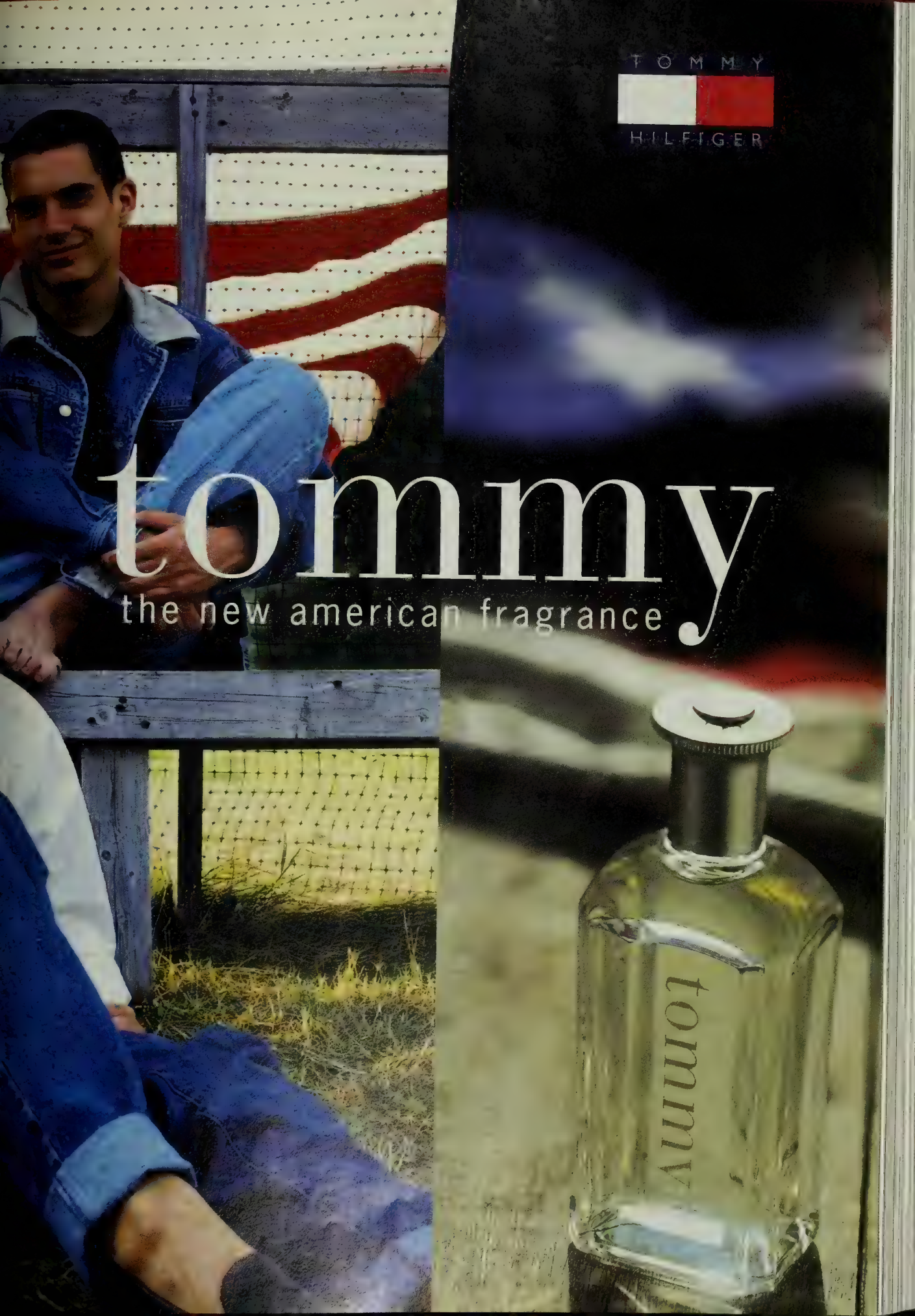
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Editor's Letter

The Lady Reappears



Contributing editor Edward Klein has traveled and reported extensively in Asia, first for U.P.I., then as *Newsweek*'s foreign editor, and more recently for *Vanity Fair* stories on the Japanese royal family and Sony. Though Klein had never been to Burma, now called Myanmar, which was closed to journalists for many years, he had wanted to interview imprisoned political dissident Aung San Suu Kyi ever since she won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1991. The week she was released by the military regime which had kept her under house arrest since 1989, Klein flew to Rangoon. His report, "The Lady Triumphs," on page 120, chronicles the extraordinary courage of one woman, known to her countrymen simply as "the Lady," in mounting a challenge to a superstitious and reclusive tyrant—Ne Win—and the ruling State Law and Order Restoration Council.

Her story is part Nelson Mandela, part Benazir Bhutto. As with Mandela, her long incarceration gave her legendary status; like Pakistan's Prime Minister Bhutto, she was educated in the West, at Oxford, and her crusade was driven by the legacy of a martyred father.

As Klein watched Aung San Suu Kyi make her first public appearances, he noticed the difference between the private woman and the political figure. "One on-one," he says, "she is a much shier, ret cent person. In public she comes alive, he facial expressions change." Despite her eno mous popularity, Aung San Suu Kyi's situ tion is still precarious. Klein found the Burmes living "under a reign of invisible terror. seemed everyone had lost some relative i the crackdown of 1988–89, when as man as 3,000 people were massacred, at leas four times the number killed in Tiananmen Square. Peopl are afraid to talk. They assume they are being watched b military intelligence, which has tentacles everywhere."

Still, Klein believes that Suu has only become more pr pared and seasoned for the task she faces. "The peop who knew her in England recall her as being rather arr gant, haughty, and a bit on the condescending side. Thes qualities all seem to have been burned away in the cr cible of her six years of lonely house arrest. She ha emerged as a figure of moral authority who is clearly wi ing and ready to sacrifice everything for the ideal restoring democracy to her homeland."

Graydon Carter

Cover

March On, Washington



Denzel Washington's success is based "not just on his undeniable sex appeal but also on his intelligence as an actor," writes Lloyd Grove on page 242. Washington is photographed, *near right*, on the beach in L.A. with the world at his feet.

ON THE COVER: Denzel Washington wears jacket, sweater, and pants by Polo by Ralph L Grooming products by Clinique. Groomi by Carol Shaw and Max Pinnell. Styled Kate Harrington. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.


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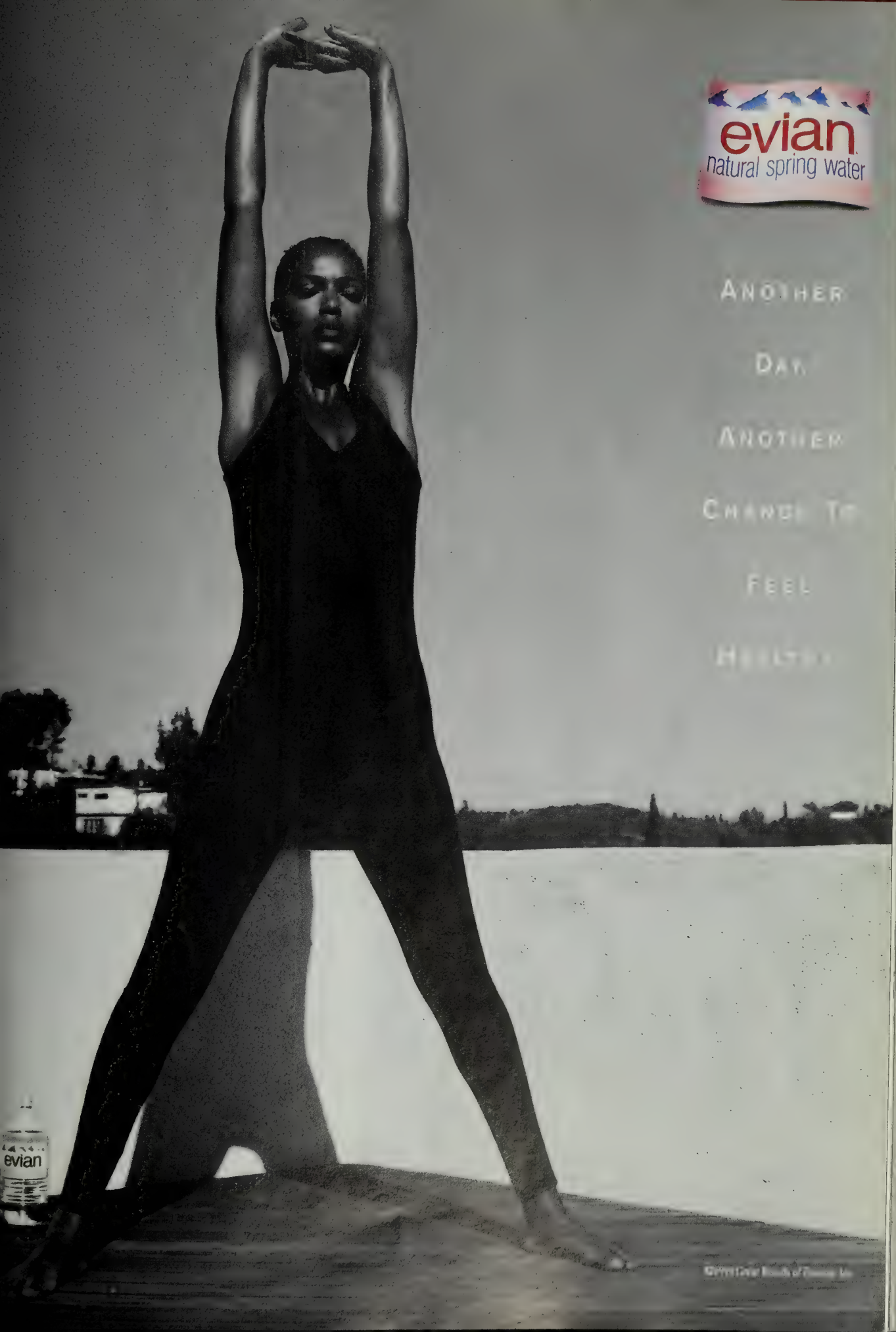
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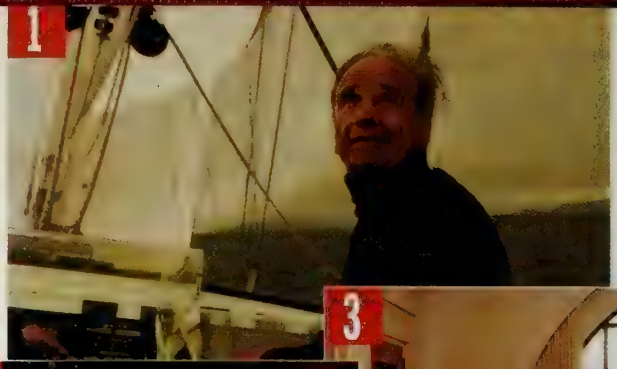
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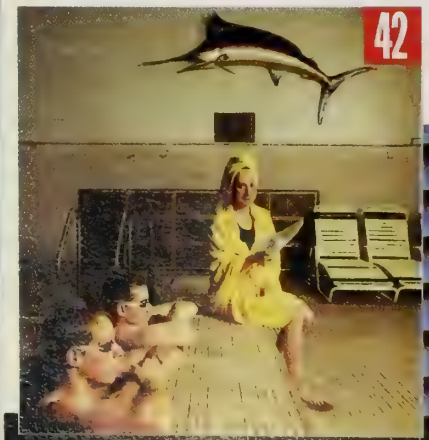




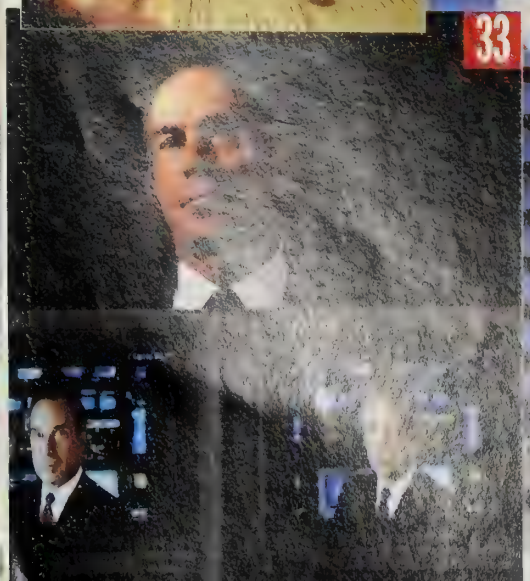


It looks easy, doesn't it? But figuring out who are the 50 most powerful people in the New Establishment convergence of entertainment, information, and technology—and then ranking them in numerical order—is more than just a matter of counting their billions. (Though their billions definitely do count.) We called on some of *Vanity Fair*'s formidable resources: special correspondent Bryan Burrough and contributing editors Kim Masters and Edward Klein, who among them have essentially investigated every Hollywood deal over the last two years, and executive editor Elise O'Shaughnessy, who wrote last October's article defining the New Establishment. We assembled a SWAT team of talented reporters on both coasts. Suzanna Andrews, Matthew Tyrnauer, Bruce Feirstein, Emma Gilbey, Charles Fleming, Phoebe Hoban, Eric Konigsberg, Deborah Mitchell, Daniel Eisenberg, and Lynn Moloney all set about gathering facts, figures, and perceptions. A handful of high-level outside advisers, who have begged to remain nameless, brought their wisdom to the mix. The result is a list that considers a vast amount of information and the best pickings from the grapevine—and then adds in the mysterious "x factor." (The key to which we will happily divulge, but not until the patent comes through.)

To give the list its visual edge, Nigel Parry flew from New York to Silicon Valley, photographing some of the New Establishment's more intriguing additions: James Clark, whose public offering went through the roof, making Netscape his second billion-dollar creation; Michael Fuchs, struggling to reinvent Time Warner's $3.9 billion music division; Intel's Andy Grove, the quiet challenger to Bill Gates; Norman Pearlstine, given the reins this year of all the Time Inc. magazines; Esther Dyson, cerebral high priestess of the interactive age; Michael Bloomberg, the man who would be financial-data king. Building on last October's special report, the New Establishment 50 provides a deeper, more detailed look at the powers behind the deals and the discoveries. □







Above, *from last year's portfolio by Annie Leibovitz,* clockwise from top, *Rupert Murdoch, on his 158-foot ketch,* Morning Glory, *off the coast of Alaska; Michael Eisner, in his Disney office; and Bill Gates, in his home office in Bellevue, Washington.* Left, clockwise from top, *Esther Dyson, president of EDventure Holdings, at the Downtown Athletic Club in New York; Andrew Grove, at Intel headquarters in Santa Clara, California; and Michael Bloomberg, founder of Bloomberg L.P., in New York City.*

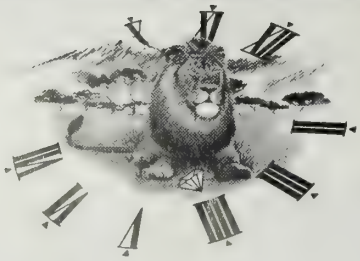

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Audrey Hepburn, with her dog in 1957





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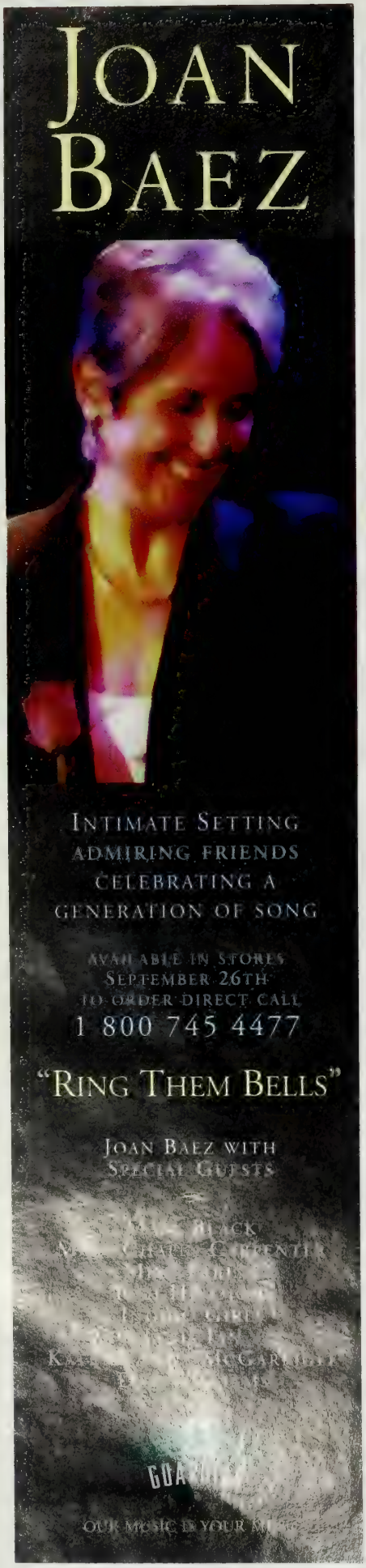
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Contributors



Fashion czar Karl Lagerfeld and V.F. *consultant style editor André Leon Talley combine forces—Lagerfeld (*above, left*) as photographer, Talley as stylist—for a photo spread on page 248 which celebrates the return of the most haute of haute couture, 1990s-style.*



ALLISON LEACH

Contributing editor Marjorie Williams, who profiles General Colin Powell on page 229, found that "the more reporting I did, the more obvious it became that Powell understands how his appeal works and the extent to which his mystery is a major element of his charm." Williams lives in Washington, D.C., with her husband, Wall Street Journal *reporter Timothy Noah, and their two-year-old son.*

Contributing editor **Lloyd Grove** h spent considerable time with politicia during his 11 years on the "Style" secti of *The Washington Post.* He believes th Denzel Washington has what it takes run for office, even though the act seems cynical about politics. "What s prises me, though, is that if he did run wouldn't necessarily be as a Democra Grove says. "He reluctantly told me th he votes both ways."

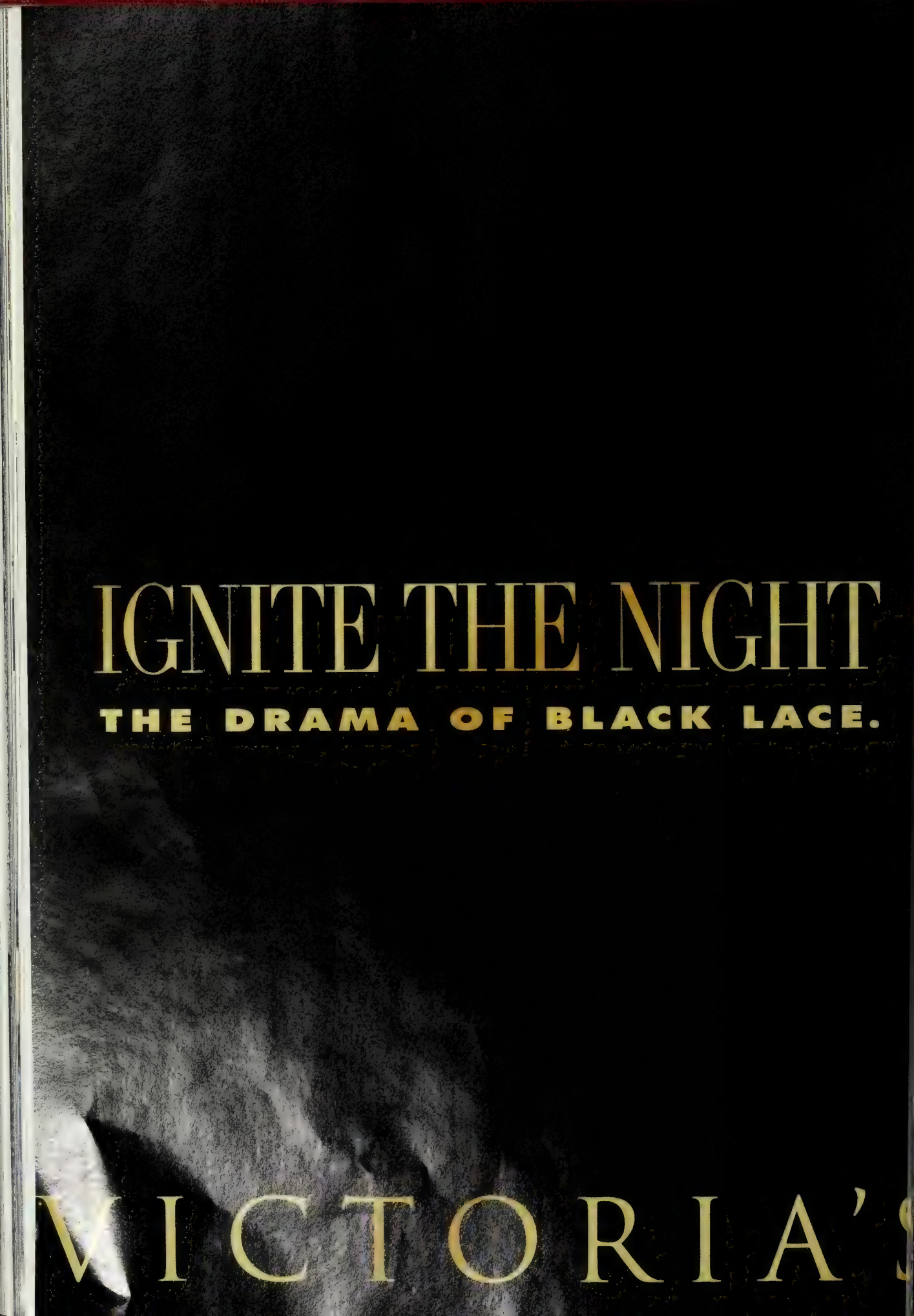
When **H. G. Bissinger** began reporti the story of the late Hope Montgome Scott, he thought it would merely be retrospective look at the life of a M Line grande dame. "The more I got i it," he says, "the more I found she rep sented an American era."

Former Condé Nast editorial direc **Alexander Liberman** displays his tale as a photographer with his fifth bo *Then,* excerpted in this issue, a collect of images captured throughout 70 ye among the great artists and social figu of his day. *(Continued on page*

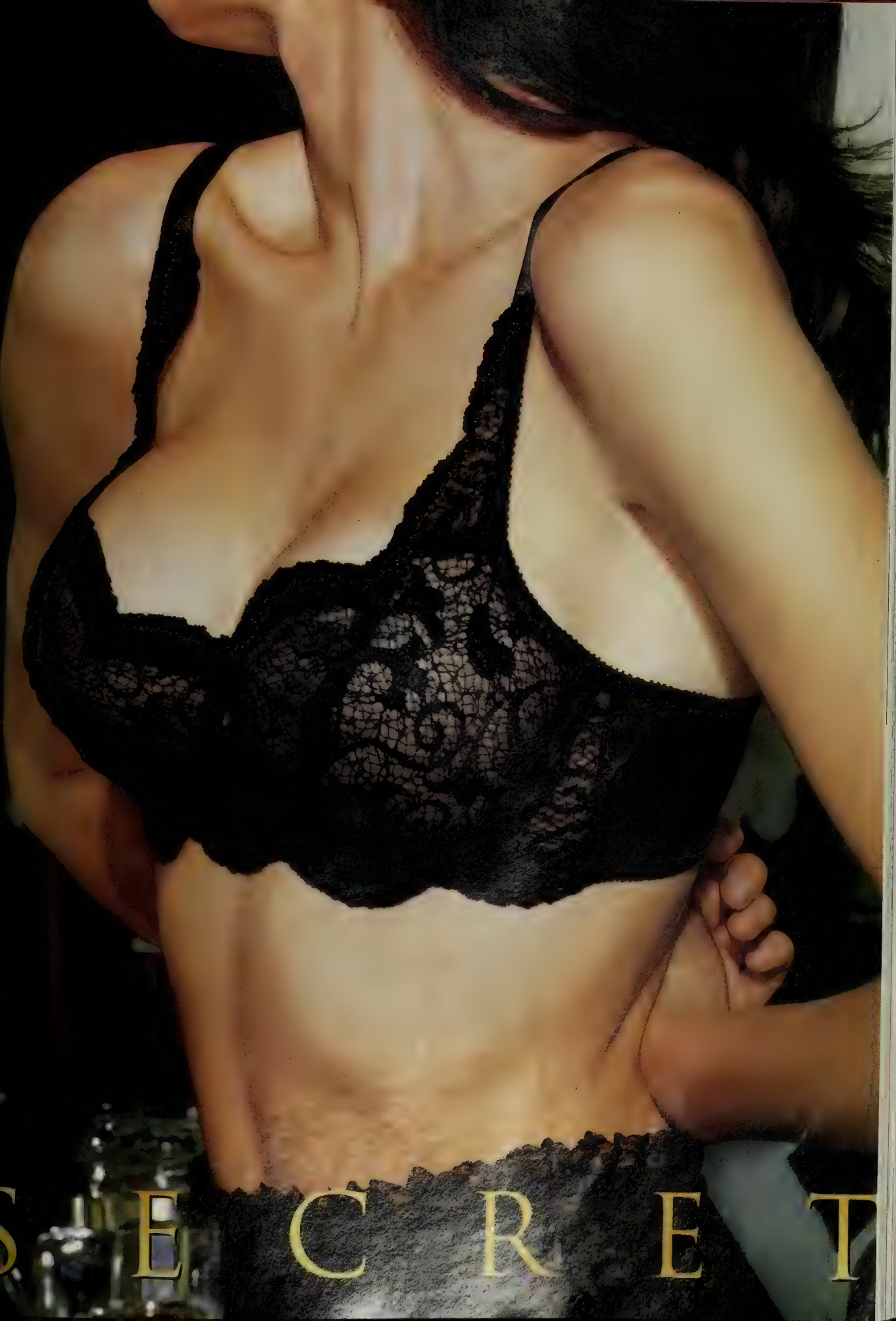

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THE DRAMA OF BLACK LACE.



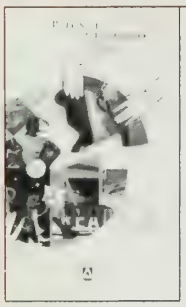
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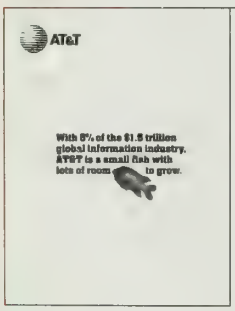
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Adobe Systems Inc., founded in 1982, is headquartered in Mountain View, California. Adobe develops, markets and supports computer software products and technologies that enable users to create, display, print and communicate electronic documents. The company has subsidiaries in Europe and the Pacific Rim serving a worldwide network of dealers and distributors. Adobe's 1994 revenue was approximately $598 million. Check box #1A for a financial report.

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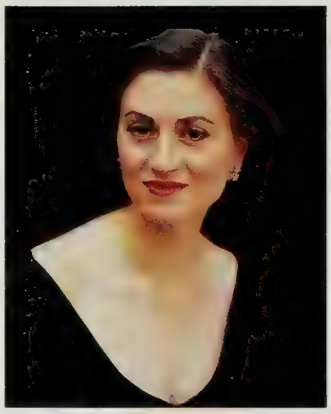
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A Dallas-based electric utility holding company whose four electric operating subsidiaries provide service to approximately 4.3 million people in Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Arkansas. In 1994, the $3 billion corporation had revenues totaling $3.6 billion and earnings per share of $2.08. The 1995 indicated annual dividend of $1.72 represents the company's 44th consecutive dividend increase. Check box #3A for a financial report.

In order, turn to page 296.

Contributors

(Continued from page 62)



EIKA AOSHIMA

Contributing editor Laura Jacobs has written about fashion for The New Republic *and is the author of* The Art of Haute Couture *(Abbeville), which features the fashion photography of Victor Skrebneski. She lives near New York's Gramercy Park with her husband, writer James Wolcott.*

"Over and over I heard New Yorkers commenting that the Richardson divorce is the kind of story that makes New York in August seem worthwhile," says contributing editor **Jennet Conant.** "It's a great New York love story, a gothically messy divorce, and deeply laced with ironies."



EVELYN HOFER

Mrs. Vincent (Brooke) Astor, who takes a lighthearted look at charity benefits on page 156, presides over the Vincent Astor Foundation, which makes grants to such institutions as the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Public Library, and the East Harlem Tutorial Program. For 10 years, she was features editor of House and Garden *and has written four books, including* A Patchwork Child, *a memoir of growing up in Beijing.*

"Carol Channing is the last of a valiant breed," says contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts.** "She will go anywhere and endure any sacrifice to put on a show." Bennetts wrote about Debbie Reynolds in the October 1994 issue.

M. A. Farber brings personal experience to his article on New York *Daily News* columnist Mike McAlary's reporting about an alleged rape hoax. McAlary has declined to name confidential sources for his columns; Farber spent 40 days in jail in 1978 to protect his own news sources.



"Julie Andrews is a true dichotomy—elegant, pretty, honest, then suddenly cold, masculine, and tough," says journalist Jonathan Van Meter. Most recently, Van Meter was the founding editor in chief of Vibe *magazine.*

Contributing editors **Stephen Fried** and **Kim Masters** combine forces to examine the vast network of problems which plague the Time Warner corporation. Fried originally reported on the Warner Music Group fiasco in the February issue, and, last November, Masters documented Round One of the Michael Eisner–Jeffrey Katzenberg imbroglio.

Contributing editor **Edward Klein** profiled Seagram C.E.O. Edgar Bronfman Jr. in the July issue.

Toby Young, the former editor of *The Modern Review,* who writes a weekly column from New York for London's *Evening Standard,* compares and contrasts the C.B.-radio craze with today's Internet fever.

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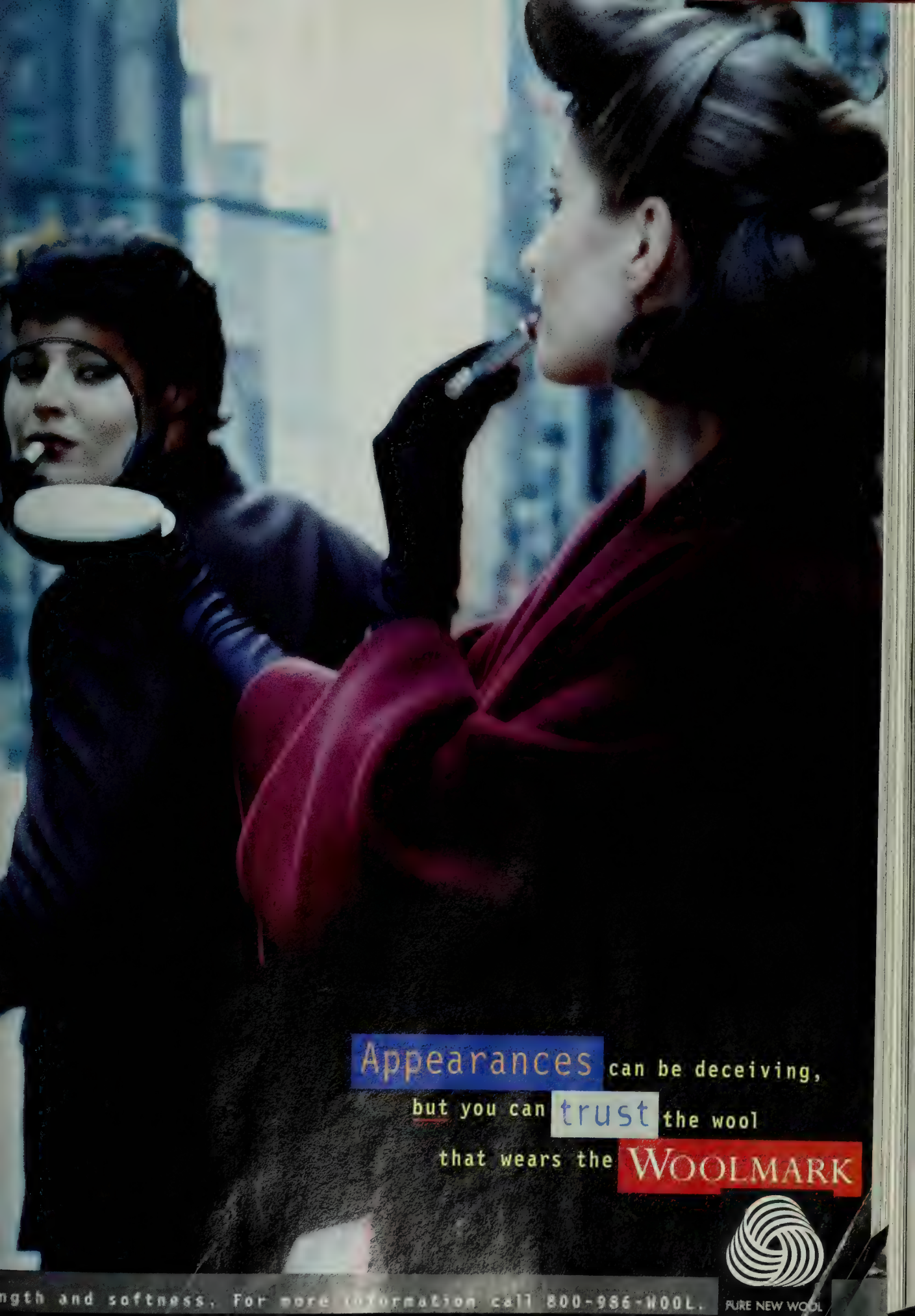


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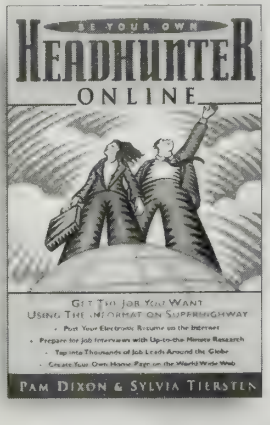
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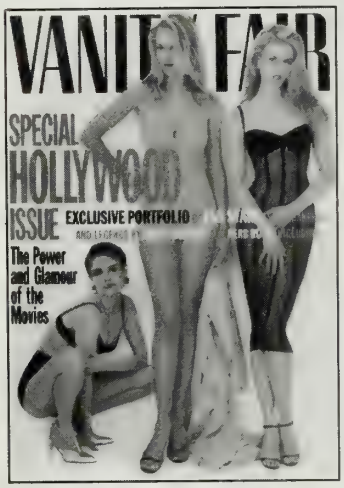
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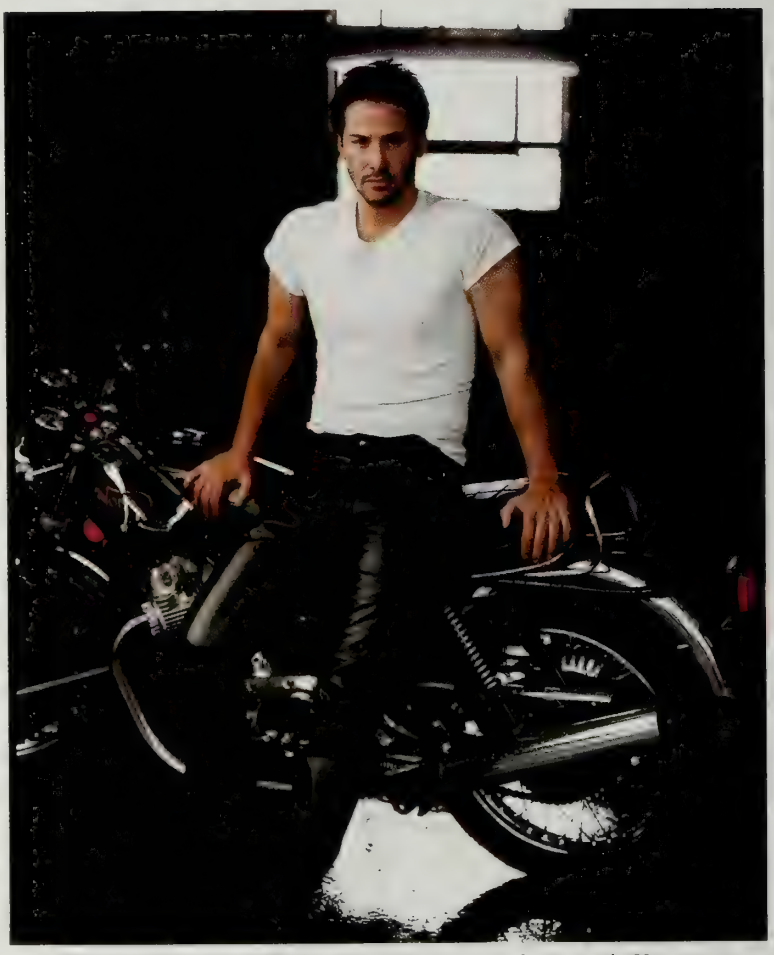
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Letters



Keanu Reeves poses with a Norton Mk III Commando motorcycle. He counts his two Nortons among his most treasured possessions.

REEVED UP

Many thanks for the extremely informative Keanu Reeves profile ["Young and Restless," by Michael Shnayerson, August]. The author filled in many of the details missing from other Keanu articles. I saw Keanu's performance in Winnipeg and agree with critic Roger Lewis that "he *is* Hamlet." I'm happy to see an actor devoted to his craft because of his sheer love of it and not for the money. Bravo, Keanu!

JANICE YANNONE
Waco, Texas

Keanu Reeves should have been "The Mild One," rather than "The Wild One." Michael Shnayerson suggests that Mr. Reeves gave up "the chance to be his generation's Schwarzenegger or Stallone." I suggest that he's much more likely to be our generation's Cary Grant. As to his being currently "homeless": Keanu, you can stay at our house anytime!

VICKI CHRISTENSEN
Carol Stream, Illinois

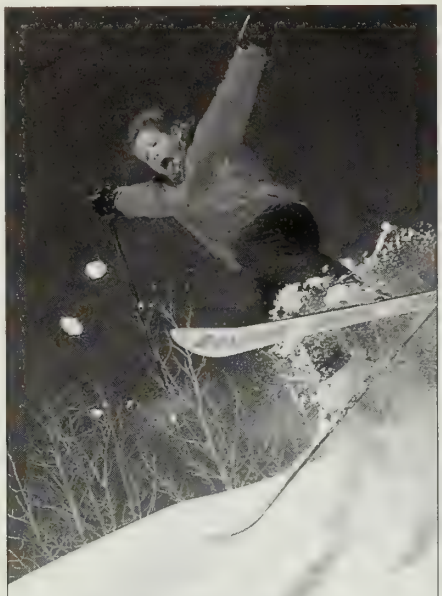
Great article on Keanu Reeves, bu how can you call him "The Wild One"? He has great tenacity as an actor and also, it seems, in his personal life. It's a rare individual today who listens to himself and does that which is true to what he hears. He is not wild—I say he is real.

JANE ARMSTRONG
Mount Laurel, New Jersey

Brad Pitt notwithstanding, only a guy whose first name means "cool breeze"



rand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than the meaning of life.



patagonia kids

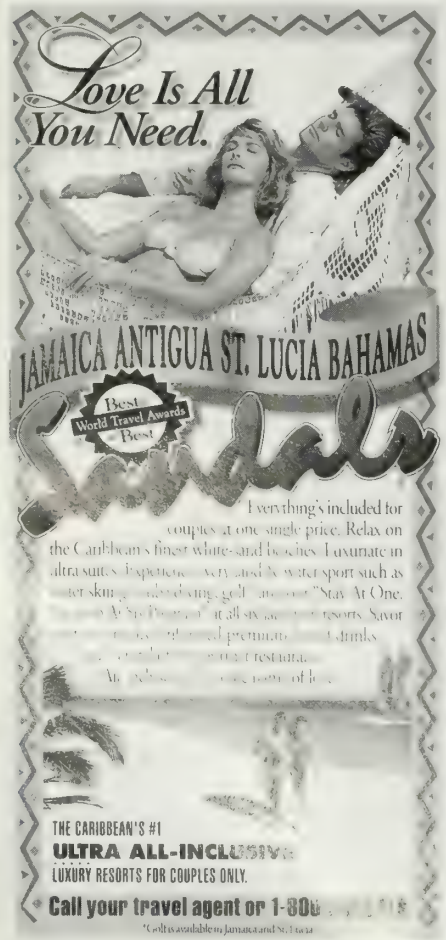
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Bryce Hubner, age 8, takes a flying leap.
Buttermilk Ski Area, Colorado. Photo: John Russell
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Letters

can make the hottest month of the year even hotter.

RENÉE NEWBOLD
Newport News, Virginia

All I can say is "Brad who?"

WENDY PERRY
London, Ontario, Canada

Brad who?

MARIA MILIO
Yonkers, New York

It must be very difficult to interview a subject as elusive and mercurial as Keanu Reeves, to compose a responsible, sensitive piece about him doubly so. Michael Shnayerson's article represents this wonderful actor beautifully.

CATHERINE COOKE-CANITZ
Las Vegas, Nevada

I'd take Robert Mitchum any day before your cover "boy" Keanu Reeves.

MARY ANN FALSETTI
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I am particularly intrigued by Keanu Reeves's comparison of himself to Mickey Mouse. Sorry! Mickey Mouse is an "actor." Mr. Reeves is a "movie star."

LYNN BEATTY
Rochester, New York

A hundred thanks for finally putting Keanu Reeves on your cover. The article really captures the essence and passion of this man, who is known as an enigma in Hollywood. The only unfortunate thing is that people still view him as "Ted," and that will be a stigma he will carry for the rest of his career.

As for the mystery of his sexuality: whether he is straight, gay, bi, or transsexual does not take away at all from his body of work.

LORI GLUMAC
San Francisco, California

I had the good fortune to see Keanu's final performance of *Hamlet* in Winnipeg. We went to snicker, and were pleasantly surprised by his even, sincere portrayal.

I think it is wonderful that we have in our midst an actor who is seemingly not driven by greed or celebrity, but instead yearns to perfect his craft.

CONNIE CHAMPAGNE
San Francisco, California

No one in "young Hollywood" can boast a curriculum vitae as impressive as Keanu Reeves's. And he managed to accomplish it in his quiet, gentle fashion without trashing hotel rooms, packing "heat" when he goes through airport security, or bagging every model/bimbo pseudo-actress of the week! The directors Bernardo Bertolucci, Kenneth Branagh, Francis Ford Coppola, and now Alfonso Arau can't all be wrong.

D. MACDONALD
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

Contagious Reading



A Red Cross worker in Zaire during the Ebola-virus crisis in May 1995.

Congratulations to *V.F.* and Laurie Garrett on the fantastic piece on the Ebola virus ["Plague Warriors," August]—thoughtful, brilliant reporting and writing.

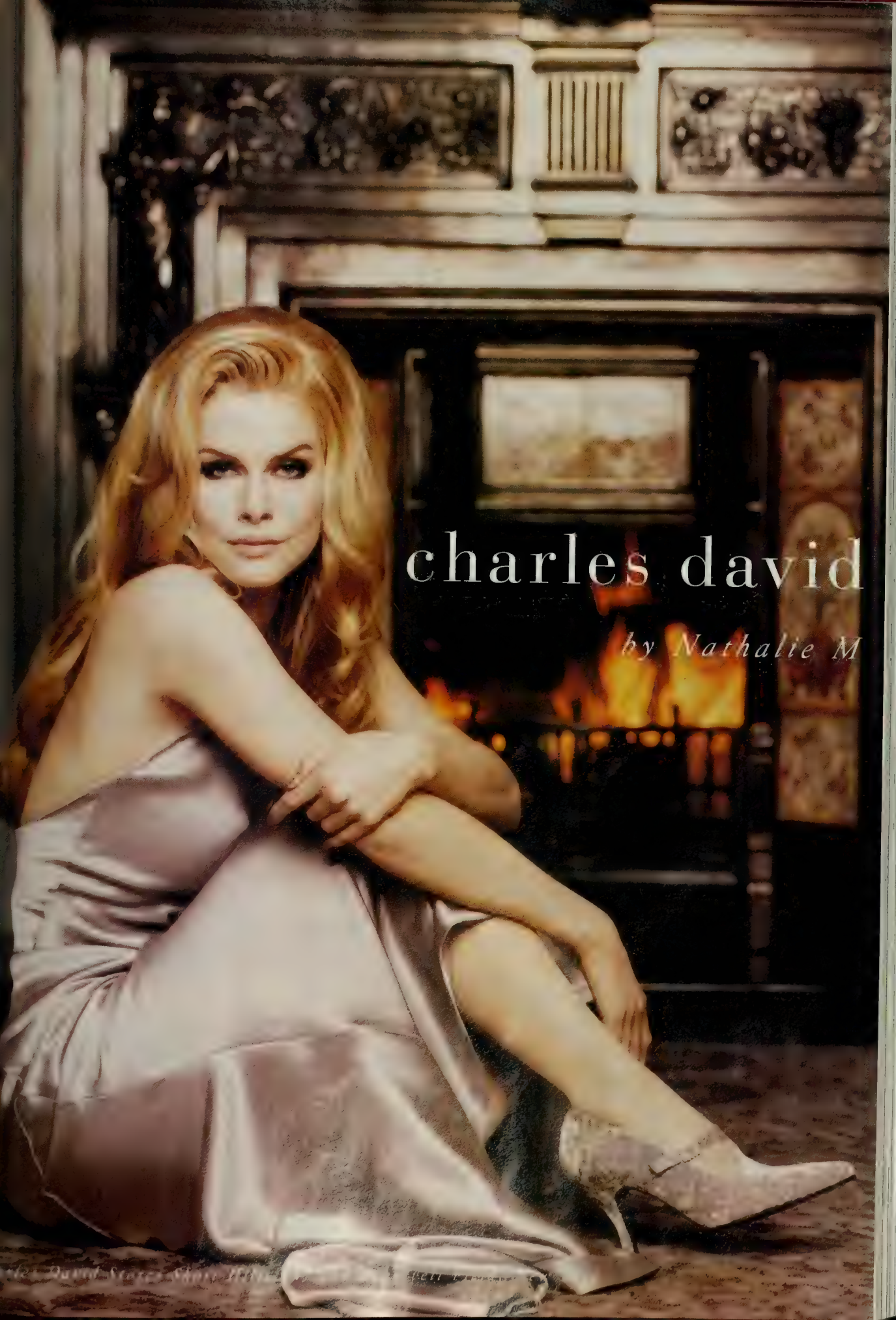
RICHARD STEPLER
Editor, *Popular Scienc*
New York, New Yor

Thank you for publishing an article o the deadly Ebola virus. Hats off t Garrett and her inspiring piece! Let' hope that articles like this will cause u to question our cornucopian approac to life on earth.

ASHLEY CHILE
Austin, Tex

Your article on the tragic Ebola ran page carried an unexpected nugget i confirming that Pat Robertson is di ging for diamonds in Zaire.

Several months ago, on one of th many televangelist programs, an o ficial of Zaire held forth on ho his "entire country," especially th wretched and despised dictator Gener

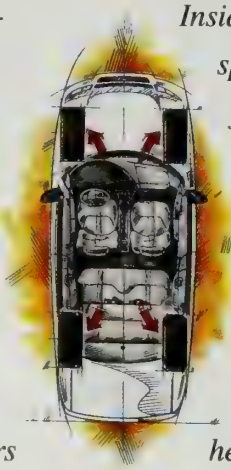

charles david
by Nathalie M

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Letters

Mobutu Sese Seko, had found Jesus.

I was puzzled; now I'm not. The Zairean elite are digging for renewed U.S. respect, which they think can be won with born-again fervor and an appeal to the Christian right. With the blessing of his newfound disciples, Robertson is digging for diamonds, fattening his wallet, and presumably further enriching the already wealthy general, all at the expense of an abused country and its citizens.

There's no hypocrisy or avarice too great for this crowd; Pat and the despoilers of impoverished and diseased Zaire deserve each other. One can only imagine the conditions under which the diamond workers toil, and wonder if they receive bread, water, and Scripture in equal doses.

Meanwhile, the population is fed lies and enslaved in a poverty without end. One wonders how the people of Zaire can possibly bear the combined evils of Ebola, a brutal dictatorship, and the false hope held out by that outrage to Christianity, Pat Robertson.

DON COULSON
Sunnyvale, California

Carly Unplugged



Carly Simon photographed this past June at her home on Martha's Vineyard.

Marie Brenner's piece on Carly Simon ["I Never Sang for My Mother," August] may be the finest profile of a popular icon I have ever read. Brenner portrays Carly, her sisters, and her mother not only as damaged people but as rather mythic characters in their own rights.

LEE WHITE
Canterbury, Connecticut

I was very touched by Marie Brenner's article on Carly Simon. One gets the feeling that Carly Simon is telling this story of her family not for attention but to communicate what so many of us at this stage in our lives are coming to realize: the profound effect that our parents' relationships with each other, their children, and others had and still have on us. A true testimony of love and forgiveness.

MARY DORAIS
Tucson, Arizona

Your Carly Simon article deserves much praise. Carly Simon deserves even more. Who in this world can honestly say he's had a happy childhood? We all have ghosts, skeletons, perhaps even demons in our closets. For Ms. Simon to *openly* come to terms with her life's past is highly admirable.

Baby, you're the best.

ROSE PIETERS-EMERICK
Duarte, California

As a longtime friend and neighbor of the late Andrea Simon, I feel compelled to present another view of this unique woman.

Andrea's concern for others was legendary. No one went to greater lengths to right wrongs and to improve the quality of life for those less fortunate. Decades of involvement in countless community activities earned her the Woman of the Year award for her leadership here in Riverdale, and her creative energies galvanized all who came into contact with her.

Of course she could be difficult, even exasperating, on occasion, but all of us whose lives she touched will remember her with affection for her compassion, her colorful personality, and her love of life.

HILDE WARING
Riverdale, New York

Sinking . . . Sinking . . .

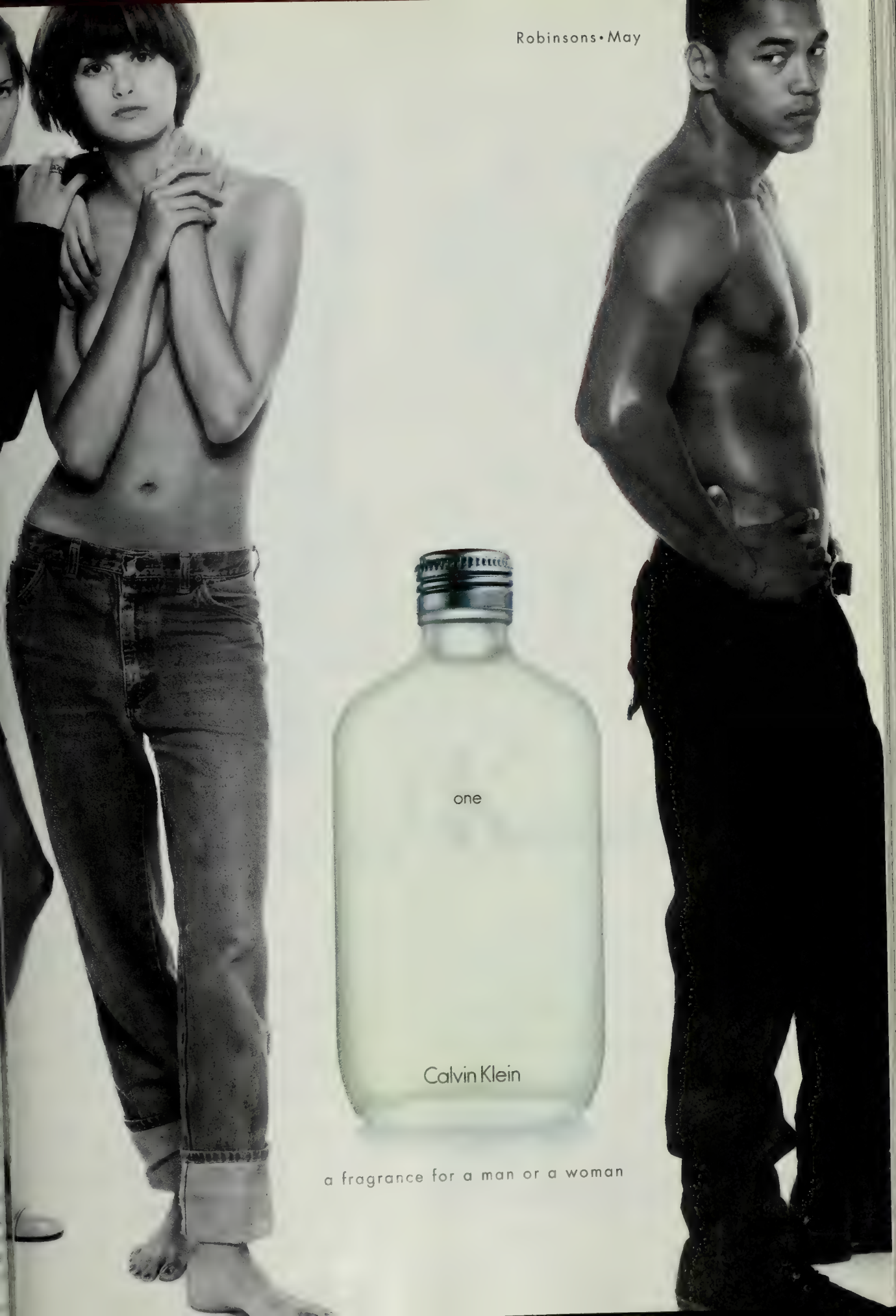
The making of Kevin Costner's cinematic behemoth *Waterworld* ["That Sinking Feeling," by Charles Fleming, August] could be summarized as little children in men's bodies playing with big money.

CHARLES G. THOMAS
Cambridge, Massachusetts

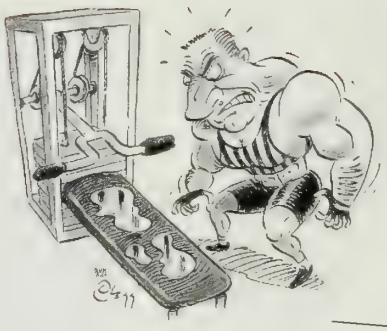
Charles Fleming must have tunnel vision—or, even worse, a lack of love for movies—to suggest that Kevin Costner's standing as a superstar depends solely on the bottom line of *Waterworld*.

Mr. Fleming should not pity Kevin Costner or imply that his legacy lies in the success or failure of *Waterworld*. His legacy will be that of a great actor/filmmaker and an admirable man

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Letters

Waterworld, however large or small, will not drown Kevin Costner.

DAWN JANJIGIAN
Roslindale, Massachusetts

Someone needs to bring Mr. Costner back down from "Planet Kevin." With expensive flops such as *Wyatt Earp* you'd think someone would rein in this megalomaniac. As for all the pre-release publicity, it hasn't made me even curious. He's not getting my six dollars.

CAROL GONZALEZ
Garland, Texas

I feel that *Waterworld* could end up being a surprise hit of the summer, and I applaud all those who are sticking with it and not running away.

DAWN CRANE
Angels Camp, California

In Charles Fleming's article on the film *Waterworld* he says that its high cost threatens Universal's bottom line. This is not the case. When Seagram bought MCA from Matsushita, part of the deal was that Matsushita would take on most of the cost of the movie. So in the end *Waterworld* will cost MCA around $60 million, primarily in marketing and distribution costs. This figure will be a cinch to gross. Therefore, any way you slice it, the movie will be profitable for the Seagram-owned MCA and Universal Pictures.

JASON HIRSCHHORN
New York, New York

Thoroughly Modern Elsa

This listing of the past boyfriends in Elsa Walsh's life ["Woodward and . . . Walsh," by Hilary Mills, August] implies that it was her liaisons with powerful men rather than her hard work and talent that directed her career advancements, the clear implication being that she followed a calculated trajectory from high-school quarterback to editor of her college newspaper to Bob Woodward at *The Washington Post.*

Such thinking is always used against women and cheapens the very real achievements not only of Ms. Walsh but of all women.

WILHEMINA CONDON
Seattle, Washington

The Balls of Saint Mary

Marylou Whitney's scorn of environmentalists ["Mary, Queen of Spots," by Michael Shnayerson, August] is typical of rich Republicans who bask in scenic views while contemplating the profits of land exploitation as they squawk about their God-given property rights—the right to rake in the big bucks (at whatever devastating cost) right up to the last grasp and gasp.

ALICE MULLER
Santa Cruz, California

Marylou Whitney's enthusiasm for the outdoor life seems to have turned her into the worst sort of convert—a city person who adopts the retro values of a redneck rancher once the joys of rural life are discovered, except she does none of the work on the land herself and could easily afford to ensure that her estate remains intact after her death.

Marylou Whitney should learn from the legacy of Harold Hochschild, another Adirondack land baron and one of the main reasons we still have the Adirondack Park.

SUSAN ZAKIN
Tucson, Arizona

Get a Clue!

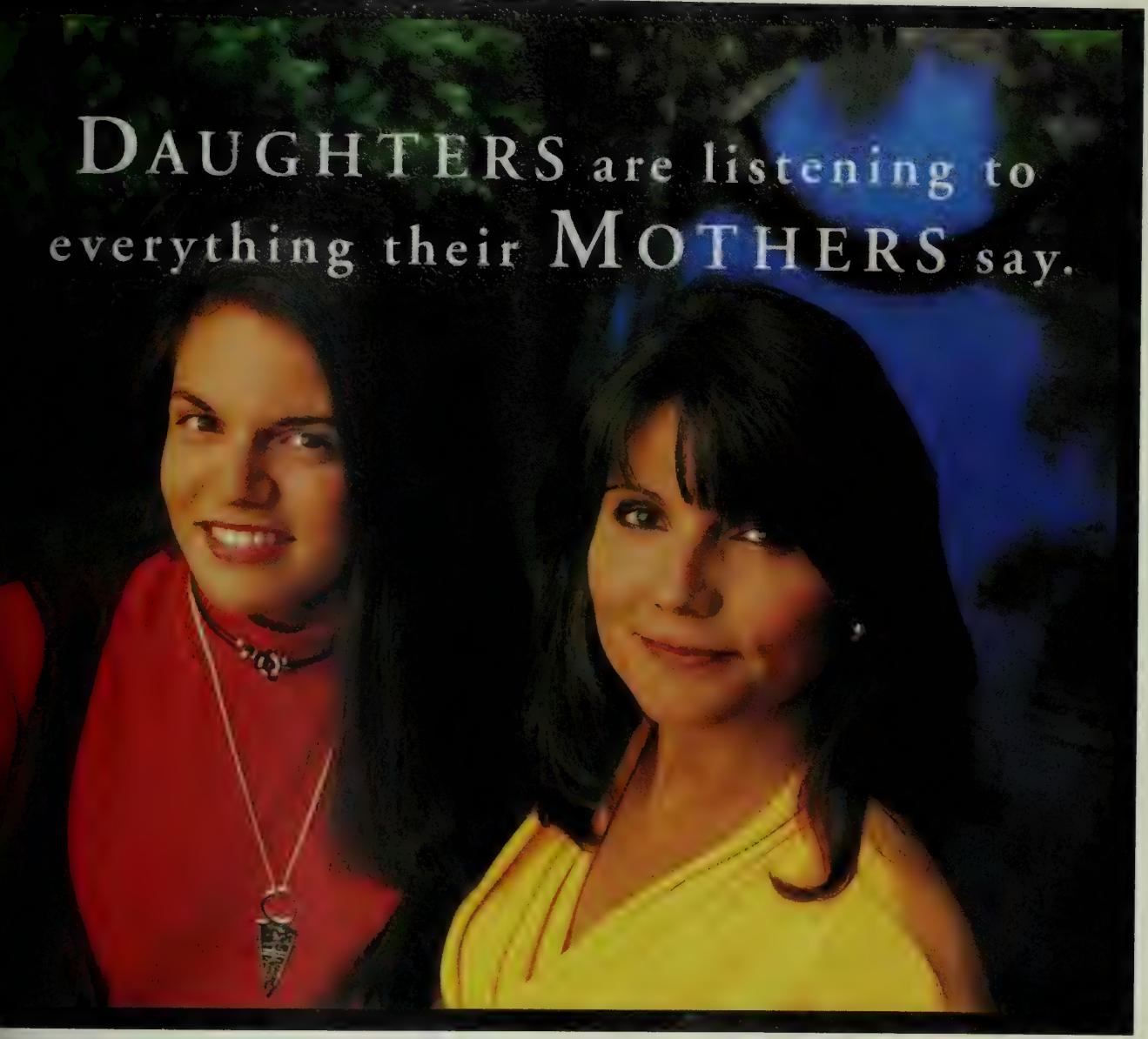
I absolutely hated what you wrote about Alicia Silverstone ["Alicia in Wonderland," by Michael Musto, August]. You made it sound "as if" she were a lesbian and a promiscuous woman. This is an outrage. She's a sweet, young, loving, beautiful woman who needs to find the right person to love. So what!

ALAINA ANTONY
Richmond Hill, Ontario, Canada

Judge 'Eat-o'

One of the highlights of covering the O. J. Simpson trial is being in the company of great writers and authors such as Dominick Dunne. One of the lowlights is being in the company of Judge Lance Ito when you're made to feel like a naughty schoolgirl. In his August article, "If the Gloves Fit . . . ," Dunne correctly quoted me as saying "I wasn't chewing. I was sucking." However, the text indicated it was an explanation given to the judge after I was accused of chewing gum in the courtroom. In fact, I was accused of eating in the courtroom. I was guilty of quietly slipping a Life Saver candy into my mouth that day—six other reporters were also scolded, some for chewing gum, others for eating, or, well, sucking, as the case may be. Of course, the

DAUGHTERS are listening to everything their MOTHERS say.

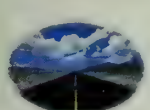




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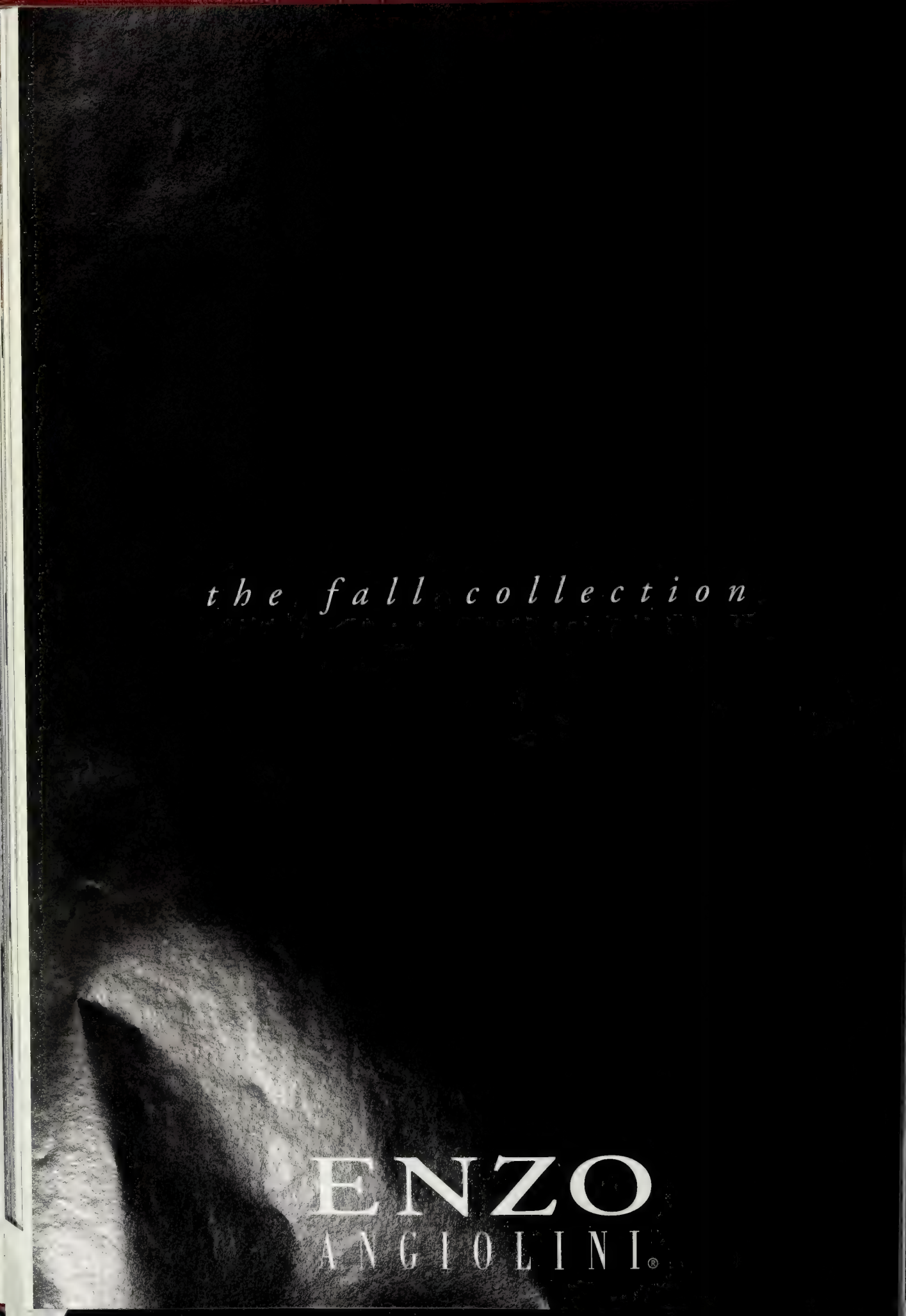


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A BIOGRAPHY

RANDOM HOUSE

Letters

explanation makes sense in the proper context. Obviously, I was not sucking on a piece of gum!

I do wonder, though, why Judge Ito was concentrating on the candy crimes around him. While the judge focused on who was eating what, the coroner was explaining in detail how he believed the two victims had been killed. I wonder where the judge's priorities lie and if he was watching the same trial I was—as I quietly "sucked" on a Life Saver.

KIMBERLY MAROE
West Hollywood, California

Ladies of the Court

I would like to commend you on your recent article about women's tennis history ["Trouble on the Court," by Frank Deford, August]. I believe one important reason for the "absence of women leaders" today is the achievements of players such as Billie Jean King, Chris Evert, and Martina Navratilova. Today, women's tennis enjoys media coverage and financial rewards comparable to those of men. One may ask who the current leaders in men's tennis are.

In my opinion, one of the most gifted leaders among all tennis players is Andrea Jaeger. She has made a life commitment in the establishment of the Silver Lining Ranch for children with life-threatening diseases.

I am sure her satisfaction in working with these kids competes with that from any grand-slam championship. I and others wish her all the best in her cause.

DAVID C. LYDEN, M.D., PH.D.
New York, New York

Young Fanatic

My heart skipped a beat when I saw Toby Young's name on your "Contributors" page ["Kent's State," August]. I was slightly disappointed to see that he got to do only a short piece, but then, that's better than no Toby Young at all.

C'mon, give the guy a long piece! I was totally bummed when the last issue of Young's *Modern Review* arrived with a "Dear Subscriber" letter explaining that it was ceasing publication. The arrival of *The Modern Review* used to be a cause for celebration. I'd drop whatever I was doing and read it cover to cover. The only other magazine to trigger such an addictive reaction was *Spy*.

Please be kind to recovering *Modern Review* junkies. Give us an objective account of the magazine's demise. And give us more Toby Young.

MICHAEL R. PERRY
Los Angeles, California

Hole of Fame

In response to one of the letters about Kevin Sessums' fantastic interview with Courtney Love ["Love Child," June]: If Courtney Love is the Yoko Ono of our generation, then why has she had so much commercial success with Hole? And why does she have millions of her very own adoring fans?

I guess in the 1970s women didn't know that they should support Yoko. Maybe we've now learned to support and respect *all* of our sisters. I would expect insecure men to slag Courtney because of her power, but it still hurts and disappoints to read letters from insecure women who are threatened by her, rather than pleased for her and her great achievements.

ANNE-MARIE PUCCINI
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

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V.F. is at its peak! I love reading the well-written stories on truly interesting subjects. Keep up the good work.

MAUREEN DILLON
Jersey City, New Jersey

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JULIE ELLI
Houston, Texa

What with Keanu, *Waterworld,* and the Ebola plague, I just couldn't put your August issue down. Thank you for offering something so many periodicals lack nowadays: insightful and intelligent writing. (Of course, your cover of Keanu didn't hurt!

MARGARET FERGUSO
Waco, Texa

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair,* 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.


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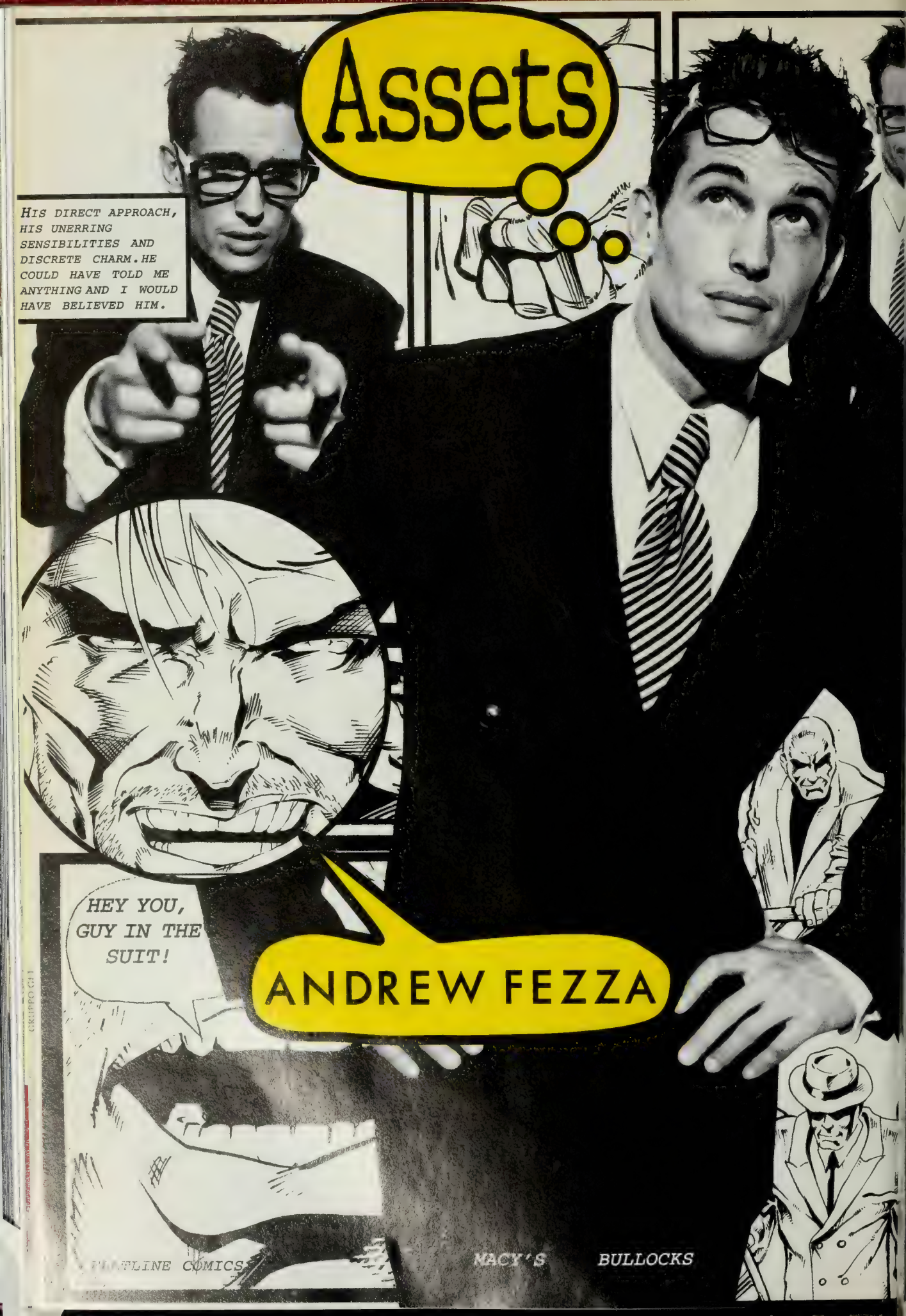
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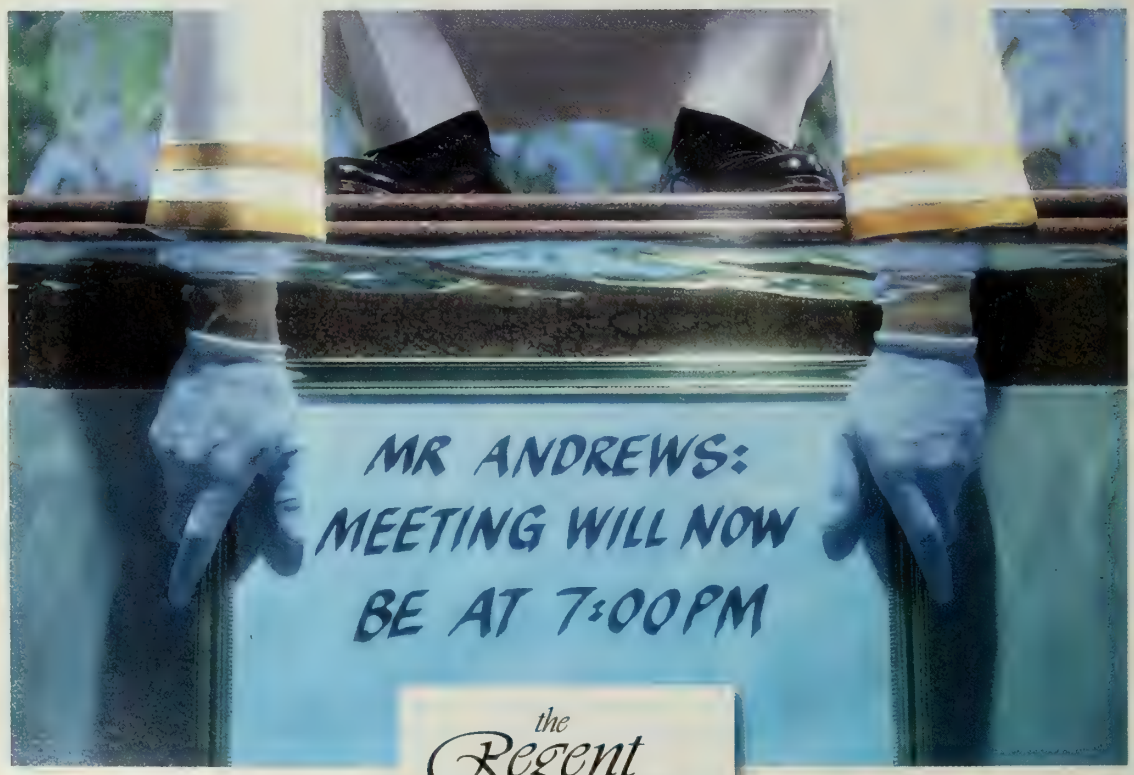
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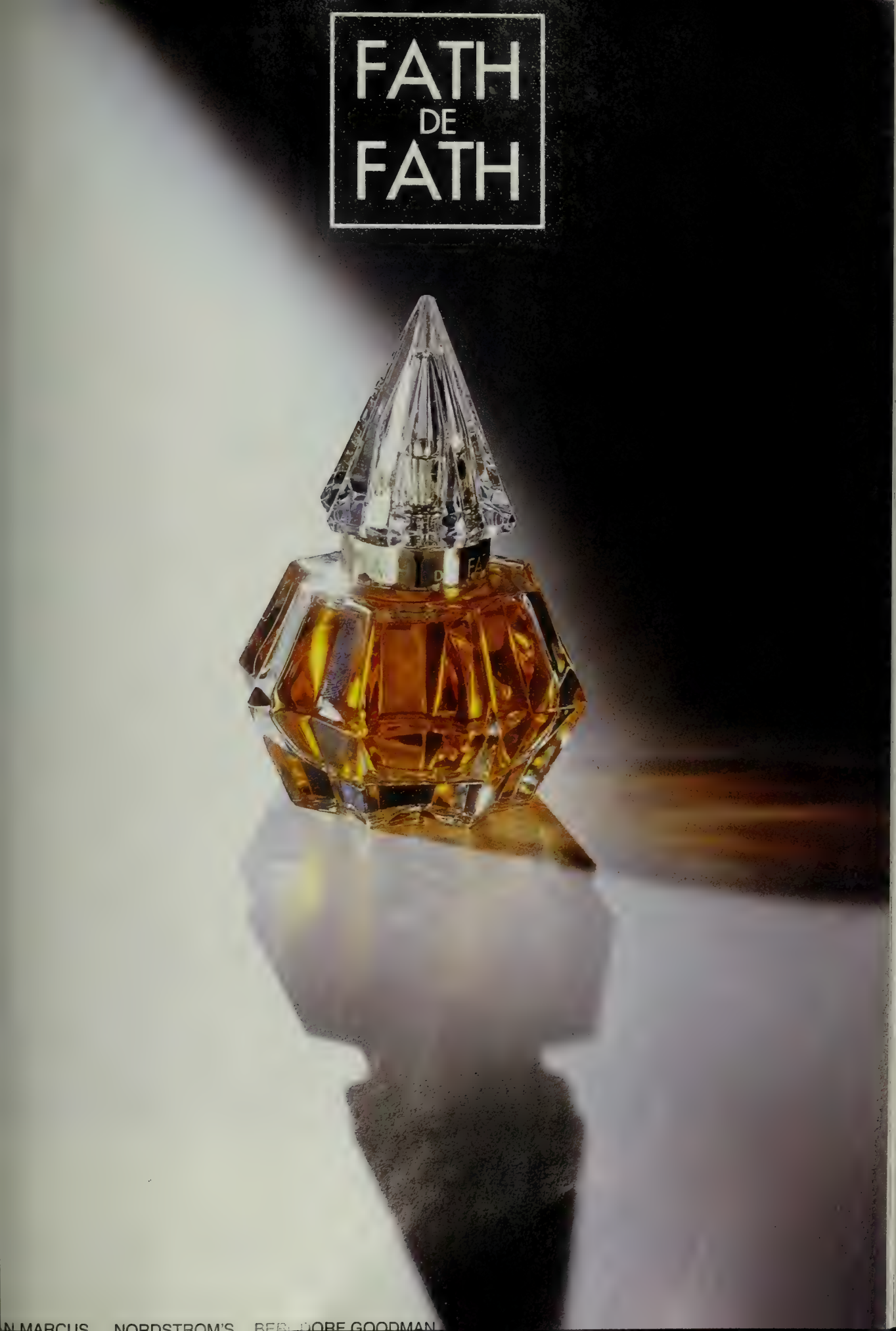
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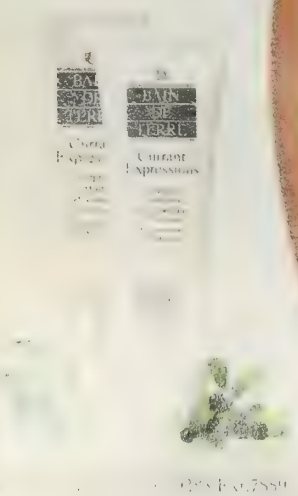
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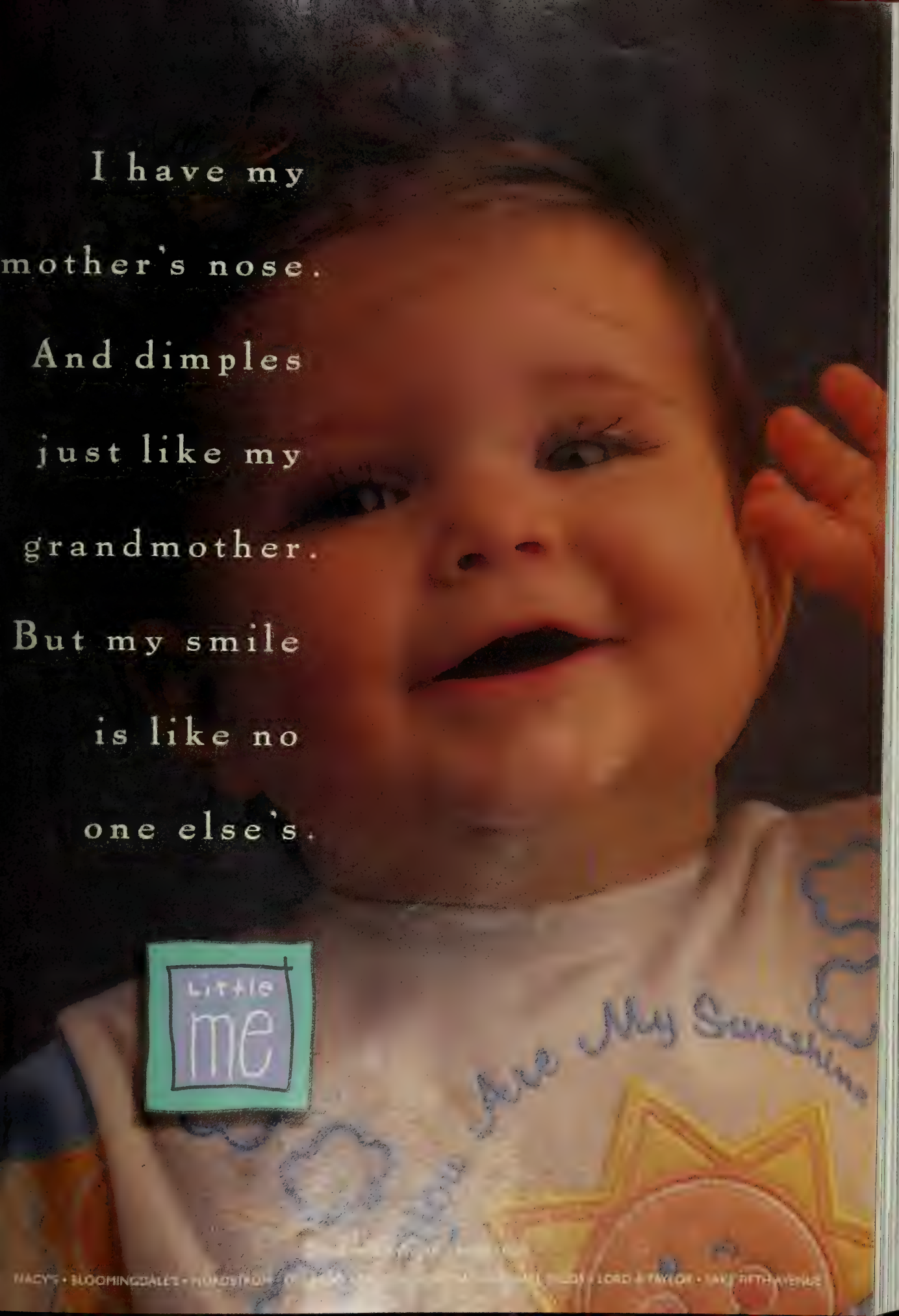
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From far left, Robert Daly and Terry Semel of Warner Bros.; C.E.O. Gerald Levin; Michael Fuchs, head of Warner Music and HBO; Time Inc.'s Norman Pearlstine and Don Logan; and Joseph Collins, in charge of cable.

THE PRECARIOUS THRONE

Gerald Levin's $16-billion-a-year Time Warner empire is drowning in corporate debt, lawsuits, executive infighting, and wild takeover rumors

BY KIM MASTERS AND STEPHEN FRIED

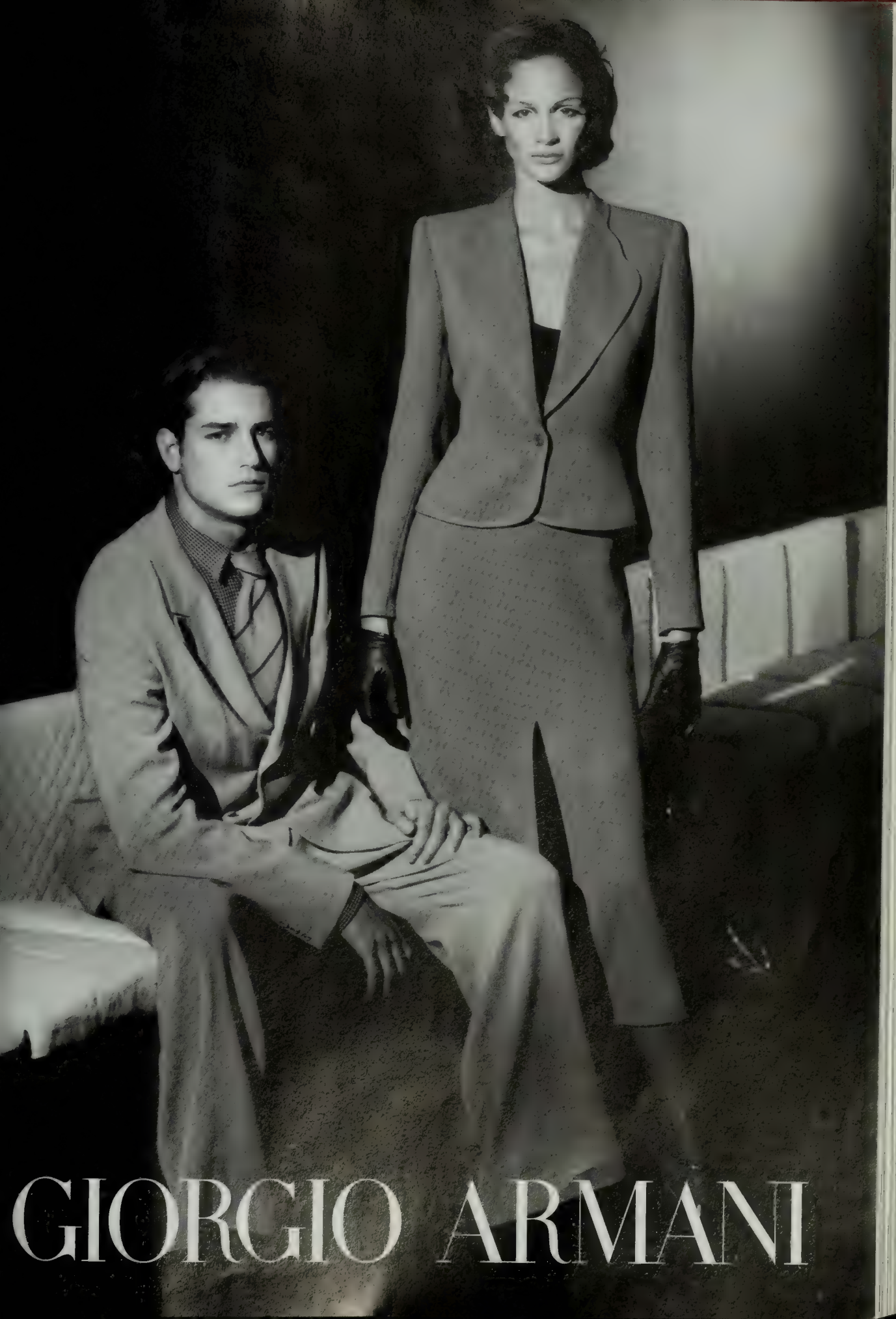
On a July day in Sun Valley, Idaho, the entertainment heavyweights of Time Warner gathered for a group photo. There was Michael Fuchs, the brash head of HBO, who had just added to his fiefdom the troubled Warner Music Group. There were Robert Daly and Terry Semel, who run the Warner studios—and who have fired occasional warning shots past Fuchs. And, [illegible] there was Gerald Levin, the [illegible] tures again[illegible] ky, smil[illegible] [illegible]sser. As it was [illegible] mogul—David Geffen insists it wasn't him—turned to Herbert A. Allen, the host of the annual Sun Valley retreat of New Establishment powerhouses, and said he *had* to get a copy of that picture. With all the tensions at Time Warner, it could be historic. "You'll never be seeing this again," he said wryly.

It has reached the point where the top brass at Time Warner can't even get through a photo opportunity without people wondering what it means for Jerry Levin's future. "Somehow, we're sort of on the defensive," says company president Richard Parsons. "There is a presumption abroad in the land that if Time Warner is doing it, explain to me why it *isn't* wrong. That view is incorrect, and we have got to overcome it."

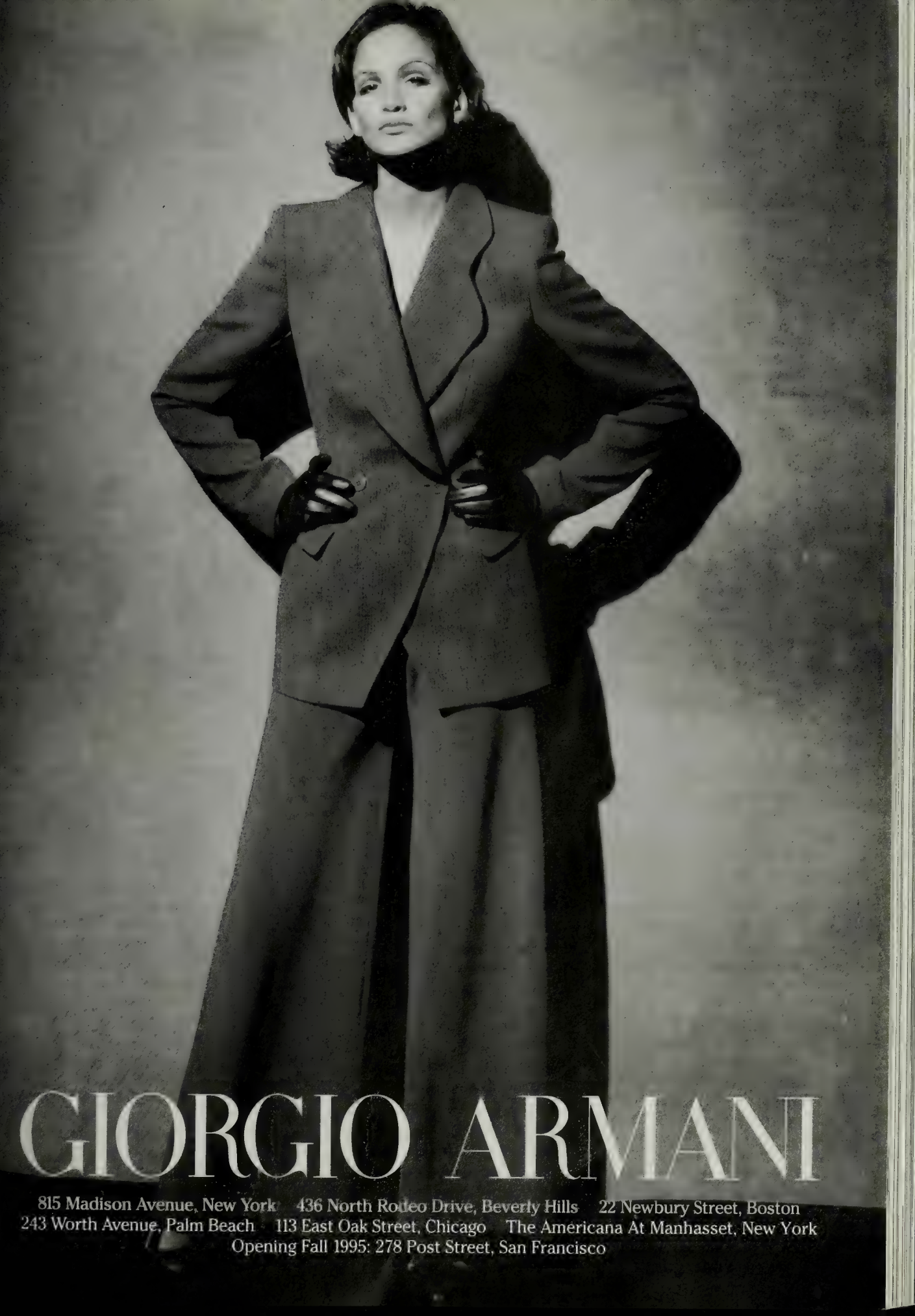
The view was not overcome during the talent portion of the retreat, when corporate chieftains get a chance to pitch their companies to a roomful of investors. The pageant began with Edgar Bronfman Jr., who only months before had been viewed as a starstruck showbusiness wannabe. Even though he didn't have a lot to work with—earnings in the spirits and beverage businesses were flat, and he had only just taken the helm of MCA—he charmed everyone.

The next day, the Time Warner team took the floor—with *good* news. It owned one of the leading studios in Hollywood, which was riding the wave of *Batman Forever* and *The Bridges of Madison County* (adapted from the best-seller published by its book division), and it was also a force in TV production, with the

Illustration by RISKO


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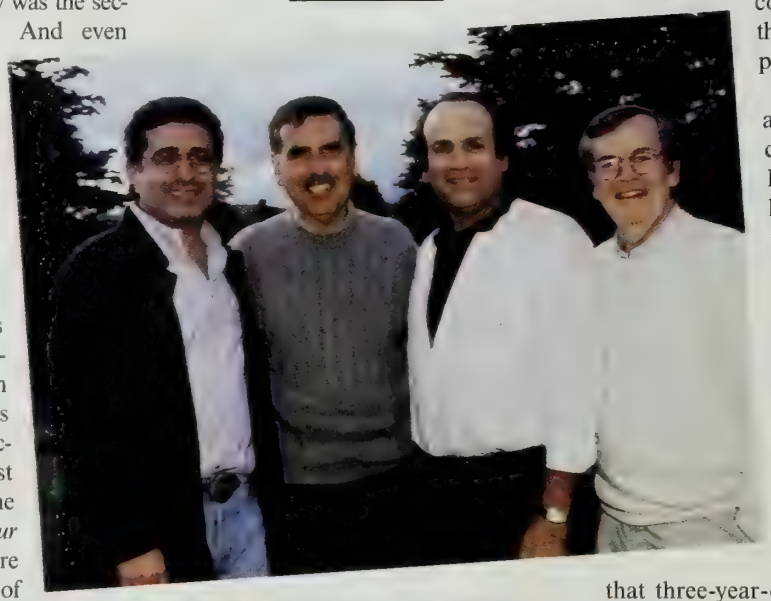
top new drama, *ER,* and comedy, *Friends.* It owned the world's dominant music company, which had just reported record earnings—again—and was off to another strong quarter with the chart success of Hootie & the Blowfish, the *Batman* sound track, John Michael Montgomery, Natalie Merchant, and Naughty by Nature. It published three of the four top magazines in the country—*People, Sports Illustrated,* and *Time.* It owned the country's pre-eminent pay-television service, HBO, and its cable company was the second-largest in the nation. And even though its stock had been lagging, the big *Batman* opening and the prospect of cable deregulation had recently shot Time Warner shares up more than 6 percent in one day.

Nevertheless, some in the audience were fretful about the turmoil in the company's record division, its heavy investments in cable, its bet on interactive television, and its $15 billion debt—which, according to industry analyst Harold Vogel, will cost Time Warner about $90,000 an *hour* in interest this year. There were also fears about the stability of the studio because of recurring rumors that Semel, Warner's chief Hollywood star schmoozer, would leave for MCA.

Levin led off, and though he is not a scintillating speaker, he turned in a pretty good performance. "He almost showed some warmth," says a member of the audience who knows and likes him. But his teammates came up uncharacteristically flat. Semel insisted on slogging through an uninteresting slide show. Fuchs, who can usually work a room like a stand-up comic, was faulted for making bad Bob Dole jokes instead of addressing the ongoing purge in the Music Group. (Only his date, skater Katarina Witt, and his orange jeans were noted in *The Wall Street Journal.*)

It was not what Levin had hoped for, especially since he was being upstaged by Bronfman—a new competitor who also happened to own nearly 15 percent of Time Warner's stock, a stake he could use as a weapon. "Here's Edgar, who gets up and brilliantly tells an uninteresting story but with great intelligence and humor and wit and self-deprecation," says Frank Biondi, the Viacom chief executive officer. "Then Time Warner gets up and has, I think, a pretty interesting story . . . but somehow they were able to make the story a little less interesting than it is."

"Time Warner has a pretty interesting story, but somehow they were able to make it a little less interesting than it is."



This union of Terry Semel, Gerald Levin, Michael Fuchs, and Robert Daly in July at Herbert Allen's annual media summit in Sun Valley, Idaho, provoked the comment "You'll never be seeing this again."

The chairman of another entertainment company has a harsher appraisal: "Some analysts walked away saying, 'Gee, Time Warner has a lot of great assets. Wouldn't it be great if they had strong leadership?' "

In the weeks following Sun Valley, there was a dramatic realignment of the stars in the media galaxy: Disney bought Capital Cities/ABC to become bigger than Time Warner and hired CAA's Mike Ovitz. Westinghouse tried to buy CBS, and then Ted Turner (in whose company Time Warner has a 17.4 percent stake) said he wanted a network, too. And the feeling on Wall Street and in Hollywood was that the action had to shift to Time Warner.

"Somebody will take a run at Time Warner," said one executive. "So long as people perceive Levin as weak, he is vulnerable."

A leading Wall Streeter concurred: "The wolves will be circling in time."

Since Jerry Levin took the company's helm in 1992, many have questioned whether he could hold together the marriage of inconvenience that is Time Warner. By some measures, the $16-billion-a-year media conglomerate is roaring along. But Time Warner persistently manages to be less than the sum of its parts. And after three years, Levin has yet to convince the world that the company's biggest problem isn't . . . Levin.

"He gets no credit for anything he's done successfully," says Geoff Holmes, Levin's former head of interactive television. "He's got every division of Time Warner reporting double-digit record profits, and nobody could care less."

Levin has a vision of a company for the 21st century, offering services that the current generation may not understand but that three-year-olds who already know how to program a VCR will embrace. He sees a world in which Time Warner can muscle its way into the telephone business, sign up customers who want data transmitted over a cable modem at the speed of light, and be the first to offer everything from movies on demand to shopping and banking services on interactive television. He plans to own the pipeline—cable—and much of what gushes through it.

But Levin's vision worries people who think it would be safer to emphasize the movies, music, and magazines that built the empire. They also point out the dangers of mixing businesses which are not regulated by the government with cable, which is.

Levin doesn't sell his vision well, and he hates having to try. His intelligence and his command of detail are apparent. But he comes across as aloof and detached, displaying what one of his own executives describes as "a particular kind of arrogance."

Levin clearly enjoys the power and prerogatives of running one of the largest entertainment companies in the world. He reads and watches everything, sending notes and E-mail messages to editors about stories in the magazines or calling



Grand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than love.

Steve Brill, his partner in Court TV, to ask about its trial coverage. He saw the new Julia Roberts movie, *Something to Talk About,* four times, and recently flew to Los Angeles to check progress on *Space Jam,* a Warner feature starring Michael Jordan. (He was disappointed, after packing his tennis shoes, that he didn't get to play with Jordan on the N.B.A.-class court that Warner's had built for the Chicago Bulls star.)

But some feel that Levin's pleasures are diminishing. Despite his rather ascetic image, he used to have two houses on Long Island and one in Santa Fe. All have been sold in favor of an apartment in Manhattan's River House—near the office. Associates say he works from early morning until late at night but seems more distant and unavailable than ever. A Time Warner insider says, "I've watched him just tighten up and tighten up until he squeaks when he walks."

Another source who knows Levin well says, "Jerry walks around carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders with a body language that is only comparable to Richard Nixon's. This is a guy who used to have fun. Now he takes himself so seriously. He is so cut off. I think he's numb."

At 56, Levin is stooped and graying. His eyes recede under a pair of bushy brows. His chin is not strong. A biblical-literature major at Haverford College, Levin has never lost the aura of an academician. He bears little outward resemblance to his late predecessor, the charming Steve Ross, whose generosity to others—and himself—was legendary. Ross created an artist-friendly corporation renowned for its extravagances. "Have you ever flown on one of the Warner jets?" one Hollywood agent asks. "Have you ever been in the Aspen house? I could co-opt you in 15 minutes if I started throwing the Warner's shit around."

Ross was indeed a tough act to follow. "If you were illustrating it with a cartoon, you'd have a tiny little Levin in these huge boots that would be labeled 'Steve Ross,' and he would be struggling to climb out," says a top executive at a rival company.

Levin, who rose from Time Inc.'s video division, has never forgotten the years of being regarded as "that guy Levin in the double-knit suits," whose presentations about new HBO subscribers in Wilkes-Barre caused "titters around the room." Those frustrating years ended when he made his name by pushing to have the fledgling service distributed by satellite—a development that revolutionized the cable industry.

Even now, says a longtime acquaintance, Levin derives a measure of his identity from that episode. "He can say, 'I'm different. I'm more intellectual. I'm a long-range, visionary thinker.'"

Levin, according to a publishing-group executive, was known as "the business guy whom the edit side loved. He read books. He spoke in paragraphs."

"I will never forget my first meeting with Jerry," says Bridget Potter, a recently departed Home Box Office executive. "He had just taken his wife to Paris for her birthday for two days. I thought that that was the best. We spent the whole afternoon talking about television. He had such knowledge in his head about the minutiae of my world. And he had a manner which was so sophisticated and so open."

"I've watched Jerry Levin just tighten up and tighten up until he squeaks when he walks."

But many of Levin's colleagues started re-evaluating his character after watching him duel with another top Time executive, Nicholas Nicholas. The two became colleagues in the mid-70s, when Nicholas was brought in over Levin's head at HBO—and got credit for the resurrection of the service. But in 1980, Levin surprised the oddsmakers by beating out Nicholas for the top job at Time's video division. A few years later, however, Nicholas was slated to become Time's next C.E.O.

By then Levin had been involved in a number of losing propositions, including an infamous, costly deal to create TriStar Pictures. The deal imposed no caps on the amount HBO had to pay to run TriStar films. (In an extreme but important example, the company ultimately had to cough up $36 million for *Ghostbusters.*) Joseph Collins, who was then at HBO and is now chairman of Time Warner cable, still keeps a Stay Puft marshmallow doll in his office to remind him of the debacle. Frank Biondi, who was chief executive officer of HBO, lost his job; Michael Fuchs took his place. Levin survived and became Time's chief corporate strategist.

Nicholas's anointment was a heavy blow to Levin, and some expected Nicholas to dismiss his rival. By then, as Connie Bruck later reported in her Steve Ross biography, *Master of the Game,* Nicholas is said to have told the Time board that Levin was valuable but should never again be in a position of operating authority. But he kept Levin on and eventually named him vice-chairman of the company.

Feeling vulnerable to a takeover in the overheated climate of the 80s, Nicholas and Levin devised a "transforming transaction" that would guarantee Time's future: a merger with Warner Communications. Levin took a lead role in the negotiations, fighting to ensure that Nicholas would be designated Steve Ross's co-equal and successor.

After working out a cozy, low-debt merger in 1989, Time and Warner found their deal undone when Paramount made a hostile bid for Time. The top executives at Time and Warner—all of whom stood to make a fantastic amount of money if the original deal went through—were in shock. The episode gave Levin an opportunity to shine.

"That's the first time I felt I could run the company," he says. "When the whole premise of your existence is at stake, it's a time for tough, clear thinking and acting, every hour of the day."

One insider downplays Levin's role. "It was not because he's a leader of men," he says. "But he was a master of detail. He's great at that stuff—the smartest kid in the class."

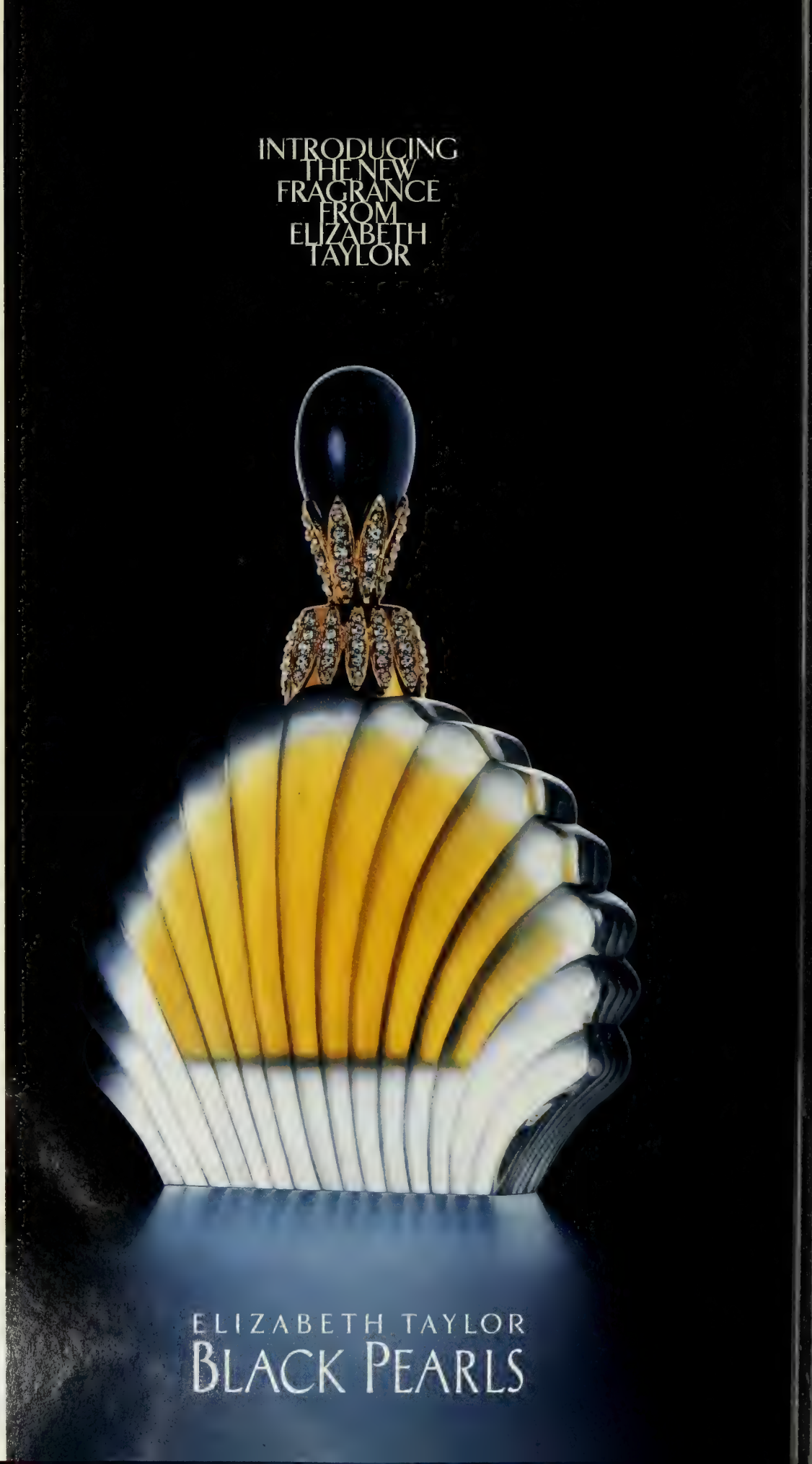
Instead of the merger they had envisioned, Time ended up buying Warner—with Warner shareholders reaping much of the benefit—and the new company took on a terrifying $16 billion in debt. Levin believes that some of his problems can be traced to Time shareholders who are still bitter about not getting a chance to consider Paramount's whopping $200-per-share bid. Time Warner's image on Wall Street has been "infected," he says, by the lingering resentment over the snubbed offer, Ross's lavish compensation, and his subsequent efforts to raise money from shareholders.

"We're eventually going to get on the other side of this," he says. "Eventually you have a new company that isn't like Time Inc. or Warner Communications. We're pretty close now." In the meantime, however, the buttoned-down Time people tend to regard their Warner colleagues as prima donnas *(Continued on page 99)*


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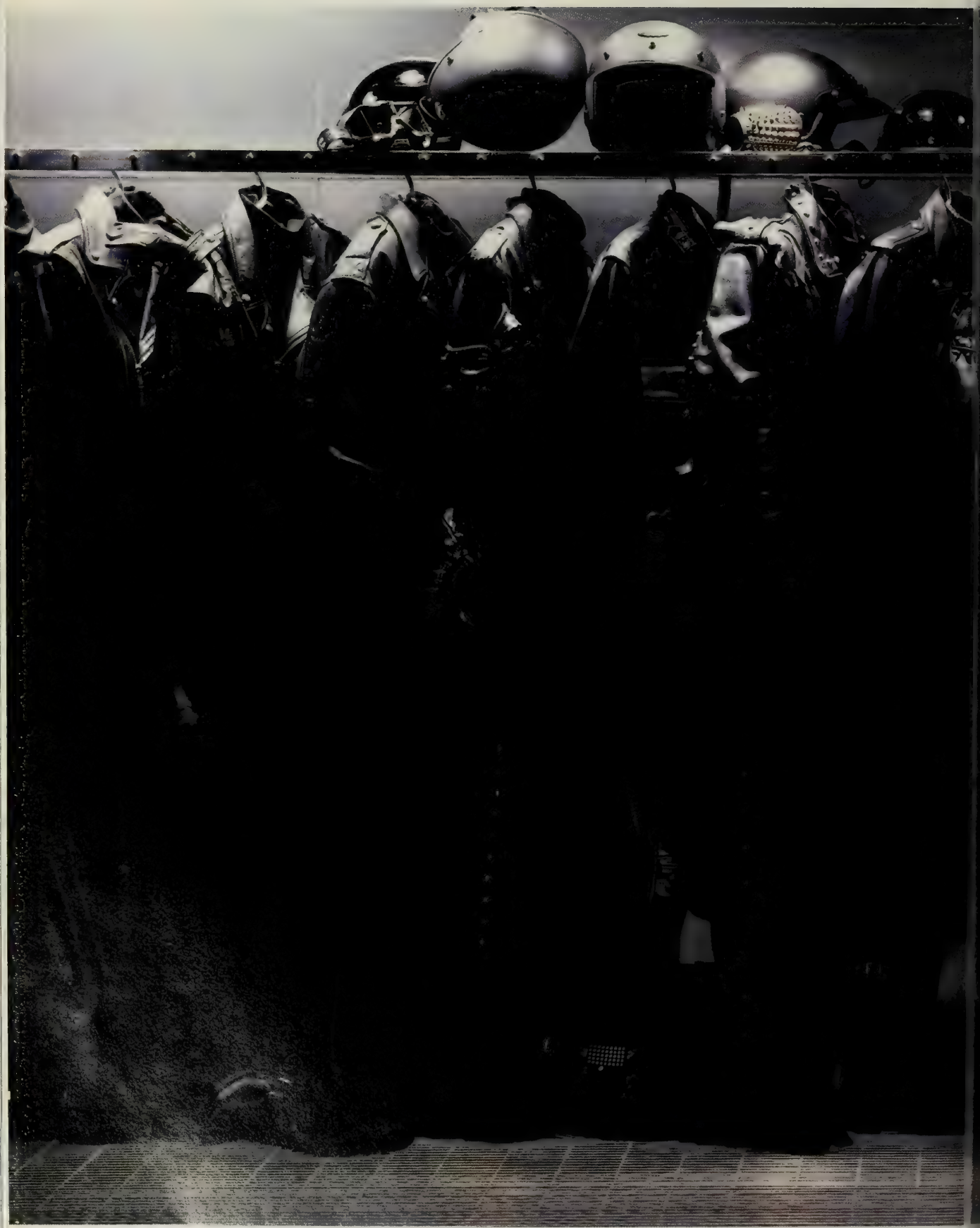
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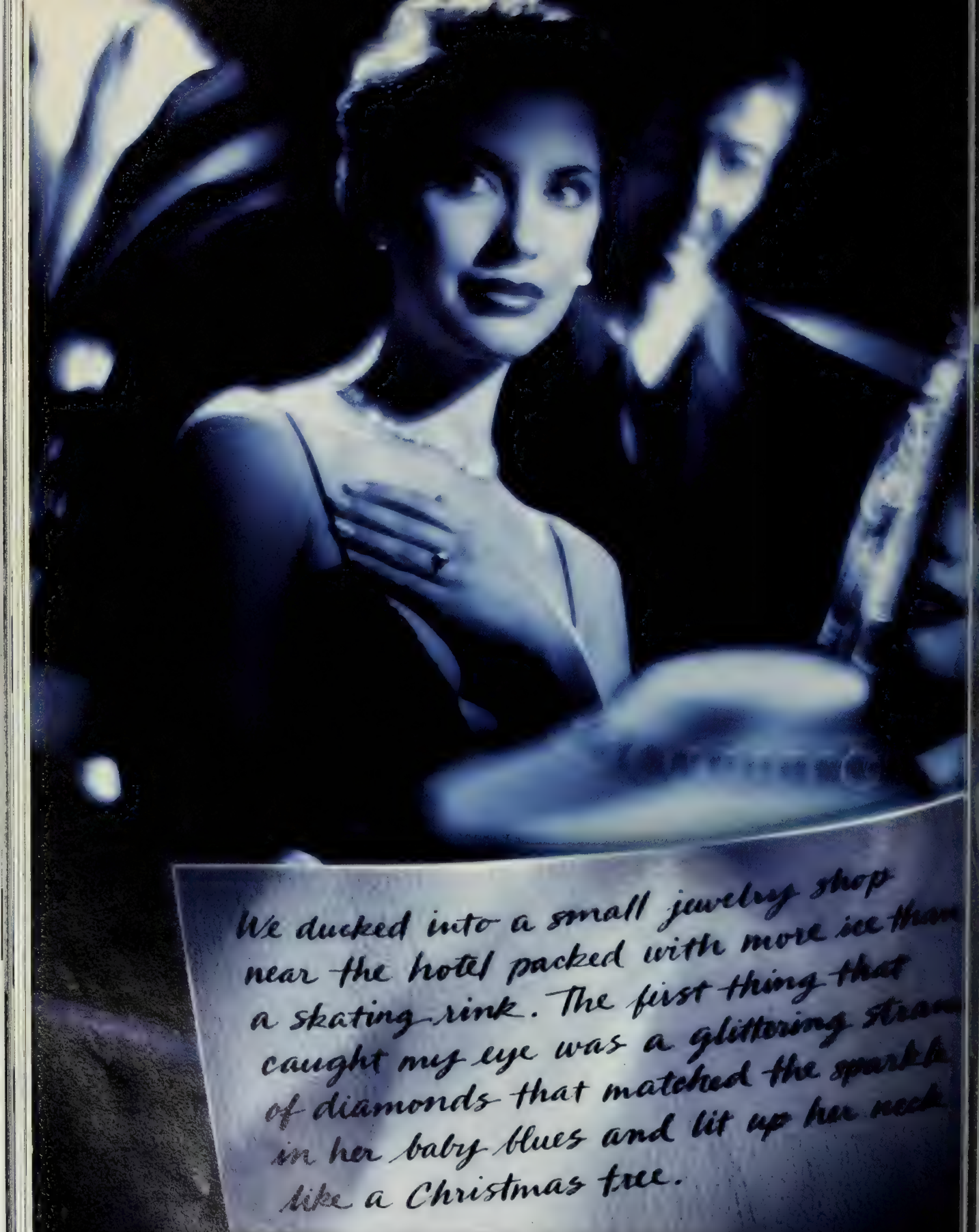
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(Continued from page 96) who pocketed more money in the deal.

After the merger, Ross and Nicholas became co-chairmen, but their marriage quickly frayed. Nicholas thought Time Warner should sell about $5 billion worth of assets to pay down the debt. Ross favored reducing the debt through a series of "strategic alliances" with European and Asian partners. Levin sided with Ross.

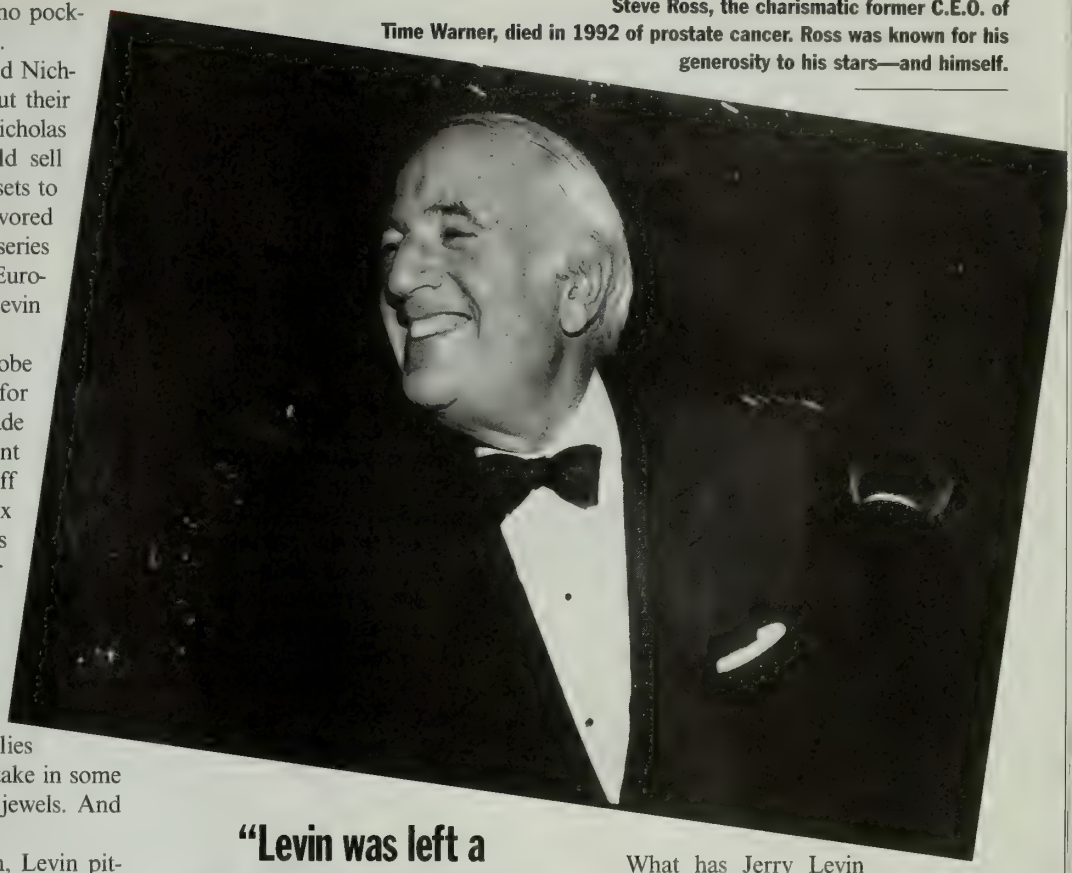
But Ross circled the globe without securing the hoped-for partnerships. Finally he made deals that would come to haunt Levin: Time Warner split off its cable holdings, Home Box Office, and the Warner studios into a unit called Time Warner Entertainment. Two Japanese companies, Itochu and Toshiba, each put up $500 million for a combined 12.5 percent of T.W.E. Many analysts believed the strategic allies had paid too little to get a stake in some of the Time Warner crown jewels. And the debt still loomed large.

In embracing Ross's plan, Levin pitted himself against Nicholas and helped oust him. Levin took Nicholas's job and moved quickly to ensure that he would succeed the terminally ill Ross. Levin says that because he came from the video side of Time he was uniquely suited to the task of melding the companies. "I believe I'm the only one who could have done it," he says.

After Ross died, Levin sold another 25.5 percent of T.W.E. to US West, a regional telephone company. Now some think he is paying a price for pursuing Ross's strategy. "Jerry Levin was left a financial pile of rubble," says a Wall Street eminence. "The company from the outside has great assets. Steve Ross sold off a large portion of those assets for a farthing. If Steve had survived, he would have been flat bankrupt."

Despite the obvious differences, there are similarities between Ross and Levin. Ross was content to let his division chiefs go head-to-head with one another, and Levin says that he, too, believes that encouraging competition is the best way to exact a strong performance. "I really don't believe in synergy," Levin says. "I never mandated, ordered, gave medals for synergy."

But Ross was better at navigating the creative tension. "He did manage the company in some ways not very different than Jerry did—aloof and apart," says Robert Morgado, the recently ousted chairman of the Warner Music Group, who worked for both men. "But the difference between Steve and Jerry is that just when Steve sensed that something was about to explode he would smother it with affection and love."



Steve Ross, the charismatic former C.E.O. of Time Warner, died in 1992 of prostate cancer. Ross was known for his generosity to his stars—and himself.

"Levin was left a financial pile of rubble. If Steve Ross had survived, he would have been flat bankrupt."

Levin is more overtly autocratic. "He does not have a core group of counselors, advisers, around him," says a source who has worked with Levin. "Jerry keeps his own counsel. Jerry decides policy and comes in and announces it."

Time Warner board member Lawrence Buttenwieser says that the comparisons with Ross are unfair and that Levin deserves more recognition. "Just look at the position of the company in the business world today," he says. "If he's going to get criticized because something is wrong with the company, he should get credit because something is right with it."

What has Jerry Levin done right? Cable is controversial, but if you're a fan, he has certainly built up the division. He kept Michael Fuchs at HBO until both he and his pay-TV network matured and hit stride, with original programming such as *The Larry Sanders Show* and the film adaptation of *And the Band Played On.* He didn't meddle with Bob Daly, the steady, straitlaced leader who since the semi-retirement of MCA's Lew Wasserman has become Hollywood's most durable power, or with his co-chairman and likely successor, Terry Semel. But on occasion he has certainly annoyed them.

One of the divisions where Levin has had obvious positive impact is publishing. Some of his moves were controversial at the company—mostly because outsiders got jobs that insiders coveted—but so far those decisions have paid off. In 1992 he brought Don Logan from the company's Alabama-based publishing concern to consolidate the magazine and book businesses. And last fall he named former *Wall Street Journal* editor Norman Pearlstine editor in chief of Time Warner.

Logan moved quickly to gut a disastrous plan that centralized the sales of advertising in all the magazines. He also imposed a series of cost-cutting measures that made editorial employees wonder if he realized how grueling put-

ting out weekly magazines can be. But he has also encouraged the magazines to be more entrepreneurial: now each publication can try to spawn its own ancillary products, such as *People*'s new *In Style* and *Sports Illustrated*'s children's magazine and regional football annuals. And even in the face of stiff price increases in newsprint, he has been patient with *Entertainment Weekly,* which still bleeds money, *Time,* which is struggling to reinvent itself, and *Life,* which is battling just to stay alive.

In February, Pearlstine instigated enormous changes on the editorial staff at *Fortune*. He also tried to get the extremely lucrative *People* magazine some respect, calling it the best-reported publication in the company. Despite the praise, he caused some ripples in a meeting with senior *People* editors by suggesting that they might be spreading themselves too thin with special issues and ancillaries: some thought he was hinting that a major overhaul was in store. He says that is not true. In fact, it now seems more likely that *Money* magazine, whose newsstand sales are flagging, will be next on the retooling list.

A lot of attention has focused on the top editorial job at the group's second-largest title, *Sports Illustrated.* Several editors are being given a chance to run the magazine for 12 weeks at a time. Bill Colson, one of the magazine's assistant managing editors, finished his heat in July. Now *Life* magazine's Dan Okrent is having his chance, possibly to be followed by a third, unnamed candidate. The competition has been dubbed Pearlstine's "Bake-Off."

Although Logan supports Pearlstine's decision to fill the *S.I.* post this way, he generally feels that Time Warner allows too many of its top jobs to be filled by public horse race. But if it made surprise announcements like everyone else, Time Warner might lose its position as, if not the biggest, then arguably the most entertaining of the major entertainment conglomerates.

Even in a company of outsize dramas, nothing has matched the guerrilla theater at the music division. It has become a case study of Levin's shortcomings in dealing with crisis and the fractious personalities within his corporation. The Warner Music Group is the world's largest record company, driven to nearly $4 billion a year in revenue by the domestic Atlantic, Warner Bros., and Elektra/EastWest labels and strong publishing, manufacturing, and international operations. It has been through self-inflicted hell.

The battle over the division began in earnest in 1993. That's when Music Group head Bob Morgado—the former aide to New York governor Hugh Carey—was given the green light by Levin to impose his "strategic plan" on Mo Ostin, the 68-year-old patriarch of Warner Bros. Records. When Ostin, who for decades had enjoyed the privileged position of reporting directly to the chairman of the parent company, was forced to report to Morgado, the fight was on between the New York corporate "suit" and the Los Angeles–based record executive known for his blazers and open-collar shirts.

Two of the top gangsta-rap artists, Tupac Shakur and Dr. Dre, were in jail, and a third, Snoop Doggy Dogg, was facing a murder charge.

Industry-watchers still debate whether the Music Group actually had any major management problems or whether Morgado created some to justify his power play. Levin was warned by artists, business associates, even competitors about the possible consequences of attacking Ostin. But he accepted Morgado's view that the companies were not maximizing their profits.

"The fact that the record industry was such a cash cow was in the closet," says one Music Group executive. "When they realized we're such big spitters of cash, they started saying, 'If these idiots can do this, what if we *ran* it, you know—what if we got some *smart* people in there?' "

By the summer of 1994, the power struggle between Morgado and Ostin had transformed the world's most stable record company into a combat zone. In July, Morgado created a new job for Atlantic Records co-chairman Doug Morris, the well-liked former songwriter who had been a protégé of the label's co-founder Ahmet Ertegün. Steve Ross had wanted Morris fired, but with Morgado's support he had surprised the music world by resurrecting the moribund Atlantic label. Morris was promoted to chief of all the U.S. labels—including Warner's—in a move that both men would eventually regret.

One of Morgado's closest advisers warned him about promoting Morris. When Music Group general counsel Fred Wistow was told of the plan to elevate the Atlantic chief, he scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to Morgado. It was one word: "Frankenstein."

After Morris's appointment, Elektra chief Bob Krasnow left immediately. For Ostin, Morgado's decision to elevate Morris without clearing it with him first was the last straw, leading to his announcement several weeks later that he would quit when his contract expired in December. His protégé, Lenny Waronker, accepted, and then quickly turned down, the chance to succeed him. That left the roster of powerful Warner artists—including R.E.M., Madonna, Neil Young, Green Day, and k. d. lang—in a state of dismay and confusion. And then Morgado and Morris—who had been skirmishing over how absolute Morris's authority on domestic matters was—went to war over who had the power to name Ostin's successor.

As the acrimony between them peaked, Morris briefly considered going back to Atlantic, which Morgado told him he could do, at the same time offering Ostin's job to the head of Warner U.K. Several hours later, Morris changed his mind and decided he wanted to oversee all the U.S. labels after all. The next morning, 12 of the company's top music executives threatened to take action together if Morris did not prevail.

Levin was unwilling to call the group's bluff. One former Time Warner official reveals that Levin feared more than just a mass exodus: the C.E.O. had received word that, if necessary, the group would attempt to enlist the support of Edgar Bronfman Jr., Time Warner's single largest shareholder, against him.

Morris and his troops were victorious; Morris was given a new title and a better contract. At the end of October, Morris gave Ostin's job to Danny Goldberg, the former artists' manager who had replaced him at Atlantic and become his strategist.

Although Morgado had lost a major battle, he was led to believe he could still win the war. But, for the moment, Levin hung Morgado out to dry in the


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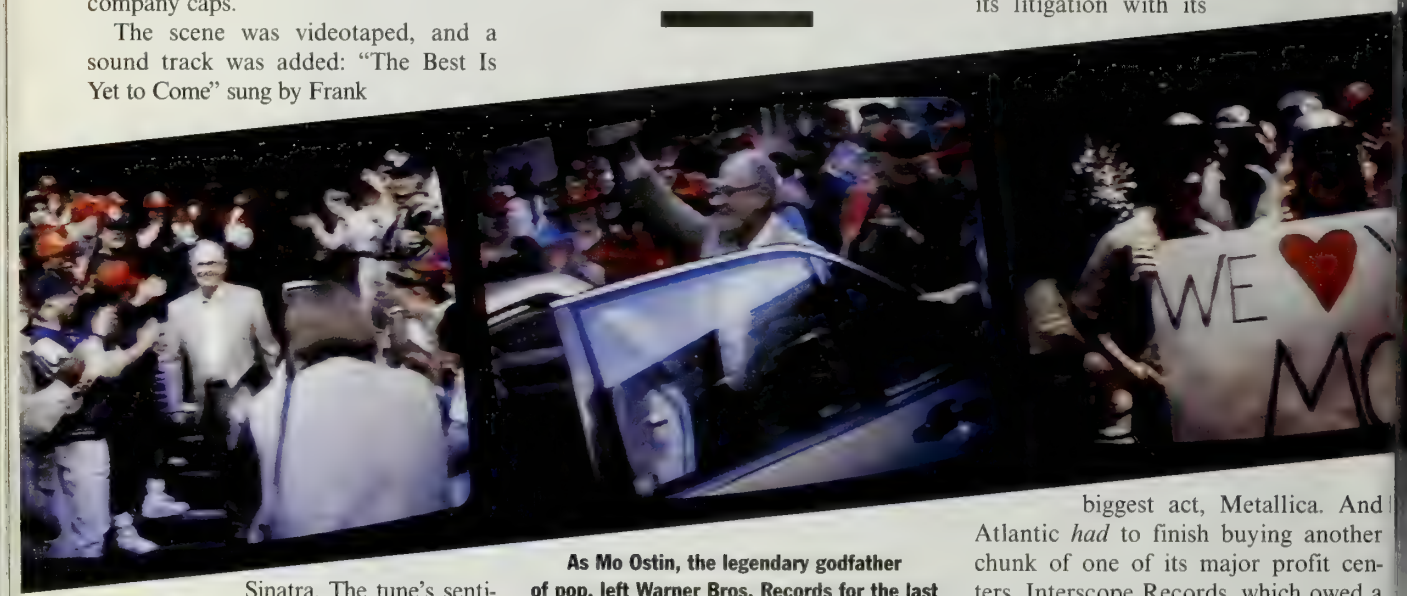

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media. Reporters were getting so much inside information that it seemed as if Time Warner's E-mail were being offered as an on-line service.

Just before Christmas, Ostin stepped down. His exit produced the kind of drama rarely seen in corporate America: employees openly weeping over the fate of their boss. As Ostin descended the steps of the Warner Bros. Records building in Burbank with his wife, Evelyn, he was cheered by hundreds of emotion-racked staffers wearing red and blue company caps.

The scene was videotaped, and a sound track was added: "The Best Is Yet to Come" sung by Frank Sinatra. The tune's sentiments were appropriate: Ostin was about to be courted by all of Time Warner's competitors. But at the Warner Music Group, all anyone could hope for was that the worst was over. It wasn't.

"I won't have my picture taken with Morgado," said Danny Goldberg. Asked why not, he replied, "It's out of respect for Mo."



As Mo Ostin, the legendary godfather of pop, left Warner Bros. Records for the last time, staff and colleagues wept and cheered. Ostin had been forced out by Robert Morgado in a Levin-backed blunder.

As 1995 began, Morgado and Morris publicly pretended that peace had broken out. But the situation hadn't improved; the two fought about everything. Morgado's perception was that he was fighting more than one man: he believed Danny Goldberg was willing to play out almost any battle in the press. While Morgado viewed Morris as "insecure," he saw Goldberg as "evil. And he preyed on Doug's insecurity." (Although Morris declined to comment for this story and Goldberg did not return several phone calls, both are known to believe that the problems in the Music Group stem from Morgado's inability to delegate power.)

In late January, tensions mounted when *The Wall Street Journal* learned about a scandal that had been brewing within Atlantic Records. It involved tens of thousands of promotional CDs the company says were routinely being sold under the table to retailers and distributors by its own sales executives. At the time, the acrimony was over who leaked the story of the internal investigation, which Morris had started in October. But in subsequent litigation the chronology of events would become an issue. Morgado says he was not informed about the investigation until after Morris signed his new contract in early December—which Morgado feels was "unconscionable." Mel Lewinter, the recently ousted Warner U.S. executive and one of Morris's closest associates, says the investigation was discussed with Morgado in November. All agree the matter was turned over to corporate before year's end, and the company says 10 executives were eventually fired. (The lawyer for one says his client made no personal profit on the CDs, which were regularly given to stores in exchange for improved product placement.)

The problems between Morgado and his record executives soon hit new lows. At the Warner Music Grammy party in L.A. on March 1, for example, Goldberg refused to have his picture taken with Levin and country artist Faith Hill because Morgado was in the shot. "I won't have my picture taken with Morgado," he said. When asked why not, he replied, "It's out of respect for Mo."

In the meantime, Morris was laboring to stabilize the labels he finally controlled. Each label had a deal the company couldn't afford *not* to make. Warner's *had* to re-sign Neil Young to Reprise. Elektra/EastWest *had* to settle its litigation with its biggest act, Metallica. And Atlantic *had* to finish buying another chunk of one of its major profit centers, Interscope Records, which owed a great part of its success to hard-core gangsta rap and the label's seminal rockers, Nine Inch Nails. (Apparently no one was worried that two of the top gangsta-rap artists under the Interscope umbrella, Tupac Shakur and Dr. Dre, were in jail, and a third, Snoop Doggy Dogg, was facing a murder charge.)

All three deals got made, but critics claimed that Morris was overpaying. Sources close to Neil Young say his new, $25 million deal includes what amounts to a $5 million signing bonus and a per-album guarantee of nearly twice the $2 to $3 million that Young was ready to accept before Ostin's ouster. Many Warner executives were also given new, bigger contracts to keep them from leaving. "They've now got five guys doing Mo's job," quipped an insider.

Even though the Music Group was about to announce record profits, it again became an emergency for Levin when Morris and Goldberg asked to see him about more problems with their boss. This time the anti-Morgado message was being paired with the notion that Mo Ostin might bring his new label to Time Warner—something Levin had

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urged Ostin to consider when Morgado was leaning on him.

Several people had something to gain by convincing Levin that Mo would come back. Ostin agreed to talk to Levin about the possibility—in a secret Acapulco meeting—but only if Warner's freed him to discuss label deals with others. Goldberg was playing the Mo card to get Morgado: he told Levin that the only way Ostin would consider coming back was if his nemesis was fired. The message was reinforced by David Geffen, who said he expected Ostin to join the DreamWorks team. If that happened, Geffen said, DreamWorks could never ally itself with Time Warner as long as Morgado was in charge of music.

In mid-April, Levin told Fuchs that he would be replacing Morgado and adding the music division to his HBO responsibilities. Fuchs, the most outspoken and openly ambitious division chief at Time Warner, had not made a grab for the music job, but it was no secret that he was hungering for a new challenge after 19 years at HBO. He had supported Levin's advance to the top job and was patiently awaiting his reward. "This decision had as much to do with Jerry trying to take care of his problems with Fuchs as it did with [the Morgado situation]," says one entertainment executive.

The record company would keep Fuchs busy without giving him authority over Bob Daly and Terry Semel. While the studio co-chairmen say they've made peace with Fuchs, they had long quarreled with him over HBO's payments for Warner movies and Fuchs's decision to invest in Savoy Pictures, which Daly saw as a competitor. But though Fuchs had risen from running the company's smallest entertainment division to effectively overseeing more company revenue than any other division head, he still did not directly impinge on Daly and Semel's turf. "I understand why Levin did it," says a prominent industry executive. "If you think Bob and Terry were pissed when Fuchs was given the Music Group, imagine what it would have been like if they were *reporting* to him!"

Perhaps it was just as well for Levin to keep Fuchs busy, since many believe that he has an appetite for Levin's job. "He gave him the job to shut him up," says one source. "I know what Michael is trying to do: he's trying to run Time Warner. He's trying to be Jerry Levin. And he wanted Wall Street to see him as Steve Ross." Fuchs dismisses the idea that he is angling for more—at least in the immediate future. "I have enough on my plate right now," he says.

Morgado was fired on May 2, a move that many saw as coming far too late. Industry-watchers took the dismissal as a tacit admission that Time Warner had made key errors with the Music Group—although Levin himself has maintained a stubborn silence on this subject.

But Fuchs quickly developed a new sympathy for what Morgado had experienced. "The perception was that what went on was Robin Hood and his merry band scaling the walls of the castle to get at the Sheriff of Nottingham," Fuchs says. "Now that I've been in the castle, I can tell you that the original story was not so accurate—even though there was a premeditated, almost obsessional campaign to create that impression."

Fuchs was known to run HBO so tightly that one Music Group executive worried he would treat them "like a bunch of gerbils."

Fuchs is not one to be a figurehead—in fact, he was known to run HBO so tightly that one music executive worried he would treat them "like a bunch of gerbils." But when it came to the American labels, it would have been difficult for Fuchs to be anything more than a figurehead. Morris had negotiated such a good deal that his authority was almost absolute. If the two were going to have a working relationship, Morris would have to voluntarily give back some of the power he had won to protect himself from Morgado. In return, Fuchs was willing to let Morris run the record business worldwide.

In this delicate process, Fuchs appears to have made the first formal offer by giving Morris a letter promising to promote him to the international job within six weeks—or face a breach of Morris's contract, which might trigger a $50 million payout. Morris said he was willing to concede some of his contract clauses, but wanted to wait six months to see how everyone got along. Panicky about what Fuchs would do, Danny Goldberg came back from L.A. to keep close tabs on the situation.

Only weeks after Fuchs was appointed, the old rap-lyric issue, which had rocked the company during the 1992 controversy over Ice-T, reappeared in new packaging. Former secretary of education William Bennett and his conservative advocacy group, Empower America, joined with C. DeLores Tucker, chairwoman of the National Political Congress of Black Women, to denounce Time Warner—singling out Interscope. Their campaign was soon joined by another strong voice. "You have sold your souls," intoned Senator Bob Dole, priming himself for a presidential run. "But must you debase our nation and threaten our children as well?"

Time Warner and the Music Group now had to speak with one voice. Fuchs was chosen to be that voice—a problem for Danny Goldberg, who had been a major player in the American Civil Liberties Union. Goldberg gave an interview to *The Washington Post* which incensed Fuchs, and accepted an invitation to appear on *Face the Nation* which the company had already officially turned down. When Fuchs found out, he forced Goldberg to cancel, but the damage was done—the national audience was informed that Goldberg pulled out.

Despite these frictions—driven by rumors bouncing between the two camps—it was well known that Fuchs still planned to promote Morris to the international job. That's why the music world was so stunned on June 21 when word spread that Fuchs had *fired* Doug Morris in the coldest way possible. Morris was summoned from his office in 75 Rockefeller Plaza to Fuchs's office in the postmodern HBO building, ostensibly to finalize the details of his promotion. When he arrived, Fuchs presented him with a press release, which Morris initially thought was the announcement of his new job.

Morris quickly found out that the platinum handshake that he had watched so many other Time Warner executives get was being denied him. Bob Krasnow had received $7 million when he was pushed out at Elektra. And Bob Morgado was getting close to $60 million no questions asked. But Morris learned that he was being fired "for cause." When he filed suit to challenge the dismissal, Time Warner roared back: the company wanted all the money that it had paid Morris in the past year, and even made his contract public. It revealed that he had *(Continued on page 115)*


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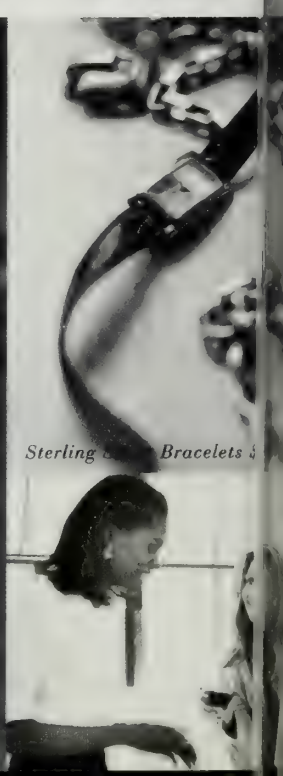






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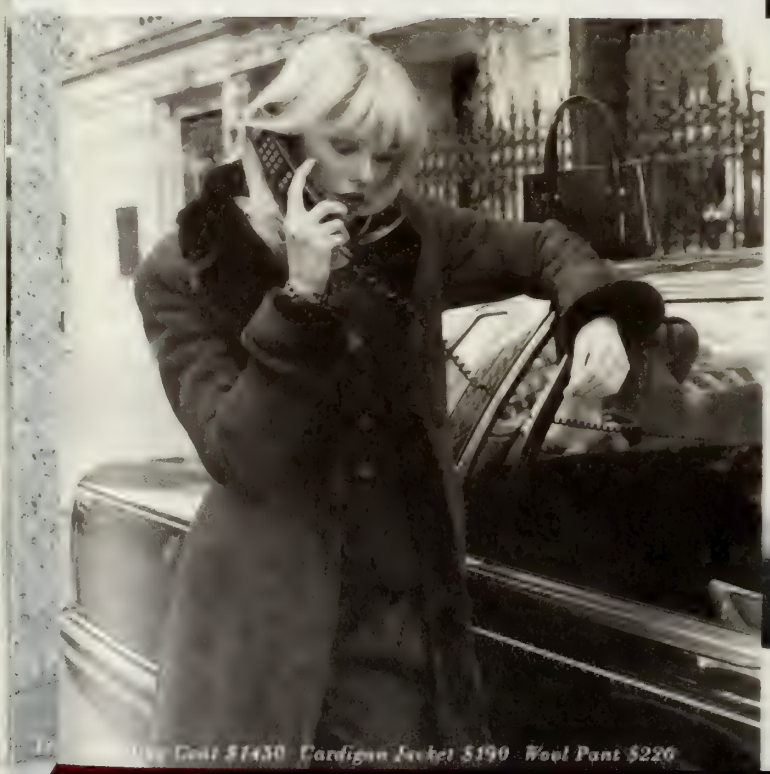


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(Continued from page 106) already been paid about $10 million in 1995—including salary, signing bonus, and his 1994 bonus.

In preliminary court papers, the company has said Morris was fired for not telling the company about the promotional-CD investigation before he signed his new contract. If Time Warner intends to pursue this approach, it could be a dangerous game. No music company has ever stood to benefit from close public scrutiny of its sales practices. "They gave everybody a turkey and then they ran out of turkeys, right?" asks one Music Group executive. "It feels creepy that they have to go after Morris personally."

While people usually associate this kind of hardball with Michael Fuchs, Levin has made it clear that he was in charge. The day after Morris's firing, Levin had one of his periodic lunches with the managing editors of all the major Time Warner magazines. "Levin said Morris and his colleagues were trying to destabilize the company," recalls a publishing-division source. "He said they were trying to get him out and were in the process of a coup. This could not be tolerated, and Fuchs had fired Morris with his complete support." When asked about the fate of other key Music Group executives, Levin said, "Once you cut the head off, you see how the body behaves."

According to the source, several of the editors agreed that they had never heard Levin talk that way before. "He was like Michael Corleone at the end of *Godfather II*," the source recalls. "The same cold, slit eyes. The same 'If you fuck with me, you die.'"

Fuchs moved quickly to remove Morris loyalists. He fired Mel Lewinter "for cause"; Lewinter is also suing, and Time Warner settled with the most prominent of the fired sales executives, fortifying its position on the CD scandal. Fuchs negotiated a departure settlement with Danny Goldberg, who will reportedly get about $5 million. And as Mo Ostin and Lenny Waronker tried to complete their deal to run the DreamWorks labels, Fuchs named the fourth chairman of Warner Bros. Records in less than a year. He chose Warner family favorite Russ Thyret, the burly, bearded, eccentric top executive who gave the most impassioned speech at Mo Ostin's going-away party. One former Music Group executive says, "He's the greatest noncommissioned officer of all time. Can he become a four-star general? I'm going to put my money on him."

Some still wonder what to think about the year of living dangerously at the Warner Music Group. Was it the series of bad judgment calls? Or did Levin have some master plan to wipe out a group of talented executives who couldn't stop comparing him with Steve Ross?

"I lay this at Jerry's feet," says one disgusted former Warner Music executive. "He turned his back on Mo *and* Bob Morgado *and* Doug Morris. What does that say about this man? He's either completely immoral, completely unfeeling or unknowing, or this man has had this long-term agenda since he took over. Either way, here's a guy with one hell of a problem."

The competition to fill the top editorial job at *Sports Illustrated* has been dubbed Pearlstine's "Bake-Off."



Norman Pearlstine, who formerly ran *The Wall Street Journal* and now heads Time Inc., attends a party with his wife, Nancy Friday, author of such best-sellers as *My Mother, My Self*.

Some Time Warner shareholders have made it clear that the music division is the equivalent of Bosnia: they may be willing to wring their hands over the conflict there without taking action. But if the trouble spreads—if Daly or Semel were to pull out at the Warner studios—they might be inclined to declare war on Levin.

The shareholders' major complaint is that they don't like the emphasis on cable or the lingering $15 billion debt. The debt has been a drag on the stock and, despite record operating income in all divisions, Time Warner has yet to turn a profit since the merger. The stock has risen from its most recent low of $31.50 to a recent high in the mid-40s, but needs to get closer to $50 to keep investors from feeling that the company is undervalued.

In February, under tremendous pressure, Levin pledged to reduce the debt. He announced that it was time to dismantle Time Warner Entertainment—the subsidiary consisting of the cable holdings, the studio, and HBO. The move could be interpreted as nothing less than a redefinition of the company's identity, a return to emphasizing its role as a supplier of "content"—movies, music, and magazines.

"I think the marketplace and his own warlords have told him they don't want to bet the farm on his vision," one of Time Warner's institutional shareholders explains. "He recognized if he's wrong, he's dead, and even if he's right, he may not have a job in six months, because he keeps fighting everyone."

Levin's plan—warmly received by major shareholders—was to regroup the cable holdings into a new, separate subsidiary. Time Warner would own a percentage of that company and load as much as half of its debt onto it. According to Levin, this would still keep Time Warner on the cutting edge of technology. Meanwhile, US West, in theory, would trade its percentage of the film studio and HBO for a stake in the new cable company. The Japanese partners, Toshiba and Itochu, would swap their interest for Time Warner common stock. Once again, the studio and pay-television service would belong, 100 percent, to Time Warner. Order would be restored to the kingdom.

Levin asserted that this solution would please everyone. "It's possible to have a structure which is satisfactory to those who do believe in the [cable] business, and those who don't, and those who can't make up their minds," he said.

The only hitch was getting US West and the Japanese partners to agree to the deal. Which raised the question: Why should they?

US West chairman Richard McCormick says that his company is willing to negotiate with Time Warner, but that he is "real happy" with the current arrangement. "There isn't any pressure on us to change," he says. At press time, a source close to Levin said Time Warner was planning to announce that

ROBIN PLATZER

the Itochu piece of the restructuring was completed; the Toshiba piece was nearly done. But an insider says he doubts that McCormick, who controls twice as much of T.W.E. as the Japanese partners combined, will agree to Levin's plan. "He's just stringing Jerry out," he says. "Every time Jerry goes to him with a deal, he just says no."

Critics say Levin has put himself at a disadvantage by announcing his plan. Some find Levin's tactics in this instance to be part of a disconcerting pattern. "If he thinks it, he says it," says one Time Warner executive. "I don't know of anyone except Jerry who would go to the press and say, 'I want to restructure and I want to do a deal with US West.' Everybody knows he just lost all his leverage. It's not so much his choices—he just telegraphs them too much."

Richard Parsons, the company president, contends that the partnership between Time Warner and US West is too important for either to engage in brinkmanship. "You can't afford to screw around with it by saying, 'Leverage, leverage, who has the leverage?' I reject the notion that we gave up our sneak-up-on-'em-and-bag-'em strategy," he says.

Levin now says the US West deal is not the "be-all and end-all." He promised a restructuring, he says, but he didn't outline specifics.

And Parsons downplays the idea that Levin must now deliver on the restructuring within 12 to 18 months, as Levin said he would. "If instead of 12 to 18 months, it takes 24 months," says Parsons, "you don't get shot."

The restructuring wouldn't be so pressing if Levin had better luck selling his vision. But there is a growing perception that the company's grand experiment with interactive television in Orlando is failing. Perhaps one day customers will be banking, shopping, and ordering movies on demand through the Full Service Network. But it will take a lot of time and money to get there.

The Full Service Network is not the only technology that Levin has up his sleeve. But these new ideas, while they could pay off spectacularly, have a way of making Wall Street nervous. "Three years from now, you could wake up and find that you could get MTV from wireless cable, cable TV, the telephone company, or three satellite companies," says one major shareholder. "Why do you want to fight in that catfight when the clear beneficiary is the guy who owns programming? There are a lot of people in the company, including the studio guys and Michael Fuchs, who think it's a big mistake."

One associate believes that Levin is yearning for the glory days, when he was the boy genius who put HBO on satellite. "I saw Jerry saying, 'Full Service Network, this is my satellite again.'" In fact, Levin does analogize the two situations. And he discusses his conviction that his approach will work with a special fervor. "Somebody who scores gets in a zone," he says. "They have a mental picture of scoring a basket and they do it. The end point to me is video that you can manipulate on demand. I'm not staking the company on the Full Service Network, but I do believe in it strongly."

Back in October 1993, Levin said the company would hook up 4,000 customers to its Full Service Network by the following spring and link up all its systems within five years. The company

"I know what Michael Fuchs is trying to do. He's trying to run Time Warner, to be Jerry Levin."

was investing a reported $5 billion in the effort. "I've staked my career on it," Levin said stoutly.

Finally, in December 1994—eight months late—Levin brought off an impressive presentation of the system. The only problem was that Time Warner wasn't ready to hook up the promised 4,000 customers—or even 400. The real number was closer to four. The Full Service Network was nowhere near ready.

"The news of its demise is untrue," says Joseph Collins, head of the cable division. But he casts Orlando as an experiment rather than a prototype. He acknowledges that the company has yet to figure out whether the system could even make enough money to justify the enormous cost of hooking it up. "It's very hard," he says. "This is an enormous software project. . . . We're going to know during '96 what the answers are to all those questions."

Meanwhile, even Levin's allies concede that he may have spooked his public by pressing so hard. "Jerry has seen the future and he's developed a strategy for achieving that future," says Parsons. "But we may have tried to go a little too fast, if not too far."

Levin's supporters say his main problem is that he's a bad salesman. Not that he hasn't tried. In December, he paid a visit to Edgar Bronfman *père et fils,* Time Warner's largest shareholders, who had previously received very cool treatment from the company. Levin dispatched Richard Parsons to lunch with Courtney Ross, the widow of the patriarch—whose affection for Levin was so slight that she had balked at inviting him to her husband's funeral. Levin met informally with Toni Ross, Steve's daughter from a previous marriage. He started reaching out to institutional shareholders, such as Gordon Crawford of the Capital Group.

Levin doesn't view any of these moves as a change in strategy. He says he has consistently communicated well with people who matter, inside and outside the company.

Morgado feels Levin's strategy to communicate only when it's necessary is arguably a good one. But, he says, Levin stumbles because he finds even occasional communication an irksome chore. "He resents the intrusive quality of it," he says. Morgado has told senior executives that Levin must reprogram himself. "Jerry's reluctance to be a spear-carrier in a consistent and formidable way," Morgado has said, "is a problem."

In recent months, Jerry Levin has won some time. The prospect of deregulation and the restructuring plan have the stock ticking upward. (Recently the stock rose for less desirable reasons—rumors that G.E. might make a takeover bid.) Analysts have started to warm to the company again. "The sky has cleared," says institutional investor Larry Haverty, who was publicly demanding action from Levin a few months ago. "People are beginning to see that Jerry's strategy was the right strategy," says Parsons.

There are several land mines that Levin still must avoid. The biggest is Edgar Bronfman Jr., with his large stake in the company. Levin may now have reason to repent his unfriendliness when the Bronfmans appeared on the scene. But he has no regrets. He was angered that Bronfman didn't announce his intention to accumulate a major stake in the company. "You don't start a relationship that way," he says. He adds that Bronfman could never articulate where he thought the company should go. "It was like asking Ted Kennedy why he wanted to be president."

If Bronfman allied himself with an



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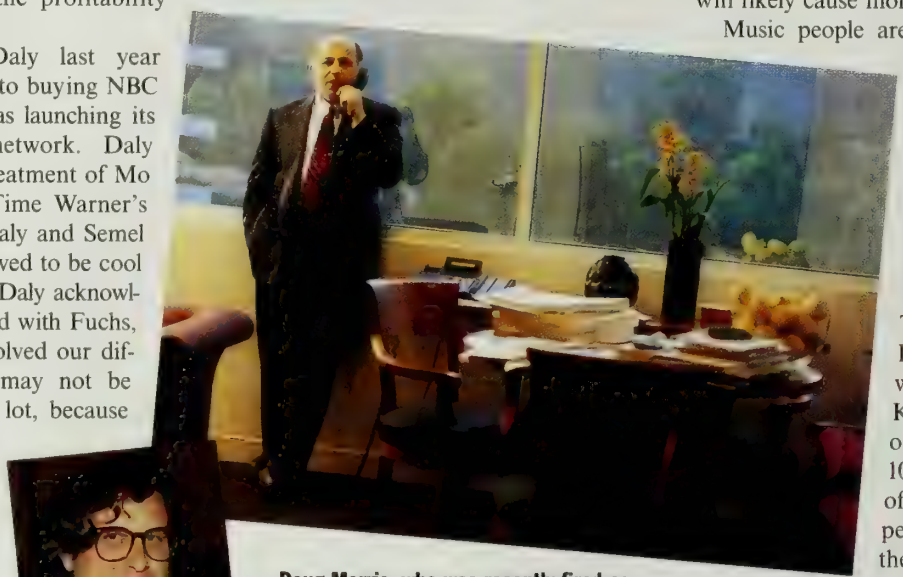
other attacker, Levin would be vulnerable. And he is susceptible to other disasters. He has provoked studio co-chairmen Bob Daly and Terry Semel, perhaps inadvertently, even though sources close to the situation agree that Levin views it as imperative to his well-being to keep Daly and Semel in place. "In his mind, he cannot have a mutinous Bob Daly or Terry Semel," says a top executive at the company. "He perceives he can't lose them. Right now, they may have the most leverage of anybody at the company—leverage beyond the profitability of their division."

Levin irked Daly last year when he looked into buying NBC while the studio was launching its own television network. Daly also regards the treatment of Mo Ostin as one of Time Warner's signal mistakes. Daly and Semel are also still perceived to be cool to Michael Fuchs. Daly acknowledges he has clashed with Fuchs, but says, "We resolved our differences. . . . We may not be going to dinner a lot, because we have different styles. But he's a good executive and a good choice to run the Music Group."

As for Levin, Daly and Semel offer somewhat backhanded praise: "Jerry Levin has been totally supportive," Semel says. "He has allowed us to run our own shop and allowed us to do good work. The results speak for themselves. Why change what isn't broken?"

Daly says he plans to stay put "as long as I get up in the morning and I love coming to work." Semel also says he'll stay, but ever since Bronfman's purchase of MCA, Hollywood has buzzed with rumors that Semel might take a job there. (The buzz was not diminished in August when Semel joined MCA's new president, Ron Meyer, for a Mediterranean yacht cruise with Sylvester Stallone and producer Joel Silver.) Time Warner executives deny a rumor that Semel has an option to get out of his contract at the end of the year. But several sources say that the Warner-studios co-chairman has already asked permission to negotiate with MCA—and has even met with Edgar Bronfman. If Semel jumped, he would join several other Time Warner executives, since Bronfman inherited Bob Krasnow's new label and gave Doug Morris one of his own.

"They gave everybody a turkey and then they ran out of turkeys, right? It feels creepy that they have to go after Morris personally."





Doug Morris, who was recently fired as head of Warner Music U.S., takes a phone meeting. *Left:* Warner Bros. Records' recently deposed Danny Goldberg was against censorship of rap lyrics.

While Fuchs has begun to stabilize the Music Group, hardly a week goes by without another emergency. The lawsuits with Morris and Lewinter could be quietly settled, but they might also be a time bomb. The situation with Interscope and gangsta rap has already blown up. Negotiations to sell Time Warner's 50 percent stake in Interscope back to the label seemed to be going smoothly until mid-August, when Interscope filed a suit against C. DeLores Tucker, accusing her of trying to interfere with the label's profitable distribution deal with Death Row Records. Two days later, Death Row filed a provocative action against Tucker, Time Warner, Levin, and Fuchs, charging them with violating the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO). Both suits allege that Tucker claimed to have an arrangement with Fuchs to offer Death Row an $80 million advance if it would make a deal directly with Time Warner and agree to stop making "misogynist, obscene, and pornographic music." Both Tucker and Time Warner say the suits are without merit, although there was clearly a botched attempt to get the labels to agree to a new lyrics policy. However the Interscope situation is settled, Fuchs is expected to announce such a policy, which will likely cause more controversy.

Music people are also paying close attention to the fates of two Warner Bros. artists. R.E.M., the label's most important band, is about to deliver the last album on its contract. If Fuchs and Thyret can't get R.E.M. re-signed, it won't bode well. K. d. lang has a record due out October 10, making her one of the first major experiments in whether the Warner machine has been damaged. Lang's manager is cautiously optimistic, but some doubt that morale can be turned around so quickly. "Anybody who puts a record out here right now is a fool," says a source close to the company. "It's not fair to these artists to be in the middle of a fucking blender like this."

With this panoply of problems, some shareholders believe Levin is still in trouble. "Every indication I get is that the restructuring is not going well," says one. "The clock is ticking. His lieutenants are after him." The question is: Can Levin define himself as a leader in time? Can he persuade enough people to follow him into battle even when the company is battered by the controversies that will inevitably arise?

"Nobody's a natural-born C.E.O.," Parsons says. "Everybody goes through a learning phase when they get there. I have complete confidence in Jerry."

"Jerry's a smart guy," says Morgado. "If redemption requires him to come out of the shell and assume the mantle of the great communicator, I think he's capable of doing it. Intellectually, he understands it." □


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Aung San Suu Kyi, *left*, in front of her villa in Rangoon, where she was confined for six years by Burma's repressive regime. Her return to her country in 1988 coincided with protests, *below*, against the Burmese Socialist Programme Party.

THE LADY TRIUMPHS

Six years under house arrest made Aung San Suu Kyi, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, a legend. Her release is a victory over Burma's brutal strongman

BY EDWARD KLEIN

"Call me Suu."

Aung San Suu Kyi was showing me around the grounds of her lakeside villa in Rangoon, where she had been held under house arrest for six years. I had made a number of attempts to see her since she won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1991. But it was only after her release this past summer by the generals who rule Myanmar—as Burma is now known—that I was finally able to meet the world's most famous political prisoner.

Pictures don't capture her special aura. She was wearing a lungi, the traditional Burmese sarong, which hugged her hips and gave her slender figure a sinuous grace. A sprig of yellow flowers dangled from the bun at the nape of her neck. Though only five feet four, she possessed a commanding presence.

"It's hard to think of you as just plain Suu," I said.

"Perhaps you'll change your mind when you get to know me better."

I took out my notebook and asked, "Where shall we begin?"

She looked around and said, "Right here. On the day they placed me under arrest, this garden was still quite beautiful. There were lots of white Madonna lilies, fields and fields of them, and frangipani, and fragran yellow jasmines, and gardenias– all highly scented flowers—and flower from South America tha changes its color as it mature and is called 'yesterday, today, an tomorrow.'

"In the beginning," she continued "I'd go out and work in the garden an talk with the guards. There were 15 so diers, all of them armed. But a garde like this requires quite a lot of money t keep up, and I couldn't afford to tak care of it. Of course, I refused to accep anything from the military."

She spoke with a British accent, whic she had acquired while at Oxford Univer sity. When she wanted to emphasize point, she curled her hands into fists an hammered them against her sides.

"Sometimes I didn't even have enoug money to eat," she went on. "I became s weak from malnourishment that my hai fell out, and I couldn't get out of bed. was afraid that I had damaged my heart Every time I moved, my heart wen *thump-thump-thump,* and it was hard t breathe. I fell to nearly 90 pounds fron my normal weight of about 106. I though to myself that I'd die of heart failure, no starvation at all. Then my eyes started t



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go bad. I developed spondylosis, which is a degeneration of the spinal column." She paused for a moment, then pointed with a finger to her head and said, "But they never got me up here. However, I did have to let the garden go. When they released me, one of the first things I did was have a team of gardeners come and clear it out. It was full of snakes, and had become dangerous."

The garden was now nothing more than a mud pile, for her release had come at the height of the monsoon season, when drenching rains turn vast expanses of Burma into a vaporous waterworld that stretches from the shores of the Andaman Sea nearly to the foothills of the Himalayas. Her freedom had also coincided with Wa-zo, the advent of Buddhist Lent, a season of fasting and penitence when teenage boys shave their heads and temporarily enter the monastic order, and the country's hundreds of thousands of monks retreat from the outside world in search of Nirvana, the ultimate deliverance from suffering and misery.

We approached her two-story villa. Like most buildings in Rangoon, it was in a state of ruin. Its crumbling stucco walls were stained black with mildew, and it looked as though it hadn't seen a coat of paint since the British granted Burma its independence in 1948. The quaint decay of Rangoon made me feel as though I had stepped back in time into a novel by Somerset Maugham.

I took off my shoes as I entered the foyer, and was confronted by pages of handwritten political statements which she had posted in defiance of her captors. To raise money during her years of confinement, she had sold all her valuable furniture, keeping only a dining-room table and a piano, which she had stopped playing after a string snapped during one of her temperamental poundings. One of the old family photos on the wall showed her as a baby with her father, the founder of modern Burma, who was martyred by an assassin's bullet in 1947, when she was two.

All her life she has been obsessed with the father she never knew. She adopted his famous name, Aung San (pronounced Awng Sahn), and added it to her given name, Suu Kyi (Sue Chee). A heroic statue of her father stands in the middle of a park in Rangoon, and it is easy to see from its expression that Aung San Suu Kyi is his spitting image.

"The people of my country were demanding democracy, and as my father's daughter, I had a duty to get involved."

"I always felt close to my father," she said. "It never left my mind that he would wish me to do something for my country. When I returned to Burma in 1988 to nurse my sick mother, I was planning on starting a chain of libraries in my father's name. A life of politics held no attraction for me. But the people of my country were demanding democracy, and as my father's daughter, I felt I had a duty to get involved."

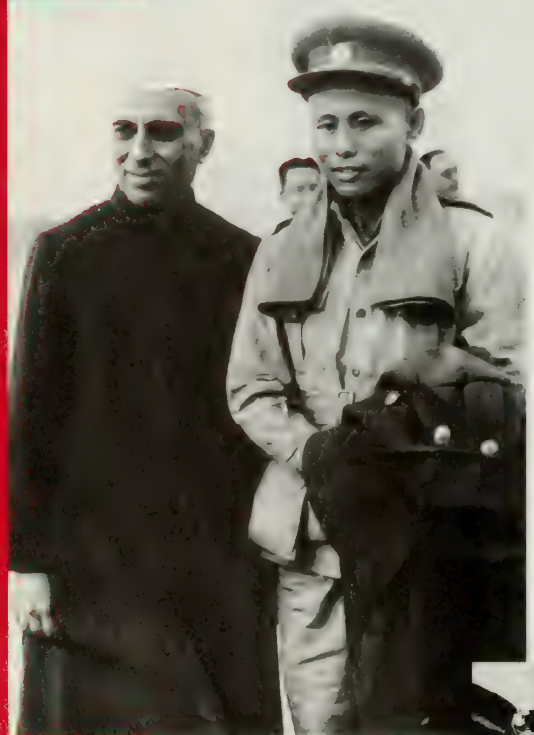
As she spoke, a crowd was gathering in the stagnant afternoon heat outside her iron gate on University Avenue. Millions of her countrymen had learned of her release from the Burmese-language shortwave broadcasts of the Voice of America and the BBC. Neither the state-controlled television station nor the regime's daily mouthpiece, *The New Light of Myanmar,* had summoned up the nerve to acknowledge her freedom.

The junta's nervousness was understandable. In the minds of her countrymen, Aung San Suu Kyi had become a legend. Friends and foes never referred to her by name; they called her the Lady. The only other Burmese who inspired such awe was Ne Win, the country's longtime strongman, who, though now 84 and in the twilight of his rule, was referred to as the Old Man.

An aide came to tell her that it was time to address the crowd. I followed her outside, where I saw a team of her supporters lugging two huge Peavey speakers up the driveway to the gate. They lifted the speakers onto the limbs of trees and attached the wires to an amplifier. A desk was placed against the verdigris-covered gate, and Aung San Suu Kyi climbed on top and greeted the crowd outside. It roared its approval.

There were perhaps 500 people standing on both sides of the street, including a large number of students, as well as monks in saffron robes and nuns in pink vestments. Many of the women and children had coated their faces with *thanaka,* a pale-yellowish paste made from the bark of a tree, which turns to powder and is used as makeup and sunblock. They looked like the gathering of an African tribe.

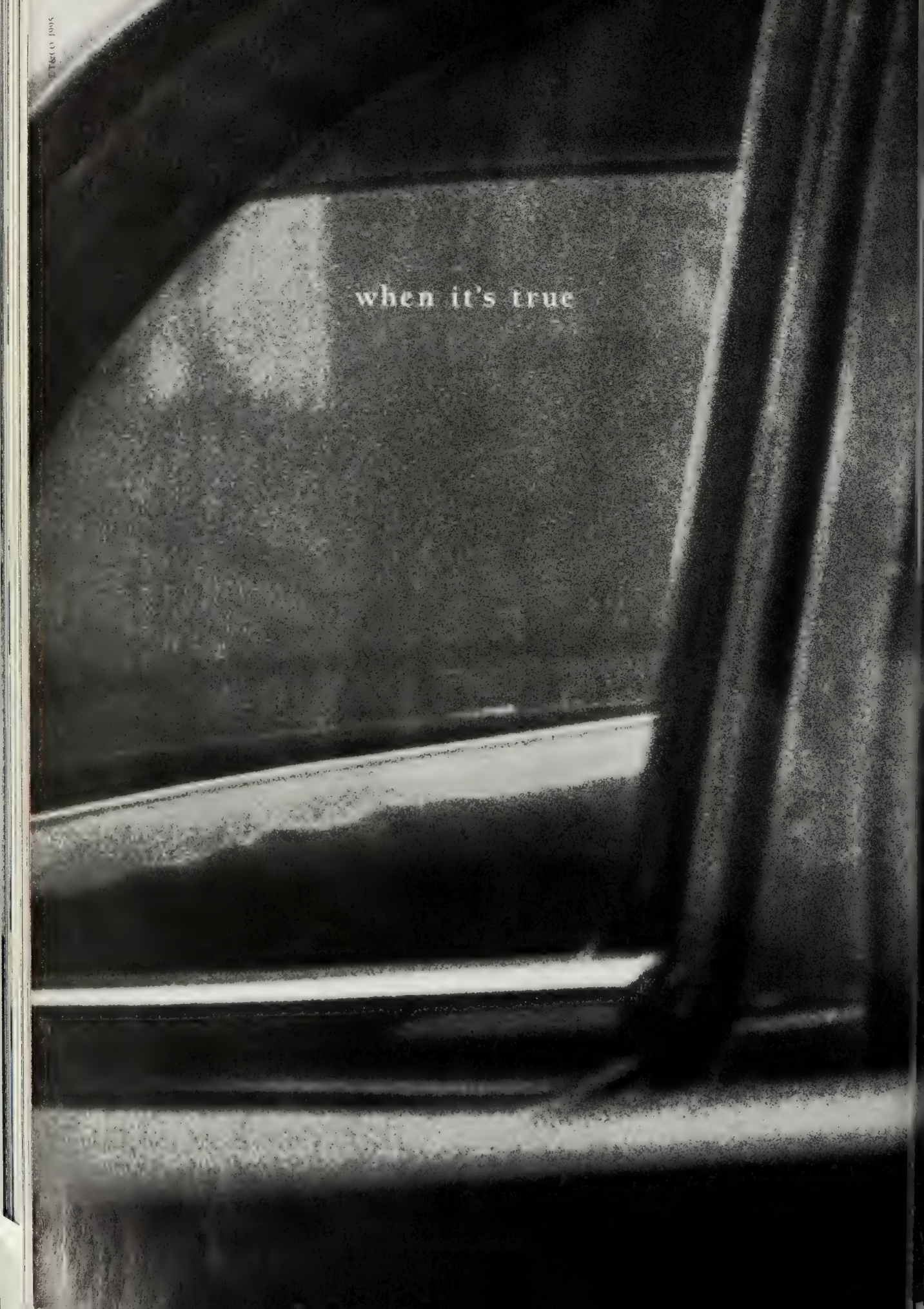
I was struck by the courage of the people; after all, the last time they had turned out en masse to support leaders





Aung San, Aung San Suu Kyi's father and the founder of modern Burma, *above,* with India's Pandit Nehru in New Delhi shortly before his assassination in 1947 at age 32. *Right,* Aung San with his wife, two sons, and infant Suu Kyi, about 1946.


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emanding democratic reform, the ar- y had met them with tanks and ma- hine guns, murdering far more people an were killed in the bloody massacre Chinese students in Beijing's Tianan- en Square a year later.

When I stepped back from the gate, found myself standing next to one of er closest political associates. He had een imprisoned several times in the ast 30 years, the last time in the noto- ous Insein Prison, in the northern sub- bs of Rangoon, which is, appropriate- enough, pronounced "Insane" Prison.

"I knew her father, and she reminds e so much of him," he told me. "The ay she smiles and tilts her head—all er gestures are similar to his. When she me back to Burma, she had no inten- on of becoming a celebrity. She was in- perienced in politics. It was a hard estiny. But she had the gift. And she atured in six years of house arrest."

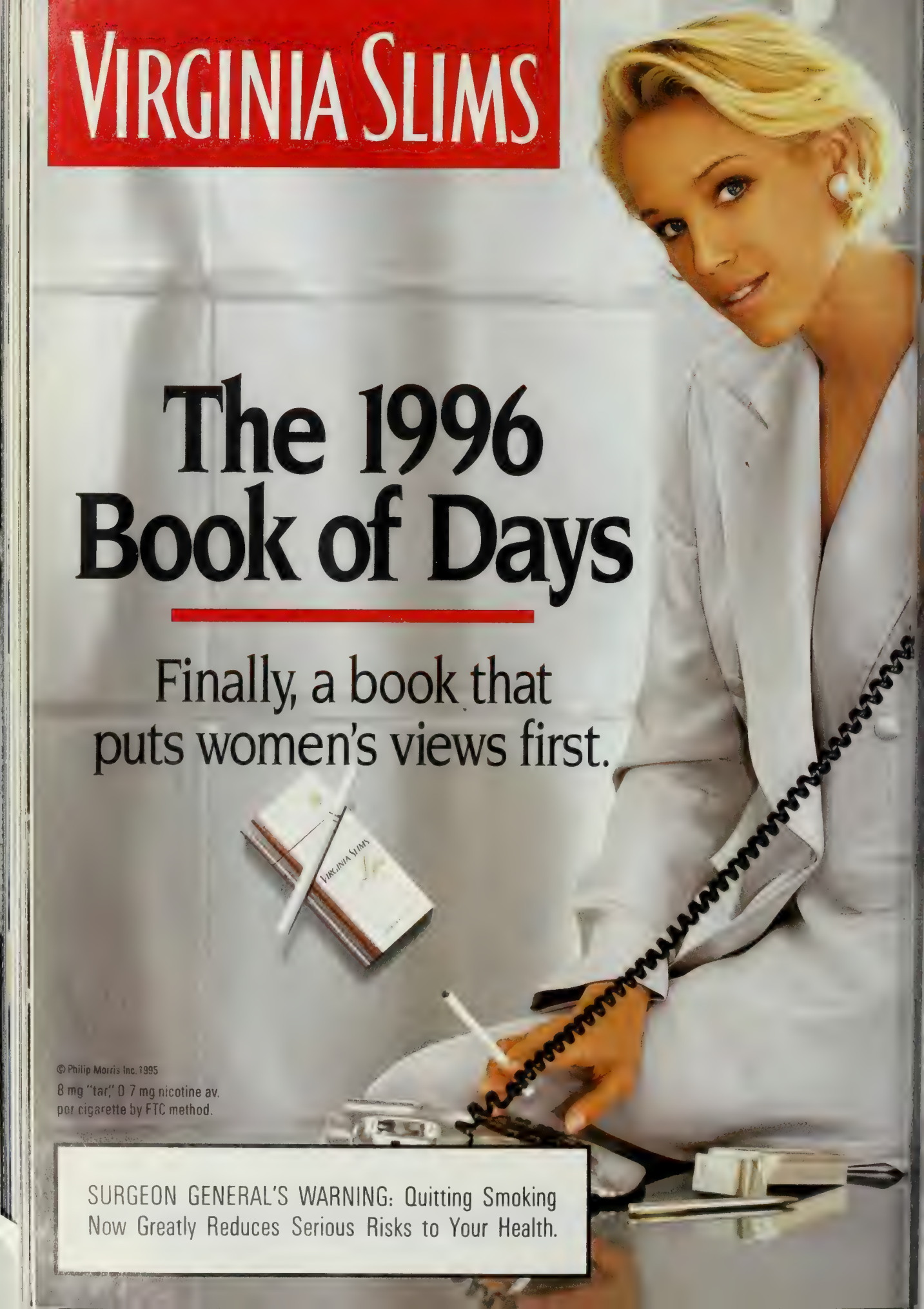
He looked up at Aung San Suu Kyi, ho was exhorting the crowd. "We ust avoid having extreme ideas," she ld them. "Think before you do any- ing!" Since her release, she had struck conciliatory tone. But it was possible at a real test of her leadership would me the next day, Martyrs' Day, a na- onal holiday commemorating the as- ssination of Aung San and six of his olleagues. Everyone in Burma was ondering whether Aung San Suu Kyi's lans to lay a wreath at her father's ausoleum would set off a fresh round f clashes between the forces of the ady and those of the Old Man.

That night I sat in the dining room of the Inya Lake Hotel, a mile north of Aung San Suu Kyi's villa, and atched as searchlights played over the murky water and boats patrolled the hore in front of the residence of Ne Vin. The Old Man's compound is nged by a steel fence and protected y land mines. Two thousand troops ere reportedly stationed nearby.

In his younger days, Ne Win was a equent traveler to the West. On a him, he would collect a contingent of is ministers and fly to Vienna, where he onsulted a famous psychiatrist by the ame of Hans Hoff. Many of his trips ere bankrolled with bags of rubies and ther precious stones, which are found profusion in Burma. In April 1987 he ade a secret, seven-day trip to Okla- oma City to visit Ardith Dolese, a ealthy American woman, whom he edited with having helped save his life most 40 years earlier in England by re-



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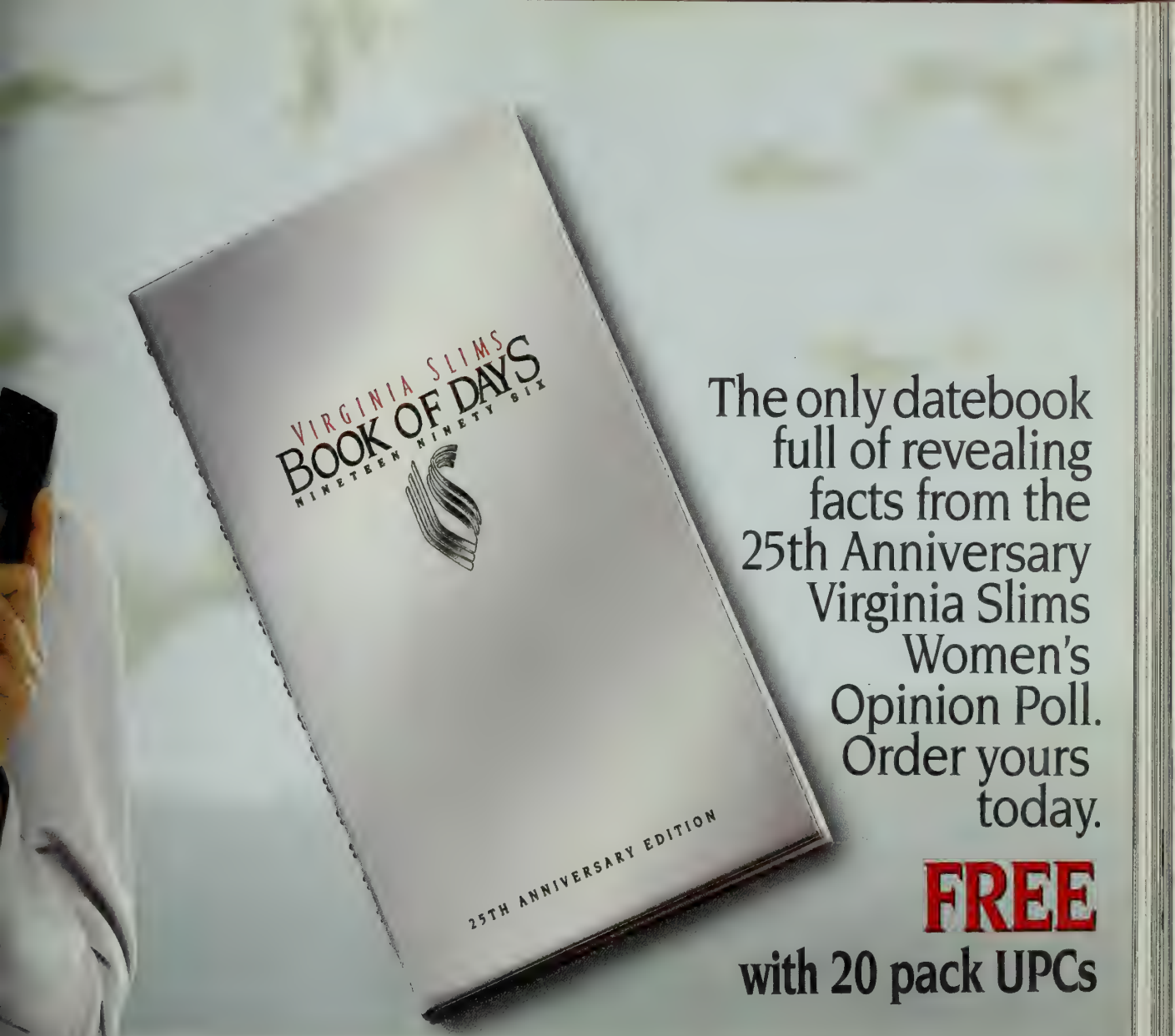
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ferring him to a doctor when he was ill.

In recent years, no Westerner has laid eyes on the reclusive former general. His photos have disappeared from billboards and placards throughout Burma. His two principal contacts with the outside world are his daughter, Sanda Win, a physician with the rank of army major, and his protégé, Lieutenant General Khin Nyunt, who heads military intelligence. Sanda Win and Khin Nyunt are believed by some to have orchestrated the campaign of vicious slander that led up to Aung San Suu Kyi's house arrest. Among other things, it was charged that she indulged in "foreign" sexual practices with her British-born husband, Michael Aris, a professor of Tibetan studies at Oxford.

According to the official line, Ne Win has retired, and the administration of the country is in the hands of the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC), whose baleful acronym is pronounced "Slork." The SLORC is headed by Senior General Than Shwe. But nearly everyone is convinced that the Old Man continues to call the shots and that he exercises power in the tradition of many Oriental despots, as a mysterious, sinister presence who chooses to remain hidden from public view.

Ne Win spends most of his time alone in his vast library, reading Buddhist sutras and meditating. He is notoriously superstitious, and regularly consults numerologists, soothsayers, and astrologers. Like many in his country, he believes that the world is inhabited by supernatural spirits called nats. To cheat fate he indulges in the widespread mystical Burmese practice called *yedayache*. Thus, he has been known to walk backward over a bridge at night and circle his plane over his place of birth while seated on a wooden horse. When one of his astrologers warned him that he would come to an unhappy end unless he shot himself, he took out a pistol and fired at his reflection in the mirror. Many Burmese are convinced that the reason he renamed the country Myanmar and its capital city Yangon was not to eliminate the vestiges of British colonialism but to ward off evil spirits.

Ne Win has built his own pagoda in the center of Rangoon, not far from the Shwedagon Pagoda, which, according to Nicholas Greenwood's *Guide to Burma*, is the biggest Buddhist temple of its kind in the world—its gold leaf alone reputedly weighs 60 tons. This is part of his effort to store up Buddhist merit and presumably assist himself on his way to Nirvana. Despite Burma's Buddhist tradition of compassion, its long history is full of stories of brutality; the country's last king, Thibaw, who ruled from 1878 to 1885, sewed up his opponents in sacks of red velvet and had them trampled to death by royal elephants. But few Burmese leaders have matched Ne Win's record for utter incompetence and sheer barbarity.

Shortly after he seized power in a 1962 coup, Ne Win sealed Burma off from the rest of the world and turned it into a hermit state for 26 years. He instituted a preposterous program called the Burmese Way of Socialism, which wrecked the economy and plunged Burma's people into such abject poverty that today the per capita income is $200 a year, among the lowest in the world. He poured his meager resources into the army, which was called upon to wage war against more than a dozen rebellious ethnic minorities, as well as the Burmese Communist Party, whose breakaway members were in cahoots with powerful Chinese drug lords. But although most of the ethnic insurgencies have been subdued, and the Communists have disappeared as a threat, Burma's Golden Triangle still accounts for 60 percent of the world's production of heroin.

"I haven't touched a penny of the Nobel Prize money. The money is for the people of Burma."

In recent years, limited private enterprise has been allowed to resume in Burma. The regime has declared 1996 "Visit Myanmar Year," and hotels are springing up in Rangoon, Mandalay, and the ancient city of Pagan. But Ne Win's army still runs the country as its economic fiefdom. Families of high-ranking officers live in neighborhoods where there are telephone lines, electricity, and running water—services that are not ordinarily available. They have special stores and even a planned medevac service to nearby Bangkok and Singapore. Their children go to the best schools and get the best jobs.

Meanwhile, the average Burmese struggles with a 30 percent annual rate of inflation, which makes it hard just to put food on the table. Young men are rounded up on the streets of cities and towns and shipped off to border areas where they are used by the army as porters and human minesweepers. Girls are sold as prostitutes in Thailand. If they return, they are often H.I.V.-positive. There are at least a thousand political prisoners in the country's dungeon-like jails, where they are subjected to torture and some of the most inhuman conditions found anywhere in Asia. Nevertheless, the SLORC generals go out of their way to portray themselves as the righteous guardians of Buddhist principles, and are frequently televised giving alms at well-known pagodas.

Burma's people suffered through all of this in relative silence until 1987, when, out of the blue, Ne Win abolished nearly 60 percent of the country's money supply. The monetary unit is the kyat—6 to the dollar but up to 120 on the black market. He did away with 75-, 35-, and 25-kyat banknotes and replaced them with 90- and 45-kyat denominations. The reason? Ostensibly to fight inflation, but according to most people because 90 and 45 are divisible by 9—his lucky number—and the digits in them also add up to 9. Predictably enough, the effect of this massive demonetization was catastrophic, for it wiped out most savings. Riots ensued, students took to the streets, and the demonstrations grew into a national movement for the restoration of democracy. Suddenly Ne Win, who had been portrayed as the legitimate heir of Burma's independence leader, Aung San, was being challenged for power by Aung San's daughter.

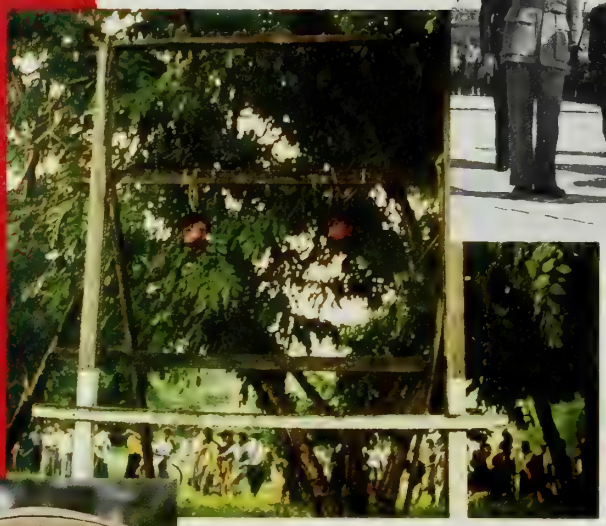
More than 100 foreign journalists were on hand when Aung San Suu Kyi showed up at the Martyrs' Mausoleum. She was dressed in mourning and looked stiff and somber as she laid three wreaths of orchids on her father's grave. If the journalists had come expecting dramatic conflict—there had been speculation that hundreds of thousands of Burmese might turn out for the occasion—they were sorely disappointed. Rangoon was crawling with soldiers, and although it was a national holiday, there was hardly a Burmese civilian on the street. They were too scared to go out.

However, those who had access to a TV set were treated to a startling spectacle later that day. The state-run television station carried a 65-second video clip of Aung San Suu Kyi's public appearance, the first official acknowledgment after more than a week that she had been freed from house arrest.

That afternoon she invited the entire


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OCTOBER 13









From top: **Ne Win, center, in Paris in 1956, six years before he took over Burma; the heads of two dissidents hung out in public in 1988; Lieutenant General Khin Nyunt, Ne Win's right hand; Buddhist monks protestir at Rangoon University in 1988.**

Few Burmese leaders have matched Ne Win's record for utter incompetence and sheer barbarity.

press corps to her villa for a tea party. The gate swung open at three P.M., and still photographers and video teams were the first to be let in. They were asked to take off their shoes and then were herded into separate rooms—stills in the dining room, videos in the reception room. After a while, Aung San Suu Kyi came down the staircase, looking cool in a starched white muslin blouse and a lungi. She went into the still photographers' room, where she submitted to their flashbulbs. Then she went into the other room and posed for the video cameras.

She walked out onto a scruffy terrace, where the tea was being prepared, and the cameramen, who didn't have time to retrieve their shoes, spilled out after her into the muddy yard in their socks. Some of them sank up to their ankles under the heavy equipment.

"How is this?" Aung San Suu Kyi asked them. "Do you have enough of me?"

I began to worry about her security.

"She has no security," one of her aides told me. "Everybody is really scared. It took only one gunman to eliminate Mahatma Gandhi. But she has resigned herself to her fate on this score."

By now, the print press had been let into the compound, swelling the number of journalists. Swirling groups of reporters and cameramen were pressing in upon her. She didn't seem to mind. She joked with them. They laughed. And then they did the most remarkable thing: they began asking her for her autograph.

She responded to all this with good humor and poise. The press was completely won over. The sweaty cameramen put down their equipment and drank tea out of little china cups. The occasion was a huge public-relations success.

She spotted me in the crowd and came over. "Well, are you prepared to call me Suu yet?" she asked.

"Maybe Saint Suu," I said.

"Saints are only sinners who go on trying," she said, "so if I'm a saint, I'm of that sort."

"What are your sinful qualities?"

Without a moment's hesitation, she replied, "I have a flaming temper, for one, which I hope I've brought under control. Impatience, for another. I'm a lot more patient now." Then she caught herself and smiled. "You don't expect me to record all my sins, do you? You'll have to get to know me better."

Her life has been shaped by three great losses.

To begin with, there was the death of her father, whom she never had a chance to know. When she sought to recapture him in later years by writing his biography, she turned up evidence indicating that he had left her a puzzling legacy. For upon close inspection, Aung San turned out to be an ambiguous national hero. To rid Burma of British colonial rule, he had thrown in his lot with the Japanese in 1940, and in 1943 had received a medal from Emperor Hirohito himself. Later, when he sensed that the tide of war was shifting, he struck a deal with Lord Mountbatten and fought alongside the British against the Japanese. During World War II, Burma suffered greater damage than any other Asian countries except China and Japan. Aung San was, at various times, for and against the Burmese Communist Party. Like John F. Kennedy, another politician who was cut down before he could fulfill his promise, Aung San was a supreme pragmatist bordering on opportunist.

Then, a second tragedy—a brother drowned before Aung San Suu Kyi's very eyes. "I think in some way the death of my second brother affected me more than my father's death," she told me. "I was seven and a half when my brother died. We were very close; we shared the same room and played together. As I remember, he dropped his little toy gun at the edge of the lake and went back to get it. His sandal got dislodged in the mud, and he ran back and gave me the gun. Then he went back for his sandal, and he never came back. Then my mind goes blank. I have a slight mental block about this."

Then she lost her country, when Ne Win and his military henchmen launched their 1962 coup. She left Burma when she was 15, and didn't return, except for short visits, for 28 years.

Her mother, who had a mixed Christian-and-Buddhist background, saw to it that her daughter was educated in strict convent schools, in Burma and later in India, where from 1961 until 1967 she served as Burma's ambassador. She also made sure that her daughter was given lessons in Japanese flower arrangement, horseback riding, piano, cooking, and sewing.

"I went to lunch at their house in



"It's a really big small car, if you know what I mean."

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New Delhi," said British journalist Harriet O'Brien, whose father was a diplomat in India in the mid-1960s. "Her [mother's] clothes matched perfectly. Her hair was done up perfectly with a flower in the bun. She let you talk, and she laughed gently, and then she made biting remarks. Suu arrived, and I remember being struck by how she plunged into the conversation about politics. She was 17 or 18, and she was already a commanding person.

"Her mother was shrewd, funny, and generous, and felt that Suu was surrounded by people who deified her father, which she didn't think was good for Suu," she continued. "Her mother was a bit more relaxed than Suu. You could have a good chuckle with her. Suu was more correct."

Patricia Gore-Booth, whose husband, Sir Paul (later Lord) Gore-Booth, was at the time Britain's high commissioner in New Delhi, recalled Suu as a teenager on the verge of womanhood. "When it was decided that she should go to England for her university degree, and had secured a place at St. Hugh's College, Oxford, we suggested to her mother that she should make our London home her base while in Britain," she said. At the Gore-Booths' house in Chelsea, Suu met many of the leading British politicians of the day, as well as the young friends of the Gore-Booths' twin sons. Among those friends was another set of twins, Michael and Anthony Aris, both of whom were studying to be Orientalists. Michael was tall, extremely handsome, and bookish. "I'm sure that Michael lost his heart to Suu immediately," said Patricia Gore-Booth, "but she would have had, at that time, no idea or intention of marrying anyone other than a fellow Burman."

Ann Pasternak Slater, a niece of Boris Pasternak's and Suu's classmate at Oxford, nicknamed her Suu Burmese. "Everyone was on the hunt for boyfriends, many wanted affairs, sex being still a half-forbidden, half-won desideratum," she has written in an essay in *Freedom from Fear,* a book Michael Aris compiled out of writings by and about his wife. "Being laid-back about being laid was de rigueur—except that most of us were neither laid back nor laid. . . . To most of our English contemporaries, Suu's startled disapproval seemed a comic aberration. One girl asked her, 'But don't you want to sleep with someone?' Back came the vehement reply—'No! I'll never go to bed with anyone except my husband.'"

Years after receiving her degree, Suu went off to New York to work at the United Nations. While there, she began to form her first serious political ideas. She also wrote scores of intimate letters to Michael Aris in Bhutan, where he was employed as a tutor to the royal family. "I only ask one thing," she wrote, "that should my people need me, you would help me to do my duty by them. . . . Would you mind very much should such a situation ever arise? How probable it is I do not know, but the possibility is there. . . . Sometimes I am beset by fears that circumstances and national considerations might tear us apart just when we are so happy in each other that separation would be a torment. And yet such fears are so futile and inconsequential: if we love and cherish each other as much as we can while we can, I am sure love and compassion will triumph in the end."

As only the eighth woman to win the Peace Prize, she instantly became the darling of the Clinton administration's State Department.

Suu was aware of the prejudice in her country against Burmese women who married foreigners; indeed, the Young Men's Buddhist Association of Burma passed a resolution against the practice in 1916. Marrying a foreigner was clearly not a wise move for someone who was thinking about a political career in Burma. Yet, in 1972, that was probably the furthest thing from Suu's mind, and she and Michael were duly married in a Buddhist ceremony at the Gore-Booths' home in London.

During the first few years of her married life, Suu avoided any involvement in the anti–Ne Win émigré groups that operated out of London. She was engrossed in her courses in English literature. Michael was getting his graduate degree in Tibetan studies. Their house in Oxford overflowed with books, the laughter of friends, the smells of Suu's cooking, and the sounds of their first child, Alexander, who was born in 1973.

However, a number of events occurred in 1977 that changed the entire course of her life. In that year, a second son was born, and they named him Kim. "To her intense distress," Ann Pasternak Slater writes, "Suu found she could not feed him. Kim was kept happy, bottle fed and healthy, but with dimmed lamp she nightly tried to nurse him in vain."

That year, too, Suu turned 32, the age at which her father had been assassinated. From now on, she would be his senior, and in a mystical way she would be responsible for carrying out her father's Karma, or destiny.

Also in 1977, a Buddhist monk named Rewata Dhamma, who had known Suu and her mother in New Delhi, showed up in Oxford. "I saw her at the Buddhist center in Oxford," the monk told me when I tracked him down in Birmingham, England, where he runs a Buddhist center. "She came with her husband and some Tibetan lamas and her two small children. At first I didn't recognize her, because she was wearing a Bhutanese native dress. But then she introduced herself in Burmese as the daughter of Aung San.

"She said that she wanted me to teach her sons about Buddhism," he continued. "I had been studying Mahayana Buddhism in India, which is different from the Theravada Buddhism that is prevalent in Burma. In Burma, the monks receive respect and blessings. They take and take. Mahayana stresses selflessness, doing things for others, giving back. One day she said, 'I'm studying Burmese language, culture, politics, history, and tradition. I've lived outside Burma for many years.' She implied she was preparing herself, in case she needed to go back."

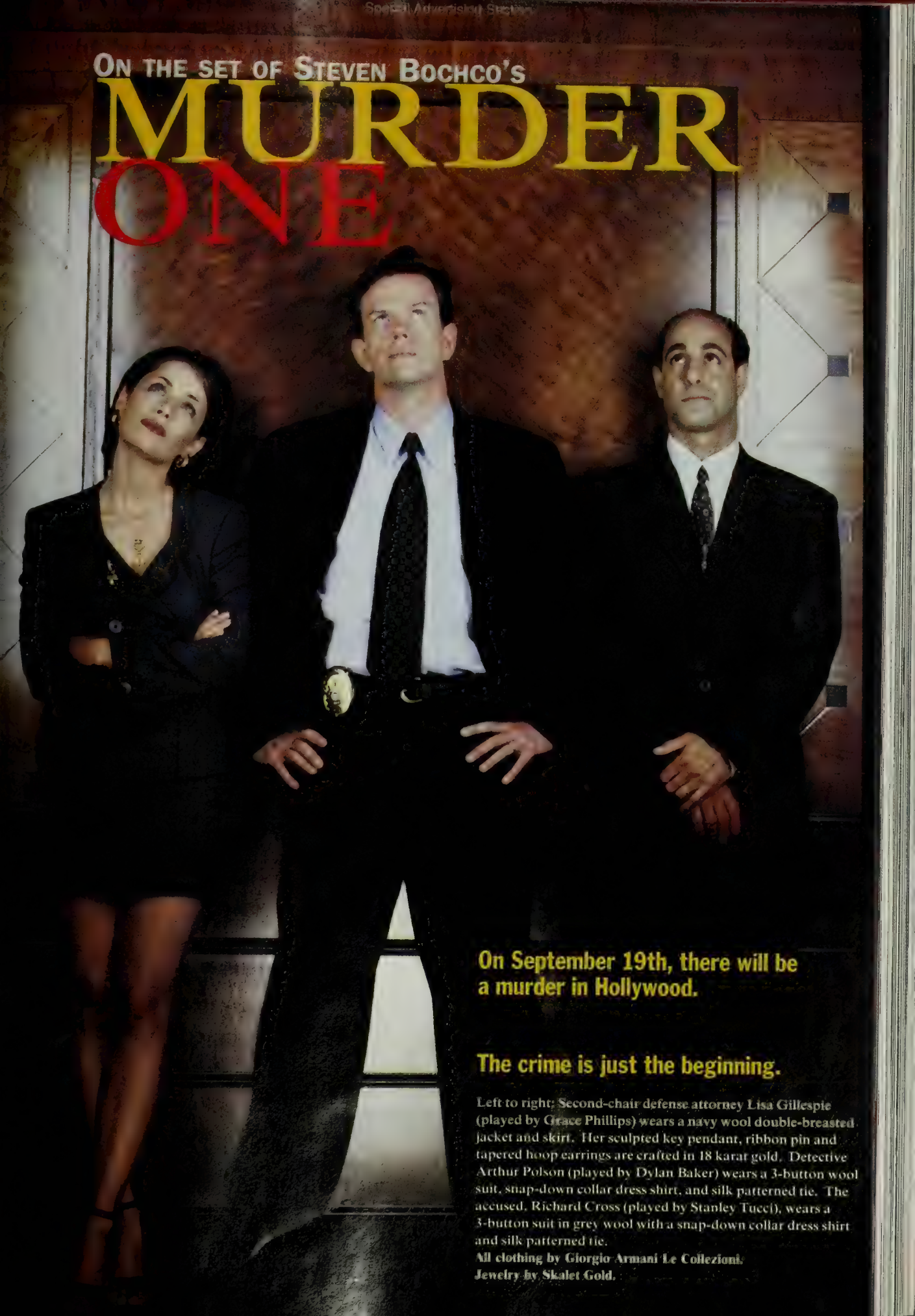
From then on, Suu displayed a growing interest in the wider world. She taught herself Japanese and eventually moved for a year to Japan, where she studied at the University of Kyoto and researched her father's activities with the Japanese. Michael Aung-Thwin, a Burmese scholar had an office adjacent to Suu's at the University of Kyoto in the mid-1980s.

"She had an aristocratic air about her," he said. "She always thought of herself as part of the Burmese aristocracy and that she had a right to Burma's throne because of her father. . . . She was charming, intelligent, but very stubborn, very authoritarian. She was in favor of overthrowing the military, but she was personally authoritarian herself. Once, I remember her saying, 'It is my destiny to rule Burma.' I said, 'You should have a relatively easy time because of your father's name.' She bristled. 'I will do this myself,' she *(Continued on page 143)*

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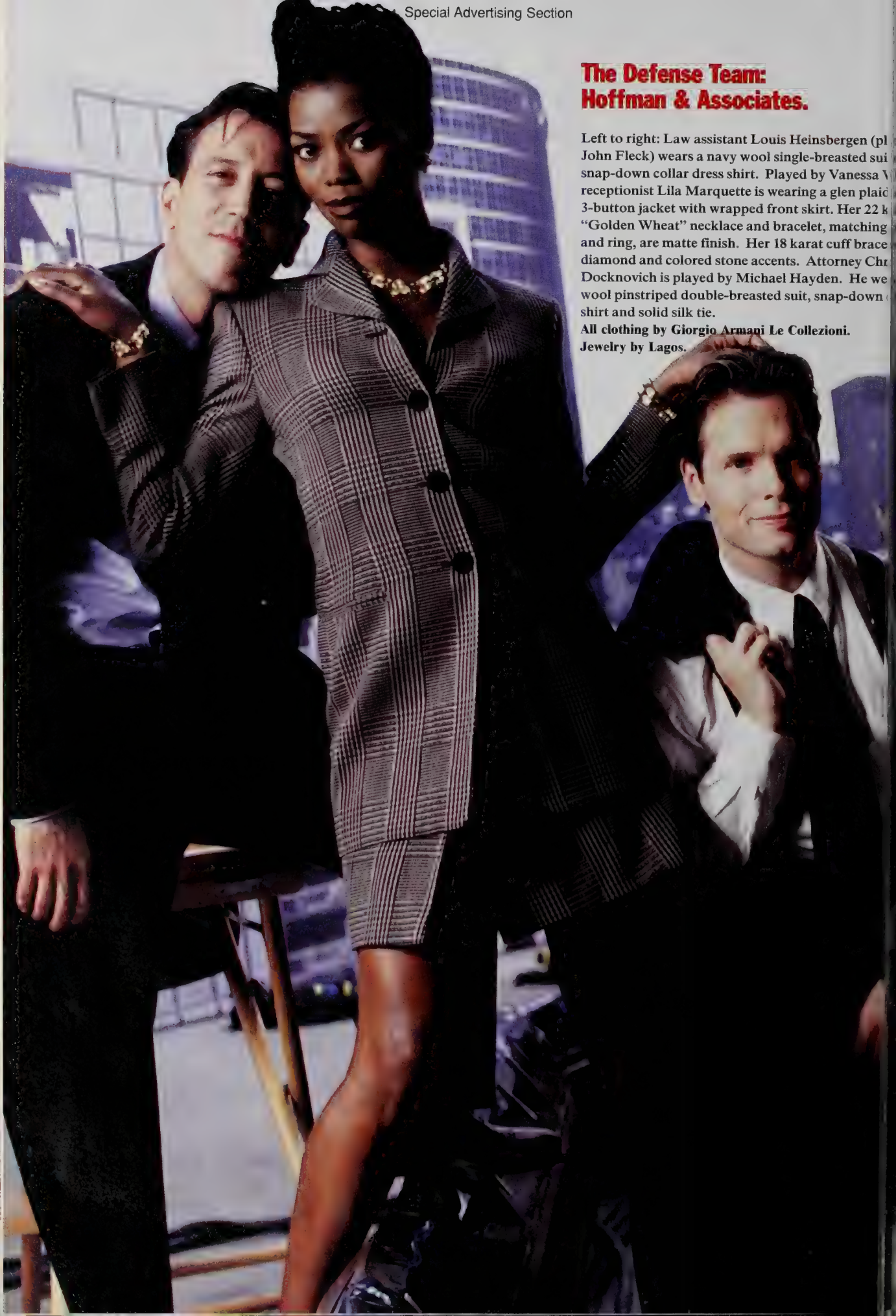


On September 19th, there will be a murder in Hollywood.

The crime is just the beginning.

Left to right: Second-chair defense attorney Lisa Gillespie (played by Grace Phillips) wears a navy wool double-breasted jacket and skirt. Her sculpted key pendant, ribbon pin and tapered hoop earrings are crafted in 18 karat gold. Detective Arthur Poison (played by Dylan Baker) wears a 3-button wool suit, snap-down collar dress shirt, and silk patterned tie. The accused, Richard Cross (played by Stanley Tucci), wears a 3-button suit in grey wool with a snap-down collar dress shirt and silk patterned tie.

All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni. Jewelry by Skalet Gold.



The Defense Team: Hoffman & Associates.

Left to right: Law assistant Louis Heinsbergen (pl
John Fleck) wears a navy wool single-breasted sui
snap-down collar dress shirt. Played by Vanessa V
receptionist Lila Marquette is wearing a glen plaid
3-button jacket with wrapped front skirt. Her 22 k
"Golden Wheat" necklace and bracelet, matching
and ring, are matte finish. Her 18 karat cuff brace
diamond and colored stone accents. Attorney Chr
Docknovich is played by Michael Hayden. He we
wool pinstriped double-breasted suit, snap-down
shirt and solid silk tie.

All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni.
Jewelry by Lagos.



Left to right: Lead defender Ted Hoffman (played by Daniel Benzali) wears a navy wool suit and spread collar dress shirt with french cuff, silk patterned tie. Attorney Arnold Spivak (played by J.C. MacKenzie) wears a grey wool suit, plaid semi-spread collar dress shirt and striped silk tie. Atty. Justine Appleton (played by Mary McCormack) is in a slate wool crepe 3- button short jacket and skirt. Her 18 karat classic textured, triple-strand link necklace and bracelets, and matching link bracelet, earring and ring are accented with color. **All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni. Jewelry by Lumiere.**



Behind the scenes.

Lisa's 18 karat gold "scarf" and matching earrings are hand-woven Chris wears a navy wool pinstriped double-breasted suit, snap-down collar dress shirt, and solid silk tie.
All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni.
Jewelry by Yuri Ichihashi



Blind Justice.

Justine wears a charcoal striped wool skirt and brown wool gilet. 18 karat cross, wrapped with diamonds on rounded link necklace. Matching tri-color bracelets are on left wrist; x' motif bracelet in yellow gold is on right wrist. [illegible] wool twill double-breasted suit, snap-down collar dress shirt, and silk patterned tie.

All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni.
Jewelry by Roberto Coin for Gregg Ruth.



The power pair.

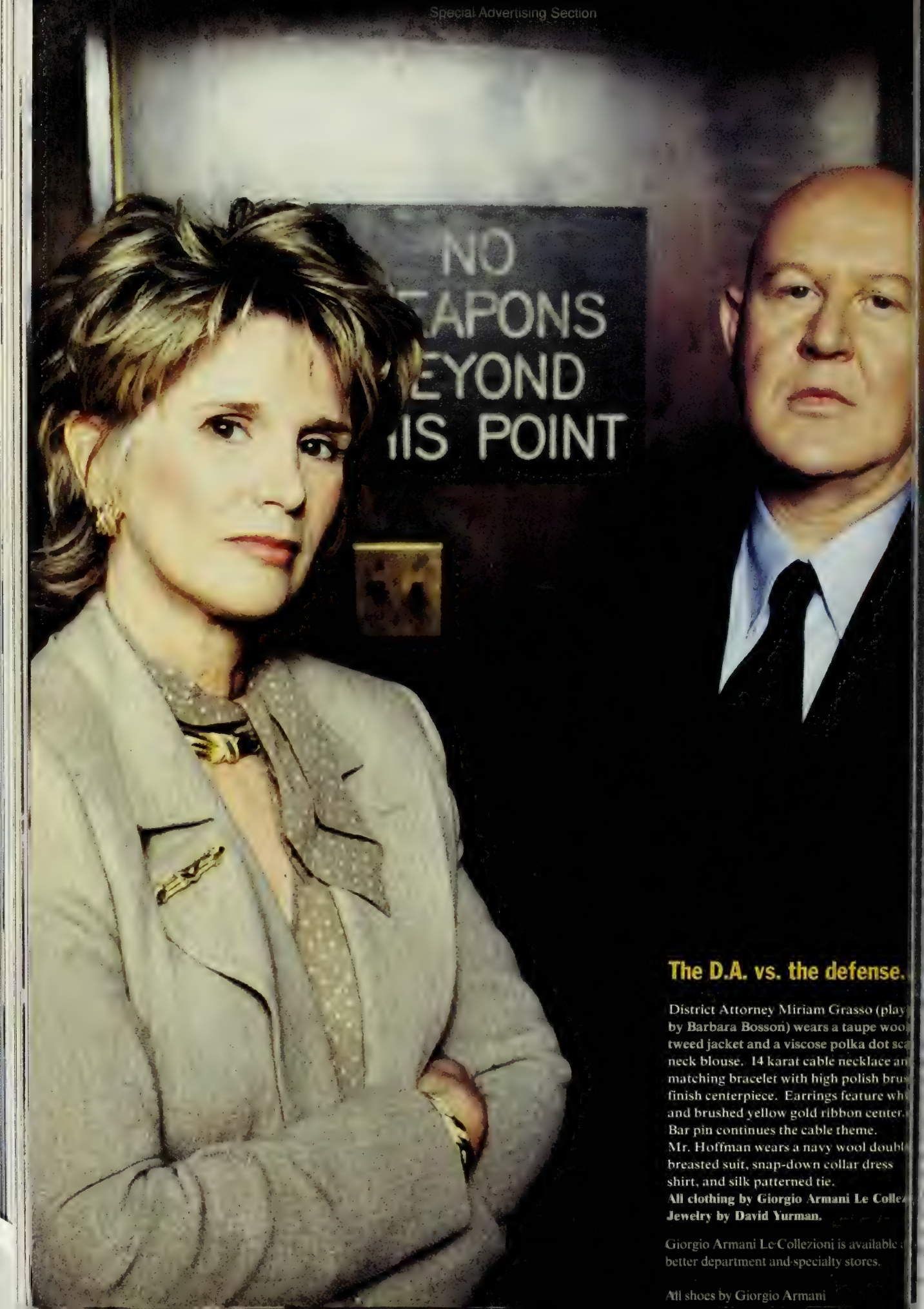
Mr. Hoffman wears a black wool double-breasted tuxedo with satin lapels, a pique-front formal shirt and black silk bow tie. Mr. Hoffman's wife, Annie, (played by Patricia Clarkson), wears a black velvet empire dress. An 18 karat heart pendant hangs from twisted wire, barrel-shaped links. Matching bracelets include heart dangle (left wrist). Stackable bracelets are accented with diamonds. Matching heart earrings. **All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni. Jewelry by Cassis.**



The rivals.

Justine wears a brown striped herringbone wool suit. 18 karat removable heart pendant is engraved with initials. Necklaces, earrings and bracelets are accented with diamonds. Rings feature citrine and diamond highlights. Pin features etched onyx center.

All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni. Jewelry by Penny Preville.



The D.A. vs. the defense.

District Attorney Miriam Grasso (play by Barbara Bosson) wears a taupe woo tweed jacket and a viscose polka dot sc neck blouse. 14 karat cable necklace an matching bracelet with high polish bru finish centerpiece. Earrings feature wh and brushed yellow gold ribbon center. Bar pin continues the cable theme.

Mr. Hoffman wears a navy wool doubl breasted suit, snap-down collar dress shirt, and silk patterned tie.

All clothing by Giorgio Armani Le Colle Jewelry by David Yurman.

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All shoes by Giorgio Armani

Continued from page 134) said. 'It won't ave anything to do with my father.' Then why do you use your father's ame?' I asked. But she just repeated, 'I ill do it myself.'"

n the spring of 1988, Suu flew to Rangoon to be by the side of her mother, who had suffered a severe stroke. Then she arrived, she found the country in a state of turmoil. In one incident, students suffocated to death in a police van; in another, a group of students ere forced by troops into Inya Lake, here they presumably drowned. By at summer, there were riots and mass emonstrations throughout Burma.

Ne Win electrified the country by nnouncing that he was stepping down chairman of the Burma Socialist rogramme Party. Jubilant crowds rged into the streets, where they were et by troops with guns. Casualties ounted. The demonstrations grew rger, until they numbered in the hunreds of thousands. There was talk of utting Ne Win on trial, and some ought that the Old Man was preparg to flee the country.

On August 26, Aung San Suu Kyi oke to a throng of 500,000 on the opes below the Shwedagon Pagoda. e was an instant hit, and over the folwing months she became the most ominent leader of the democratic opsition. She toured the country, drawg vast crowds. Wherever she went, e was harassed by the army. "While mpaigning in Danubyu," writes Prossor Josef Silverstein, an expert on urma, "an army captain ordered six ldiers to load and aim their rifles at r; before the countdown ended an my major stepped forward, counteranded the order and prevented her sassination."

Despite incidents such as that, she ew bolder. She dared to attack Ne in by name in a country where peoe referred to him only as the Old an, or Number One. And she called the military to overthrow the rongman. "Ne Win is the one who used this nation to suffer for 26 ars," she said. "Ne Win is the one ho lowered the prestige of the armed rces. Officials from the armed forces d officials from the State Law and rder Restoration Council, I call you to be loyal to the state. Be loyal to e people. You don't have to be loyal Ne Win."

Less than a month later, she was aced under house arrest.

"I set my alarm clock for 4:15," she said, describing for me a typical day under house arrest. "But eventually I was used to getting up at that hour, and I woke up on my own. I tidied myself up; you want to feel clean and tidy when you meditate. I sat at the foot of my bed, on the mattress, in the usual position of the half-lotus. I can't manage a full lotus. I practiced what we call insight meditation. I concentrated on my breathing.

"At 5:30 I turned on my portable Grundig shortwave radio and listened to the BBC World Service news. At six, it was the Voice of America Burmese-language broadcast. At 6:30, the BBC Burmese-language broadcast. At seven, the Democratic Voice of Burma, which is transmitted from Norway. I felt very much in touch with the outside world.

"Then I had an exercise session, starting off with aerobics. My husband brought me an exercise machine on one of his visits, a NordicTrack, and I spent 20 minutes on that every day. Every time I went on that machine I blessed my husband. Next I bathed and dressed. I tried to read something before breakfast, some sort of religious work, something Buddhist, but not always.

"For breakfast, I generally had fruit, tea, or milk. Bread got very expensive. On the weekend, I'd have a boiled egg. I found myself getting less interested in food. I discovered what I liked was cooking for others.

"I had a lot of discussions with my liaison officer, a lieutenant colonel. The advantage of being in house arrest is that you are in your own home. I treated him as a visitor who came to see me. Sometimes we had pleasant conversations about food. We discussed politics. He tried to put forward his point of view. . . . I know he reported back to his superiors.

"I read a lot of biographies. They taught me how other people faced problems in life. Mandela. Sakharov. Mother Teresa. People felt they had to send me books about people who were in prison.

"I entered menopause. It wasn't so difficult. I kept thinking that I wished I had been put in at a younger age, so that after my release I would have a longer period to work.

"I dreamed about my husband and sons, but I don't dream that often, and I don't put much store in dreams. I learned not to think about my sons and my husband, not to let my thoughts dwell on them. It wouldn't help them or me. My marriage will last, if I have anything to say about it. Of course, you should ask Michael,

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"My marriage will last, but it won't be a normal marriage. It hasn't been a normal marriage for a long time."





Aung San Suu Kyi with her husband, Oxford professor Michael Aris, *above,* in Burma in the 70s and, *left,* at her father's grave in Rangoon on Martyrs' Day in July of this year.

since he has a say, too. But it won't be a normal marriage. It hasn't been a normal marriage for a long time."

Aung San Suu Kyi's opponents argued that she wasn't, technically speaking, under house arrest; she was free to leave whenever she wanted to, they said, as long as she left the country. Her choice was to stay and fight for what she believed or to return to her husband and two sons. The regime kept pressure on her by refusing to allow her husband and sons to visit her for months at a time. Both children suffered, though the strain was worse for Alexander, the elder.

Her husband sent her books, letters, and provisions through the British diplomatic pouch. When the SLORC revealed this privileged foreign connection in an effort to taint her in the minds of the Burmese public, she put a stop to the practice. She lived largely on the proceeds of *Freedom from Fear,* the book her husband had put together. "I protested to my husband that he published letters that should be private," she told me. The money from the book was deposited in a Rangoon bank, where her maid made withdrawals to purchase daily necessities. The Nobel Peace Prize and the Sakharov Prize, which she also won, carried honorariums totaling close to $1 million, and her opponents leaked stories deriding her claims of penury. This made her indignant. "I haven't touched a penny of the prize money," she told me. "The money is for the people of Burma."

Ironically, the Nobel Peace Prize made it harder for Aung San Suu Kyi and her captors to strike a compromise. As only the eighth woman in history to win the Peace Prize—and the first woman to receive it while in captivity—she instantly became the darling of every human-rights group in the Western world, as well as of the Clinton administration's State Department. Everybody let her know that they were counting on her to fight the good fight. As for Lieutenant General Khin Nyunt and his xenophobic colleagues in the SLORC, they were more determined than ever after the Nobel announcement not to be seen kowtowing to the hated foreigners.

By the beginning of 1994, after she had been under house arrest for four and a half years, cracks began to appear in the SLORC's position. The country's economy was finally beginning to show some encouraging signs of life under the stimulus of free-market forces. But the generals knew that Burma wasn't going anywhere unless it received massive infusions of aid from Japan and multilateral institutions such as the World Bank. That was unlikely to happen as long as they kept a famous Nobel laureate under house arrest. Indeed, the United Nations Commission on Human Rights was considering a harsh condemnation of Burma and some members of the U.S. House of Representatives were ready to submit a bill calling for a full-scale trade-and-investment embargo, like the one used against South Africa.

It was in hopes of avoiding this wave of international censure that the SLORC began to allow Aung San Suu Kyi to receive visitors. The first to arrive was Bill Richardson, a blustery Democratic congressman from New Mexico and a friend of President Clinton's who is fond of carrying out one-man international peacekeeping missions. He was followed by none other than Aung San Suu Kyi's old Buddhist acquaintance, Rewata Dhamma, who visited Rangoon three times between May 1994 and January 1995 and mistakenly thought he was on the brink of brokering a deal for her release.

"In the summer, she had told me that she wanted national reconciliation," Rewata Dhamma told me. "She said, 'Democracy is not something you get from others; you have to build it yourself. If Nelson Mandela can work with whites, I can work with the SLORC.' But then, in January, she changed her tune. 'You came too late,' she told me. What happened was the democratic groups outside of Burma got to her and hardened her position against SLORC."

In the end, it was the SLORC that blinked. The generals released Aung San Suu Kyi unconditionally. As I prepared to leave Rangoon, Michael Aris arrived with their son Kim. Lest anyone think that the regime had gone soft, however, high-ranking officers reminded me that there is a clause in the pending constitution prohibiting anyone married to a foreigner from becoming president.

"I'm not that different a person now after six years," she told me. "I hope I'm spiritually stronger. I've always asked for a dialogue. People say there's something new in that. There isn't. If I've mellowed, I'm pleased. People should mellow with age. I hope I will be aging gracefully."

One of her closest advisers didn't entirely agree. "In the beginning," he said, "she didn't know how to pick up the ropes. But her sense of mission grew when they placed her under house arrest and it came to her even more strongly when she won the Nobel Peace Prize. I was the first person to meet her after her release. I could see that she had matured in the past six years. In 1989, when she first started out, she looked like a schoolgirl. Today she looks like a much older woman than she is." □


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Julie Andrews, leading, does a few intense steps with Banu Ogan, a dancer in Merce Cunningham's company, across an alleyway in the Broadway theater district. "I can assure you, I'm not gay."

VICTOR/VICTORIOUS

Julie Andrews returns to Broadway with a stage version of her 1982 movie, *Victor/Victoria*, and helps sort out the difference between Mary Poppins, Maria Von Trapp, and the woman who played them

BY JONATHAN VAN METER

After years o delays, false starts, anc tricky financing, *Victor/ Victoria* is finally opening on Broadway this month. The musical has been ges tating since 1982, when the Blake Edwards film of the same name, starring his wife, Julie Andrews, was nominated for seven Oscars. Last February, the dark cloud that had been following the show was roiling the sky once again. Four of the principals—Andrews, Edwards, his longtime producer, Tony Adams and her co-star Tony Roberts—were stuck in a snow storm at the airport in Minneapolis in the middle of a promotional tour. They had to have a private jet flown in from Texas to get them to Chicago.

As Tony Roberts watched men move snow off the runway and saw the tiny jet roll out onto the tarmac, he thought to himself, What am I *doing?* Am I out of my mind? This, for a musical comedy? But when Andrews boarded and strapped herself in, he calmed down immediately. "How bad can it be?" he said to her. "I'm flying with Mary Poppins!"

Poor Julie Andrews. Is any other icon so permanently shackled by an early role? Or rather, by *two* early roles? Mary Poppins and Maria Von Trapp came so close together on screen and are so identified with the actress (she won an Oscar for *Mary Poppins,* and *The Sound of Music* was the highest-grossing film of its day) that Mary, Maria, and Julie often blend—in the public's eye—into one very prim

Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


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Englishwoman: graceful, feminine, pretty, free-spirited, virtuous, a tad saucy, well mannered, fair-skinned, with a perfect, clear voice that pronounces each vowel as if it were just being discovered. Andrews is, in a way, the Pocahontas of the 60s, a cartoon figure onto whom we have projected all that is good. Except that Julie Andrews is real.

Everyone in Andrews's circle will eventually, unprompted, bring It up. "The Mary Poppins quotient cannot be underestimated," says Tony Adams, apparently reading my mind. Even Blake Edwards seems uncertain whether Mary Poppins and his wife are not one and the same: "We laugh about Mary Poppins and Maria and the corniness of all that," he says, "but you watch her in a room full of children who don't *know Mary Poppins* or *The Sound of Music* and, I mean, she's like a *magnet.* They just go right to her."

Andrews herself will talk about the Mary/Maria issue, but her British charm and lovely manners barely mask her irritation. "I wish I could give you a grand and glorious answer that was stimulating and exciting. I'm an actress. And they were roles. And obviously, within both pieces, there's a great deal of *me.* So perhaps I *am* a little square or a little prim. But I know I'm not as square and prim as most people would like to make me out to be."

If you suggest that the image is perhaps a burden, her courtliness drops another notch. "It seems to have given a lot of people an *enormous* amount of pleasure, and certainly those films have," she says. "Inasmuch as it prevents a producer or a director from thinking of me in an unusual role that I might like to do—*that's* irritating and annoying. Other than that, I just think it's a pretty nice cross that I *just have to bear.*"

Push a little further and the gloves come off. "Listen," she says, "I go to the bathroom just like everybody else."

The most surprising thing about meeting Julie Andrews is discovering just how tall and slender she is: thin but not bony, fit but not muscular. And she looks and moves like a woman much younger than 60. She has a long, narrow face that turns down at the eyes and mouth, and no hips. Her hair is cut boyishly short and dyed a coppery red for *Victor/Victoria*—her return to Broadway after 33 years.

Famously private and cautious, she does not allow journalists into her life, which is why our first interview is in a suite at the Peninsula hotel in Manhattan and not at the town house on the Upper East Side that she and Edwards have rented for the run of the show. "She's nice," says a longtime acquaintance, "but she's also very much a *movie star.* And she never lets anyone in her home in L.A.; meetings and interviews are done in her office."

She glides into the room apologizing for being late, and gobbling down a bagel with cream cheese and jelly. She is dressed in a way that I will come to think of as her look: slacks and a blouse—always light in color, sometimes dressed up with gold jewelry and expensive shoes, other times dressed down with sneakers and a baseball cap. It's a hot, sticky day in June, and after our talk Andrews will head to a studio downtown to join Edwards and the rest of the company, who are rehearsing changes in the show before they take it to Chicago. In Minneapolis, reviews were mixed, but audiences lapped it up. This is a star vehicle: no matter what the reviews, the odds are in their favor. The world is waiting for Julie Andrews.

Still, it's easy to understand why she's rattled. Edwards at 73 is a Hollywood legend (he wrote and directed the *Pink Panther* movies, *10,* and *S.O.B.*), but he is making his directorial debut on Broadway, along with his co-producer, Adams, who Andrews says is "like Blake's number-one son." He has been a producer on all of Edwards's films over the last 20 years. *Victor/Victoria* is therefore a *family* enterprise—husband/director, wife/star, surrogate son/producer—a rather quaint and unusual scenario these days on Broadway, where corporation behemoths tend to rule. "It's a unique situation," says Tony Roberts, "because they're working pretty much without collaborators. There is no composer [Henry Mancini died after completing the score], and Blake occupies producer, director, and writer."

Andrews, being the only Broadway veteran in the "family," and a perfectionist, has a lot of input in the show. "This is huge. *Huuuuge,*" she says. "It's *awesome.* It's *just* the biggest adventure I've undertaken in a long time, and I'm nervous that people remember me more fondly than they should."

The cast of *Victor/Victoria* stand ready to defend their queen. "One of the reviews said that her voice sounded a little tired and that she can't hit the B-flats anymore," says Rachel York, who also appeared with Andrews Off Broadway in 1993 in the Stephen Sondheim revue *Putting It Together.* "She just pre-recorded them so that she doesn't have to hit them eight days a week. She has to sing seven songs. Sarah Brightman pre-recorded her B-flats in *Phantom.* So, *come on.*"

Tony Roberts says, "She's an instinctively brilliant performer, and I find being onstage with her about as good as it gets. She sets me up better than anyone I've ever worked with."

"I've had my kids alternately say, 'Don't you come in a limo!' and 'Would you wear your evening gown when you come to parents' day?'"

Sitting in the hotel room, I suggest putting Andrews "on the couch," so to speak, with a few questions. Suddenly she kicks her legs up and actually does stretch out on the couch. Balancing a cup of tea right under her chin, she says, "Fire away."

"What were the major defining moments in your life?" I say.

"Certainly, careerwise, there were three that changed my life radically. Literally being an overnight sensation at 12 years old. Then being chosen to come to Broadway in *The Boy Friend* when I was 18, and my career had seemingly gone as far as it could in the little pond I was in. Suddenly, being in the right place at the right time in the right role with *incredible* good luck set me off on the path that led to *My Fair Lady* and *Camelot* on Broadway. And then along comes Walt Disney, and he says, 'Would you like to do *Mary Poppins*?'"

"Did you ever feel as if it were all going to fall apart?" I say. "That you really weren't that talented?"

"Yes! Right from day one. The first show I ever did, I thought, That's it. I was probably going to fade away, and I'd end up being a florist in my home town. I keep telling everybody: I arrived at liking myself and saying 'It's O.K.' at a very late age."

"What about more personal defining moments?" I say.

Long pause. "Well . . . I remember


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day when I was spouting off at my therapist: 'Ohhhhh, I don't know if I need to do this anymore, and who *cares,* and singing has always been difficult, and for many a year it never *poured* out of me. And I never did it the way I was pleased with.' I went on and on and *on,* bitching and pissing and moaning about it. And after a long time he said, 'Maybe it's because you love it too much.' At which point I simply bawled. I mean, I *wept.* The strength of my reaction was so enormous that I realized that I'd better start paying more attention to this *thing* that I kept denying." She looks at me over her tea and whispers, "I love it."

"I just guess I am who and what I am, and since I know, it's probably up to other people to go on speculating."



Julie Andrews in the Victor mode photographed in the ladies' room at Nell on 14th Street in Manhatta

Julie Andrews was born on October 1, 1935, in Walton-on-Thames, a picturesque suburb of London. Her father, Edward Wells, was a schoolteacher who taught wood- and metalworking. Her mother, Barbara, a pianist, was a colorful eccentric. "I come from a long line of below-stairs maids and gardeners," says Andrews. "Good ol' peasant stock. My mother and her sister made a quantum leap out of that life. Then I made another quantum leap." Edward and Barbara divorced when Julie was four, and she remained with her mother, while her younger brother went to live with their father. Barbara then married Ted Andrews, a loud, larger-than-life alcoholic. "I was not abused," says Andrews when I mention that someone told me she had been. "I came close to being abused." Ted had a beautiful tenor voice, and he and Barbara formed a vaudeville act and toured England. When Julie was seven, Ted discovered that she had a fully formed adult larynx—and a freak voice that could routinely hit F above high C. At 12, she joined the act, and in her first major appearance, at London's Hippodrome, she brought the house down with a bastardized version of the polonaise from *Mignon.* A year later she was singing for the royal family, had top billing in the act, and was the family's primary breadwinner. When Ted and Barbara retired, Julie was still in demand and continued to tour, traveling with a tutor. When she reached 15, her mother decided her education was adequate, and suddenly Andrews was on her own.

One day I ask Andrews what the most difficult period in her life was. "My teens, probably," she says. "I was struggling to find out who I was and what I was doing, and touring endlessly, doing below-par stuff and knowing that it was below-par *(Continued on page 153)*



Precision movements

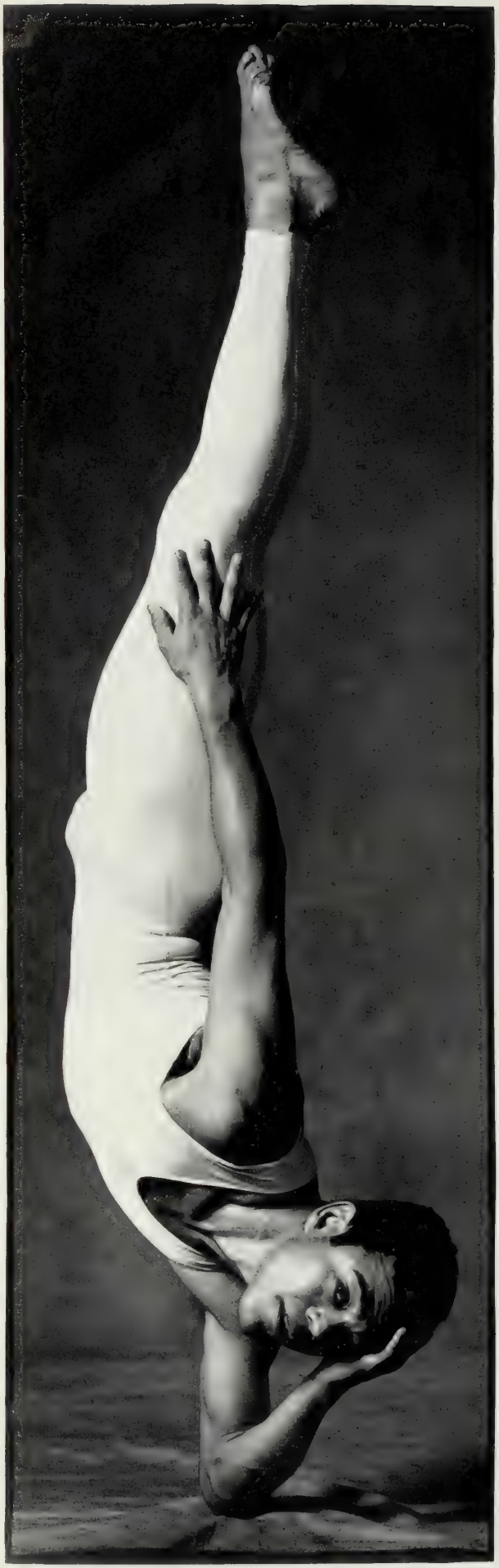


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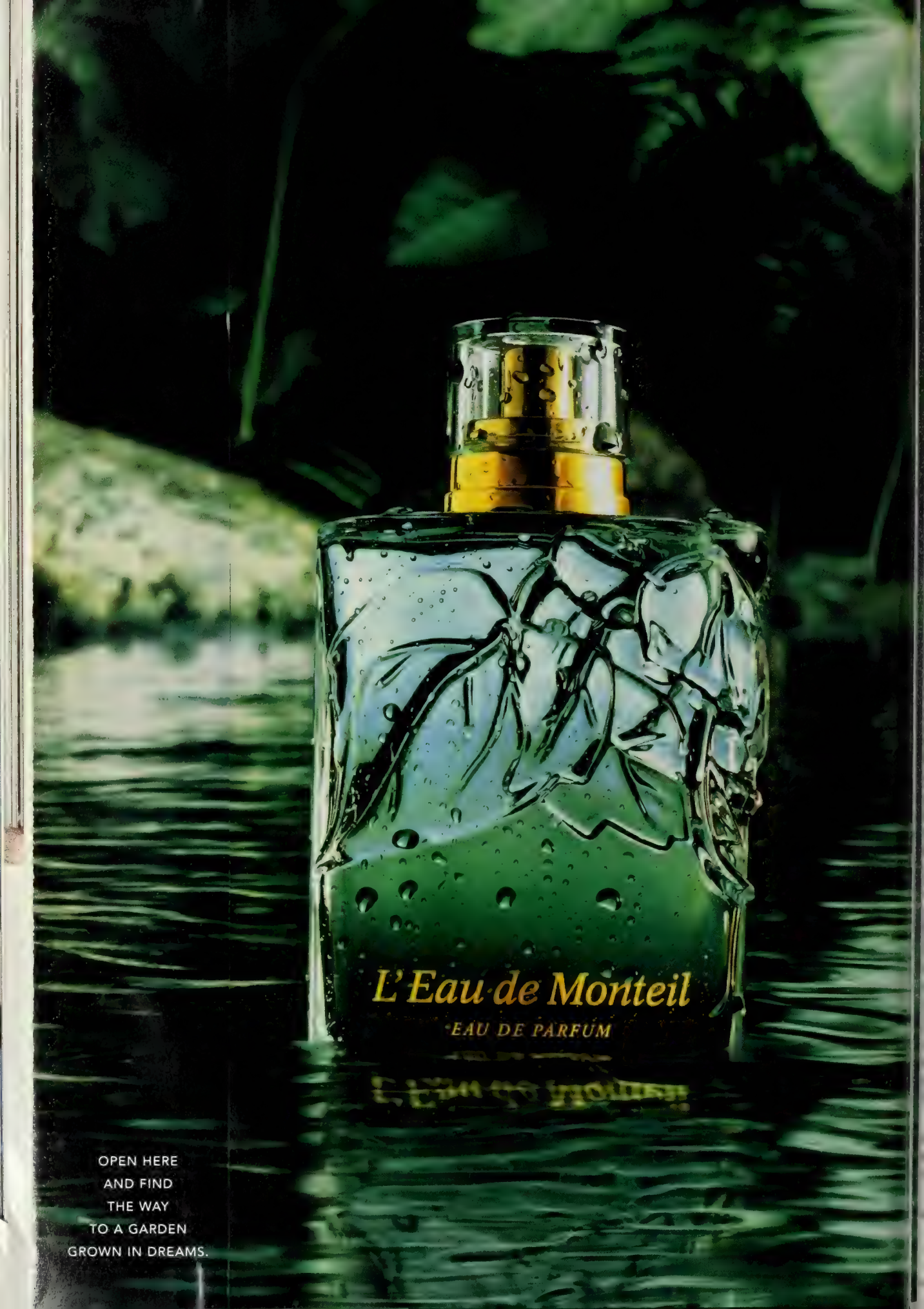
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(Continued from page 150) stuff. . . . I very much regret not having a first-class education." Suddenly her voice rises in pitch, as if she just remembered something. "Also! It's the way it *was.* Are you going to go on blaming your parents?"

This is obviously coming from a mother who now knows what it's like to be blamed for everything.

Andrews has two major regrets: that she didn't have more children and that she didn't do more Broadway. Ironically, for her, the two are not mutually exclusive. "If the family is great, then I can embark on anything," she says. "But if they're not great, then I can't concentrate on anything but trying to put it right."

And things have not always been great. Edwards and Andrews married in 1969, and both had children from previous marriages: she had a daughter, Emma, now 33, from her nine-year marriage to Tony Walton (the stage designer); Edwards had two children from his first marriage, Jennifer and Geoffrey, now 38 and 36. In the mid-70s they adopted two Vietnamese infants, Joanna and Amy, now 20 and 21. "I was not getting pregnant, though I was trying," she says. "The Vietnam War was coming to an end, and terrible things were happening to the boat people. They were both abandoned, so we knew nothing about them, and they don't have any recourse to find out about their parents. I thought in my younger years that everything was environmental. And now, as I get older, I realize there probably were hereditary things that we were not aware of. It has been tough," she continues, her voice deep and quiet. "Because of teenage years, hormones, being from a different country, they wished very, very much—I believe—that they had blue eyes and fair hair like Mommy or Daddy. And for a while they even sort of denied they were Asian. It's getting better all the time. But it took time." Her mood lightens. "And, listen, being adopted by *us* . . . If I was a mommy that stayed home and was a plain, old, comfy, easy-going lady that was there for the kids all the time . . . It's been *hell* for them."

Yeah, I say, I guess it's hard to wake up one day and find out that you're adopted, and that you're Asian and the rest of the family isn't; and that—

"Mum is Mary Poppins!" she says, finishing my sentence.

"Do you have famous-mother guilt?"

"I could give you chapter and verse on this. 'Mom, you're never home. You're always off doing such and such.'

"'*Honey!* We went to Disneyland yesterday. We went to the P.T.A. meeting.'

"'Yeah, but you're *never* home. You don't bake cookies like the other mums.' Now, mind you, any kid is going to find something to bitch about, whether you're too nice or too raunchy, or whether you're an alcoholic. That's one thing. Then your own guilt, about being a good mum, wanting to be there for the children, *knowing* that they need consistency and boundaries. If you have a desire to live a life that is not totally dedicated to them, then you must go search for it. Because I think they'll respect you, ultimately, all the more."

"I keep telling everybody: I arrived at liking myself and saying 'It's O.K.' at a very late age."

I know a few children of famous mothers, I say, and their cocktail of emotions seems to be pride, jealousy, and embarrassment, all at once.

"That's right," she says. "That's true of all my kids. I've had my kids alternately say, 'Don't you dress up! Don't you come in a limo! Don't stand out!' And then the next minute they say, 'Would you wear your evening gown when you come to parents' day?' "

Does she worry about it?

"Yeah, very much so. But, listen, I keep saying, *That's the way it was.* I can't change that. I can't suddenly become something else. Deal with it."

It is an afternoon in late July, and the production has opened at the Shubert Theatre in Chicago. In spite of so-so reviews, there is a standing ovation every night. At the moment, Edwards is onstage with the company, rehearsing new material, looking like the legend he is: big dark glasses, a black-and-silver cane (he recently injured his ankle), a blue denim shirt, navy chinos, and Adidas sneakers. Things are running a little slow, and he appears to be a bit tired and cranky.

Julie arrives. She is trying out a new song with Ian Fraser, the musical director, and Billy Byers, the orchestrator. They run through the song a few times, and Andrews keeps clutching her throat. "Let's play it once more," she says to Fraser, "and I won't sing a single lyric. Let's listen to the music, because the lyrics are so bad."

Just then, Edwards walks over and sits down on the stairs leading up to the stage. "I hope in the future we can adhere to *my* schedule," he says, irritated.

"Your schedule was *what,* darling?"

The conversation eventually dissolves into one of the couple's very polite misunderstandings. "All I know," she says finally, "is that I *must* sing and get my voice ready—otherwise I won't have a voice." Reluctantly, Andrews has agreed to let me come to her dressing room while she is getting ready for tonight's performance. I am to report at exactly 5:50 P.M. As I make my way through the underground hallways of the theater, I simply follow the sound of Julie Andrews's beautiful voice working its way up and down the scale. She is sitting in a thin cotton bathrobe eating yogurt and a banana while furiously applying her own makeup. All the charm is gone, and she has the most dour look on her face. I feel like an intruder, and when I say so, she says, "In a few moments I will be totally starkers. *That* would be an intrusion."

I've noticed that whenever she talks about her marriage in interviews she always seems to imply that it is difficult. "I suppose if I'm sounding cautious about it," she says, "it's because it's the truth. I'd be an idiot—I *would* be Mary Poppins—if I pretended that everything was rosy. And it ain't! Marriage is the hardest work you're ever going to do. When Blake is dressed up in a tux and has just had a hit movie, or he's directing, he's bright and shiny in my eyes. When he's got a cold and he's in his pajamas and he's unshaven, it's a bad day. I love him more deeply because of the foibles and the fights."

Later I talk to Edwards about this. "We both came off a marriage that didn't work. Finding out about ourselves made it easier to be with each other and be separate and individual," he says. "We agreed from the very beginning that certain things had to be in order before getting married. We're human beings—we're going to fuck up all over the place—so let's just take it a day at a time, because today it's great." Why, I ask him, despite

the fact that you're married and have kids, do people constantly speculate on your and Julie's sexuality and the nature of your marriage?

"People have been speculating about our sexualities for a long time," he says. "When *Victor/Victoria* came along, then there was sort of *no doubt,* as far as a lot of people were concerned: 'How can he write something like that and not be gay?' Eventually, if someone chose to think of me as being gay, I would laugh it off and say, 'How did you know?' And Julie would say, 'Jesus, don't do *that.*' And I'd say, 'Why not? Who the fuck cares?' I chose to take it on and write about it, because I've always thought if a straight guy could write about it, it would be an additional step. I'm not gay. I've never had any kind of a homosexual relationship. If you knew me . . . If I were gay, I'd be the first one out. I would be very proud of it."

Back in the dressing room, I pose the same question to Andrews. "It boggles my mind," she says. "I know the rumors are always around. And you say, How the hell did that happen? Why does it occur? I have no idea. But since it does, and since it's been around a long time, it doesn't really bother me anymore. I can assure you, I'm not gay. It's so stupid. And that isn't to say that one doesn't recognize in oneself all the possibilities that might exist, but I just guess I am who and what I am, and since *I* know, it's probably up to other people to go on speculating."

I notice on her vanity that there is one picture: propped up in a small frame, it is obviously a snapshot of the hills of Switzerland. It is a place, she says, where she is happiest. She feels like a watered flower when she goes there. "I *love* my garden," she says. "I *love* my privacy. I'm very *fierce* about it. I try not to let too many people into my home. That's my private place."

"I'd be an idiot—I *would* be Mary Poppins—if I pretended that everything was rosy. And it ain't!"



Mary Poppins singing and dancing across 14th Street in New York. "Listen, I go to the bathroom just like everybody else."

Is there anything, I ask her, that you're still dying to do?

"I've made my pact with the Lord for the next lifetime," she says. "I would love to be a first-class musician. A *super* one. And I recognize that that's something that I wouldn't have time for in this lifetime. But, boy would I love to do that."

Showtime is approaching, and Julie Andrews has things to do: vocalize, finish applying her makeup, fix her hair, get into costume so that she can make her entrance. But first she has to go to the bathroom. □

The writers of "Friends" ™



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WEIGHING THE BENEFITS

It's late. You're bored. The food is dreadful. It must be Benefit Season in New York

BY BROOKE ASTOR

Why do people *bother* with benefits? Just hearing the word "benefit" is like having around your neck a large collar, which has snapped on to it a long leash that leads you to your desk, where, with Pavlovian inevitability, you write a check and embark on the elaborate social ritual, which begins with calling up your friends.

Francie Ostrower, an associate professor of sociology at Harvard, has made a study of the subject. In her soon-to-be-published book, *Why the Wealthy Give: The Culture of Elite Philanthropy* (Princeton), she records that many members of the "social elite" attend fund-raisers for the purpose of "social climbing" and "networking." "Being identified with prestigious nonprofits serves as a symbol of 'having arrived' socially," she writes.



Perhaps the benefits I'm involved with don't have these advantages, because I often have the greatest difficulty persuading people to come. When I call up my friends, the done thing is to say, "Hello, darling, are you free on . . . ?" and slyly give the date without saying what for. However, the friend may be equally sly and say, "Wait a minute, darling, I must look in my book." Then, after a pause: "What did you say the date was and who is it for?" "I know you do not like these things, but this one is going to be different—a new comedian is going to perform." "Who?" he or she asks, and you have to say, "I really do not know. I just thought I would get a few friends at my table." Only the very closest and dearest of friends or business associates can you force to accept.

You wonder why charities don't just ask people to give money. Here Professor Ostrower has a point. Several of the philanthropists she interviewed for *Why the Wealthy Give* candidly admitted they attend benefits for snobbish reasons. As one respondent told her, he enjoys himself at charity functions because "there are a lot of people like me there."

This is one reason I often find benefits hard going. Before the dinner, the people I know at my table meet me in the cocktail lounge, their faces already cold with boredom. I try to be brisk, but it isn't easy, because I realize what an imposition it is, and when we are finally seated, we all smile at one another and try to talk, but the noise is usually so awful it is impossible. You look around and see that the rest of the tables are as somber as your own, except for some young people who must have been given their boss's table and, perhaps never having been at one of these dreary but supposedly elegant evenings, are then "benefited."

There are exceptions. In 1992, we held a fund-raiser for the Citizens Committee for New York City at the Seventh Regiment Armory. It was a smash. It was also my 90th-birthday party. I recall a benefit where we were shaken out of our torpor by three men dressed in blue with their faces painted blue—the Blue Man Group. On another occasion, at a benefit hosted by Elsa Maxwell, a man went running down the Waldorf-ballroom floor with three huge carrots in his hand, followed by three very wild-looking pigs. We surely benefited from that, as we laughed and cheered.

But those days are gone. People are not so easily pleased today. Will future generations bother with fund-raisers? In the conclusion to her book, Professor Ostrower assures us that charity is an integral part of the culture of the social elite. "Philanthropy itself is much more than the concrete act of giving or volunteering," she writes. "It also includes a whole set of shared meanings and assumptions, beliefs and values."

I certainly intend to carry on going to fund-raisers, but to guarantee their survival we could do what I once saw done years ago in Yugoslavia. I was sight-seeing and came upon a small, round stone church. It had embrasures in the walls and in each one a stone bust of a most dreadful-looking man. I asked my guide why they were all so hideous, and he told me it was because they had given nothing to the church. Perhaps we could learn something from that. □



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MAIN LINE MADCAP

Tracy Lord, the willful heiress played by Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story,* had a real-life model, Hope Montgomery Scott, who ruled a fading Wasp aristocracy until her death last April

BY H. G. BISSINGER





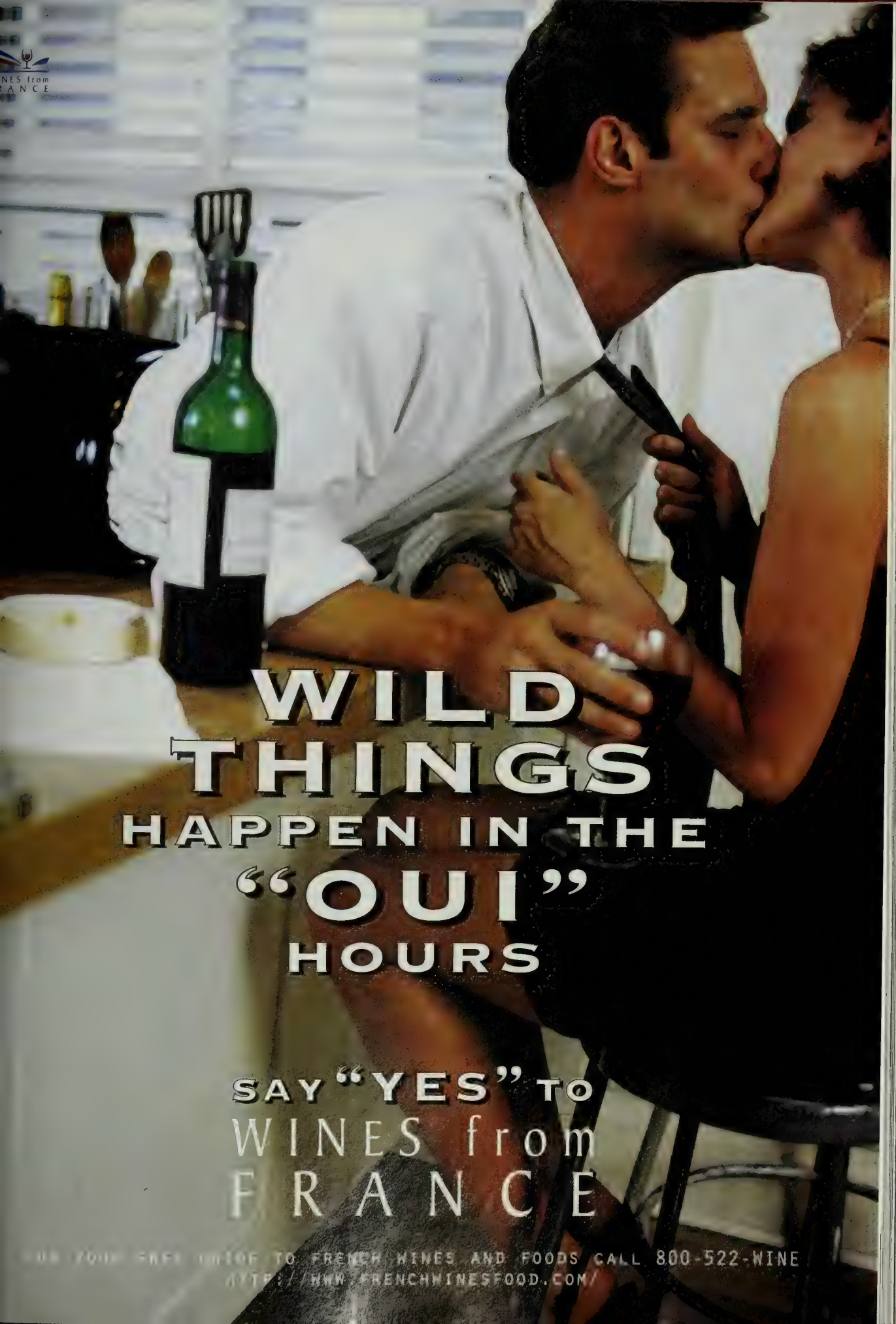
The young Katharine Hepburn (*left*) played the high-spirited Tracy Lord in Philip Barry's *The Philadelphia Story,* but it was the high-spirited Hope Montgomery Scott, pictured in 1950 at home at Ardrossan, who inspired the character and was, for decades, the subject of countless Philadelphia stories.

Even the end, when Hope Montgomery Scott wasn't there, went just as if she had choreographed it. What might have been a solemn funeral reception was transformed into an extended cocktail hour for the eclectic crowd that had gathered: her family, her farmhands, the finest preserve of the *Social Register* with names stretching back to the foundations of the Republic. They lingered long into the night, swapping stories, like the time when Hope purchased a riding horse for a pound of caviar a year and a dirty story a week. Or the time Hope pestered her houseguest, the Duke of Windsor, to share the secrets beneath his kilt (he stood on his head, revealing only a pair of long underwear). For a few hours, as the memories circulated through the 50-room mansion that her father had built back in the most glorious days of the monarchy—America's monarchy—it seemed possible to still hear her.

"Are you having fun, darling? Are you having fun?"

The house, a Georgian brick completed in 1912—before the Great War and the income tax—was imposing enough, with its 13-foot ceilings and 38 family portraits and the dining-room table that could comfortably accommodate 32 for dinner. At the peak of its grandeur, when even the blemish of an ash from a cigarette could send Hope's father, Colonel Robert L. Montgomery, into apoplexy, there was a staff of 12 who wore white gloves when they served dinner or made the beds. But it was the land surrounding the great house that truly took the breath away, nearly a thousand acres of hills and valleys and hidden springs rolling over the Main Line of Philadelphia with the splendor of a king's domain.

It was all less than 20 miles away from Philadelphia itself, the city which was once dubbed "Workshop of the World" for the factories that spewed out saws and steam engines and Stetson hats, but which also became a workshop of urban poverty and corruption. Philadelphia's ethnic struggles were endless, with the Italians and the Jews, the blacks and the Irish, all vying for a toehold along the monotonous rowhouse streets that seemed darkened even at midday. But


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along the Main Line, where a boy could ride a pony from one grand estate to another, it was hard to imagine how any of the dirty struggles of the conflicted metropolis could blight the pleasures of a summer day. Or a spring evening. Or a cocktail hour.

It was here, in this house and on this land called Ardrossan—after a coastal town in Scotland—where Hope somersaulted, much to the mortification of the governess, from one end of the museum-like hallway to the other; here where Hope's debut was celebrated with a coming-out party where the Colonel greeted guests in a hunter's pink coat and silk top hat and proceeded to lead guests on a three-and-a-half-mile point-to-point race on horseback. "Never in the annals of society in this city has a debutante been honored in such an unusual way or been the recipient of so much social attention," wrote the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.* Given the Philadelphia of the 1920s, where the annals of society were as scrupulously attended to as an English garden, where the aristocracy was the closest approximation of monarchy that America has ever been able to claim, it was a remarkable statement.







"This is the only thing big enough to write my love on," wrote Edgar in 1931, using a piece of cardboard. "I adore you, o my baby."

At Ardrossan, guests routinely arrived for parties on snowy evenings to find bottles of champagne plunged into the snow around the edges of the driveway. It was the best way to chill champagne, of course. At Ardrossan, the Meyer Davis Orchestra whiled away the smoky blue hours before dawn with such songs as "Shanghai Lullaby" and "Oh, Baby (Don't Say Maybe)" and "Fascinating Rhythm" and "I'm Just Wild About Harry." It was at Ardrossan where playwright and family chum Philip Barry, trundling through those massive rooms that spoke of privilege and whispered of its peculiar deprivations, got the inspiration for the 1939 play *The Philadelphia Story,* which made an icon of the young Katharine Hepburn, a star who had previously been dubbed box-office poison. Barry dedicated the play to Hope—on whom he had partially modeled Hepburn's character, the vivacious Tracy Lord—and her husband, Edgar. One year later, it became a wildly successful movie starring Hepburn, Jimmy Stewart, and Cary Grant. The house in the film, however, was not actually modeled on the one at Ardrossan. The moviemakers were convinced that Americans could never accept the idea that there were those among their fellow countrymen who lived on a scale so grand, lavish, and European.

"Newport, New York, and Palm Beach Four Hundreds—and even the elect of Boston—were an ordinary lot compared with Philadelphians," wrote P. A. B. Widener, heir to one of the city's greatest fortunes, in his autobiography. "The City of Brotherly Love," he continued, "shrine of American Liberty, was dedicated to the principles of snobbery more than any other American city." Here the monarchs modeled themselves after the aristocracy of England, creating a tightly woven world unlike any other in American life. Membership could not be gained simply, but rather was based on a combination of lineage, birthright, money acquired in the right manner, and immersion in the "proper" social institutions: St. Paul's and Groton as opposed to Andover and Exeter; Harvard and Princeton and Yale as opposed to Penn, Northeast Harbor as opposed to Nantucket.

On an autumn day in 1937, *top,* Hope Scott and her sons, Edgar and Bobby, made a memorable entrance at the Bryn Mawr Horse Show. *Above left,* the grounds at Ardrossan were as suitable for equestrian showmanship as the rooms inside were for other forms of sport and merriment. *Above,* Hope and her husband, Edgar (at far right), entertain guests, a common occurrence.

It was a way of life embodied by Hope Montgomery Scott, who reigned for 70 years, until her death at the age of 90, as the unofficial queen of Philadelphia's Wasp oligarchy. Here was a life so splendid and rarefied that even the fantasists of Hollywood found it unbelievable—a rare distinction. Yet beneath the insulation of wealth, away from the anecdotes of dukes and the caviar and the endless quest for the perfect charming amusement, there was another story, a way of life marked by duty and complicated by the unrealities of her strange kingdom, where beautiful, seemingly effortless gestures concealed the pressure of larger expectations. Even the servants bowed to the unspoken. Consider, for example, *(Continued on page 165)*



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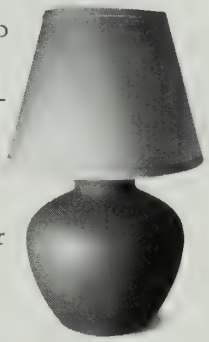
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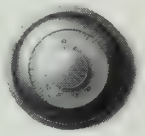
We'd like you to take this simple test to see if your home is as energy efficient as possible. Ready? Let's begin. How many of you have TV's? How many times have you left the room and left it on? How many times have you fallen asleep watching it only to wake up to the "Star Spangled Banner"? And what about your lamps and lights? Do you turn them off when you exit a room? Is your house excessively lit during the day? Next, check your thermostat. Odds are, it could use adjusting. And finally, see if there's a draft coming from your windows and doors. If there is, you're letting valuable energy fly right outside. Now, for the answers. Try installing timers on your lights and television. They're simple to use, and inexpensive. Turn your thermostat up or down a few degrees. If you get cold, grab a sweater or a blanket. If you're hot, wear fewer clothes. As for your windows and doors, a couple packages of $3.00 weather stripping should do the trick.



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(Continued from page 160) the actions of Oscar Hugo Larson, the Montgomery-family butler who on a July night in 1952 served dinner in the impeccable fashion that had distinguished his 30-year tenure at Ardrossan. Then and only then, with his responsibilities fully discharged, did he turn his attention to his own affairs, which meant retiring to the pantry and shooting himself fatally in the head.

It all ended on an ordinary January afternoon earlier this year. Hope Scott had just led her pet donkeys, Sally Wheeler and Jenny, in from the fields and was returning them to their stalls when she fell. The cut she acquired on the back of her head was sizable. But she ignored it, as if it were too trivial for concern. She just *went on,* having her hair cut in the pageboy fashion she had always favored. When the stylist suggested that Hope see a doctor, she flatly refused. Hope Montgomery Scott brooked no interruptions. Cocktails were planned as usual. There *were,* for Hope, tedious things in life that could be postponed or delayed. The cocktail hour was not among them.

"You dog," growled Hope after the chastity belt arrived. On occasion, says Annenberg, "during dinner parties she would put it on over her underpants and everybody would go *mad!*"

When Hope didn't come down from the bedroom of Orchard Lodge, one of the 38 properties that make up the Ardrossan estate, where she and her husband had lived since their marriage in 1923, her son Bob went up the stairs to find her. He went through the bedroom, past the scores of photographs that chronicled her life, past the scrapbooks wrapped in string and dry cleaner's plastic in which his mother had so fastidiously maintained the memorabilia of her existence, from her wedding invitation to the love letters from her husband to a typewritten list of her personality traits:

Tenacious
Temper
Desire for Power
Vital
Constructive

He walked past the full-length mirror where she had often paused to reassure herself of her almost perfect hourglass figure. He walked into the bathroom, where even more pictures of his mother hung, most showing her on horseback in stunning flight. He found her unconscious on the floor on her back, having apparently slipped on a needlepoint rug that had been made by her great-aunt. She awoke, and somehow, as if divinely instructed by an offstage whisper, she grasped her son's hand and kissed it. Then she fell into a coma and died a day later without ever regaining consciousness.

At the funeral several days later at St. David's Episcopal Church, hundreds gathered to pay final respects. The pews of the church became so crowded that hymnals were passed through open windows in the brisk January air to those friends who had arrived too late to find seats. The media covered the funeral as avidly as they had covered every chapter of Hope's saga. It had been a story animated by what her son Bob described as "enormous affection for life," an attribute which appeared to intensify with age and which seemed almost an addiction.

She reveled in naughtiness, and she clung with particular tenacity to those who abetted her in these pursuits, even when it meant going against the wishes of her family. She liked to say shocking things in her perfect lockjaw brogue and then wait for the reaction. Although she lived the life of high society, there was something sexually raw and elemental to her. She loved her party-girl image, and, despite the elegance with which she rehearsed the dramas of her life to reporters, her language was often saltier than a sailor's. She had a buoyant, unrelenting bawdiness.

On one occasion, she dispatched cartoons about the sad and conflicted life of the penis. Another time, she handed out a Christmas card that exclaimed "Ho, Ho, Ho" on the front and on the inside read: "Santa always says that when he's coming." She loved dirty jokes, collecting them the way little boys collect baseball cards. Unable to keep them bottled up inside her, she established perhaps the world's most exclusive dirty-joke phone chain. At various times it included Walter Annenberg, former Philadelphia mayor Dick Dilworth, Brandywine River Museum and Conservancy president George "Frolic" Weymouth, and Devon Horse Show president Richard McDevitt. "I never told them, but I listened to them," said Annenberg discreetly, and McDevitt acknowledged that some of them were so off-color that he didn't even understand them.

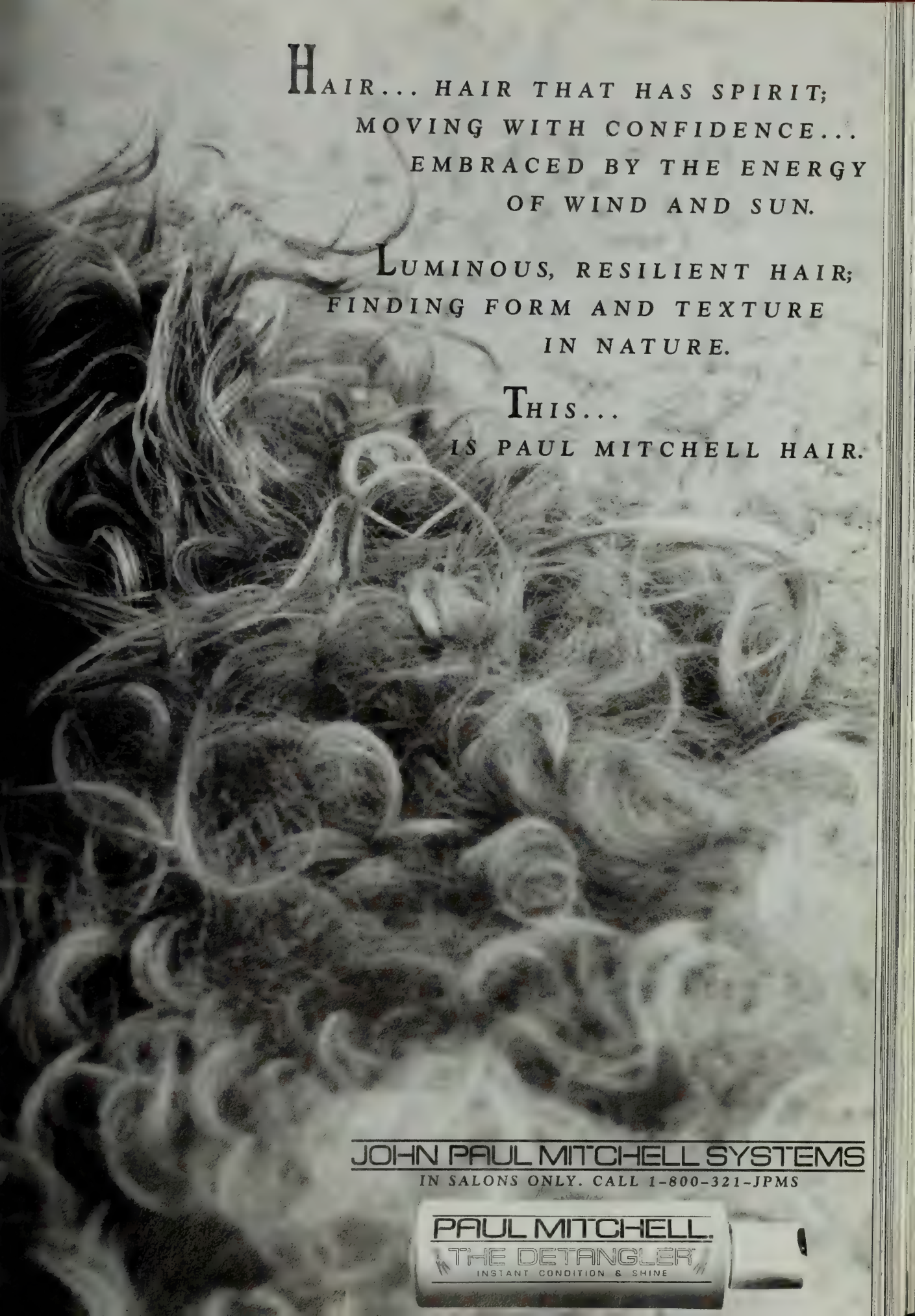
When Annenberg was the ambassador to Britain, he made it a point of going to the big cities in England. When he was in Sheffield, famous for its silver, he received all sorts of gifts, including a chastity belt. Reluctant to send it back to the embassy ("They'll wonder if I went mad or something"), he was seized by a stroke of inspiration and instructed his hosts to send it to someone whom he described as an elderly person and a historian.

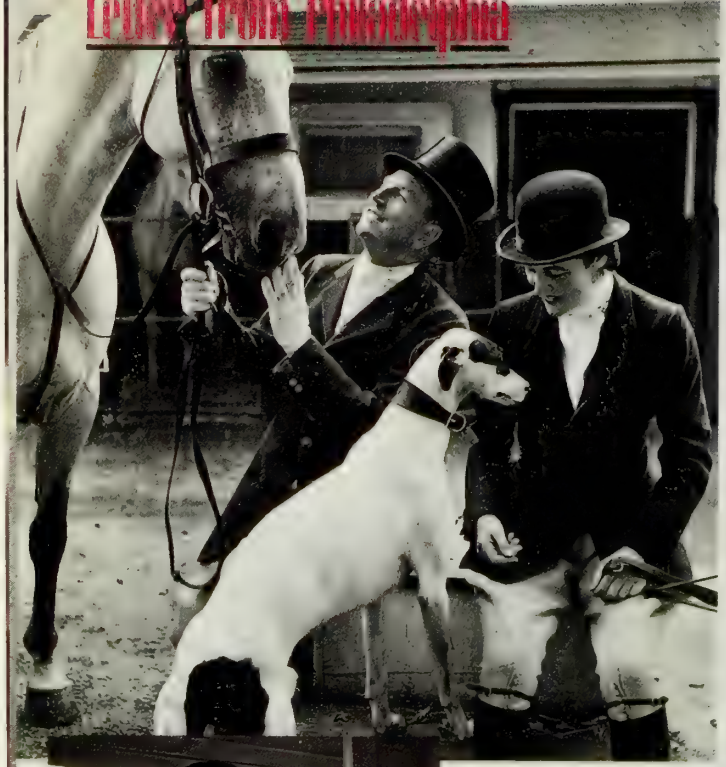
"You dog," growled Hope Scott after the present arrived. Later she planted flowers in it, and on occasion, said Annenberg, "during dinner parties she would put it on over her underpants and everybody would go *mad* with laughter!" But only when there were 12 for dinner, or at the very most 16. With more than 16, it might have been considered something of a spectacle.

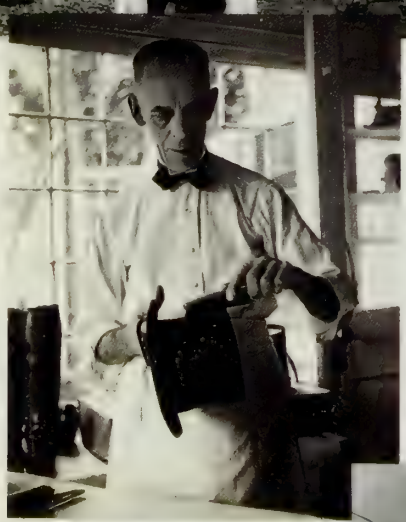
The stories flowed as freely as the liquor at the big house on the day of Hope's funeral, and it was hard not to wonder if, beyond their feelings for Hope, her friends were trying to hold on to something they knew was long gone. The gilded age of Philadelphia society and the Wasp ruling class had passed with the Second World War and the G.I. Bill and the counterculture of the 1960s, when debutantes started showing up for coming-out parties in bare feet. Standing in those long shadows at Ardrossan on the day of the funeral, anyone could feel the echoes. But even the most uncritical eye could see that the big house had lost its legs years before. The brocaded wallpaper in the living room was secured in places with Scotch tape; the curtains in the ballroom were as flaky and frail as old skin. In some of the rooms, the furniture was threadbare. "You could put a million dollars into this place and it wouldn't even show," someone was heard to say during the reception. Those being charitable noted that the decline only made the house more charming and gave it a "lived-



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From top: **Hope and Edgar Scott were stylish equestrians, and the servants at Ardrossan were well schooled in the preparations surrounding shows and hunts—including the fine art of top-hat maintenance. In 1955, Hope won first prize for "Ladies' Hunters" at a local event. As part of the fun, she jumped over a hurdle herself.**

in" quality. In fact, the house didn't have a "lived-in" quality at all. At best it looked preserved, in silence. It was not a house full of life but, as one of Hope Scott's friends put it, "a shell holding memories."



While the funeral reception took place, as the laughter swirled, a man living in another house on the estate sat alone at a metal table in the kitchen. It was the day after his 96th birthday. He faced a large window that looked out onto the gentle curve of a driveway. On one side of the drive was an immaculate sheet of green, on the other, a small fenced-off pen for animals. In the old man's heyday he had been an orator of Shakespeare as well as a founding partner at one of Philadelphia's most prestigious brokerage houses, but at this point it was hard to know how much of that he even remembered. On this day, he kept asking when his wife was coming home.

His name was Edgar Scott, and he had shared the cocoon

Hope's debut was celebrated with a party where the Colonel greeted guests in a hunter's pink coat and silk top hat.

of privilege that had been woven so tightly around Hope Scott. Now, unable to ward off the realities of old age, he had discovered that the immunities of grace and charm and entitlement offered little immunity after all. His mind played tricks as he grappled to figure out where on God's earth his Hope, his darling Hope, had gone off to, because he needed her.

"This is the only thing big enough to write my love on," he had written to her in 1931, using a piece of cardboard the size of a legal page. "I would give anything I have in the world (except you) if I could pass up this hideous trip. Tom Wanamaker told me last night . . . that he insists on your dining with him tonight. The lucky bastard! I wish you were dining with me! For once in my life the Fly Club looks to me like Sing-Sing. I adore you, o my baby. Please love me and miss me."

For nearly 65 years after that, by all accounts, that sweet and sizzling love, shared by both of them, never faded. Even after the ambulance took her.

"Where's my darling?" Edgar asked Hazel Holloway, their cook of 40 years.

"She died, she passed away," she gently told him.

"No she didn't," he protested.

"She went to heaven," said Hazel gently.

"Who took her?" he asked.

"The Good Lord," said Hazel.

"No," he said, his hands clasped together and raised to his lips, as if deliberating over something. Then he seemed to accept the fact that she was gone from this earth forever. But 10 minutes later he spoke again:

"*Where's Hope?*"

It had come to Colonel Montgomery like something out of a fairy tale. Born in 1879, one of nine children in a family that struggled for its pennies, he was riding his horse one day when he was thrown from his mount and knocked unconscious. When he awoke and saw the splendor of his surroundings, he vowed to himself that here, on this very spot, he would one day build a magnificent house.

So he did. He married well, first to a woman named Charlotte Hope Binney Tyler, whose family was in the banking business. And he did well in his own right, establishing an investment firm. In 1911, when the massive Baldwin Locomotive Works was incorporated, Robert Montgomery—in what was described as a "famous coup" over the New York houses—handled much of the underwriting and made a profit of $1 million.

A year later, the big house at Ardrossan was completed, and the Colonel's family, which included four children, Hope, Mary Binney, Charlotte Ives, and Robert Alexander (Aleck), took up residence. It was grand, but not necessarily more grand than the other estates which surrounded it on the Main Line. These included the home of Charlotte Dorrance Wright, which was known as Ravenscliff; the Joseph H. DuBarry IV estate, with its house called Brigand; the Zantzinger estate, with its house called Maral Brook; and the Rosengarten estate, with its house called Chanticleer.

From the late 1800s to before W.W. I, it could have been ar-

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gued that there was no better address in all of America than Philadelphia's Main Line. It wasn't accidental, for the Main Line had a deliberate design. It was a kind of super exclusive Levittown promoted by what was perhaps the mightiest corporation in the entire world, the Pennsylvania Railroad. Named after the late Main Line of Public Works, the railroad built double tracks 25 miles west to Paoli in the 1860s. In the 1870s, to encourage development, the railroad bought up a large tract of land near what is currently Bryn Mawr station and then established private zoning regulations for housing. The names of the towns were replaced with fancy-sounding Welsh appellations. The place became the assumed repository for railroad executives, who, as years passed, took over such estates as Cheswold, Ballyweather, Waverly Heights, and Boudinot Farms.

The Main Line represented an escape from Philadelphia, a way of distancing themselves from the huddling masses whil simultaneously exerting enormous financial power and contro over those who remained. Roger Lane, a social historian a Haverford College, maintains that as early as the 1880s upper class Philadelphians were scared of urban life. "Their socia institutions, private clubs, and schools were designed to kee them living in an artificially homogeneous environment o their own," said Lane. "Philadelphia represents, more tha most cities, a retreat from engagement in the world."

In his book *Philadelphia Gentlemen,* University of Penn sylvania sociologist emeritus E. Digby Baltzell provides thre typical letters of introduction: one written for a young man fron Boston, one for a young man from New York, and the other fo a young man from Philade phia. For the Bostonian, th emphasis was on Harvar and fluency in French an German. For the New York er, the emphasis was on hov much money he had genera ed for his firm. For th Philadelphian, the emphasi was as follows:

"Sir, allow me to intro duce Mr. Rittenhouse Palm er Penn. His grandfather o his mother's side was a colonel in the Revolution and on his father's side he is connected with two c the most exclusive families in our city. He is relate by marriage to the Philadelphia Lady who marrie Count Taugenichts, and his family has always live on Walnut Street. If you should see fit to emplo him, I feel certain that his very desirable social con nections will render him of great value to you."

These values would ultimately prove devastating fo the city. In his autobiography, P. A. B. Widener mad it clear that his family neither forgot nor forgave th fact that his mother was never invited to the Phila delphia Assembly after she married his father. Th Assembly, the oldest ongoing ball in the Unite States, dates back to 1748, and in terms of guest list i perhaps the nation's most exclusive.

Widener's mother was a Pancoast from a ver good Philadelphia family. The problem was Wid ner's father, or more precisely his paternal grandfather, Pete He was fabulously wealthy and was also beginning to amas one of the world's greatest art collections. His estate, the 110 room Lynnewood Hall, set on 300 acres in Elkins Park, jus north of the city, made Ardrossan look simple. But he ha been common at birth. And that was not acceptable.

The Widener family had the last laugh. In 1942, when the tim came for Joseph E. Widener to give away the art collectio which with its Rembrandts and Titians and Raphaels and Gain boroughs was valued at around $50 million, he bypassed th Philadelphia Museum of Art for the National Gallery in Wasl ington. As the *Evening Bulletin* so bloodlessly reported, Widen "cut off the Philadelphia Museum without a single painting."

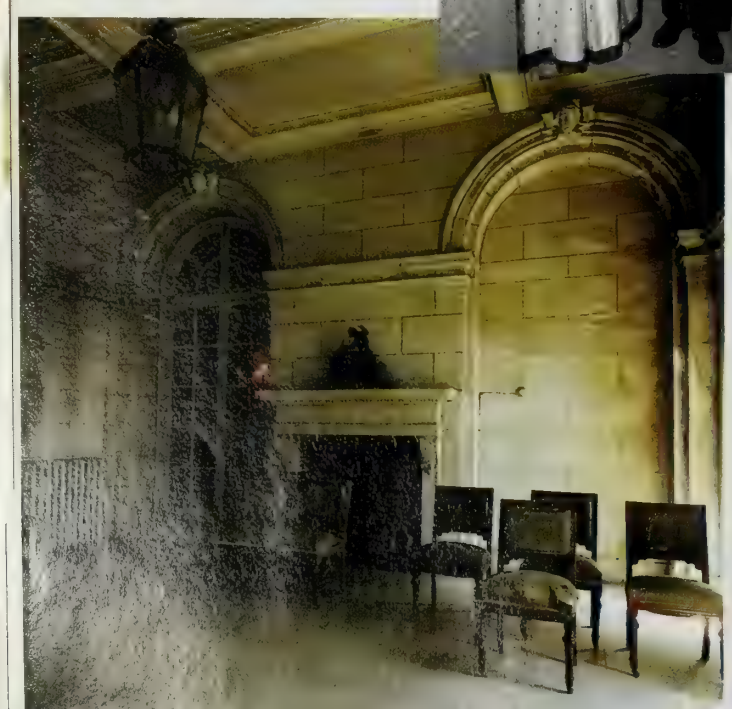
Colonel Montgomery never suffered such indignities. H had birthright and lineage in ample proportions. Hi roots, according to some accounts, were traceable bac to Roger de Montgomerie of Neustria in 912. The first Mon gomery settled in the United States in 1701, on Doctor

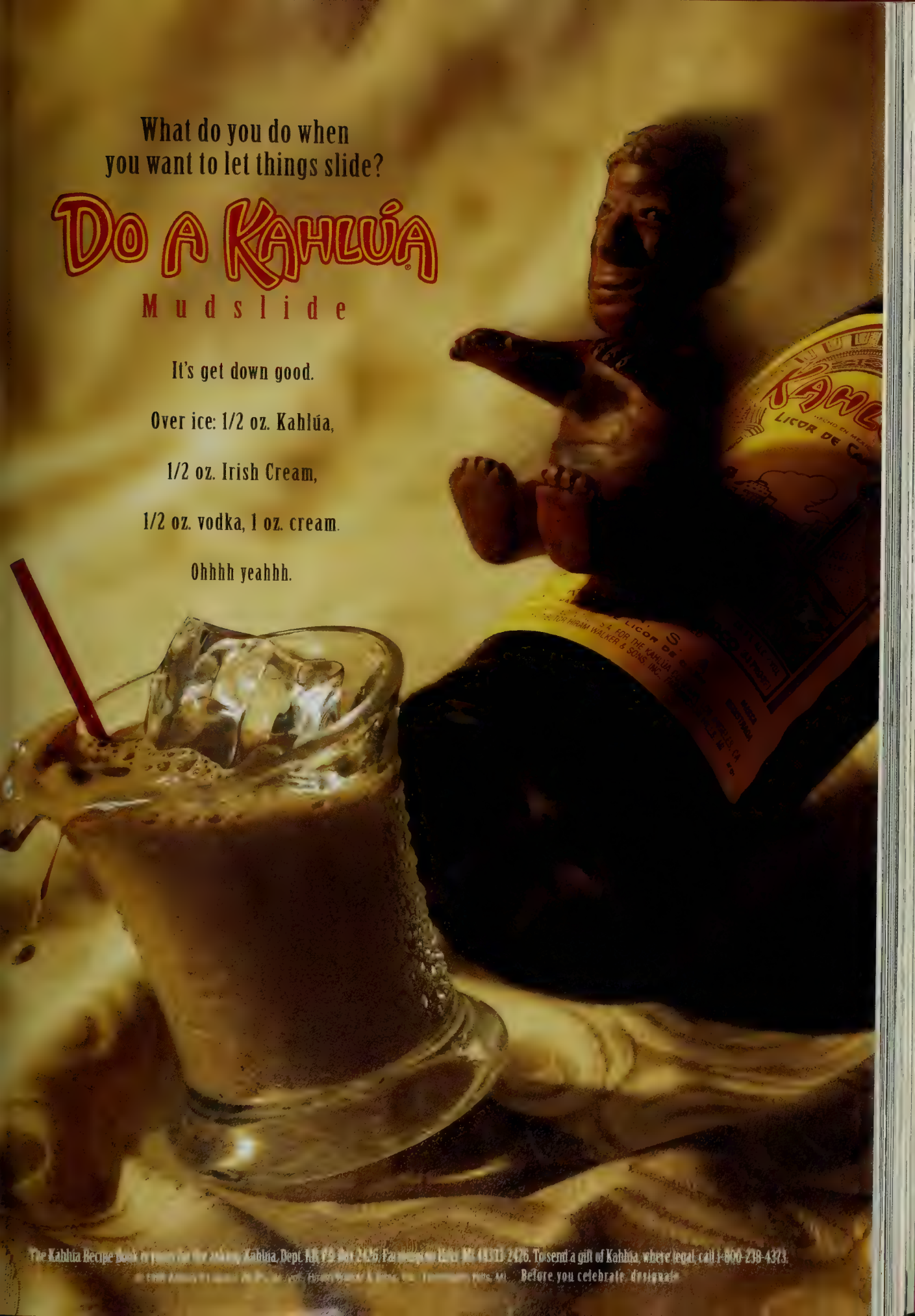


At Ardrossan, the Meyer Davis Orchestra whiled away the smoky blue hours before dawn with such songs as "Shanghai Lullaby" and "Oh, Baby (Don't Say Maybe)."



Clockwise from top: **Hope loved her party-girl image. In 1939, she did the Lambeth Walk with the Duke of Marlboro at the Colony Club in Palm Beach. In 1960, she and Edgar stepped out for an event at the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Today, the conservatory where Hope once entertained is quieter.**




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Creek in Monmouth in what was then called East Jersey.

Formal and remote, with a perfectly manicured mustache and eyes that seemed able to pick up an out-of-place pebble at a hundred yards, Hope Montgomery Scott's father was not the kind of man who lent himself to easy intimacy. "He was very, very withdrawn," said his only son, Aleck. "I never knew my father well until practically I was a grown man."

The Colonel was a firm believer in maintaining the perfection of his kingdom. Near Ardrossan was a small group of houses called Banjotown, because the men who lived there liked to play the banjo when they weren't working. Perceiving these musical neighbors as undesirable, Montgomery bought up Banjotown, booted out the residents, and filled it with handpicked tenants.

Not surprisingly, Colonel Montgomery was also careful about potential suitors for his daughters. When Mary Binney, the middle daughter, exhibited serious talent as a classical pianist, one of her callers was Leopold Stokowski, the world-famous conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Saying he would be damned if he was going to let his daughter marry a "Polack," the Colonel ordered one of the servants to burn Stokowski's hat.

His concerns for Hope, a young woman swept up by the attractions of horseback riding, band music, and "the party life," were different. "Helen Hope," he once said to her, "when you wake up in the morning, what you do is say, Wee, how much fun can I have today?"

Hope was tutored by governesses and did not attend formal school until her parents finally decided that something had to be done. They sent her to the Foxcroft School in Virginia, using a new horse as inducement. (It was common at this time for girls to take their own horses to boarding school for fox-hunting.) The experiment was not successful. Hope really couldn't see much point in a formal education. "I thought that they wanted me to be educated to go to parties," she once said with a laugh. "That's all I thought."

After Foxcroft, she was—as she put it—"polished off" with various trips abroad. These included a two-month trip in a private boat up the Nile with a traveling party comprising her parents, her sisters and brother, her great-aunt, her mother's French maid, and her father's valet. Upon her return to Ardrossan she started riding the party circuit once again.

It was during this period of the early 1920s that she met the dashingly handsome Edgar Scott, who—unlike Stokowski—had all the necessary Philadelphia attributes. His grandfather Thomas A. Scott had been assistant secretary of war under Lincoln and then served as president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His father was a member of the diplomatic service and had been stationed in Paris. Edgar had been educated at Groton and Harvard, where he had been president of the *Lampoon*. He fancied himself a playwright, although his career in this field went absolutely nowhere.

One night, when Edgar was sorting through a pile of invitations, he noticed that virtually all of the parties were being given for a woman named Helen Hope Montgomery.

They met one evening at a dinner party. He looked at her across the table. She looked back—and found him divine. They started dating, and on the night of a large dinner dance given by her uncle at the Ritz in Philadelphia, Edgar proposed.

They announced their engagement in January 1923 at a little supper at the Wellington. Hope wore a frock of white brocade festooned with rhinestones.

At four P.M. on Thursday, September 20, 1923, at the Church of the Redeemer in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, Edgar Scott and Helen Hope Montgomery were married. Less than a week earlier, Philadelphian Bill Tilden had won the national singles title in straight sets at the Germantown Cricket Club, and George D. Widener's two-year-old colt St. James from Philadelphia had won the Futurity despite challenges by August Belmont's Ladkin and Mrs. Payne Whitney's Treetop. The old Lit Brothers on Market Street was advertising silk stockings for 98 cents and boys' school suits with knickers for $10. Coolidge was president. Babe Ruth was second in batting in the American League, with a .385 average. The curve of hope in America had no end in sight, and as Hope Scott, then 19, and Edgar Scott, then 24, embarked on their life together, it was hard to believe that there was a single place in the whole wide world that didn't belong to them.

She welcomed all sorts of new people, serving them Triscuits and macadamia nuts at cocktail parties and announcing to all who were present, "I adore gin!"

For much of their lives it seemed that way: there were trips to Venice and the Lido in Paris, where a photo once caught Edgar in dreamy repose at a booth. There was lunch with Winston Churchill on Aristotle Onassis's yacht and that marvelous, crazy time at the Stork Club in 1951 when Hope sang for the Duke of Windsor. Another time there was a duet with Princess Margaret. In Barbados. Another time there was dancing the Charleston—with Josephine Baker. There were *worlds* of friends such as Helen Hayes and Claudette Colbert.

In her later years, when Hope Scott told her stories to the ubiquitous reporters who came to Orchard Lodge, the fun obscured the dark places. When she was interviewed in 1994, just after she had turned 90, a reference was made to her dimming eyesight. "I hit myself in the eye last year with a champagne cork," she told the interviewer with a laugh. "*Can you believe it?*" But it really wasn't so funny. Her eye had recently been operated on. The stitches ripped open, and a lens which had been implanted fell to the kitchen floor. Medical treatment was required, and in the course of all the various tests, it was discovered that Hope had cancer.

There were other flaws in the brocade, for Hope Scott was a woman who could be as autocratic and domineering as her father had been, a woman fighting to hold on to things that were ebbing away. Her temper could be fierce, and she could reduce family to the point of tears, particularly when she thought the things she valued most—her animals, her land, her way of life—were being threatened.

She loved the farm and the prizewinning dairy herd at Ardrossan, and these feelings represented what some said was the truest part of her. You could say that this attraction to the elemental was a legacy that dated back to 1912, when her father purchased a herd of Ayrshires, a breed distinguished by its extremely digestible milk.

Later, the dairy farm became an anachronism. It made for good copy and pictures, but lost hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. When family members approached Hope Scott about the problem, her response *(Continued on page 181)*



A Look Inside.



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V-8 Engine	Included	Standard	Standard	Not Available	Not Available	Not Available
Horsepower (bhp)	250	250	278	138	200	189
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4-Wheel Disc Anti-Lock Brakes	Included	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard
Auto. Dual Zone Climate Control	Included	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard
Dual Air Bags	Included	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard
30-Day Exchange Privilege**	Included	Not Available	Not Available	Not Available	Not Available	Not Available
24-Hour Roadside Assistance**	Included	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard
Aluminum Wheels	Included	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard	Optional
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8-Way Dual Power Front Seats	Included	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard
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Remote Lock Control Package	Included	Standard	Standard	Not Available	Not Available	Optional
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Leather-Wrapped Steering Wheel	Included	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard	Standard
Remote Trunk Release	Included	Standard	Standard	Not Available	Not Available	Not Available
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Total $ w/Popular Equipment	**$33,700**	**$54,440**	**$52,850**	**$45,785**	**$42,420**	**$41,190**

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(Continued from page 172) was to invest even more in equipment. One of the first things her sons did after her death was sell off the cows. "It was easy to pull the plug," said her son Bob.

She had seen problems. She had witnessed the breakup of her son Bob's longtime marriage to his wife, Gay. The condition of her brother, Aleck, who lived in yet another house on the Ardrossan estate, had also not escaped her attention. Aleck, it seemed, took to his bed after convincing himself that he had become paralyzed from the waist down as the result of a World War II injury. There were other illusions as well.

"I got along with him because he was married to my sister," Aleck Montgomery once said of Edgar Scott. "We've always maintained a show of being a close family."

Throughout it all, she seized each lively moment with almost maniacal intensity. She seemed frightened of the quiet. As if, in the silence, she might hear something she preferred not to. Those close to her said she was almost never introspective, and she herself explained the roots of her personality on the basis of being an Aries. As her close friend Cathy Boericke put it, it seemed as if "she was fighting off sadness somehow."

She was physically fearless. Her abilities as a horsewoman were legendary. Nothing stopped her, not a broken nose or a concussion or a cracked vertebra. Finally the wear and tear was such that she had to have both hips replaced with steel ones. She approached the social aspects of her life with the same kind of abandonment. She had been raised to be charming and she was charming, indefatigably so, laughing at jokes and scattering compliments in perfect rote. In instances of social distress, her hand on your arm was as steady as a ship's anchor. "Don't leave me!" she would whisper. As if she had known you all your life. Even if she barely knew you at all.

Her confidences were often quotable. "I play this game," she told a man at a party. "I look around the room to see who would be the most fun to sleep with and you're always at the top of the list."

Her eccentricities were noteworthy. She sent notes to friends on "Things to Do Today" stationery with a blue etching near the top—an etching of a man and woman copulating. She drove a tractor over the fields of Ardrossan in a bikini top. Before her death she purchased—and wore—shoes with heels of clear Lucite filled with fluid. In the fluid, colorful balls bobbed. She loved the attention they got.

She had, according to Cathy Boericke, the need "to take risks with people and go over the edge a little bit." Even in her later years, she welcomed all sorts of new people into her life, serving them warm Triscuits and macadamia nuts at cocktail parties and announcing to all who were present, "I adore gin!" Bores were invited once, and while she was well trained in the art of how to make a bore never feel boring, they were generally never invited back.

Once, when a close friend and neighbor, Peter Wesley-Burke, told her he would not be able to make it for a dinner party because he was sick in bed with a 104-degree temperature, she offered little in the way of condolence. Rather, she probed to see if there was any possible way he could still come,

"I lost my best friend, I lost my best joking companion. With her goes the lifestyle. I can carry it on for a while, but this kind of Edwardian English thing . . ."

***Right,* Ardrossan is lined with photographs and souvenirs. Even the furniture *remembers. Below,* Hope's son Robert Montgomery Scott, alone now.**



since it would now be an unlucky 13 for dinner, instead of 14.

"Can you sit up?" she asked.

When he said no, she put her pet dog at the table so there would still be 14.

In the big house at Ardrossan, Bob Scott, one of Hope and Edgar's two sons, lives alone now. He and a niece, Mary Remer, are the only two family tenants. She has the second floor and he has the third, and since the place has 50 rooms, they both have sufficient space. He says there are no ghosts in the house, but given what went on here—the great parties, the suicide of the butler in the pantry, the Jack Russell–terrier races on the back lawn—it seems impossible that there aren't. Everything about the house evokes the presence of someone, whether it is the cold eyes of the Colonel looking for the next crushed cigarette butt, or his kind and gentle wife needlepointing her way through life. (By the time she died, her work product included coverings for an entire couch, assorted pillows, and the full set of dining-room chairs.) One of the other singular ghosts, if there were ghosts, would be Charlotte, the youngest Montgomery daughter.

Both her parents were dead by the time Charlotte, or Miss





There was lunch with Churchill on Onassis's yacht and that marvelous, crazy time at the Stork Club in 1951 when Hope sang for the Duke of Windsor.



***Top,* Hope's portrait in her study dominates the room as effortlessly as she did Orchard Lodge itself, *right,* one of the 38 properties on the 750-acre Ardrossan estate, where she had lived since 1923, when she married Edgar. *Above,* Hope, pictured here in the mid-80s, loved her house, her husband—and her favorite gift, an antique chastity belt.**

Ives, as she was called, began to make her appearances for cocktails. The woman, who suffered from cerebral malaria which she had contracted while living in South Carolina, was confined to a wheelchair. But following what was apparently a strong family tradition, she refused to miss cocktails. She would take the elevator from her upstairs quarters to the first floor while the servants collected the necessary accessories, and then she would appear, like an Egyptian queen floating down the Nile, in her wheelchair, attended by servants, several whippets, a Great Dane, and a barnyard cat named Miss Kitty, who wore a collar of jewels. Miss Kitty lay in wait on Miss Ives's lap, ready to scratch anyone who approached. A three-tiered tray of sandwiches and goodies was laid out—for the animals, not the guests. Everyone understood the protocol, except for the actress and dancer Ann Miller, who upon her visit with Miss Ives began feasting from the animals' tray. No one had the heart to explain her error.

Bob Scott, the president of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, tends to be less starry-eyed about his mother than some. He admired her keen sense of public service and the innumerable hours she spent raising money for the Bryn Mawr Hospital, but he also recognized her need to be the center of the universe. When he was growing up, he saw little of her. She and Edgar lived in New York on Beekman Place, and Edgar worked for the New York Stock Exchange. When they came back to the Main Line, it was often for foxhunting.

But now that Hope is gone, her son misses her terribly, the dirty jokes, the way she knew the names "of all those goddamned cows." In the aftermath of Hope's death, significant changes have already taken place at Ardrossan. The dairy herd has been purchased, and while Scott gives assurances that the 750 acres of the estate will not simply be sold to developers, it is inevitable that it will become something different, maybe a park or a golf course.

"It's very sad," said Bob Scott. "It's compounded by the demise of my marriage, reaching what you call normal retirement age. I didn't realize how depressing it would be. It doesn't hurt. My knee hurts. But it's the death of a portion of me. This is the portion of my life that has no promise of resurrection." He sounds like Richard Burton, each letter of every word perfectly articulated. In a pair of pale-green suspenders he sips a glass of Beaujolais while a pack of beagles bark in the distance.

Heading down the driveway of Ardrossan, one finds it impossible not to think about Bob Scott living in that big and empty house with its 38 family portraits. Impossible not to think about the way he had recited the motto of Groton in perfect Latin like an incantation. At one point, he had said that he had grown up in a "picture frame of privilege" and had no regrets about it. But as he had stood in a tiny little kitchen between the rooms of what had once been his mother's nursery, grinding up coffee beans, a different image had emerged.

"With her goes the lifestyle," Bob Scott said of his mother. "I can carry it on for a while, but this kind of Edwardian English thing . . . "

Five days later, on the last Friday in May, his father, Edgar, died.

Hope had taken care of him with utter devotion in those final years. At times, he got quite disoriented, and he became convinced that his French cousins, who had died 50 years ago, were coming to visit Ardrossan. Over and over he asked Hope about the French cousins. Was there enough caviar? Had arrangements been made to have *Le Monde* delivered to the house? Who was going to pick them up at the train station?

It was driving her mad, the goddamned French cousins who were dead, and she knew she had to do something. The day of their supposed arrival, she turned to Edgar.

"Darling, the most awful thing has happened," said Hope. "The plane went down in the middle of the Atlantic and they were all killed."

"Fine," said Edgar. "I never liked them anyway." □



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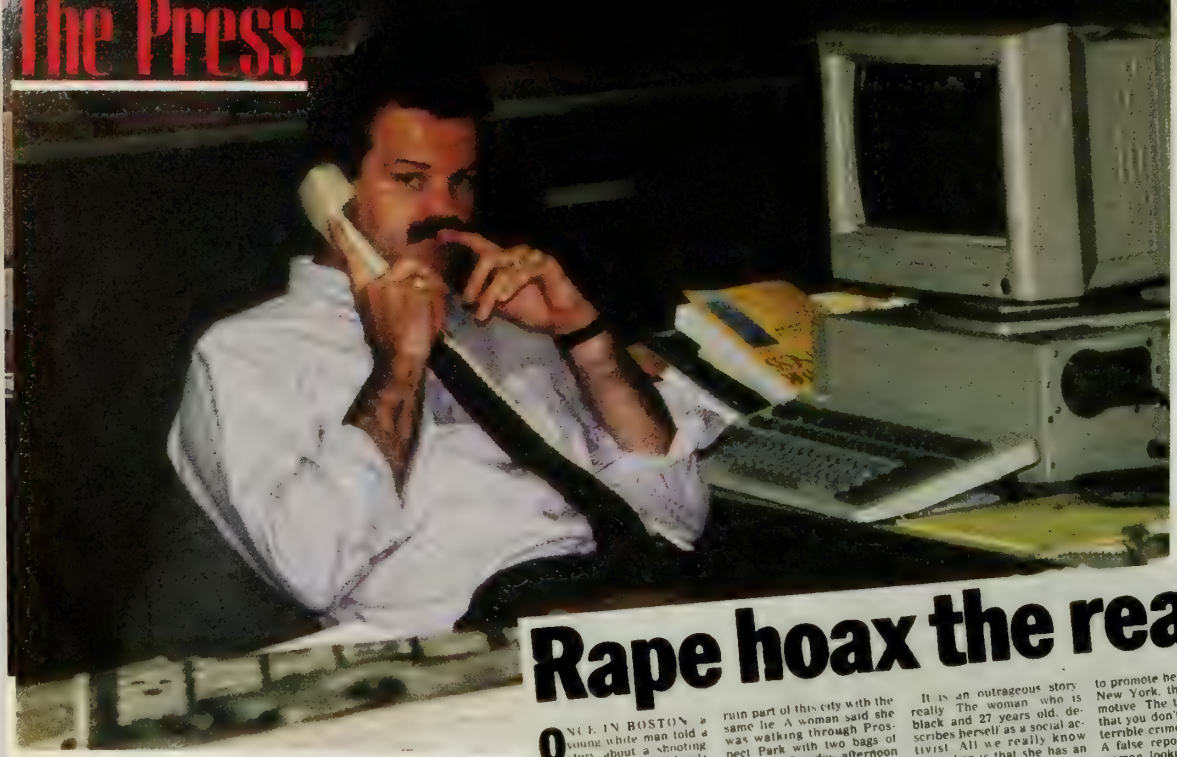
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STAR COLUMNIST Seen by some as the million-dollar heir apparent to Jimmy Bre Mike McAlary establish a reputation as mercurial, combative, and sly. "I wouldn't tr him with my oldest pa of Jockey shorts," say one law-enforcement official. He is seen her at work at the offices of the *Daily News* in July 1994.

Rape hoax the real crim

ONCE IN BOSTON a young white man told a story about a shooting Charles Stuart falsely claimed his wife had been shot by a black man. Also wounded he made a frantic call from his cellular phone. In that town, remember, the cops went out and arrested a ruin part of this city with the same lie. A woman said she was walking through Prospect Park with two bags of groceries Tuesday afternoon when she said a black man dragged her up a hill and raped her. But unlike the Boston cor

It is an outrageous story really. The woman who is black and 27 years old, describes herself as a social activist. All we really know about her is that she has an active imagination. She is supposed to appear at a gay hian rally this week- atest crime. She erday to deliv- n speech on

to promote her rally. Even in New York, this is a strange motive. The terrible thing is that you don't have to invent terrible crimes in New York. A false report of rape by a woman looking for publicity is a crime against all women. It dimnishes all rape victims.

were witnesses could not find them. Someone was night that the wom injuries or bruises with a rape, or eve tim's squad detec see if there were her bank

"New York is really one big newsroom."
—Mike McAlary

UNREASONABLE DOUBT

The New York *Daily News*'s Mike McAlary, tabloid tough guy, earned himself a $12 million lawsuit with his exclusive "scoop" that a 27-year-old black lesbian faked her own rape

BY M. A. FARBER

Mike McAlary—New York City's "noisiest newspaper columnist," the *Daily News*'s "resident tough guy," the million-dollar "heir apparent" to tabloid legend Jimmy Breslin—sat at a polished oval mahogany table, instructing Martin Garbus on the ways of reporters. Garbus wasn't exactly ignorant of such matters, having been a lawyer and champion of First Amendment rights since before McAlary got his start in newspapers—as a delivery boy in Goffstown, New Hampshire, a quarter-century ago. Yet, on this day, May 22, 1995, in his Madison Avenue office, Garbus was eager to hear about McAlary's working methods. The two men weren't alone; Garbus was briefcase-to-briefcase with four of McAlary's lawyers.

"It is not nice to get beat," McAlary explained patiently, toying with his mustache and sounding like the cops he quoted in his columns. "The general rule in journalism, knock down the other guy's story. If he beats you on a case or story, you got to say he is full of shit."

You mean, Garbus asked, that "you call the other guy a liar?"

McAlary tried again, as if correcting a dim-witted student. "The word 'liar' is not right. Usually what you say, 'he is full of shit' or 'that can't be true.'"

"Have you said that about other journalists who have beat you?" Garbus asked.

At that moment, McAlary looked as if he had better places to be in a city that was one big newsroom. "Of course," he said.

But, for more than a year, McAlary has been on the receiving end of such censure, as a result of his sensational exclusive that a 27-year-old black lesbian fabricated her claim of being raped by a black man in Brooklyn's Prospect Park in April 1994. RAPE HOAX THE REAL CRIME was the headline over McAlary's first column on the case. "A false report of rape by a woman looking for publicity is a crime against all women," McAlary wrote, predicting the woman's arrest. "Searing a whole city won't help anyone's cause. In Brooklyn, you have a woman who cried wolf." The column, written a day after the reported rape, not only galvanized his competitors but also led some 25 *Daily News* staffers to sign a petition calling the column a "disgrace," particularly since McAlary had not spoken to the alleged victim. McAlary challenged the woman to sue and claimed that "she hasn't because she can't prove her case in court." Two months later the woman hired Marty Garbus, who has never taken a case against the media to trial, and sued McAlary and the *Daily News* for $2 million in compensatory damages and $10 million in punitive damages. Unless a settlement is reached,

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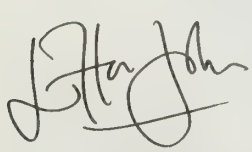
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the case will likely go to trial later this year. "They had no basis in fact, and never tried to contact me," says the plaintiff, identified only as Jane Doe in court papers. "That's malicious."

McAlary and the *Daily News*, "New York's hometown newspaper," say they were right all along about the woman, and McAlary was entitled—under the very statutory and constitutional guarantees Garbus has made a career of protecting—to his opinion as a columnist. "This case is about the ability of a columnist and a newspaper to address controversial and unpopular issues of legitimate public concern—the false reporting of crime, in particular, rape, and the racial stereotyping of blacks as rapists—without fear of censorship," says Kenneth Caruso, a *Daily News* lawyer. But it is about much more as well: policing and politics in a volatile city; foul-ups over critical forensic evidence; the professional standards of a powerful newspaper and its aggressive star, whose job lifeblood is "confidential" sources. And it is about the precarious fusing of fact and opinion in columns that run not on an opinion page but in the heart of a paper's news section.

Of his first column on the rape case, McAlary himself has said that "some of these sentences are facts, and some of them are pure opinion, and some are pure fact and some opinion. So it is difficult to fit one with a shoehorn into fact shoe or opinion shoe. . . . It is a work in total, and it was written in total, not sentence by sentence and is not meant to be read sentence [by sentence] or even explained sentence by sentence."

Well. This article for *Vanity Fair*—for which neither McAlary nor the *Daily News*'s owner or senior editors would be interviewed—*was* written sentence by sentence, and can be read that way.

Jane Doe was born and raised in Ohio, the daughter of professionals. She excelled at school and enrolled at Yale on scholarship in 1984. She played in Yale's marching band, was active in a black church, and was once taken into custody by the police during a protest against the university's financial investments in South Africa. As it turned out, she says, she was not prepared for college, and in 1986 she was asked to "withdraw" for academic reasons. That year, too, she realized she was a lesbian, and came out. Allowed to re-enroll at Yale in 1988, she pursued African-American and theater studies, but in 1990 decided to leave for good and move to New York City. After a variety of temp and waitressing jobs in Manhattan, she wer to work in 1992 as a receptionist for th Gay and Lesbian Community Service Center in Manhattan. During that sam period, she also worked for the Ne York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Vi lence Project. In early 1994 she foun new employment with another nonprof organization, Awareness At, arrangin and moderating student discussions sexual harassment, date rape, and self esteem. When Awareness At folded, sh returned, part-time, to the gay-and-le bian community center.

From July 1993, Jane Doe shared a apartment on Prospect Place, just o Flatbush Avenue, in Brooklyn, but ha rarely been in the 526-acre Prospe Park, only blocks away. She seldo jogged, either. But to overcome a fee ing of lethargy, she says, and to take a vantage of the "gorgeous" weather on th afternoon of April 26, 1994, she thre on a pair of blue-and-white runnin shorts, a white exercise top with peac symbols, and a purple sweatshirt, an headed for the park. She entered Grand Army Plaza, stretched, and mad a wide arc that left her on the far side the park. She walked a block to whe Flatbush Avenue resumes and, at a C ribbean grocery, bought two bags of yu cas, batatas, and other vegetables. Jan put the plastic bags on her shoulders an strolled back to the park. It was abou 4:30 P.M.—she didn't have a watch o Inside the park she took an indirect rout home. She saw a friend and waved, wit out stopping. She also noticed a clum of burning reeds, and almost stoppe at a call box to report the fire. But sh kept moving and took a narrow oper ing through tall grass that led to a pat around the side of the heavily wood Lookout Hill. Moments later, she say she heard the voice of a man behind he She glanced around and saw that th man had a cane or walking stick. She d cided to ignore him, hoping he woul pass. He came closer.

Mike McAlary, 37, grew up near Ma chester, New Hampshire, but h parents were from Brooklyn. Sinc boyhood he had dreamed of living i New York City and working on a guts tabloid. After graduating from Syracus University, where he studied journalism and met his wife, Alice, he became sportswriter for a series of newspapers also working for ABC Sports. In 1985 *New York Newsday* hired him as a gen eral-assignment reporter, and he soo proved himself. When a *Newsday* colum



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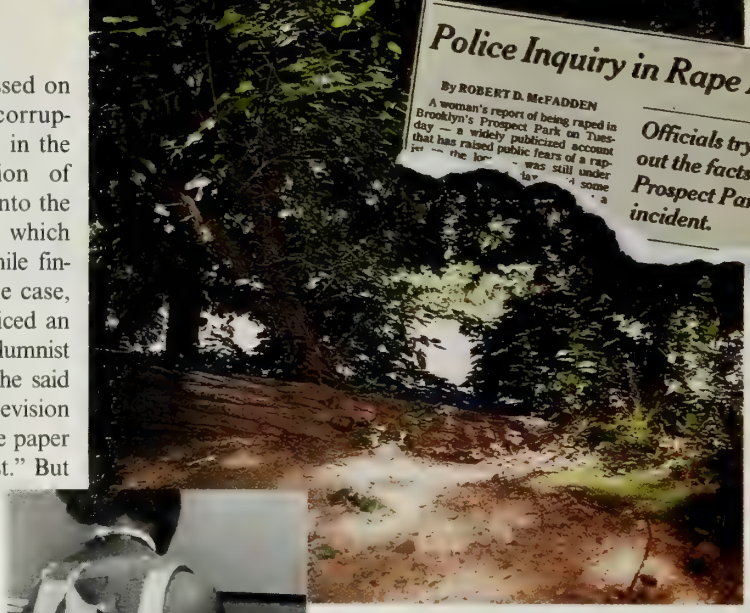
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nist, Dennis Duggan, passed on a hot tip about police corruption in the 77th Precinct, in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, McAlary tore into the story with the passion for which he became renowned. While finishing his 1988 book on the case, *Buddy Boys,* McAlary voiced an interest in becoming a columnist at *Newsday.* A columnist, he said later, is the same as a television anchorman. "You carry the paper when you are the columnist." But it was thought that McAlary did not yet have the breadth for that job. *Newsday* raided the *Daily News* for Jimmy Breslin. In the first of several highly visible and at times controversial moves, McAlary signed on as a columnist at the *Daily News,* for $130,000 a year. McAlary, according to Tom Robbins, a *Daily News* reporter and union stalwart, was "the guy they brought on to be their voice of the little guy."



Police Inquiry in Rape Report Stirs Confusio

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

A woman's report of being raped in Brooklyn's Prospect Park on Tuesday — a widely publicized account that has raised public fears of a rap- — the lo- was still under some

Officials try to sort out the facts in a Prospect Park incident.

Moreover, the officials said woman had indicated that she had seen the suspect clearly and could pick him out of a photo lineup, later gave a detailed description fo sketch of the suspect. And they sa she declined to retell her story. victims are often pressed to do more details



A DAY IN THE PARK
A photo taken on July 30, 1995, in Brooklyn's Prospect Park near the place where the rape occurred. *Left:* Jane Doe, the rape victim. *Inset, above:* headline from *The New York Times,* April 29, 1994, on the controversy.

On his way to fame and fortune McAlary "refined the art form" of skipping from one boss to the next, says an editor who has known him for years. After striking employees crippled the *Daily News* in 1990, he switched to the *New York Post.* Within a year he had received a three-year contract worth $850,000. With an apartment in the city, a regular place among the celebrity journalists and cop brass at Elaine's, and a home in Bellport, Long Island, next to his friend lawyer Edward Hayes (a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair*), McAlary cemented his reputation as mercurial, combative, and sly—if also charming and "a kibitzer." "I think he's a great guy, but I wouldn't trust him with my oldest pair of Jockey shorts," says one law-enforcement official.

McAlary lived up to his top billing, burnishing his column with exclusives on another police-corruption case and such nationally watched stories as the dungeon confinement of 10-year-old Katie Beers on Long Island. "Mike and John Miller [of WNBC-TV] were the best police reporters I ever came across," says Leonard Levitt, a *Newsday* columnist who has long covered the field. "McAlary had a feeling for cops and what they were going through." But as the *Post* went bankrupt in early 1993, and the reins were handed over to investor Steven Hoffenberg, McAlary bailed out—embracing the new publisher at the *Daily News,* whom he had just eviscerated in print. Massive layoffs at the *Daily News* had prompted McAlary to describe Mort Zuckerman in the *Post* as "a power-mad Stalin wannabe" with "no decency," a "cheap dictator who shot his way to power," "Public Enemy No. One," and, perhaps worst of all, a writer whose magazine columns "no one has ever finished." A month later, however, McAlary and several top editors of the *Post* went to work at the *News.* Of his previous comments about Zuckerman, McAlary explained, "In a newspaper war there's really no fair or unfair. In a barroom fight you're allowed to hit somebody with a bottle." The *Post* hit McAlary and the *Daily News* with a lawsuit, but it was quickly settled. Zuckerman had given him a two-year contract totaling $625,000. But McAlary found that his column wasn't featured as prominently as he would have liked, and, as he put it, "I was sort of out of control, ego-wise." He "wanted to live [on] the front page." So he jumped back to the *Post* on September 1, 1993. The *Post's* new owner, Rupert Murdoch, gave him a three-year deal worth more than $1 million. Now it was Zuckerman's turn to sue. McAlary slugged back with an "affidavit," submitted in court and published in the *Post* on September 7, portraying Zuckerman as a hypocrite. "Yesterday's thief wants to be seen as today's victim," McAlary wrote. "But it seems to me . . . the whole newspaper business is about 'stealing.' We 'steal' ideas. We 'steal' sources. We 'steal' advertisers. We 'steal' talent." In his affidavit, McAlary recalled taking a cab with a *Post* editor to see Zuckerman in early 1993, when they were hired at the *Daily News.* McAlary quoted them as saying on the way, "If the *Post* sues, Mort will pay our defense." But McAlary would later admit that the cab ride never occurred and those words were not spoken. They were simply "writing devices," he asserted. "It's not to be read as factually, word for word." When asked by a *Post* lawyer "the difference between a writing device and perjury," McAlary replied, "I don't know the difference 'cause I don't know what the word 'perjury' means."

Of his first column on the rape, McAlary has said, "It is a work in total, and . . . not meant to be read . . . or even explained sentence by sentence."

On the night of September 17, 1993, McAlary joined friends at a Yankee game and, afterward, for drinks. Around two A.M., he left for home, by this time an apartment in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn. Driving south on a wet Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, he lost control of his Volvo while checking for messages on his mobile phone. The car spun around and careened into a concrete divider. He was in critical condition upon arrival at Bellevue hospital, suffering head, lung,


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and other injuries. During his six weeks in the hospital, McAlary says, he "never heard a word from Murdoch"—though President Clinton, about whom the columnist says he had written "terrible, awful things," sent a card. Another well-wisher, visiting the hospital, was "Public Enemy No. One," Mort Zuckerman. By year's end McAlary had recovered sufficiently to conduct interviews for another book and was eager to resume his column. McAlary, who says he liked the idea of rejoining people who, after his accident, "had proved that they cared about me," opted to go back to the *Daily News*. He made another three-year "million-dollar" deal. The *Post* sued, but in March 1994, McAlary won a ruling that he could work for the *News*.

The first stories on the rape of Jane Doe in Prospect Park on April 26, 1994, appeared in the *Times* and *Newsday* the following morning. They were brief, citing spokesmen for the Police Department's public-information division. The *Daily News* did not carry the story. That afternoon, some of the reporters assigned to police headquarters asked John Miller, who had left WNBC-TV in January to become deputy police commissioner for public information, about the incident. Miller told the half-dozen reporters, including a representative of the *Daily News*, what he himself had heard in his office that morning: that there were "doubts" about whether the woman was telling the truth. The reporters' curiosity was piqued, and Miller agreed to call the Special Victims (formerly Sex Crimes) Squad in Brooklyn—but on the condition that the reporters not print the specifics of what he would relay to them. Miller then spoke to a sergeant at Special Victims, who, Miller recalled at his deposition, told him:

—The victim said this was her first time jogging.

—The victim said she was carrying groceries, and left them at the scene of the rape. But an "area search" by investigators had not turned up any groceries or packages.

—The victim said she had been dragged up a hill, but investigators themselves "had had trouble getting up the hill on their own, without groceries or packages."

—The victim said the park was crowded at the time of the rape, but an "extensive canvas" by police yielded no witnesses to the crime.

—To officers responding to the incident, the victim did not appear "to be upset the way their experience with rape victims had been."

—When the officers drove around with the victim looking for the rapist, and "started to stop men who fit the physical and clothing description," the victim objected, asking whether they were stopping people "just because they're black."

—The victim said that evening that she "was participating in or part of organizing a gay and lesbian rally in protest of police nonresponsiveness" to violence against homosexuals and asked whether it would be all right "if she made a speech about this incident at the rally."

—At Methodist hospital, where the victim was taken after the rape, "no marks or bruises or evidence of physical injury" were found "that would be consistent with the struggle she described to investigators."

McAlary described *Daily News* owner Mort Zuckerman as "a power-mad Stalin wannabe" and a "cheap dictator who shot his way to power."

Miller thought he was also told that "the medical people" had found "no sperm, or something to that effect."

After the call, Miller briefed the headquarters press, who asked specifically if sperm was present in the case. "My recollection was, I told them there wasn't, but a test for semen, [about] which I have no scientific or medical background, was being conducted, and the results of that wouldn't be in for a while."

At Miller's deposition Gerald Singleton, a partner of Marty Garbus's, asked him why he didn't want the reporters to publish "this menu of doubts."

A: Well, because there was a vigorous investigation going forward, that there were doubts, and just that—and that, as likely as it could be that the rape report could be unfounded, so could all the investigators' doubts.

Q: Did you ever, in your statements to the press, indicate anyone's belief that it was a hoax?

A: No.

Q: That it was a lie?

A: No.

Q: That everyone on the scene was doubting her story?

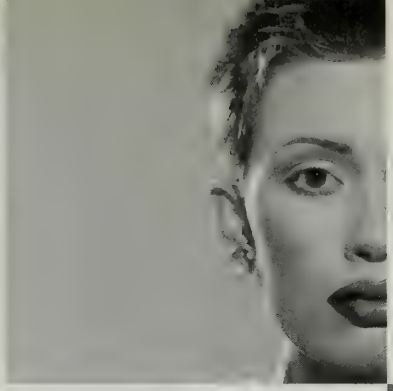
A: No. Again, not to have words put in my mouth, essentially what I told them was, there is this report, there is this scenario, and there are these doubts, weigh them as you will. Proceed with caution.

Since his return to the *Daily News*—with an eye-catching, double-truck first column in late March recounting his accident and recuperation—Mike McAlary had written about a mother's grief over the murder of her cop son and the slaying of a Salomon Brothers investment executive by her ex-boyfriend, a lawyer. He had taken shots at the "obsessed, egotistical" mayor of New York City and, despite the president's get-well card, at "Bill Clinton's ruined ethics." The writer, who was not scheduled for another column until Friday, April 29, had not been at John Miller's briefing about Jane Doe. But sometime between 5 and 6:30 P.M. that Wednesday, April 27, he called the deputy commissioner to see, Miller says, "what was going on, what was up." Reporters, especially columnists, often did that toward the end of a workday. It was "nearly social," with the information Miller imparted usually not for attribution to him or for publication. Miller had known McAlary since the late 80s, when they had covered some of the same stories. They had friends in common, but were not tight. Miller told McAlary about the "doubts" surrounding the rape in Prospect Park. Within an hour or so, McAlary called back with questions about the incident. It struck Miller that the columnist now had "a lot of additional information, including some information that I didn't have." McAlary wanted to know who else in the press was onto the story, and Miller explained that he had given an "off-the-record" briefing and that the *Daily News*'s John Marzulli had been there.

McAlary says that for his first column on the rape case he spoke to a dozen people, including two "connected to the police department," nine journalists at the *Daily News*, and his wife. Of the dozen, he said at his deposition last spring, only two gave him "factual information"—Gerald Singleton's words—that he used. As "a matter of policy," he said, his talks with the police then, and subsequently, were "off-the-record." Other than his wife, he declined, on confidentiality grounds, to identify anyone with whom he had spoken about the case. McAlary began writing about 7 or 7:30



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P.M. on April 27 and finished before he left the *Daily News* around 9. Singleton asked him why he had felt an urgency to get the column into the paper a day ahead of his usual column.

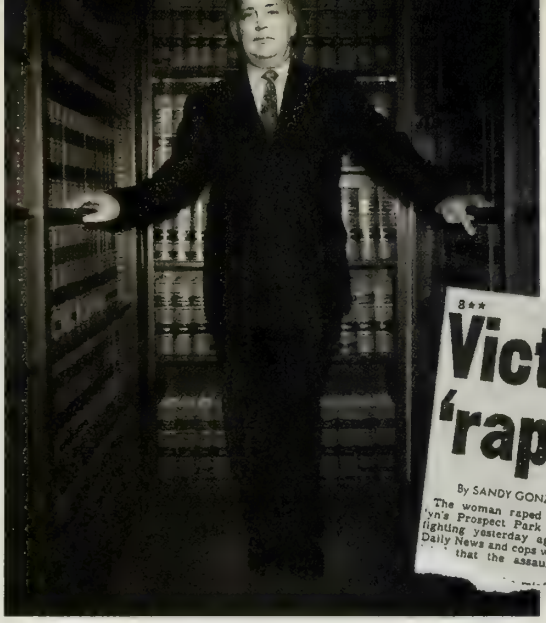
A: To avoid pandemonium and mass hysteria and unwrongful [*sic*] arrest.

Wrongful arrest of whom? Singleton asked.

A: A black perpetrator.

Was there someone in custody?

A: No.



TOP GUN
Jane Doe hired lawyer Martin Garbus, pictured here in his office in March 1995, to sue McAlary and the *Daily News*. Famous for defending First Amendment rights, Garbus has never taken a case against the media to trial. That may soon change.

8★★

NEW YORK POST, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 19

Victim hits back at 'rape hoax' charge

By SANDY GONZALEZ

The woman raped in Brooklyn's Prospect Park came out fighting yesterday against the Daily News and cops who speculated that the assault was a

Calls columnist media 'vulture'

statements he attributed to sources that she had not been dragged by her assailant. She said she only "discussed with the police the advisability of having someone read a state-

McAlary says that he did not go over the column with a *Daily News* lawyer and that, to his knowledge, it was published as written. He is believed to have assured senior editors that he had "enough" to support what he was writing, and, in any event, McAlary wasn't going to name the "victim."

Daily News readers got McAlary's point quickly the next morning. He opened by comparing the Jane Doe case to that of Charles Stuart in Boston in October 1989. Stuart apparently shot his wife, Carol, to death and blamed her murder on a black stranger—setting off a manhunt and heightening racial tensions. "In Brooklyn, you fear today," McAlary wrote, "someone has tried to ruin part of this city with the same lie." McAlary said the woman who claimed to have been raped in Prospect Park "describes herself as a social activist. . . . She is supposed to appear at a gay and lesbian rally this weekend to protest crime. She promised yesterday to deliver a first-person speech on her own rape. But last night everyone who heard the woman's story about the rape was calling it a hoax. The woman, who probably will wind up being arrested herself, invented the crime, they said, to promote her rally." The column was full of the "doubts" John Miller had repeated the previous day, and twice quoted the alleged victim. At times McAlary didn't bother to ascribe the idea of a hoax to police thinking.

Some colleagues think that McAlary has not been the same since his car accident in 1993, that he has "lost a step or two."

Jane Doe learned of McAlary's column from a friend on April 28. She called Detective Andrea Sorrentino, the lead investigator on the case and someone with whom Jane had felt comfortable. The detective, she says, assured her that the Police Department was not responsible for the column and wasn't portraying her as a hoaxer. Sorrentino, according to Jane, said that, while her job was to gather facts, she operated from the premise that a rape had occurred. And had it? Exactly what Jane Doe told the police and the Methodist staff—or at least what they wrote down, including observations of their own—has never been disclosed publicly. Unlike Jane's hospital record, the investigative file has been kept sealed by a judge. But in an interview with *Vanity Fair*—her voice occasionally faltering, tears occasionally welling—Jane Doe gave this account of her rape and its aftermath:

Instead of passing her on the path around Lookout Hill, the man grabbed her from behind in a firm choke hold, lifting her. As she tried to free herself, she blacked out and fell to the ground. When she opened her eyes, she was on her hands and knees, with the two bags of groceries around her elbows. The man—in his 30s or 40s, bearded, maybe a foot taller than her five feet two inches, and wearing a fatigue jacket—told her to pick up the bags, pulled her up, and warned her against trying to break away. "Don't try that shit," he said in a low voice, ordering her up a steep hill—"not a great, but a difficult, distance," Jane says. With his arm still around her neck, he was sort of force-marching her. As she struggled for "space to breathe," the man relaxed his grip. Again she tried to get free. Again the man threatened her, saying he'd have to get out his knife. Jane pleaded with him not to hurt her. "Don't you have a mother or a sister?" she recalls saying. When they reached a tree with a rotted-out trunk, he maneuvered her to the far side and told her to cover her face with her sweatshirt, pull down her shorts, and lie down. She began crying. He bent over, taking her hand and rubbing it against his penis, then entered her. Afterward, he asked if she had any money. She said no, only the food. He said he didn't want that, and instructed her not to watch him as he left. She didn't. When Jane thought he was gone she got up, fixed her clothing, stuffed the groceries into the one bag that wasn't torn—she's not sure whether she left the ripped bag behind or stuffed it into the good one—and ran down the hill, to the path and then to West Lake Drive. A man on a bike was passing but did not stop. Jane stretched out her arm to a woman who was jogging, but the woman, giving her a dismissive look, kept going. Jane dashed from the park and, at Prospect Park Southwest and 16th Street, searched for a telephone. At that moment a precinct squad car happened by. Slamming the groceries against its side, she caught the driver's attention, and the investigation began. In Jane Doe's version:

—She did not tell the police she had never jogged before, but may have said she hadn't jogged previously in the park.

—She did not tell the police she had left groceries at the scene of the rape, but rather that it was possible. The

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CALL THE COPS N.Y.C. police spokesman John Miller (here as he resigned on February 10, 1995) revealed police doubts about the case at an off-the-record briefing a day after the rape occurred. He warned journalists to proceed with caution.

16★★

NEW YORK POST FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1994

Bratton settles it: Prospect Pk. victim WAS raped

By MURRAY WEISS
Criminal Justice Editor

Police Commissioner William Bratton — trying to end the Prospect Park rape controversy his department helped create — yesterday said the woman was, indeed, the victim of a sex attack.

"A rape took place," the commissioner said.

Bratton's statement contradicts r... d re-

found on the victim and on her shorts, according to official reports.

"There is information and physical evidence that a rape occurred," Bratton said yesterday in response to questions ...

rying groceries, when she was pulled into the woods on Lookout Hill and raped.

The victim underwent a hospital examination and provided police artists with a detailed descrip-

no semen was found and describing the victim as a lesbian activist who fabricated the story to use at an upcoming rally.

McAlary rushed to print even before police chemists had provided investigators with their lab re-

BRATTON

the erroneous Daily News

Twenty-five *Daily News* staffers signed a petition calling McAlary's column a "disgrace."

groceries she had after the rape were brought into the police car; she ate some of the fruit at Methodist hospital and took the other food home after her examination.

—She did not say she had been "dragged" up the hill, in the sense of being lugged on the ground, and none of the officers with whom she went to the rape site had a problem climbing up to it.

—She knew of no witnesses to the rape, and it was doubtful that anyone on West Lake Drive could have seen what was happening behind the tree on the hill.

—She was indeed "upset," but had tried to comply with a request by the police to compose herself so she could be helpful.

When she rode around the park with the police, looking for her assailant, she did reproach the officers for stopping several black men who "had the wrong skin tone" or clothes.

—Though she knew from a flyer of the gay-and-lesbian rally scheduled for the park the following Saturday, she had not been involved in planning it and was not scheduled to take part. Even after the rape, when she asked the police about the advisability of her making a statement about the need for women to learn self-defense techniques, she had no intention of delivering it personally.

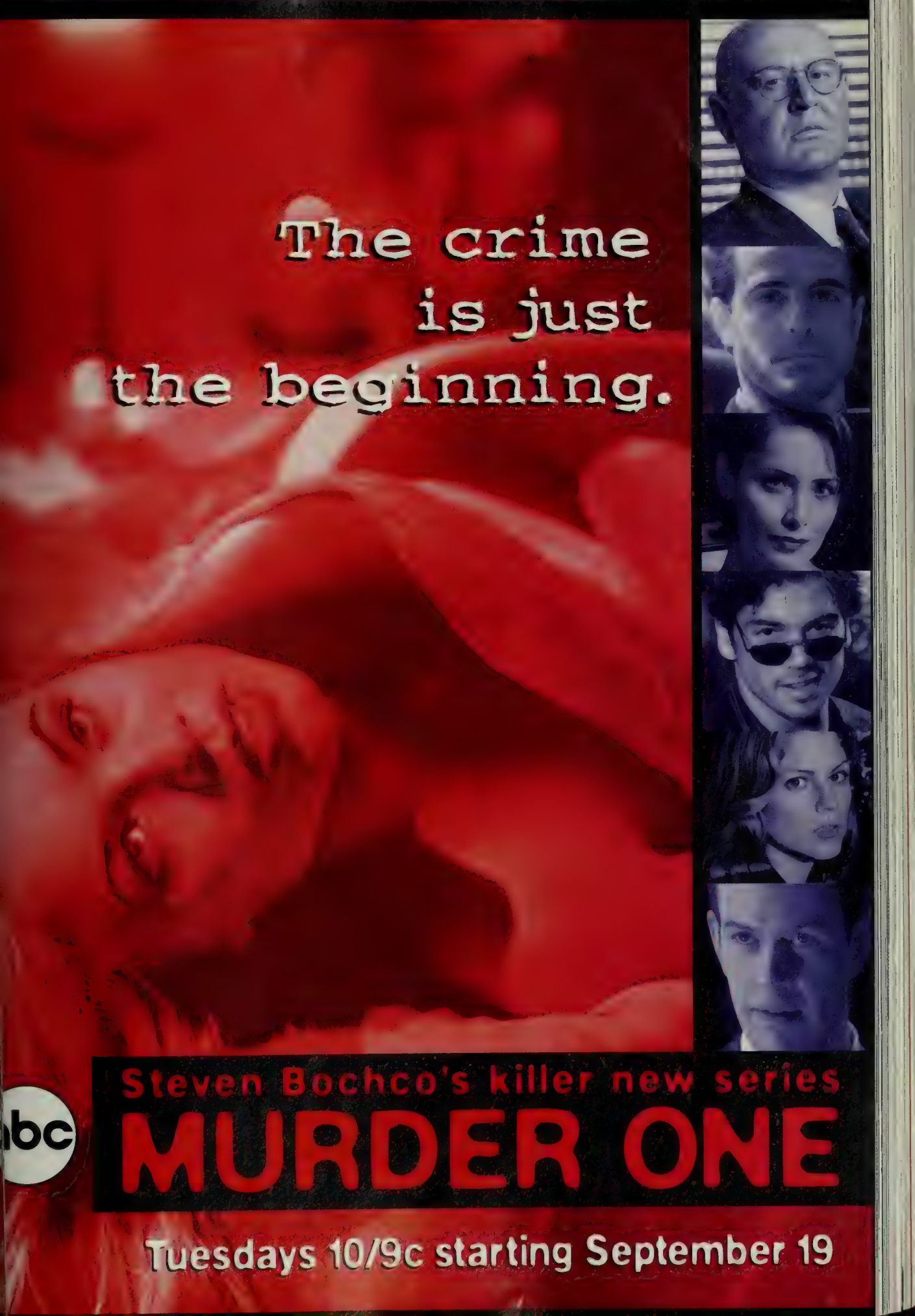
—The hospital may have found no bruising of her neck because her "medium-dark skin" tends to camouflage such marks or because the rapist's arm was clothed in his jacket. She did complain at Methodist of neck pain, as well as of a bitten lip. As for the lack of vaginal bruising, she does not remember the rapist's penetration of her as being rough.

McAlary, on April 28, had quoted Jane Doe as saying the rapist had removed his coat, laid it on the ground, and put her on top. "Chivalry at a rape scene," McAlary mocked. "Great, now the cops were looking for Sir Walter Raleigh–turned–rapist. The cops did not find a jacket." Jane, in the interview, said she had not seen her assailant take off his coat, and if she had told that to the police, she was speculating. She had felt something soft under her, she said, but it may have been her own clothing. Jane—supported now by detectives and Methodist staffers—also denied statements by unnamed police officials in April 1994 that she had declined to "retell her story." Apparently she went over the story then at least four times. She did refuse after dark on the night of the rape to go back to the park with several male detectives—"men I didn't know"—but she returned the next morning with Detective Sorrentino.

On April 29, 1994, the *Daily News* published a McAlary column with the headline NO EASY TASK EXPOSING LIE. It began this way: "In the beginning there was Tawana Brawley and the rape that never happened. The question, then and now, is how do you prove a lie? How can the cops in Brooklyn, for example, prove that this week's supposed victim wasn't raped the other night in Prospect Park? They believe she lied, but they are letting her fade away, worried that genuine victims might not come forward." The same morning, however, the *Daily News* carried a news article with a different slant, headlined EVIDENCE BACKS RAPE. Other New York papers joined in, reporting that a police-lab analysis of a rape test administered at Methodist had found semen in Jane Doe's vagina and on her shorts. "We have sufficient evidence to proceed with the investigation," said a spokesman for John Miller's office.

That afternoon Andrea Sorrentino was summoned to a meeting with Police Commissioner William Bratton, Chief of Detectives Joseph Borelli, Miller, and others. Sorrentino, who was only six years older than Jane Doe but had been on the force a dozen years, had entered the rape case with a lot of questions. Over two days, Jane had provided answers. Not all were neat, and some, Sorrentino reckoned, were mistaken. But the detective didn't think Jane was lying to her. Victims were often confused. To prepare for the meeting with the commissioner, Sorrentino called the police lab for details about the semen results. And, with that call, the screwups over the forensic evidence began. On a swab of Jane Doe's vagina and on her shorts, the lab had gotten a positive indication for p30—a prostatic protein not found in the body fluids of women that for a decade has been considered by scientists as proof of the presence of semen. But either the lab technician misspoke or Sorrentino misunderstood, because the detective got the impression that the "secretion" in the case wasn't necessarily semen and could have come from a male or female. That is what she conveyed to her bosses.

Later that day Bratton was asked about the case by reporters. He said nothing about semen. But he extended an apology to Jane Doe for any role his department had had in the airing of doubts about her. Jane, meanwhile, turned up the heat. In a statement read for her at the rally on April 30, 1994—she did not attend—she skewered both the department and McAlary. "I have had the misfortune of being raped twice—once in the


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park and again in the media. I hope Mike McAlary and all the vultures making their living off my pain sleep better than I will tonight." The Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project followed up with a letter to the *Daily News,* asking it to repent for its "pile of hurtful filth." But the *Daily News,* which, according to project officials, didn't reply to the letter, had no such intention. Managing editor Martin Gottlieb had issued a statement on April 29 saying, "Mike McAlary has a long track record of solid, authoritative reporting. We stand by his column." But the "we" didn't include such top *Daily News* journalists as Tom Robbins, Jerry Capeci, and Ying Chan, who signed the petition in early May. "No reporter, whether writing an opinion column or a news story, should be allowed to rush to judgment without at least trying to hear the opposing view," the petitioners wrote. Marty Gottlieb, a former *Village Voice* editor who came to the *Daily News* from the *Times* in late 1993, was put out. Meeting with the petitioners, he defended McAlary's "credibility" and chastised them for exposing the paper to criticism. McAlary later derided the petition as "union crap" that he hadn't troubled himself to read. Some signers, he said, apologized to him.

On May 7, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani called Matt Foreman, the executive director of the Anti-Violence Project, and promised that Commissioner Bratton would find the "leakers" in his department. On May 9, Chief Borelli met with Bratton, Miller, and a handful of other police officials to discuss the Jane Doe case. Going farther than Sorrentino had on April 29, Borelli, Miller recalls, said something like p30 was "not an indicator of semen" and might be found in saliva. Four days later Mike McAlary delivered yet another column on the case, under the headline I'M RIGHT, BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO CHEER. McAlary wrote that after the initial semen results he had considered apologizing to Jane Doe. But a source had counseled him to "stand your ground. The lab is wrong." McAlary said he quickly learned then that "no semen had been found. At best, the lab reported, the substance was saliva, male or female." But he had held off writing a "No Semen Found" column in early May to give Jane Doe a chance to "back away from her story." At the time, "it seemed responsible to look wrong." Now, however, "a big detective boss"—Borelli—had made it final: "No semen found, period." McAlary wound up his triumph on a note of charity. "You guess it would be tempting at this point in the story to thumb your nose and announce, 'I told you so.' But being right about this case doesn't seem so important anymore. There can be no happiness over this sad story."

Mort Zuckerman, who expects the columns in his newspaper to be "truthful," ought now to do the right thing.

One person who wasn't happy was Andrea Sorrentino. When McAlary's May 13 column appeared, she called serologists at the city medical examiner's office for more information about p30. She was told unequivocally that, in the words of the New York State Health Department's evidence protocol for sex crimes, p30 is considered "a conclusive indication of semen." Borelli was similarly informed and, according to Miller, corrected his May 9 briefing. On May 19, 1994, Bratton tried to put the controversy behind him. Borelli had been "confused" about the p30, the commissioner said. "We have physical evidence that a rape did occur." At the *Daily News,* McAlary drew up a statement. He remained "comfortable" with his information, he said, and would "continue to pursue the story." He has yet to do another column on it.

McAlary likes to write that "someone was saying"—as in his first column on Jane Doe, where he wrote, "Someone was saying last night that the woman had no injuries or bruises consistent with a rape, or even traces of semen." The phrase can be a handy means of concealing sources, if they exist. The use of "someone," McAlary testified at his deposition, was merely another of those literary devices, providing "a creative feeling of intimacy with the reader. You are gathering things around."

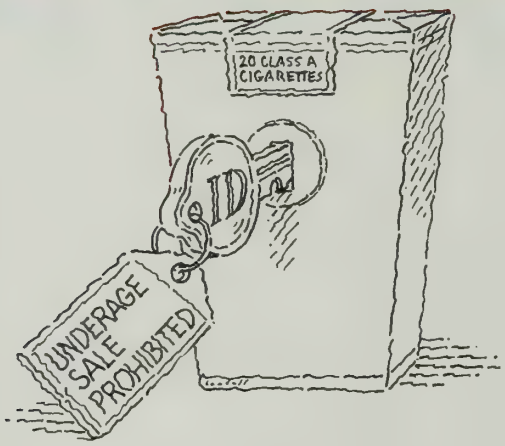
In this case, things are finally coming around. State Supreme Court Justice Charles Ramos, who will preside at the trial, if it comes to that, says the suit is "quicksand" because of the legal issues surrounding the confidentiality of a journalist's sources. McAlary, Judge Ramos has ruled, has an "absolute privilege" not to divulge confidential sources, but if he chooses to invoke their information in defending himself, he must identify the sources. Ramos agreed with Marty Garbus that McAlary can't be allowed to "shield this information while using it as a sword" at trial. Ken Caruso has said that McAlary won't "burn the sources" and that Jane Doe—who Caruso suggests could have had consensual intercourse in the day or two prior to the "rape"—can't recover for damages, because the *Daily News* didn't identify her. Amid this wrangling, the inescapable fact is that Mike McAlary couldn't have known in April and May 1994 that Jane Doe was *not* raped and was playing out a hoax. And the commonsense issue in this case is one of fairness. McAlary not only didn't speak to Jane Doe when researching his columns but he also didn't know her name or educational and family background or whether she had made a previous claim of sexual molestation. He didn't talk to the detective who was most familiar with the case, according to police, or see the investigative or hospital records, or speak to anyone at Methodist.

Judge Ramos has declared Jane Doe a "public figure" on the basis of her April 30 rally statement and other actions, making it much harder for her to prevail in court. But, ironically, it wasn't Jane Doe who made hay out of her rape—it was McAlary. Jane Doe was so determined to preserve her privacy that when she saw a group of people she took to be journalists outside her apartment building she retreated to a friend's.

Some colleagues in the press think that McAlary has not been the same since his accident in 1993, that he has "lost a step or two," become less careful. Last September, he produced a column headlined COP'S TALE—SO FAR—SLAYS JURY. Referring to a grand jury's inquiry into a suspect's death in police custody, McAlary began, "They have heard the cop's story in his own words now. . . . The jurors seem to believe him." McAlary quoted that officer's words to the panel. Unfortunately, the officer had not yet testified, according to the Police Department. McAlary hasn't acknowledged any mistake in that column—any more than he has in the Jane Doe case. Asked, under oath, in April 1995 if he had learned that any of the facts in his first column on the rape were inaccurate, he replied, "No." But "someone was saying" the other day that Mort Zuckerman, who expects the columns in his paper to be "truthful," ought now to do the right thing. □

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"From the time I was very, very young I was both spurred on and excited by the idea of my own disobedience," says novelist Susanna Moore, photographed at home in Manhattan.

OH, SUSANNA

In Honolulu, Hollywood, and Washington Square, Susanna Moore found inspiration for her sharply elegant novels; her latest, *In the Cut,* is an erotic thriller that hits frighteningly close to the bone

BY GEORGE HODGMAN

When I tell Susanna Moore that a woman I know gave up on her new novel, *In the Cut,* after 30 pages because of the raw sexuality, she is joyous, happy to shock. "That's *precisely* the kind of woman who should read the whole thing," Moore says in her little-girl voice, adjusting the Cartier watch on her left wrist. Circling her right wrist is a tattoo bracelet: blue triangles like small, jagged teeth. Moore, who gained attention with her acclaimed first novel, *My Old Sweetheart,* is as elegant as her wristwatch. And as sharp as her tattoo. Small ironies, eccentric details—the fact that in her old hometown of Honolulu they still use the word "spaghetti" for pasta—produce wry smiles. She is highly literary, a woman who says her life was changed by her first reading of *Forever Amber* at nine years old and who speaks in the cadences of *The New York Review of Books.* But she looks like the model she can barely acknowledge once being, and on her tape deck there are works by the Cranberries, Sonny Boy Williams, and Snoop Doggy Dogg. Moore is equal parts Hawaii—where she was raised—and Hollywood, where she found herself in the 60s, playing one of the 10 slave girls in the Dean Martin movie *The Ambushers.* She had been hired by the costume designer Oleg Cassini. "I was the only one who could speak English," she teases jokingly. "And I was the only one who wasn't fucking Oleg." She stops herself, looks a little abashed, then shrugs. "I guess this is not the time to suddenly get ladylike."

Not exactly. *In the Cut,* which Knopf will publish in November in numbers (100,000 copies) designed to generate best-sellerdom, may make her the notorious woman you sense she has always dreamed of becoming. She could play it. There's a low-key, sophisticated theatricality about her. "I realized that from the time I was very, very young I was both spurred on and excited by the idea of my own disobedience," she says. "I've been drawn on, seduced, and aroused by that idea my whole life." She lingers briefly, contemplating the notion of her arousal. It seems to please her.

Outside her windows, the boom boxes in Washington Square Park are pumping in the August heat. "Murder weather," she intones as she rises to make martinis, using tiny airplane bottles of Finlandia vodka, the brand recommended by her friend Bill Blass. The bottles themselves, acquired during the research for Moore's novel, are gifts from policemen friends, met during the writing of the book, who are dating stewardesses. She emits a sharp giggle at the word "dating." Like the heroine of *In the Cut,* a linguist who obsesses over subway talk ("He just want to conversate and I just want to blowse through my magazine"), the fittingness of malaprops ("very close veins"), and the color of street language (we learn, for example, "freezerator" for refrigerator, "knockin' boots" for sexual intercourse, "gangsters" for breasts), Moore is absorbed by turns of phrase. And by worlds not

Photographs by GUZMAN



32-16-43-hike. And before you blink, 350 lbs. of solid mass is heading straight for your bones. What can you do? Well, besides pray someone's open–drink lots of skim milk. Not just for calcium but the eight other essential nutrients that keep your body strong in case you do get sacked. Man, I hate when that happens.

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"Growing up in Hawaii, I saw very quickly that there were two worlds," she says. "There was a white world of power, prestige, and gentility, and then there was a much larger world of the Polynesian, Japanese, and Chinese. It was clear, if you were paying attention, that everything interesting was going on *there.* Language, sex, food, music, magic. And I was intrigued by it, beguiled by it. I wanted it." She read voraciously, but mispronounced words constantly "because I had never actually heard them spoken." The world opened with the discoveries of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* and Antonio Carlos Jobim's first album of bossa nova. "It was the one with 'The Girl from Ipanema,'" she says. "I remember sitting in the cane fields, listening to that album on an old phonograph that was on the veranda. I was so greedy for the world. And so desirous."

"I'm not interested in dispassionate appraisal," says Susanna Moore. "I'm interested in passion."

At 17, she left Hawaii for New York, looking for her own adventures, armed only with "four or five letters of introduction to rather grand people. And alligator shoes." Lonely and homesick, she spent her evenings listening to Hawaiian music at the Waikai Club on Broadway. "It was all xylophone," she recalls, "but it was close enough." After a first job at Bergdorf Goodman, she modeled without ambition and married without success before finding herself cast in the aforementioned Dean Martin movie by the aforementioned Cassini. Yet she had no desire to act—at least not on-screen—and she went to work as a script reader for Warren Beatty ("Casting's down the hall, baby," an onlooker yelled the day she arrived for her interview), who later used her in a scene in *Shampoo.* Next she went to work in Jack Nicholson's office, again evaluating scripts. It was California, the late 60s. "Very beautiful," she says. "You know, the dusty orange light. It's sexy. I kept thinking that whoever came here first, whether it was the Spaniards or Cecil B. DeMille, must have thought it was paradise. But it was extremely provincial. There were wonderful bookstores, but the only place you could buy clothes was I. Magnin." She married production designer Richard Sylbert (*Dick Tracy, The Cotton Club,* and *Reds*) and had a daughter (now 20). They traveled from location to location, and souvenirs from those years (she and Sylbert split in the late 70s; she can't remember quite when) pop up around her apartment—and float between the lines of her books. Among these are a pair of jade Chinese hairpins, which are significant in the new novel.

In the Cut began as a detective story. Sick of herself, Hawaii, and "the adorable young women" who had been the protagonists of her books *The Whiteness of Bones* and *Sleeping Beauties,* Moore immersed herself in the novels of Maigret and Simenon and fired off a letter to the New York City Police Department, more specifically to the commissioner for public affairs. (The title, predictably, made her laugh.) She asked for permission to "go around" with some policemen. "I was going to see what I could get. I said, 'I want to be in the car.' So I got sent up to East Harlem, to the Manhattan North Homicide Squad, which was good luck, because they're sort of the hotshots. I was assigned to these two guys who I could see were not happy to be stuck with me. It turned out they were quite serious homicide detectives. And then something interesting happened. It was as if I were holding up a mirror and they were looking at themselves for the first time, and they thought, Yeah, O.K., interesting. They were drawn in. They were seduced by this reflection of themselves that I revealed to them as I asked them questions about their lives. And so they kept me on. You know, what should have ended in two days became two weeks. Then two months. Then two years. Off and on. I think they were rather thrilled to disabuse me of my innocence."



Susanna Moore strolling along Eighth Street in Greenwich Village, the setting for *In the Cut.*

She saw crimes, punishments, and autopsies, and made friends on the force. And she has produced a remarkable novel that is erotic, intelligent, and daring. Reminiscent of Diane Johnson's *The Shadow Knows,* narratively unflagging, and violent enough to bring down the wrath of feminists and senators seeking photo ops, *In the Cut* is destined to be discussed. Moore has created a woman whose courage never asks you to stand back and admire it, a woman beyond romantic expectations, polemics, all conventional comforts. Coolly intellectual and unapologetically sexual, Francie lives in an apartment on Washington Square Park and navigates her world alone, without complaint. She has defined her own unique satisfactions. When the killing begins, she makes a martini, buys a new book, and just keeps going, keenly aware that *everything* is possible. Moore is proud of her creation, but is both wary and sanguine about the fact that many readers and critics will compare her life with her heroine's. "Fiction reveals the writer," says Moore. "Autobiography is mirrors and tricks. And lies. I'm not interested in dispassionate appraisal. I'm interested in passion." And then she tries to articulate the qualities of the woman she has brought to life. "She has no one to fall back on," Moore says quietly. "She's full of melancholy and loneliness and bravery."

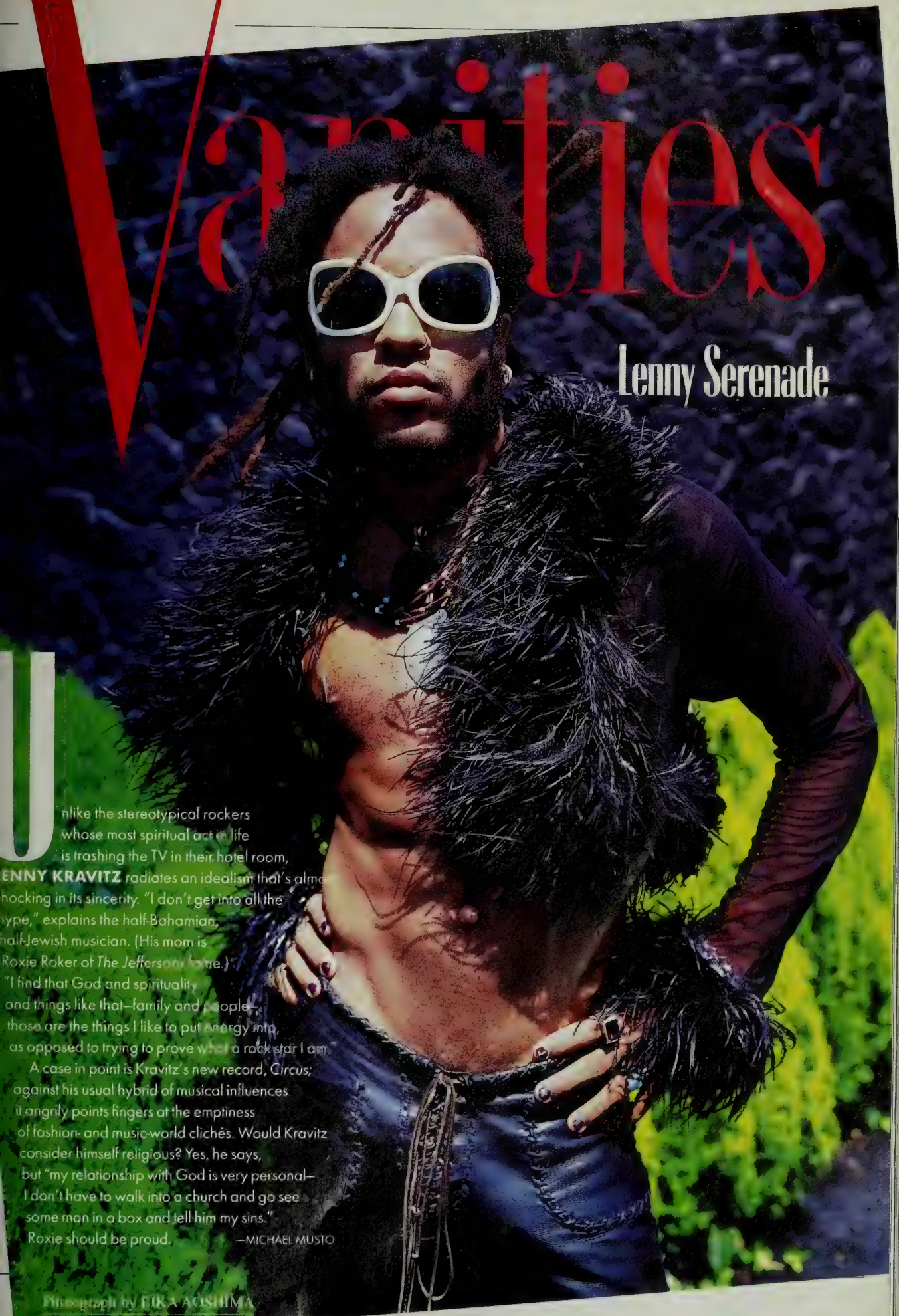
When I ask her if she finds the solitary requirements of a writer's job a difficult thing, she makes a different point. "You're always watching, if you're a writer," she says, "and I think it makes it harder for the person you're with. Your watchfulness can be exhausting. You know, that's the point where the person says to you, 'Look. It doesn't mean anything. It just is. Why does *everything* have to mean something?' My daughter once said to me, 'Mother, you're a little *too* interested in everything.'" □


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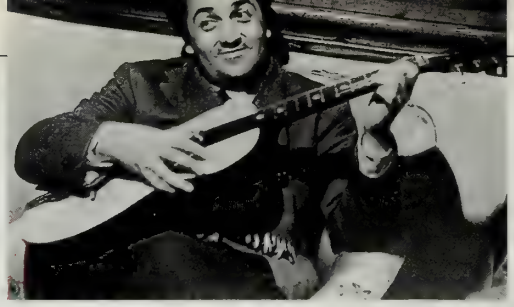
Unlike the stereotypical rockers whose most spiritual act in life is trashing the TV in their hotel room, **LENNY KRAVITZ** radiates an idealism that's almo shocking in its sincerity. "I don't get into all the ype," explains the half-Bahamian, half-Jewish musician. (His mom is Roxie Roker of *The Jeffersons* fame.) "I find that God and spirituality and things like that—family and people—those are the things I like to put energy into, as opposed to trying to prove what a rock star I am."

A case in point is Kravitz's new record, *Circus*; against his usual hybrid of musical influences it angrily points fingers at the emptiness of fashion- and music-world clichés. Would Kravitz consider himself religious? Yes, he says, but "my relationship with God is very personal—I don't have to walk into a church and go see some man in a box and tell him my sins." Roxie should be proud.

—MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by ERIKA AOSHIMA

Vanities





Master filmmaker Federico Fellini on a break from filming I Vitelloni, *1953;* Über-*pinup Bettie Page in* Varietease, *1954.*

Hot Type

Federico Fellini's fabulous cinematic vision encompassed a world of petulant adulterers, glorious nymphomaniacs, tragic clowns, and naughty nuns. His merry madness is captured in **CHARLOTTE CHANDLER'S** conversations with the visionary maestro in *I, Fellini* (Random House).

Nazis! Nazis! Nazis! A race to crack a secret Nazi war code is the core of **ROBERT HARRIS'S** *Enigma* (Random House). **GITTA SERENY** plumbs the depths of one of Hitler's cronies, the inscrutable Nazi war criminal Albert Speer, in *Albert Speer: His Battle with Truth* (Knopf). And **GEOFF NICHOLSON'S** rowdy *Still Life with Volkswagens* (Overlook) finds VW Beetle owners under siege by neo-Nazis.

Also this month: **ROBERT POLITO'S** *Savage Art: A Biography of Jim Thompson* (Knopf) is the definitive bio of the distinctively American *noir* novelist known for his pulp fiction. **ISABEL FONSECA'S** *Bury Me Standing* (Knopf) records the obscure history of perhaps the most universally loathed and misunderstood people in the world—no, not the Belgians—the Gypsies. **ROBERT K. MASSIE'S** *The Romanovs: The Final Chapter* (Random House) untangles the web of mystery surrounding the slaughter of Russia's romantically tragic royal family. **EVAN THOMAS** recalls the good old days of that bad old agency in *The Very Best Men: The Early Years of the CIA* (Simon & Schuster). **JONATHAN KOZOL** introduces us to five courageous and hopeful children who live in poverty in *Amazing Grace: The Lives of Children in Impoverished America* (Crown). Bright new star **STEPHANIE GRANT** bestows on us *The Passion of Alice* (Houghton Mifflin), a witty and moving account of a 25-year-old anorexic's struggle for deliverance and grace. **LEWIS LAPHAM'S** erudite essays are collected in *Hotel America* (Verso). A once prosperous Depression-era family flees its Yankee roots to resettle in a small southern town in **ALICE ADAMS'S** *A Southern Exposure* (Knopf). **KELLY KLEIN** chronicles the history of 110 years of underthings in *Underworld* (Knopf), which features an introduction by that doyenne of a different underworld **ANNE RICE.** The big daddies and divine divas of opera are honored in **SCHUYLER CHAPIN'S** *Sopranos, Mezzos, Tenors, Bassos, and Other Friends* (Crown). *The Dustbin of History* (Harvard), **GREIL MARCUS'S** collected essays on culture, shows once again why he is *the man.* And, finally, **KAREN ESSEX** and **JAMES L. SWANSON** expose the true life story of America's *Über*-vixen in *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-up Legend* (General Publishing Group). Ah, *la dolce vita . . .*

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL

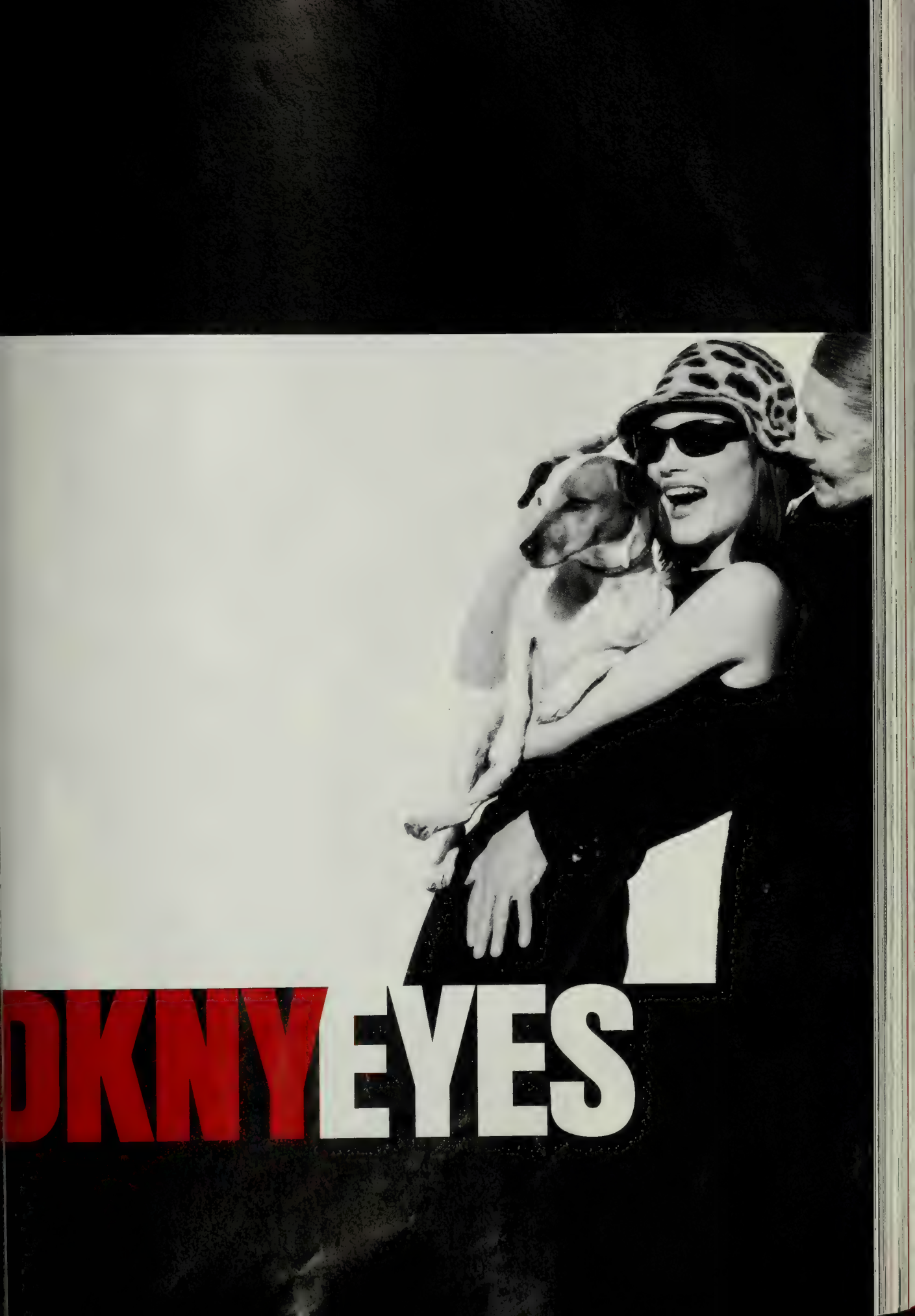


"Shining Larmore

I feel like the prodigal daughter, coming back to America after nine years in Europe," says Jennifer Larmore, giving her Pre-Raphaelite auburn hair a toss. The thrilling young mezzo-soprano from Georgia has come home to launch her first solo album, a collection of arias by Handel and Mozart for Teldec entitled *Where Shall I Fly.* Next month, she flies to the Metropolitan Opera in New York, where she will play Rosina, the frisky heroine of Rossini's *Barber of Seville.* "Rosina is a lot of fun to play," Larmore enthuses. "She's young, full of spunk. I feel a real kinship with her." She ought to: she has played the role onstage more than 250 times. Now she is preparing to undertake the ultimate challenge for a mezzo: Carmen. "Carmen has been misunderstood," she says. "Why not let a pretty young girl do it? I think I can fit the bill." Go, girl.

—JAMIE JAMES

Carmen knowledge: Mezzo-soprano Jennifer Larmore.


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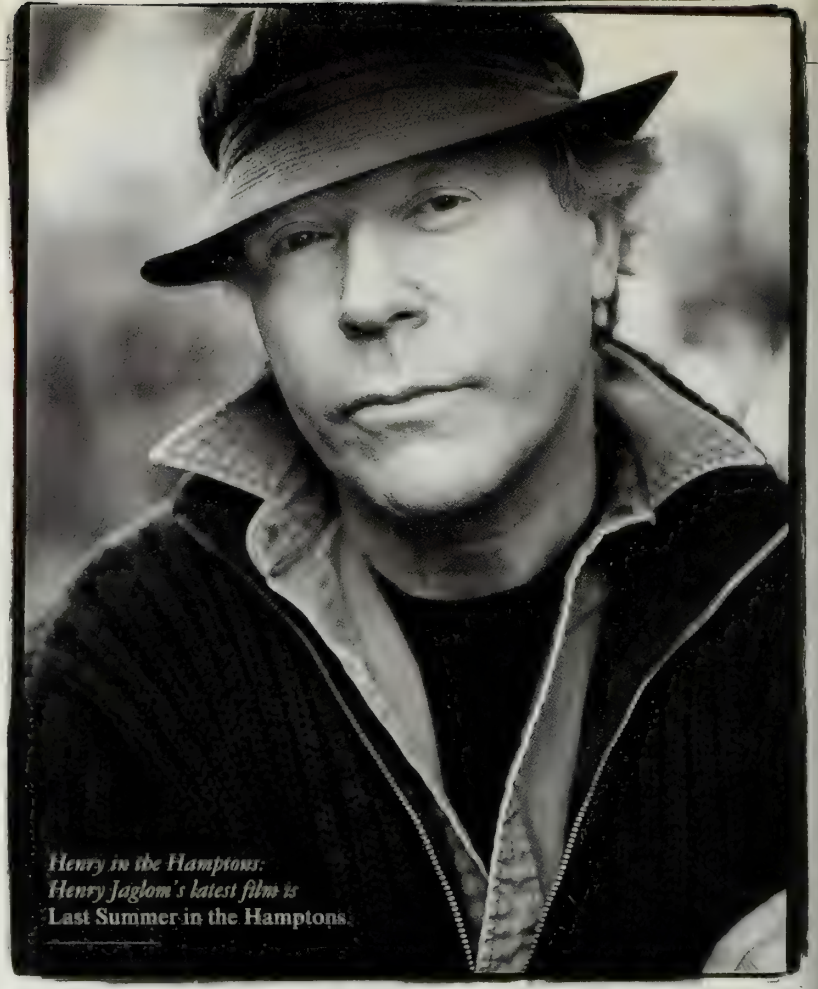
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Jaglom's Edge

Henry Jaglom makes home movies into an art form



Henry in the Hamptons: Henry Jaglom's latest film is Last Summer in the Hamptons.

Henry Jaglom's late father once told him that no one wants to hear about anyone else's problems—"Just tell 'em you're fine," he said—but Henry didn't listen. Concerned neither with box-office grosses nor with critical acclaim, the effusive 54-year-old filmmaker has indulged himself over three decades with self-produced, self-directed, self-acted, self-edited, self-promoted movies which plunge headlong into his microanalysis of life and his yearning for human connection. "Henry," explains director (and cast member of Jaglom's *New Year's Day*) Miloš Forman, "has elevated home movies into an art form."

Jaglom's forthcoming epic, *Last Summer in the Hamptons,* is the 11th feature in his id-driven film cycle. The movie chronicles a theatrical family's final weekend in their for-sale East Hampton retreat; it's the kind of clan where some members comfort a sister who has just attempted suicide while, nearby, others play Scrabble. In keeping with his faux-vérité technique (pregnant women cast as pregnant women, bulimics as bulimics, and so forth), Jaglom shot the film on location while selling his parents' East Hampton home. There are affecting performances from his second wife (and co-screenwriter), Victoria Foyt, Martha Plimpton, and Viveca Lindfors, and *Last Summer* has the typical Jaglomian elements of painful, drawn-out emotions sandwiched between crazy goings-on—the same elements which led one critic to compare those who love Jaglom movies to those who love root canal.

After a privileged upbringing in New York City and Europe (prior to World War II, his Russian-Jewish financier father was the minister for trade and shipping in Gdańsk), 16-year-old Henry began to chronicle his life, keeping journals, recording audiotapes, and later shooting super-8 films—he has 1969 footage of Elizabeth Taylor waiting to play table tennis in Cleveland. It was when he began accompanying his mother to the Dior and Balenciaga couture shows in Paris in the 50s that he fell in love with femininity, which influenced later films such as *Eating* and *Babyfever.* Jaglom's first film, a documentary about the Six-Day War in Israel, caught the attention of producer Bert Schneider, who gave him the job (with Actors Studio pal Jack Nicholson) of helping Dennis Hopper edit *Easy Rider.* He then made *A Safe Place* (1971), starring Nicholson and Tuesday Weld, which bombed in America but played at a Paris theater for seven years. He hasn't stopped since.

After all these years, Jaglom's iconoclastic ways have not waned, although he is appearing in his films as a performer less and less. "Henry is not a good enough actor to play Henry Jaglom," states the entry in David Thomson's *A Biographical Dictionary of Film,* and Jaglom's greatest role is probably that of offscreen friend and mentor. He encourages actors, students, and lonely friends to call him at his cluttered peach-colored editing room on Sunset Boulevard at any hour for liberally dispensed advice. Like his longtime friends Nicholson and Warren Beatty, he revels in late-in-life fatherhood (he and Victoria have two young children). Most notably, the filmmaker attempted to resurrect the career of his friend Orson Welles, whom he cast as a magician in *A Safe Place* and as the wise mentor in *Someone to Love* (Welles's final role). The two men had lunch together at Ma Maison weekly for more than 10 years until Welles's death in 1985, and their encounters were tape-recorded by Jaglom.

"We are taught that the world is full of 'real problems,' that people are starving, there are wars, and how dare you spend your time saying, 'Oh God, I want to be in love'? But the truth of the matter is that we do," Jaglom explains. "And I very much make movies about a culture that does permit itself to express its feelings. And that makes a lot of people uncomfortable."

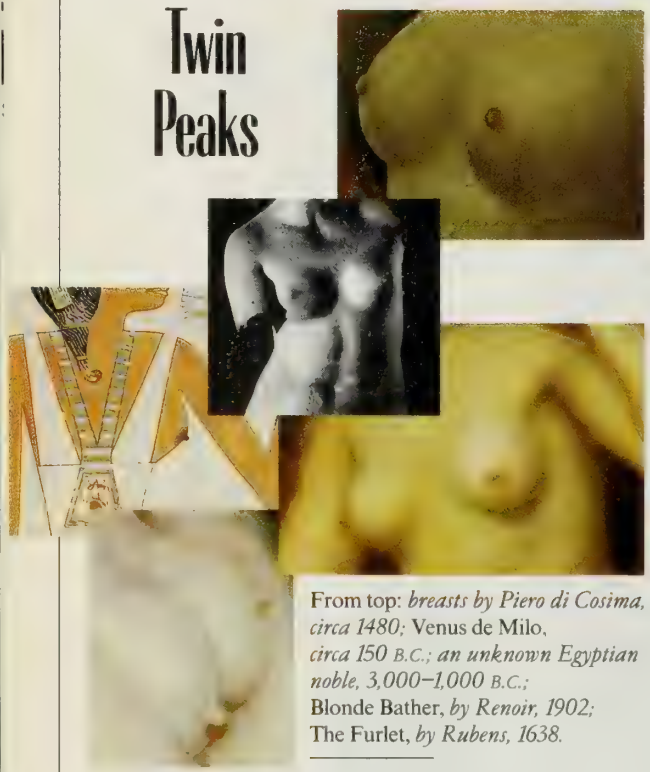
—SUSAN KITTENPLAN



PRADA

Vanities

Twin Peaks



From top: *breasts by Piero di Cosima, circa 1480;* Venus de Milo, *circa 150 B.C.; an unknown Egyptian noble, 3,000–1,000 B.C.;* Blonde Bather, *by Renoir, 1902;* The Furlet, *by Rubens, 1638.*

Breasts rarely get a fair shake in this culture. But *The Breast: An Anthology,* due out in October from Global City Press, is more than just another volume to bury your face in this fall. A collection of writing from such well-knowns as Nora Ephron, Italo Calvino, and Barbara Ehrenreich, as well as newer writers, it covers everything from breast size to the care and feeding, of these high-profile glands. Ephron's 1972 classic, "A Few Words About Breasts," for instance, is a wry confession. "After I went into therapy," she writes, "[it became] possible for me to tell total strangers at cocktail parties that breasts were the hang-up of my life." Has the now considerably more famous Ephron gotten over it? Only her fitter knows for sure.

The question facing the editors, of course, was how to avoid the inevitable titters such a topic could prompt. "We didn't want works that referred to the breast as a piece of fruit or a domestic animal," says Susan Thames, who edited the book with Marin Gazzaniga and Heather Ramsdell. "We wanted to create a book that rescued the breast from these associations." Then, too, they had to deal with the unignorable topic of cancer. Yet even when the subject turns as frightening as that, the anthology remains, well, uplifting. —JAN BRESLAUER

Minimum Cool

For John Pawson there is richness in the void, splendor in what, to chintz maniacs and the thing-addicted, may seem like . . . nothing.

The 46-year-old British designer (he cannot represent himself as an architect because he never bothered to get a degree) has become well known among the world's ever shrinking band of modernists for clean, wide-open rooms where filigree and *objets* are banished.

"Space is the modern equivalent of luxury," says the soft-spoken neo-Miesian, reciting a manifesto he began to develop as a schoolboy. At Eton he was reprimanded for removing all of the furniture from his room and slinging up a hammock for a bed. (The housemaster said he was being "pettily different.")

Until recently, Pawson's fans and patrons have been limited to hard-core Less Is More believers (including Charles Saatchi and his ex-wife, Doris). But now masses from various aesthetic persuasions will become familiar with his rigorous emptiness when the large, Pawson-designed Calvin Klein store opens on Madison Avenue in New York this month. Housed on four levels of a 1927 neoclassical building once occupied by J. P. Morgan, the ethereal pantheon to Calvin has been paved in sandstone and fitted with display racks fashioned from sandblasted steel. Other than the clothes (which, of course, tend toward the beige), there is little else. "When you look at the façade you just see a temple with single panes of glass rising 34 feet between the pillars," says Pawson. "It's meant to be the world of Calvin Klein." Though, he adds, "Calvin jokes that if it were up to him and me we wouldn't have any clothes in it." —MATTHEW TYRNAUER





John Pawson, designer of the new Calvin Klein store in New York City; and, above, a view of the store's first floor, which houses Klein women's collection.



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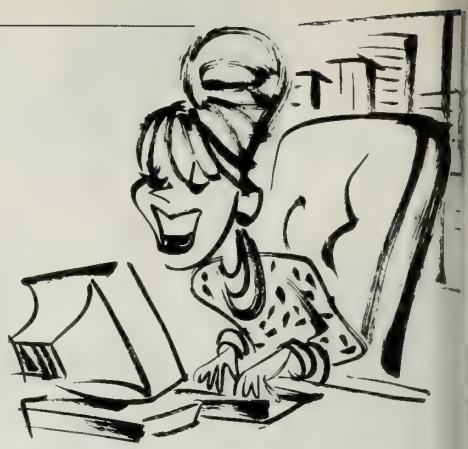
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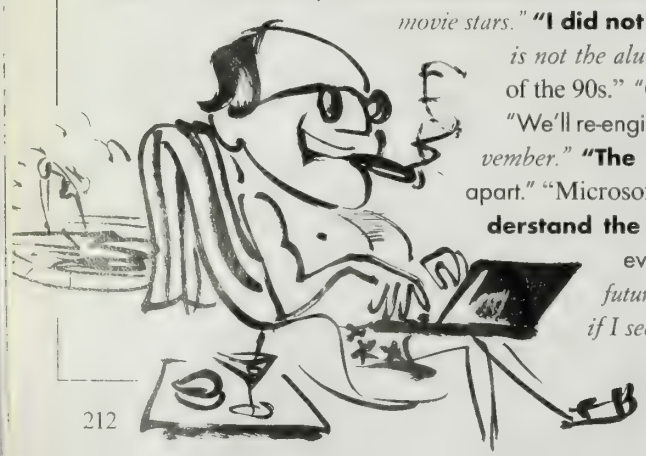


C: \1 "Welcome to the future." *"The future begins tomorrow."* **"The future starts today."** "There's a billion-dollar market for interactive TV." "There's a billion-dollar market for movies on demand." *"There's a billion dollars to be made on the information superhighway."* **"America is becoming a service economy."** "The world is a global market." **"We're moving to the paperless office."** "The computer increases productivity." **"We're going to have 500 channels."** *"You'll be able to order anything on-line."* "We're going to have to re-wire America." "It's going to be the end of newspapers." **"The future is satellites."** "The future is cable." **"The future is telephone."** "The future is fiber optics." "The future is CD-ROM." **"The future is broadcast TV."** "But distribution is key." *"We have to go on-line."* **"We have to buy a network."** "We have to form a strategic alliance with the Baby Bells." **"We have to get in business with Eisner."** "But the real future is China." "The future is here." **"The future is now."** "But content is king."

C: \2 "We expect to have 200,000 subscribers by the end of the month." **"A million subscribers by the end of the year."** *"Ten million by the end of the century."* **"It's educational software."** "It's a killer application." "We intend to be the toll taker on the information superhighway." *"We only need $500 million to get started."* **"The software will ship by the end of September."** "You won't have to upgrade your hardware." "There's no learning curve." "It's plug and play." *"We're meeting with DreamWorks next week."* **"Sumner Redstone wants in."** "Murdoch says he's interested." "Malone is prepared to invest." **"Bill Gates loves the idea."** "Al Gore has endorsed it." **"Warren Buffett is investing his own money."** "And Barry Diller is thinking about running the company." "Mickey Schulhof *must* know what he's doing." "Larry Tisch *must* have had a plan." **"So I told Ovitz . . . "** *"On paper, the deal makes sense."* **"We're going to have synergy."** "We're going to have convergence." "We're lining up financing in Europe." "We're lining up factories in Malaysia." *"The software is being coded in India."* **"The Japanese are behind us 100 percent."** "Intel is ready to start shipping the chips." "Of course, there'll have to be some restructuring." *"We'll retrain the workers."* **"I'll send you an E-mail."** "I'll reconfirm by fax." **"The debt won't be a problem."** "We can trust the investment bankers to keep quiet about it." **"The deal is a no-brainer."** *"Letting the phone companies go into the TV business will definitely lower the price of phone service."* "Letting the cable companies compete with the phone companies will definitely lower the price of cable." **"Either way, the consumer wins."**

C: \3 **"It's a done deal."** "It's just a tiny glitch in the software." "We're just a little off our target." "It's just a niggling point in the deal." **"The Justice Department just wants to look at the documents."** "I swear the leak didn't come from CAA." "The software will definitely ship by the end of October." **"The minute people try it, they'll understand why they need it."** "Thirty million dollars is not excessive for lawyers' fees." *"No one is going to criticize your bonus package."* **"The leak didn't come from Lazard Frères."** "We don't endorse violent or sexist content." "To restrict what our artists say would be censorship." *"It's a parental problem."* **"It's a societal problem."** "I say let the market decide." "I did not sell my shares in DuPont because I wanted to meet movie stars." *"I did not break up ITT because I wanted to meet movie stars."* **"I did not buy CBS because I had no idea what else to do."** *"Multimedia is not the aluminum-siding business of the 90s."* "The Internet is not the C.B. radio of the 90s." "Convergence is not the est of the 90s." **"We'll restructure the debt."** "We'll re-engineer the company." *"The software will definitely ship by the end of November."* **"The Internet is pulling us all together."** "The Internet is pushing us all apart." "Microsoft will never make the same mistakes as IBM." **"If you want to understand the future, talk to a 12-year-old boy."** "By the end of the decade, everyone will be on-line." *"I've seen the future."* "The future is here." *"The future is now."* **"The future is Disney."** "But content is king." *"I'm not sure if I see the value in all of this."* **"You will."**

—BRUCE FEIRSTEIN



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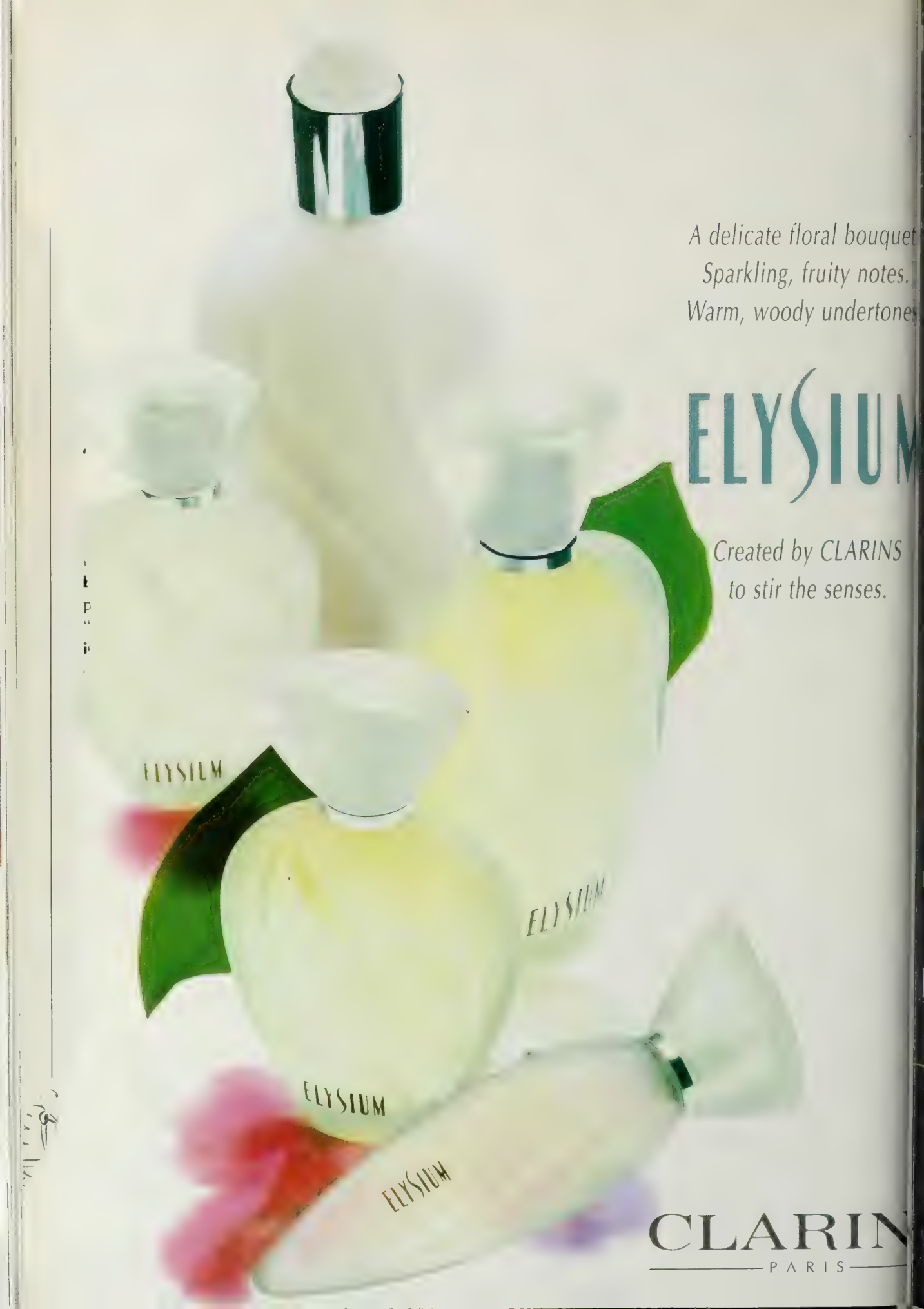
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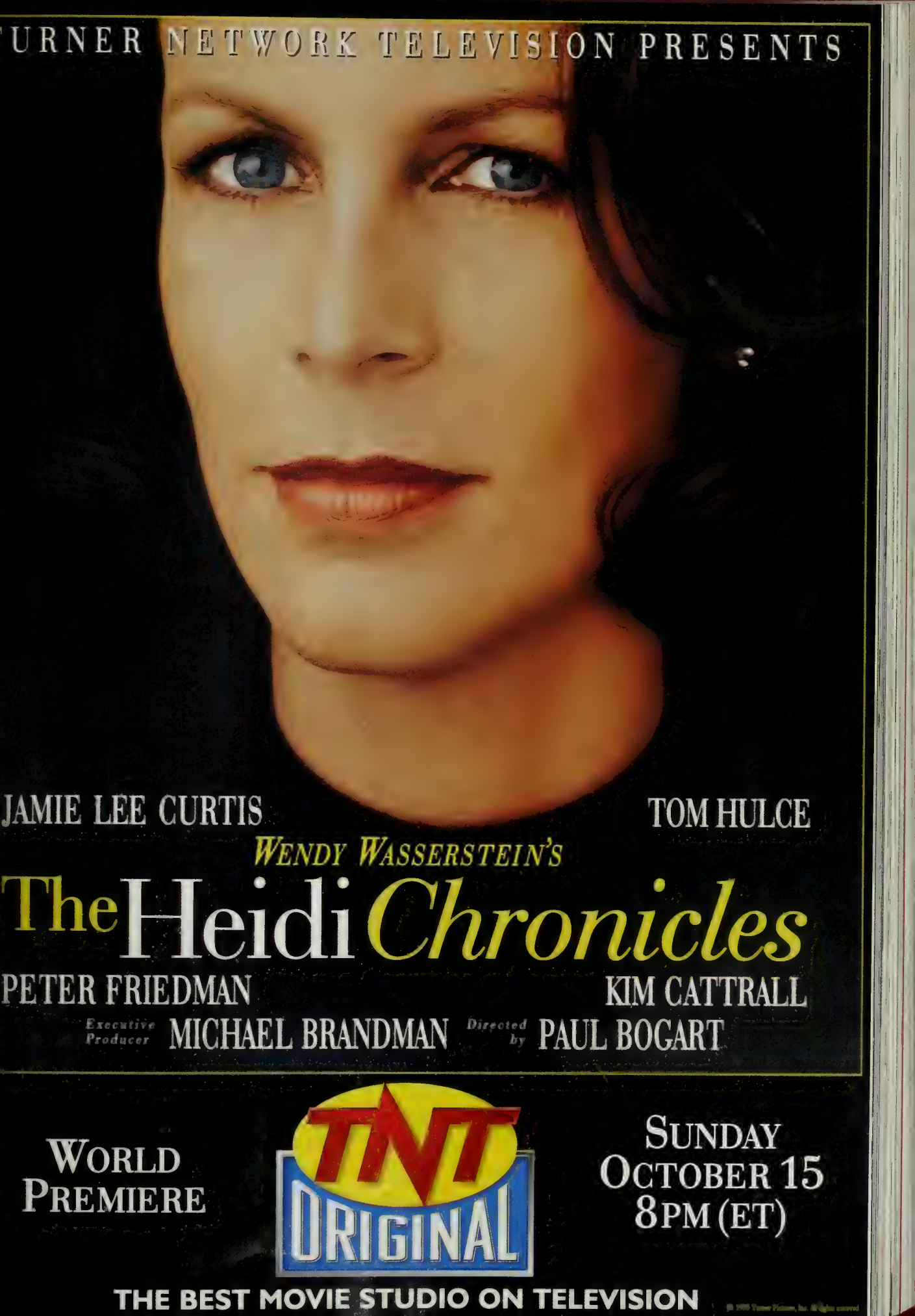
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Heidi's heroines: Wendy Wasserstein poses with the actresses and behind-the-scenes women on the production. "I was hoping the photograph would be evidence that there are more opportunities these days for women in the movie business," says Jamie Lee Curtis.

Can *The* Heidi *Chronicles* Have It All?

Jamie Lee Curtis is standing on the corner of a Hollywood studio back lot, waiting to shoot a critical scene for *The Heidi Chronicles*, the long-awaited screen adaptation of Wendy Wasserstein's smash Broadway hit. A curious tourist happens by and summons the courage to ask the actress what she's filming. "Oh, you're playing Heidi Fleiss. You look a lot like her," says the man. "Thank you very much," Curtis offers politely. "This is the scene where Heidi Fleiss is in college and she's just getting the idea to start turning tricks."

Curtis, of course, isn't playing Heidi Fleiss, but rather Heidi Holland, whose poignant story first wowed Broadway audiences back in 1988, when the madam was still a minor. Still, one can't help but think of the challenges of making *The Heidi Chronicles* in a town where people hear the name Heidi and instantly think madam. "When most studio executives hear someone has a great idea for an episodic dramatic comedy about a feminist art historian," explains Wasserstein, who wrote the teleplay, "they don't exactly say, 'Honey, here's forty million dollars.' "

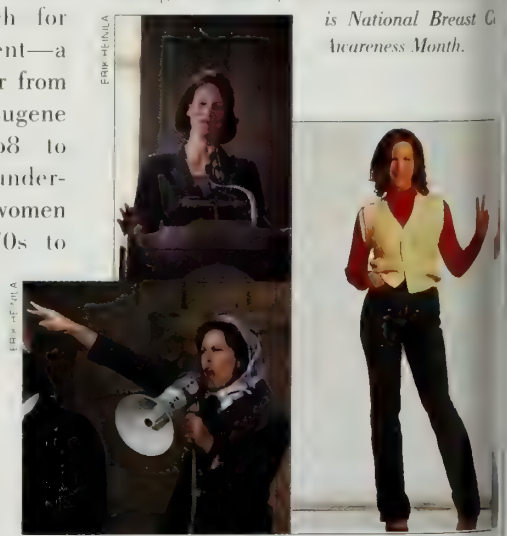
> *"When studio executives hear someone has a great idea for a dramatic comedy about a feminist art historian, they don't exactly say, 'Honey, here's forty million dollars.' "*

While Hollywood prizes scripts that can be watered down into high-concept pitches (twenty-five words or less), *The Heidi Chronicles* is "a story so multi-layered," says Curtis, "that it's hard to be specific about one thing it's about." Just what, then, is it about? "It's the story of a woman, a generation, and Heidi's coming of age," says Wasserstein. "Central to Heidi's life is the belief that all people deserve to fulfill their potential, and the burning question, 'Can a woman have it all?' "

That question leads Heidi on a search for personal fulfillment—a quest that takes her from campaigning for Eugene McCarthy in 1968 to protesting the under-representation of women artists in the 1970s to establishing a new life in New York City in the 1980s. Spanning three decades, it's an epic story. And, it's a woman's story, something that rarely gets brought to the screen. "As long as you can go into a room in Hollywood and someone says, 'I can't make it, it's about girls,' " Wasserstein explains, "it's not over."

As Heidi makes her television debut, the question is, "Can *The Heidi Chronicles* have it all?" an intimate stage play that virtually every major award—from Tony to the Pulitzer—have m appeal too? Wasserstein doesn't s concerned. "I just hope that people haven't seen their lives reflected television before can say, 'That's That's my life,' " says the screenwr Adds Curtis: "I just hope a lot of pe watch it. Without question, it's the part I've ever had to play."

Turner Network Television is partne with the National Alliance of Breast C Organizations (NABCO) to send a breast h message to viewers of The Heidi Chronicles. *Oc is National Breast C Awareness Month.*



Period fashion victim: Curtis as she appears in the three decades spanned by the production. "Jeans fit a certain w back in the '70s," says the actress. "They don't make 'em they used to."



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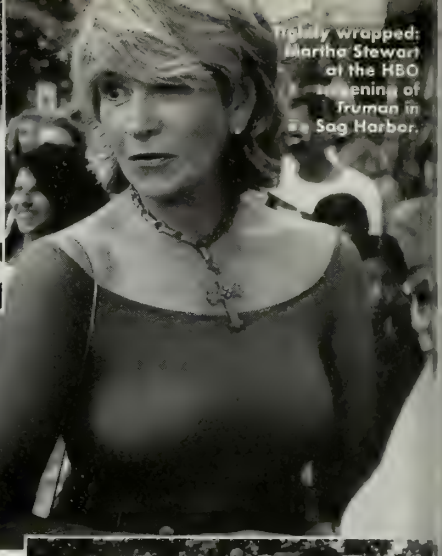
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Vanities



Marilyn Berger and Nora Ephron at a party for Peter Maas's book *Killer Spy*.

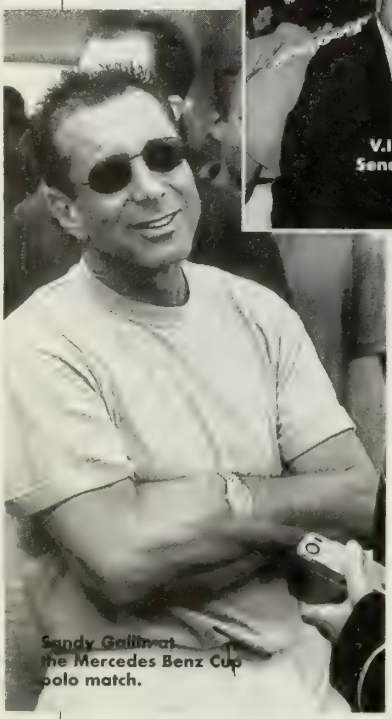


Totally wrapped: Martha Stewart at the HBO screening of *Truman* in Sag Harbor.



V.I.P. entrance: Senator-socialite Al D'Amato at *Truman*.

V.E. Camera



Sandy Gallin at the Mercedes Benz Cup polo match.

Hamptons Babylon

The year that Hollywood came to the haute Hamptons turned out to be much like any other. Those Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse Martha Stewart, Mort Zuckerman, Jerry Della Femina, and Peggy Siegal were everywhere. This was the summer that Al D'Amato and Claudia Cohen were a couple, Marvin and Barbara Davis were renters, and polo returned to the Hamptons. So did native son Chevy Chase. Pat Kluge took over the part played by Melanie Griffith last year: single female renter (same role, different house). Hot tickets included Paul Simon's annual benefit concert in



Literary dizzy: book writ... loops—old habits die hard) ahem, author Shirley Lord greets Liz Robbins. Terrence Maas is resting on father Peter's shoulders.

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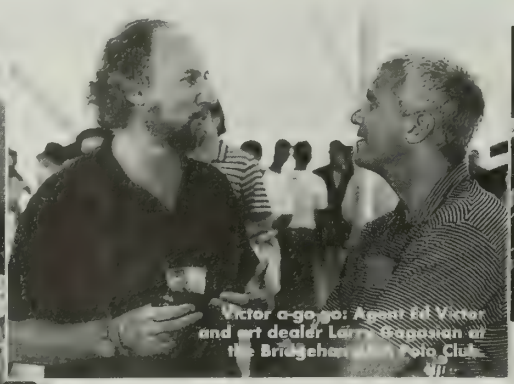
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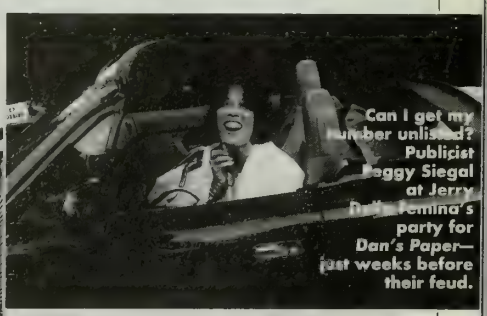
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Polo by Calvin Klein: Kelly and Calvin Klein take in the Van Cleef & Arpels Cup polo match.

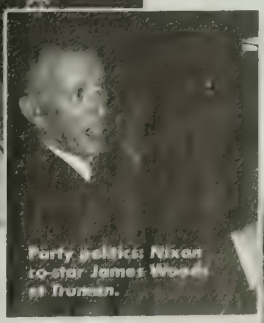


Victor a-go-go: Agent Ed Victor and art dealer Larry Gagosian at the Bridgehampton Polo Club.



Can I get my number unlisted? Publicist Peggy Siegal at Jerry Della Femina's party for Dan's Paper—just weeks before their feud.

Montauk, Mickey Schulhof's huge hoedown, Warner LeRoy's optimistic 25th-wedding-anniversary party, George Soros's 65th-birthday cruise, Marty Richards's dancers in the afternoon, and Jane Wenner's beach birthday party for her son, with proud father Jann in attendance. —DEBORAH MITCHELL



Party politics: Nixon co-star James Woods at Truman.



But carry a big mallet: Stephanie Seymour carries Peter Brant Jr., while her older son, Dylan, runs to Peter Brant's polo match. Peter, Seymour and Tayo Pamela speak softly at the Bridgehampton Polo Club while Dylan looks on.



Photographs by DAFYDD JONES

Vanities

Shear Shackelford



Designer Katherine Shackelford with a model, who is wearing one of her Ingrid Bergman–inspired ensembles.

Fashion designer Katherine Shackelford decided to create an updated style for the daytime dress after watching Ingrid Bergman wear many of them with great ease in the 1939 romantic tearjerker *Intermezzo*.

"Ingrid Bergman is my *heroine*," she explains. "I wanted the elegance of a dress, but the comfort of throwing it on and walking out the door without feeling too dressed up."

Shackelford's clean, well-defined shapes reflect Brooks Brothers tradition with an Agnès B. twist—fitted jumpers in satin wool gabardine, Empire-style dresses in Italian men's cotton shirting, collared polo dresses in wool jersey. The clothes retail (for under $200) in 30 stores around the country, including Barneys New York's Madison Avenue and Beverly Hills stores.

After receiving her art-history degree from the University of Wisconsin, Shackelford, now 29, became a knit assistant for the men's-design department of Ralph Lauren. It was Lauren's classic look and attention to detail that inspired her to take a yearlong couture-dressmaking course at the exclusive Maison Sapho in Manhattan. Two years ago, she called on New York buyers on her own, with six handsewn daytime dresses, executed in her Upper West Side studio apartment.

Shackelford's signature is her distinctive choice of fabrics. Last spring, she rented a convertible in Europe to explore the centuries-old textile mills of Switzerland, France, Spain, and Northern Italy for the novelty plaids and rich solids which permeate her fall '95 and spring '96 collections. "Long-term, I would like to design my own fabrics," she says, "so that people will see the clothes and say, 'That's a Shackelford.'"

—S.K.



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Vanities

The Randy Man



Devilish pursuits: Randy Newman, who has written a rock-musical version of Faust.

Randy Newman has been talking about his rock musical, *Faust,* for so long that fans were beginning to wonder if he was *ever* going to finish the damned thing. But this blasphemously funny, West Coast–rock vanity project has arrived at just the right moment. What better commentary could there be on the hellish infighting at Warner Music Group than a Newman musical about making a deal with the Devil?

The show premieres this month in California at the La Jolla Playhouse with a non–celebrity cast. But Newman has also gathered musical friends for a dream-team cast album, due out at the same time. In this virtual-reality version, James Taylor plays God unplugged, and Don Henley is a hard-rock Faust. Elton John is an angel. Linda Ronstadt is the good girl, Bonnie Raitt the not-so-good girl. Newman, of course, is the Devil. So it's not surprising that his version of *Faust* is more like a buddy movie involving the Lord and Satan.

While Newman has been plotting *Faust* for more than a decade, it wasn't until last year that he diverted enough time from his day job—writing songs for movie sound tracks, including several tunes for the upcoming Disney film *Toy Story*—to complete it. He says that if the long-awaited show isn't well received, "I can go right to Mexico." But if he manages to give it a life, he could have a new career writing musicals. And he already has some ideas about what he'd do next. "I think it would be funny to do Wagner's 'Ring' cycle," he says. But, then, another Warner's artist already thought of that one. And who wants to compete with Bugs Bunny?

—STEPHEN FRIED

Night-table Reading

Christine Todd Whitman, *governor of New Jersey:*
Paul Revere's Ride, *by David Hackett Fisher (Oxford).* *"I enjoy historical fiction—it gives you perspective on what's going on today."*





Cynthia Rowley, *designer:*
Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. *"It's a book I can pick up and lose my place in, or read for the 10 minutes I can stay awake, and still be entertained while learning a little something."*

Steve Allen, *entertainer:*
Genius: The Life and Science of Richard Feynman, *by James Gleick (Vintage).* *"It's a truly fascinating account of the ideas and accomplishments of one of the most remarkable minds of all time."*





Blaine Trump, *fund-raiser:*
Freedom at Midnight, *by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre (Simon & Schuster).* *"A very powerful and action-packed re-creation of the eclipse of the British Raj and birth of India and Pakistan."*

Jonny Dangerously

Moonlighting with Jon Bon Jovi

In the 80s, Jon Bon Jovi made great strides in the New Jersification of American rock. This month, music's most important hair victim makes his acting debut in the Whoopi Goldberg–Kathleen Turner vehicle, *Moonlight and Valentino.* GEORGE WAYNE caught up with Bon Jovi (whose eponymous band recently released its sixth studio album, *These Days*) during a break in his world tour.

George Wayne: *So Bon Jovi has a big part in* Moonlight and Valentino. *Did you have to audition for the part?*

Jon Bon Jovi: Yes. I was the last guy they wanted in the role, so I went through the audition process, and the callback process, until I got it.

G.W. *You're up against some major players, Whoopi Goldberg and Kathleen Turner. Your balls must have been churning with fright.*

J.B.J. No.

G.W. *No?*

J.B.J. Why should they? I did a movie, it was a great outlet. The process wasn't a hard one at all.

G.W. *Well, obviously you've done a good job, because you've just landed the lead in another film, called* The Leading Man. *It's an erotic thriller, so there'll be a lot of sex in this. Does the thought of sex scenes before thousands frighten you?*

J.B.J. It's basically what I do for a living.

G.W. *When you were a child did you get teased by other kids about the fact that your father was a hairdresser?*

J.B.J. No. At least he had a job.

G.W. *Is that why hair is so important in your life?*

J.B.J. No. Boy, this interview is really deep, huh?

G.W. *Well, we have to talk about your hair, Jon! The hair is a very integral part of Jon Bon Jovi.*

J.B.J. You're fucked. No way.

G.W. *You had the poodle cut in the 80s. How would you describe the fabulous new Jon Bon Jovi hairstyle of the 90s?*

J.B.J. [*Long pause.*] I have no idea.

G.W. *Are you in a bad mood?*

J.B.J. No, your interview is fucking awful.

G.W. *Well, you have to face all kinds of questioning, Jon. Your hair is part of your whole image and appeal. People like your hair and your music.*

J.B.J. That's your opinion. Go ahead.

G.W. *You must really be in a bad mood.*

J.B.J. No, I just think the line of questioning for such a magazine . . .

G.W. *What do you want me to ask you? The deep significance of the Bon Jovi rock anthem "Always"?*

J.B.J. Yeah.

G.W. *Tell me.*

J.B.J. I wrote it for a movie called *Romeo Is Bleeding.* I didn't like the film enough, so I pulled the song and released it on the greatest-hits album. Interestingly enough, a lot of people really related to the song. And of all the singles in my life, that's been the biggest one ever.

G.W. *I hear you've started to build your version of Graceland out in the New Jersey forest.*

J.B.J. [*Laughs.*] No.

G.W. *As a teenager—all right, I'm getting personal again, O.K.? As a teenager, you were this pretty little boy who used to be preyed upon by much older women. Is that true?*

J.B.J. There are some stories that have happened, yeah.

G.W. *So what did you learn from those chickenhawks?*

J.B.J. [*Laughs.*] That's the best thing you've said so far. I didn't learn anything. It was fun, it was fine, it was true.

G.W. *And despite the bad hair and the bad wardrobe, you've survived?*

J.B.J. That's right.

G.W. *Have you ever thought about waxing your chest?*

J.B.J. No.

G.W. *O.K., Jon, I'll let you go.*




YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THEY'D ALL BE
DRINKING WHITE WINE.
ITALY
CAMPARI
CAMPARI®
As distinctive as those who drink it.
Campari and soda.
1995 Campari Aperitivo, 24% Alc. by Vol.
The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ

C.B. or Not C.B.

Is the Internet the C.B. radio of the 90s?

To those of us who can remember the 70s, the current hoopla surrounding the Internet is likely to give rise to an overwhelming sense of déjà vu. All the buzzwords—new frontier, unregulated, accessible, empowerment, democratic, community—have a very familiar ring to them. Get your ears on, good buddy. As has been observed, the Internet is uncannily similar to C.B. radio; only this time the road warriors are on-line rather than on-air. —TOBY YOUNG

C.B. = INTERNET

18-wheeler = PowerBook
Breaker one-nine = Log on
Handle = Screen name
Trucker = Netsurfer
Good ol' boy = Hacker
Stick shift = Mouse
Antenna = Modem
"Hey there, good buddy" = :-)
Interstate = Infobahn
Channel 19 = America Online
Coors = Jolt Cola
Country & Western = Techno
Gilley's = Cyber Café
Radio Shack = CompUSA
Frequency = Bandwidth
F.C.C. = Netiquette
Truck stops = Bulletin boards
Highway patrol = Room moderators
Nashville = Silicon Valley
Firebird jacket = Pocket protector
Flippin' the bird = Flaming
B.J. and the Bear = TV's *Weird Science*
Sally Field in *Smokey and the Bandit* = Sandra Bullock in *The Net*
Betty Ford ("First Mama") = Courtney Love (Lilacs00@aol.com)
Rand McNally truckers' atlas = Netscape
Truck-stop hooker = Cybersex
Tollbooths = Phone bills
Put the hammer down = ISDN line
"Convoy," by C. W. McCall = *Microserfs*, by Douglas Coupland
"Keep on truckin'" = "May the Force be with you"
"I'm gone" = "Game over"



Burt Reynolds = Bill Gates



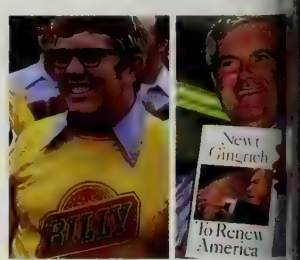
Guns & Ammo* = *Wired



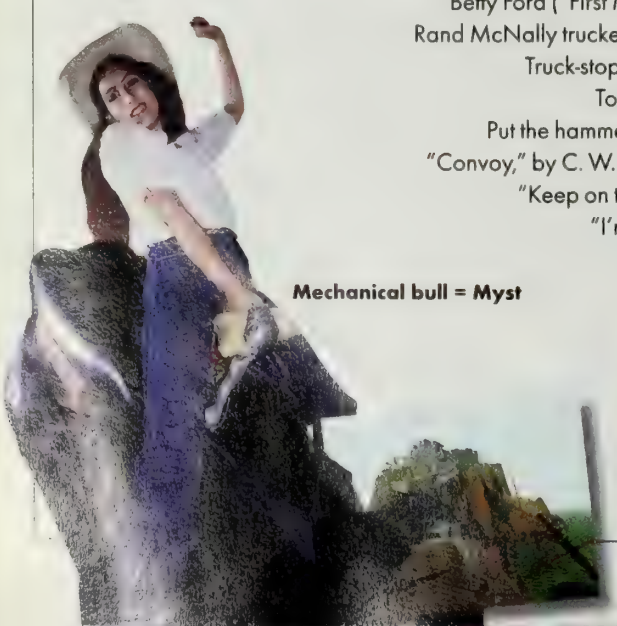
Dolly Parton = Tank Girl



Sheriff Buford T. Justice = The Unabomber



Billy Carter = Newt Gingrich



Mechanical bull = Myst



The Dukes of Hazzard* = *Star Trek: The Next Generation



ALPH LAUREN COLLECTION

RALPH LAUREN

COLLECTION



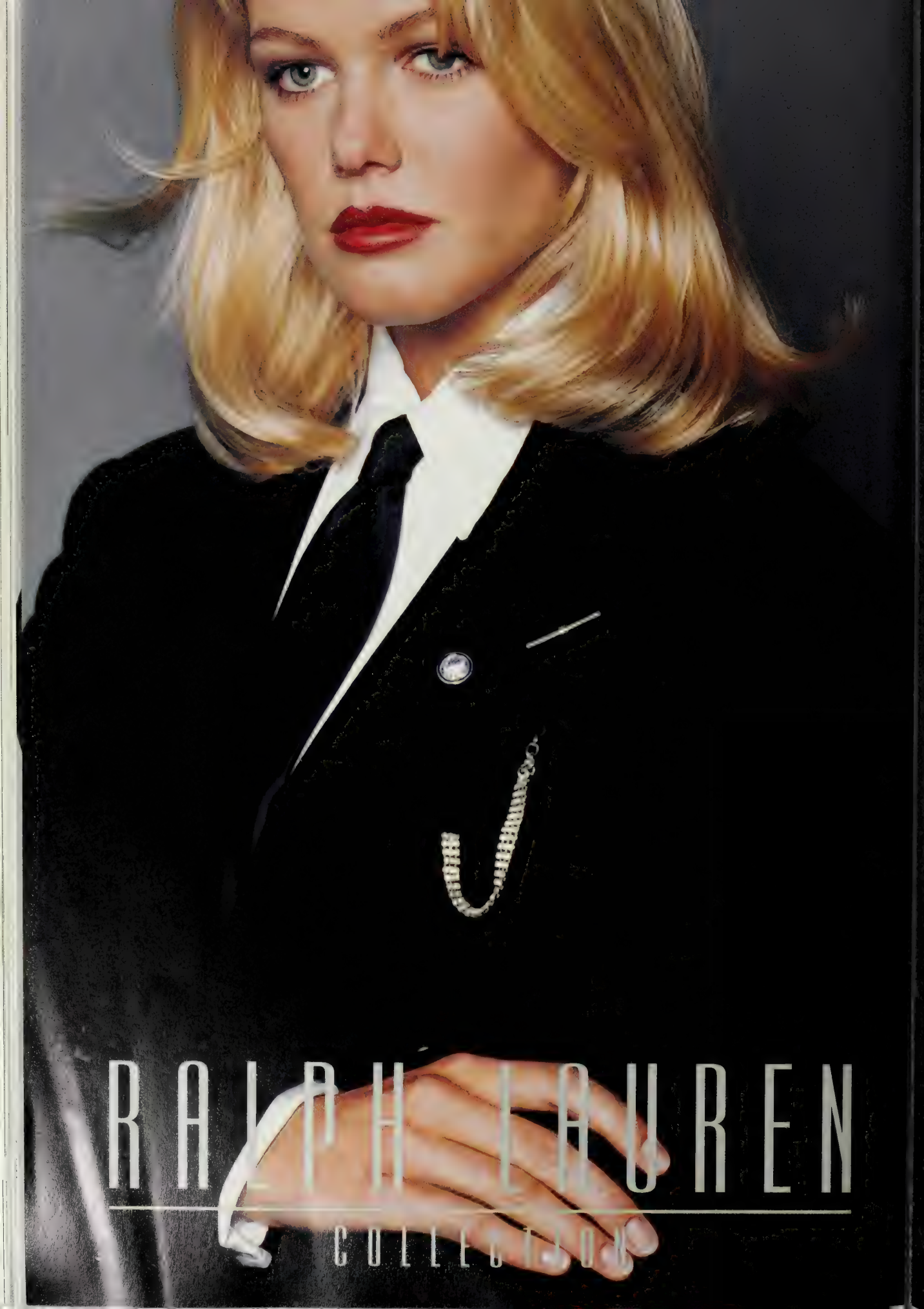


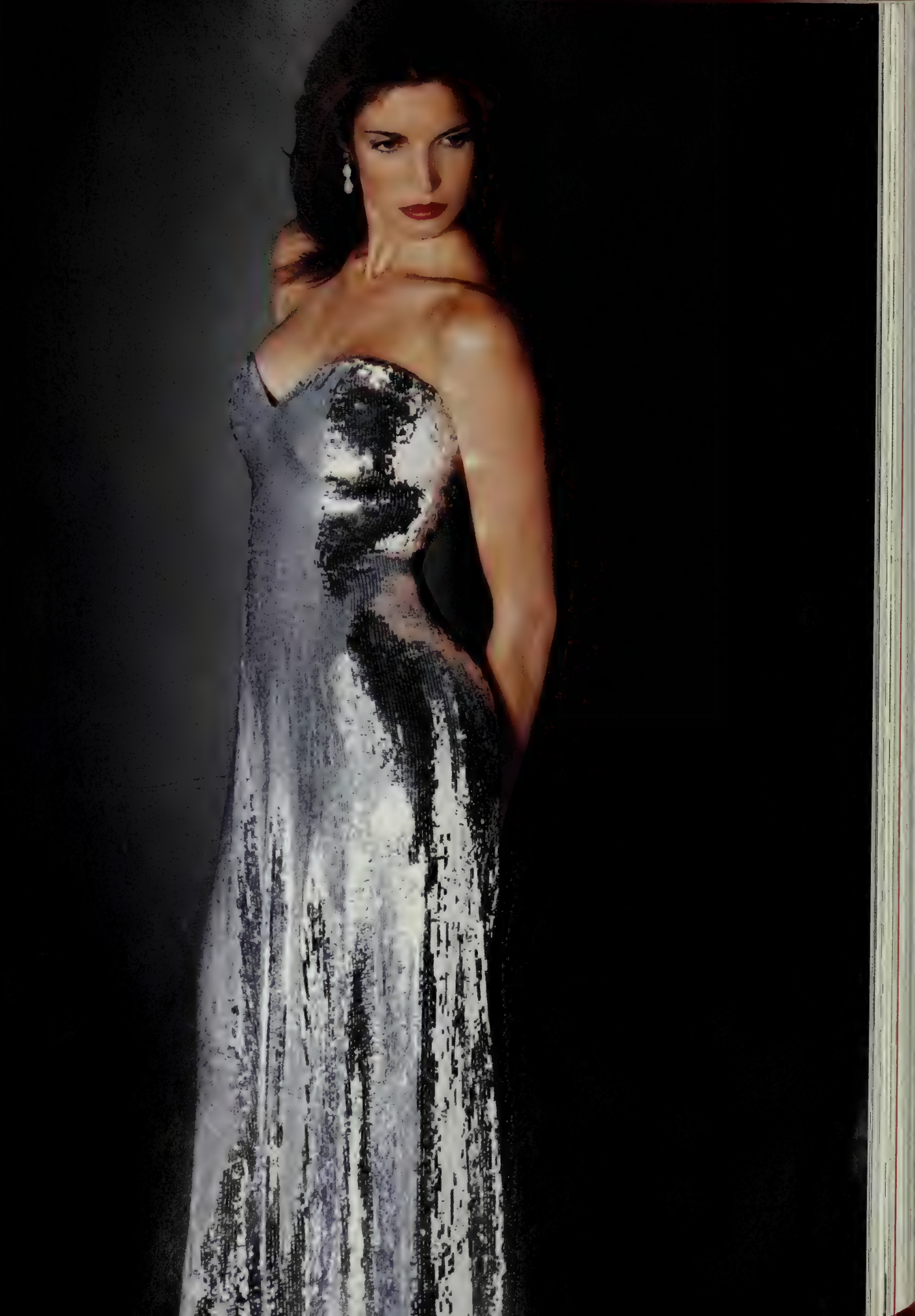
RALPH LAUREN

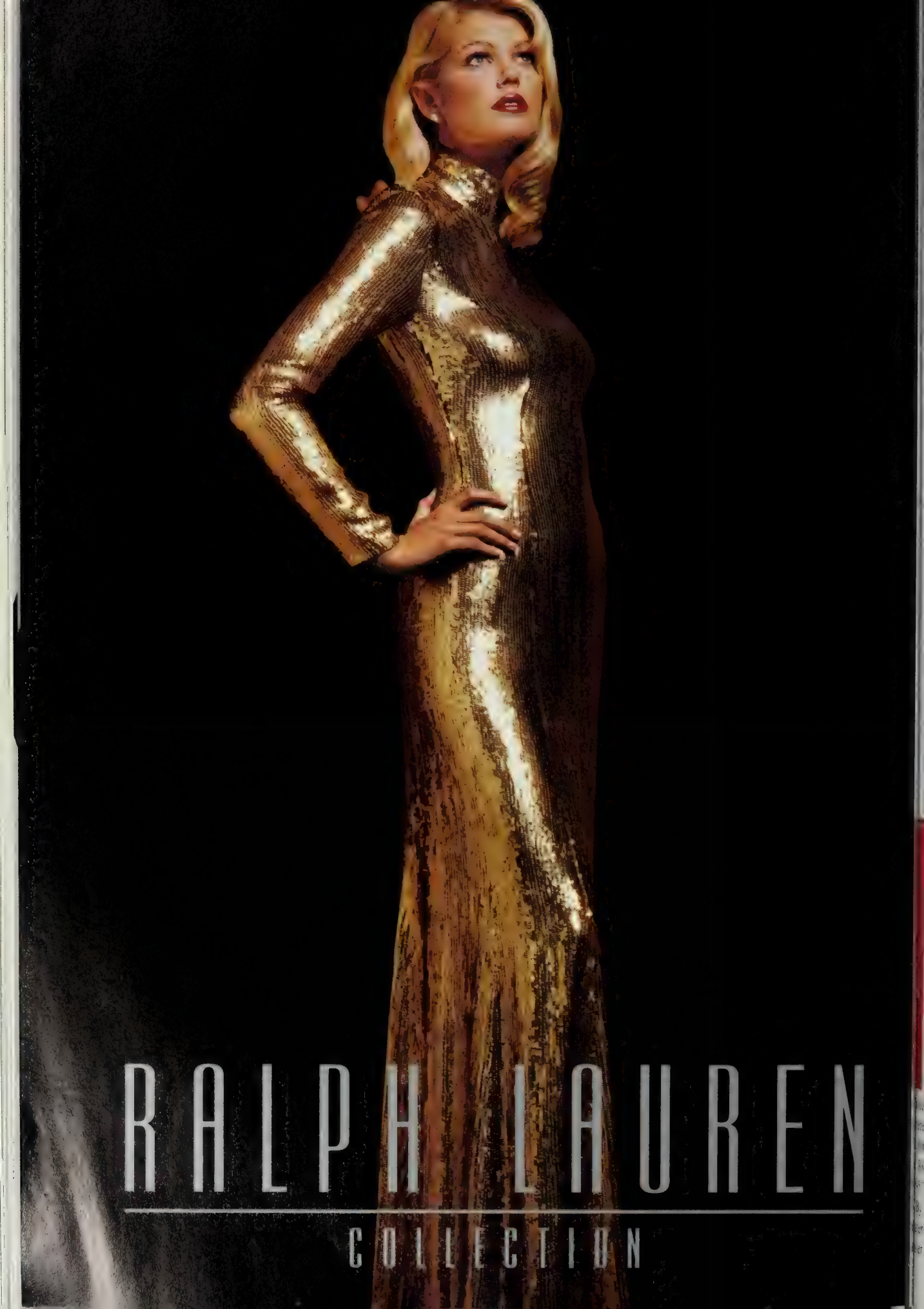
COLLECTION






RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION




RALPH LAUREN
COLLECTION

VANITY FAIR
OCTOBER 1995

War hero, political outsider, racial healer—Colin Powell appears to be a dream presidential candidate, beating out Clinton in the polls. Since his service as the first African-American chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, his life and image have become potent symbols. But is the real Powell any match for his legend?

MARJORIE WILLIAMS reports

THE GREAT BLACK HOPE



Colin Powell waving to the cheering crowd at a Desert Storm "Welcome Home" parade in Chicago, May 10, 1991.

t's been a long, hard day of inspiration in the ace of Auburn Hills, the neo-Aztec sports arena ere the Detroit Pistons play their home games. Some 00 people slump in the seats they've paid an average $80 apiece to occupy as participants in "Success 5," an all-day motivational seminar.

By five o'clock, the audience has heard from Olympic ter Bonnie Blair, chat-*meister* Larry King, sports broad- er Ernie Harwell, and motivation coach Zig Ziglar. Sales guru Tom Hopkins has walked them through the Seven C's of Customer Service, and conference organizer Peter Lowe, a peppy young redhead with an Eddie Haskell manner, has offered them some Biblical Affirmations that helped him to enlist Jesus in his own success (and invited them to "pre-invest, for 11 months, for $99.95 plus shipping and handling," in the "SuccessTalk" tapes his firm also markets). The very air in the arena feels spent when finally Lowe introduces the day's top draw: Colin Luther

Powell, poster child for the brand of wishful thinking that has brought this crowd to this place.

A zaftig blonde singer belts out Lee Greenwood's Reagan-era anthem of national pride, "God Bless the U.S.A." Red, white, and blue spotlights play over the crowd, and fireworks suddenly erupt on the arena's stage. At last Powell—a natty figure in a good blue suit—bounds lightly up to the podium, a happy accomplice in this carnival patriotism. "I tell you," he begins, "if that doesn't make your heart go pitty-pat, you ought to lie down and get someone to throw some dirt on you, 'cause you're *dead.*"

From that moment, the crowd is reawakened, happy, and eating from Powell's hand. Listening, one understands why the general finds himself discussed, promoted, even venerated as the next Eisenhower, a wild-card candidate for the presidency. At 58 he is a remarkably personable man—gracious and funny, self-possessed in a way that is rare in any business. Unlike almost anyone else in the defense establishment, somber breeding ground for self-importance, he is unafraid to reach for notes of feeling and compassion; unlike almost anyone practicing politics today, he can speak of the spirit and the family without seeming to recite cynical boilerplate.

"One of the reasons people talk about him," says G.O.P. political consultant David Keene, "is that they can look at him and see him as a president. That's a very important quality, and he's got it, no question about it. It's one of those necessary-but-not-sufficient things that go into the mix."

For about 45 minutes, Powell speaks in soaring terms of Communism's death, of his pride in the young men and women who fought the Persian Gulf War, and of the urgent need to turn to the mending of America's social fabric. Implicitly, he appeals for racial healing, and issues a call to conscience. "We cannot enjoy what we have if others do not share in our good fortune," he says, sounding as if he means it. It is only when he has finished speaking that you find yourself groping to think of anything remotely memorable in his remarks.

At this point Powell's "candidacy" is mostly the fevered creation of a political press corps starved, a full year in advance of the 1996 election, for something to call news. Yet polls show him beating Clinton in a head-to-head race in which Powell is the Republican nominee, and running strongly against Clinton and Republican Bob Dole were he to campaign as an independent. Other polls, designed to measure more generally Powell's level of appeal, conclude that he is the most widely admired political figure in America, whether the respondents are liberal, conservative, or in between.

"At a time when distrust of politicians is at a record high, he is an example of personal integrity and trust," says Andrew Kohut, director of the Times Mirror Center for the People & the Press, which has polled extensively about Powell. "The downside is that people don't know a damned thing about what he stands for."

It is almost a truism, by now, that Powell represents a sort of pleasant fantasy—a blank page onto which, lacking information about his opinions on the knotty issues of the day, we can all cast our fondest hopes. Powell himself m have said it best: "Some people," he said jokingly last fa "refer to me now as the political Forrest Gump."

But there is much to learn from asking just what itch is that Colin Powell scratches. The enthusiasm for Pow goes beyond a perception that he's a war hero and sy bol of a military that has rebuilt itself in the wake of Vi nam to become one of the most esteemed institutions America. Powell's history as the first black chairman the Joint Chiefs of Staff makes him a politically ideal co struct: the conservatism suggested by his army career b ances out any liberalism hinted at by his skin color—a vice versa. His long service at the top levels of the defen bureaucracy makes him seem reliable enough for the pr idency, while his complete innocence of political offi lends him the "outsider" quality that tops all other virtu in voters' minds today.

Nowhere is Powell's anodyne excellence mo attractive than in the area of race, where l carries an especially powerful—and mixed message. In a year when the Supreme Cou has made historic rulings against race-base remedies for discrimination, and affirmati action is the hottest of political hot button his life proves anything you want it to. Po ell is cited by some as proof that affirmati action isn't needed—and by others as ev dence of how well it works. His potential racial healer is hailed, in both good and ba faith; it is also exaggerated, as suggested b the existence of two Republican draft-Po ell movements in Washington, one of them led by black one of them by whites, each group certain it holds th key to the true Colin Powell.

In fact, there is very little reason to think that Powe will run for president next year. "I would give you a hu dred-to-one shot that he's not going to run," says a goo friend. "It's a huge risk. And it's a risk he doesn't nee to take."

Yet Powell, with a reported $6 million book advance t earn out, has seen an advantage in passively encouragin the various activists who are talking him up. These drea ers feel that his five-week, 22-city book tour will be th perfect launch for a presidential campaign, but it can't hav escaped the cagey general that the reverse is also true: a this presidential talk is sure to sell some books.

Master synergist, Powell is already using his speeches (fo which he gets paid up to $60,000) to plug *My America Journey.* "I've spent the last year and a half working on m memoirs," Powell tells his Detroit audience at the end o his talk. "It'll tell the story of a young kid, a young blac kid, born in Harlem, raised in the South Bronx, who in th great country was able to rise—even in an age of segreg tion, of Jim Crow—to a very high position in the arme forces of the United States. And I hope it will be read a a story of what you can do in this great country."

But in order to regard Colin Powell as a racial Ever man, up from destitution with a vision that might tran

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



THE POWELL OF MYTH

Colin Powell photographed in Washington, D.C., on June 8, 1991. There are two draft-Powell movements in Washington—one led by blacks, one led by whites—each certain it holds the key to the true Powell.

Sheltered by his uniform, he was able to contain or ignore the conflicts among his loyalties.

form this race-riven land, you have to seriously misrepresent his background, his career, and perhaps his very nature. In fact, it's less illuminating to scrutinize what Colin Powell has made of his life than to examine what all the rest of us have made of Colin Powell.

On November 5, 1987, the select congressional committees wrapping up their joint investigation of the Iran-contra scandal voted out 27 recommendations. One of those recommendations was that the president never again appoint an active-duty military officer as national-security adviser. Also on November 5, Ronald Reagan picked Colin Luther Powell, a three-star army general—and one with substantial early involvement in the mechanics of shipping arms to the mullahs—for the job.

Already, the committees had stepped carefully around Powell, finding reasons not to make him testify in public, on national television, along with his sweating civilian counterparts from the Defense Department. Now that the whole principle of civilian control of the National Security Council was up for grabs again, did any senator or representative throw a fit? Warn the White House off the appointment? Even grumble to a newspaper reporter?

No member of either committee raised an objection. As a Senate source told *The Washington Post*'s Walter Pincus at the time, "There was united agreement he was a superb officer."

"There is just no taste for going after this man," sighs a Reagan-administration official who got no similar breaks. "I don't really hardly know anyone who dislikes Colin Powell."

For the public at large, it was Powell's stewardship of the Pentagon during the Gulf War that marked what a former colleague calls "the emergence from 'Colin Powell, extremely talented guy' to 'Colin Powell, political rock star.'" In interviews for this story, several of his friends and former colleagues referred, almost unconsciously, to a time "before he was Colin Powell."

But Powell had already been, through most of the 80s, a virtually untouchable figure within Washington—the closest thing the capital has recently known to a true sacred cow. "He's got this great outside reputation, but he's also the consummate insider," notes Richard Haass, who was senior adviser on the Middle East to George Bush's National Security Council.

The Colin Powell of popular legend is a meat-and-potatoes man, a down-to-earth army guy who repairs Volvos for a hobby and whose favorite foods are said to be ground beef and peanut butter and jelly. This man entered the army through the R.O.T.C.—the first chairman of the Joint Chiefs ever to do so—and worked his way up the traditional ladder of infantry command; he served two tours in Vietnam, earning a soldier's medal for rescuing his commanding officer and three others after a helicopter crash despite a broken ankle, and landed some of the most prestigious grooming assignments in the army—a stint at the National War College, for example. It was this Colin Powell, a plainspoken soldier, who memorably informed the nation of his plans for Saddam Hussein's army: "Our strategy to go after this army is very, very simple. First we're going to cut it off, and then we're going to kill it."

While the bare facts of that legend are true—especially its emphasis on Powell's abiding passion for the military—it obscures the real man, who pursued a career path that took him away from field command and into the meeting rooms and dining rooms of official Washington.

This Powell went through business school during his army career, and gained his first real exposure to the inner workings of power as a lieutenant colonel, when he was picked as a White House fellow in the Nixon administration. He held bureaucratic assignments in the Carter administration at the Pentagon and the Energy Department, and then in the Reagan administration, as the top military aide to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger (whose eye he had caught as a White House fellow), and later as the deputy national-security adviser and then national-security adviser. While Powell returned to the field from time to time for the short command assignments he needed in order to earn his general's stars, it was his Washington career that led to his promotion, over the heads of 14 more senior generals, to serve as George Bush's chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Powell has cut a sophisticated, somewhat elegant figure on the capital's social A-list through three administrations. Guests at Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn's annual New Year's Eve party last winter were startled to look up at midnight, as the band launched into "Auld Lang Syne," and find Powell in smooth, cheek-to-cheek partnership with Lauren Bacall. Powell's wife, Alma—attractive, well dressed with the iron poise of a senior military wife—is herself firmly ensconced among the city's socially powerful, serving, for example, on the board of trustees of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Upon Powell's retirement in 1993, the couple settled into a $1.3 million house in the elite, predominantly white suburb of McLean, Virginia.

The hallmarks of Powell's career have been great political finesse and a very conscious caution. Powell is one of the defense intellectuals who rose to power under Reagan and Weinberger, seeing in their unprecedented military buildup a chance to advance some personal conviction about arms control or force structure. "I don't think he ever came into a job and said, 'These are the three things I want to do,'" says a friend.

His instincts, says a Bush-administration official, are to "lie low and do what you can." With one exception—husbanding the reputation of the army he loves and protecting the lives of its fighting men and women—Powell never seemed a man with a burning agenda of any kind. For most of his Washington career he was simply one of the city's premier process jockeys, who ride the best horse they can find and ride it to win.

As part of this art, Powell has deftly generated the most consistently glowing press in recent memory. ("Powell has become a folk hero," wrote the *Los Angeles Times* after the Gulf War, "a living, breathing recruiting poster with a be

rrel chest, a blacksmith's arms and the aring of a centurion.") Normally a subtle eature who works behind the scenes, the dia-conscious Powell briefly broke cover Bob Woodward's 1991 book, *The Commanders,* which made it clear that Powell d been carefully spooning out his own, f-protective version of events leading up the conflict with Iraq even as Bush's in- circle was meeting in its early councils war. Soon after he became chief, Woodrd noted, Powell made a point of inlling a direct phone e from his desk to desk of Pete Wilms, the Pentagon okesman.

People who try to scribe what made lin Powell so good an insider cite the ssic attributes of rkaholism, clubbaity, and guile. The e rarer quality they pe to define is Pows great and natural smoothness. "My se of Colin Powell," says Frank Gaffy, assistant secretary of defense in the agan administration, "is that if Colin well were angling for something, you'd er know it."

"Colin is forceful," notes Haass, "yet doesn't have *edges.*"

Conversations with Powell's friends and mer colleagues all point to the conclun that Powell has a shrewd understanding his own appeal—down to the usefulness his chameleon quality. "He is an elasfigure in people's minds. But I don't ceive him as an elastic person in beliefs or behavior," says Richard Kohn, former chief of air-force tory and now a professor of histoat the University of North Carolii at Chapel Hill. "He simply has charm and ability and intellect to id being pinned down."

The curious thing about Powell is t this chameleon quality seems extend even to the impressions people who know him very well. Ve've talked about how the army not an affirmative-action organiion," says Kenneth Adelman, a od friend of Powell's who ran the ms Control and Disarmament ency during the Reagan administion. "You can't argue that you need affirmative action to do well. Because the army proves you don't."









POPULAR COMMAND
Powell with his wife, Alma, at a benefit for the Northside Center for Child Development in New York City, May 9, 1995; with Sam Donaldson at an ABC reception in Washington, D.C., January 25, 1995; with Bill Clinton at Powell's retirement ceremony at Fort Myer, Virginia, on September 30, 1993; at the White House gathering for President Jean-Bertrand Aristide's return to Haiti, October 1994.

Yet Powell's cousin J. Bruce Llewellyn argues precisely the opposite—also on the basis of conversations with Powell. "He's for affirmative action," Llewellyn says with certainty. "He wouldn't have gotten where he is in the army if it hadn't been for affirmative action. . . . He's said that a lot."

Powell's agreeable versatility is perhaps best symbolized by the tale of a friend who asked him, last year, how he preferred to have his first name pronounced. "Everybody around here calls me *Co*-lin; my family called me *Cah*-lin," said Powell, adding heartily, "I don't like the damned name anyway, so call me what you like."

One set of Powell supporters titles itself the Exploratory Draft Colin Powell for President Committee. With its offices in Prince George's County, Maryland, the most heavily black of the suburban counties surrounding Washington, the group grew out of a black Republican scholarship organization. Its honorary chairman is jazz legend Lionel Hampton, and its most visible spokesman is W. Ronald Evans, a 58-year-old entrepreneur who has interests in real estate and the auction business. Evans worked for Nixon at the Small Business Administration, and for Reagan at the Department of Energy's Office of Minority Economic Impact.

Evans resists the description of the draft group as a predominantly black effort, noting that "we have Hispanics, Asian-Americans, Native Americans working with us. . . . We have tried to take *(Continued on page 289)*

"He's got this great outside reputation, but he's also the consummate insider."

Alberto and Annette Giacometti

The Giacomettis lived in a tiny, one-room apartment in Paris. The sculptor considered almost everything an unnecessary luxury and never bought Annette a present. I photographed them in 1953, the year he designed the set for the Paris premiere of Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*.



IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER



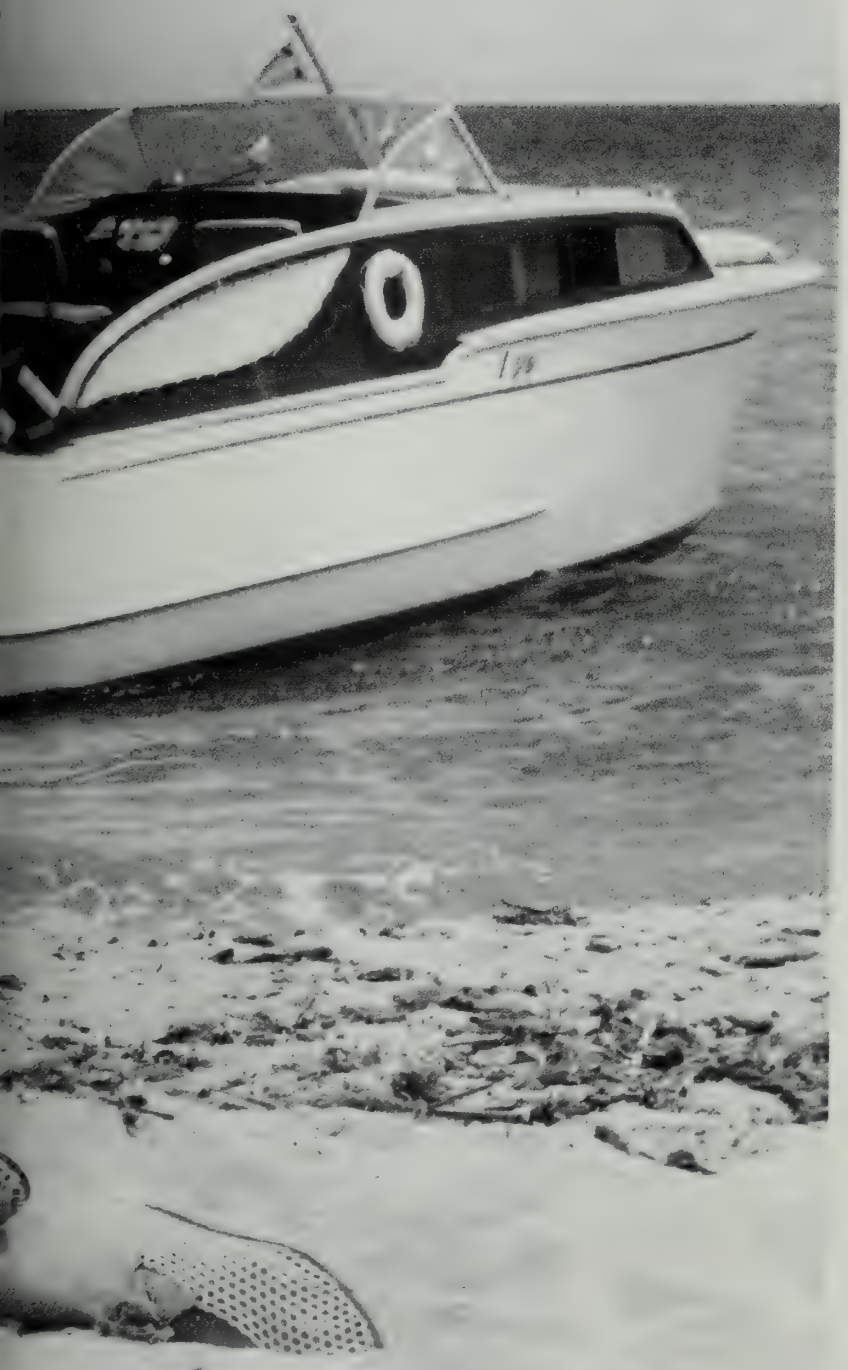
BY IRVING PENN

Alexander Liberman, for 31 years Condé Nast's editorial director, carried on parallel careers as a painter, sculptor, and photographer. On the following pages are his sublimely relaxed snapshots of well-known couples, excerpted from his new book, Then, *a legacy of 70 years spent among great talents he knew and loved, from Giacometti to Chanel to Baryshnikov*

VIOLA AND RAYMOND LOEWY

America's pre-eminent industrial designer, Loewy was responsible for everything from the Coca-Cola bottle to designs for NASA's Skylab. Loewy's 85-foot yacht was equipped with an onboard design studio. He and his wife are pictured here on their honeymoon in Saint-Tropez in 1948.





For many years, I never took a picture. I was supposed to be a painter. But in 1932, by an accident of fate, I ended up in Paris working in the art department of *Vu,* one of the first photographic newsweeklies. Lucien Vogel, the great publisher and a passionate photographer, had created *Vu,* and soon I became its art director. Every morning the news agencies would come with their pictures of the events of the previous day. I would go through batches and batches, picking the most interesting. Some of the greatest pictures of the moment passed through our hands.

What I admire in photography is its immaterial quality. It is somehow a clean, no-hands-on process. Chance, randomness, play a great role in the taking of a picture. I value the paparazzi's risk. I believe in available light. I do not believe that photography is art.

Photography is a journalistic medium. Give me a subject with meaning and I am interested. In all these pictures I am a journalist, documenting life and creation. I hope there is no attempt at art; photography is the only visual document of memory. This is life as I saw it. These are images of what a lucky life can be, and was then.

In general, I preferred to capture the happier side of existence. Photography does not tolerate a rigid state of mind, a fixed preconception of our vision or relationship to the beings we photograph. In many pictures we want to please. We say, "Smile." These are what I would call *photos de politesse,* or courtesy shots. But try as one does, the mystery that photography confers on the simplest situations surrounds everything with something intangible, an aura of the unseeable, life beyond the visible. You may call this chance, randomness, but the capture of the beyond, the obvious visible, this ectoplasm of the film and lens, is, in the end, the glory of the most humble snapshot.

—ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Excerpted from *Then,* by Alexander Liberman, to be published this month by Random House; © 1995 by Alexander Liberman.



Babe and Bill Paley

The Paleys are in the garden of their Long Island home. Bill had been president of CBS for more than 10 years when I took this photograph in 1942. Babe had been one of the leading fashion editors at *Vogue*.


ROLLEIFLEX



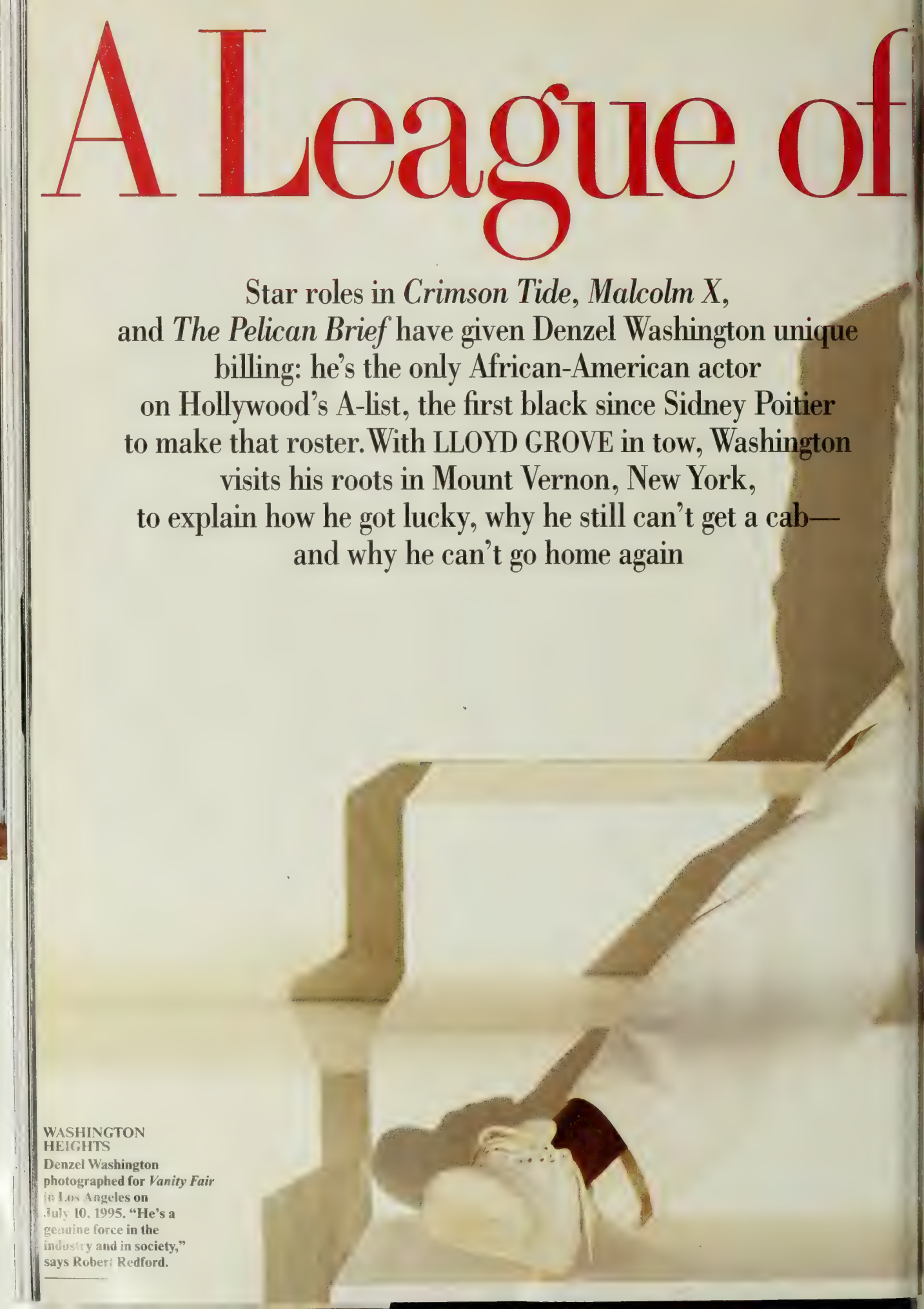
Lisa Fonssagrives and Irving Penn

The famous photographer and the great model are shown here at a party given by Gregor and Lydia Gregory to celebrate my being awarded the French Legion of Honor. They married later that year.



A League of

Star roles in *Crimson Tide*, *Malcolm X*, and *The Pelican Brief* have given Denzel Washington unique billing: he's the only African-American actor on Hollywood's A-list, the first black since Sidney Poitier to make that roster. With LLOYD GROVE in tow, Washington visits his roots in Mount Vernon, New York, to explain how he got lucky, why he still can't get a cab—and why he can't go home again



WASHINGTON HEIGHTS
Denzel Washington photographed for *Vanity Fair* in Los Angeles on July 10, 1995. "He's a genuine force in the industry and in society," says Robert Redford.

His Own



Photographs by HERB RITTS



HOMETOWN HERO

Recently, Washington spontaneously gave $1 million to the Nelson Mandela Children's Fund. He believes you can't take your money with you: "You never see a U-Haul behind a hearse," says the actor. Here he is in Los Angeles with children from the Boys & Girls Clubs of America, for which he is the national spokesperson.

Sitting alert in the backseat of the Lincoln Town Car that has ferried him from Manhattan to Mount Vernon, New York, Denzel Washington peers out of the tinted window and confronts the ghosts of his childhood.

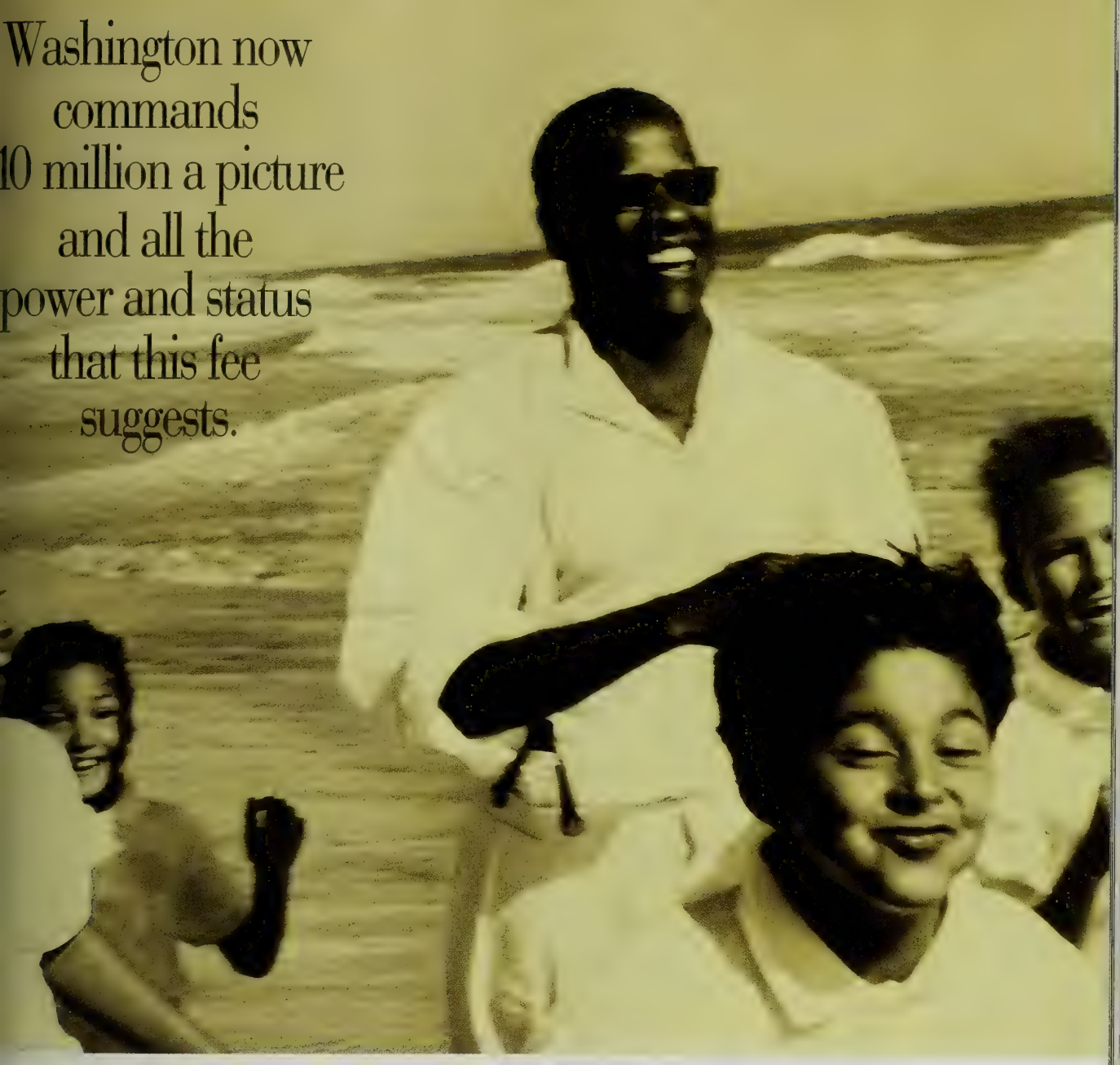
"You see this lady right here?" Washington asks in a hushed voice as Mohamed, our driver, navigates past a high-rise housing project that has seen better days. He points out a plumpish, graying, sad-eyed lady in conversation with another woman on a concrete walkway. "I think that's Mrs. McCutchen. That's one of the guys I grew up with—I think that's his mom. I don't know what he's doing right now. He's one of my friends who went to prison for a while." Washington tells Mohamed to stop. "Let me see."

Gingerly, he cracks open his door and leans his baseball-capped head into the street. "Stay here, though," he commands, and puts on a pair of sunglasses. "Let me see if that's her first."

From my vantage point in the backseat, where I obl ently remain, Denzel Washington's surprise visit is a quence from a movie by Cecil B. DeMille. As he str purposefully toward the two women 50 feet away, children playing among pigeons on a yellowing, weed-cho lawn, he seems to be gliding within a shaft of light trai on him from above. The women look up with a start. older lady's eyes widen with shock and recognition. I Eula McCutchen, the mother of Denzel's best boyhood fri Charles "Cutch" McCutchen, and virtually a second m er to Denzel: he shared many a meal, and slept over m a night, in the McCutchen-family apartment in the p ects. He throws his arm around her: the return of hometown hero.

With the magnetism and glow of a movie star, he i bright light amid his drab surroundings. Within second crowd materializes as if from nowhere. A teenage girl, mo agape, brandishes an Instamatic; a young man excite demands an autograph. By the time I reach them, a w an in her 60s named Dorothy Green, who has known D

Washington now commands 10 million a picture and all the power and status that this fee suggests.



since he was a boy on these streets, is laughing and uting at the top of her lungs: "Bring the cameras! It's nzel Washington! Bring the cameras!"

'Mrs. Green—please!" he begs miserably. Which only voke her to shout even louder. In due course, after sign- autographs, shaking hands, and posing for snapshots, nzel hugs Mrs. McCutchen good-bye and escapes to the ety of the Town Car.

'This is wild," he exclaims. He seems overcome, at once rgized and drained. "I don't ever just do that."

These are Denzel Washington's glory days. At 40, he has the kind of spectacular career that only a handful of film stars enjoy—a success based not just on his undeniable sex appeal but also on his suppleness and intelligence as an actor. He has given life to an impressive range of characters—from a runaway ve in *Glory* (for which he won the 1989 Academy ard for best supporting actor) to a Harvard-trained nu- ır-submarine officer in this summer's *Crimson Tide* to his spot-on portrayal of the title character in *Malcolm X.* This month he stars in *Devil in a Blue Dress.* Adapted from the Walter Mosley mystery novel of the same name, the movie is a stylish, mordantly funny *film noir* set in Los Angeles right after World War II. Washington plays Easy Rawlins, a fired factory worker who tries his hand as a freelance detective to pay his mortgage, but ends up battling thugs, racist cops, and corrupt politicians. Notably, the movie features a raucous, sweaty, and funny scene in which Denzel is in flagrante delicto with actress Lisa Carson—a breakthrough, of sorts, for an actor who's never been big on big-screen sex.

Washington now commands $10 million a picture and all the attending power and status that this fee suggests. At a moment when a whole new generation of African-American leading men is coming into its own—an elite fraternity comprising Wesley Snipes, Laurence Fishburne, and Samuel L. Jackson—Washington is in a class by himself.

"There's always the same names bandied about, and Denzel is somewhere really high up on that A-list," says

Tom Hanks, who played the AIDS-afflicted attorney alongside Washington's memorable homophobic litigator in *Philadelphia.* Among African-American actors, Hanks adds, "the pure monetary motor that drives the motion-picture industry would have him certainly at No. 1. Denzel does this amazing thing of completely crossing over."

"He's achieved something difficult, and he's at a kind of crossroads as to what he's going to do with his achievements," says Robert Redford, who invited Washington onto the board of his Sundance Institute to promote fledgling filmmakers. "He's a genuine force in the industry and in society."

"He does have power—it's a star-driven industry. He brings the green light," says Carl Franklin, the director of *Devil in a Blue Dress,* which was backed by TriStar and co-produced by Mundy Lane Entertainment, Washington's production company.

"He has intellectual weight, spiritual gravity, and a powerful sexual and romantic presence," says Kenneth Branagh, who directed and acted with Washington in Branagh's screen adaptation of *Much Ado About Nothing.*

"Denzel's like Sidney Poitier," says Alan Pakula, who directed him in *The Pelican Brief,* an enormous hit in which he was paired with Julia Roberts—a bit of interracial casting on which Roberts insisted (according to Denzel) over the resistance of John Grisham, author of the best-selling book, in which Washington's character was white. "Poitier did *To Sir with Love* and came out of it a huge superstar. Denzel is just starting to break through as a box-office star in the way that Poitier did."

"We had our 'Dark Gables,' romantic leads, all that sort of thing, but they functioned in the ghetto," says Ossie Davis, grand old man of stage and screen. "Denzel qualifies as a respectable lover—and in the way that Hollywood deals with love. Sidney Poitier, you know, the man who came to dinner, was certainly not presented to us in that way. Denzel is the only performer, *purveyor,* of sexuality whose blackness is not an extra cause or a negative."

Leave it to Spike Lee, the pugnacious filmmaker who directed Washington in *Malcolm X* and *Mo' Better Blues* (in which he played opposite Wesley Snipes, as a womanizing jazz musician), to stomp all over these rosy scenarios.

"Where he's at now, he could have been at a long time ago [if he were white]," Lee argues. "Hollywood's not really open to accepting strong black men who aren't doing the buck dance and showing their teeth and grinning. I don't know why people think racism would not permeate Hollywood when it permeates every fiber of American society."

Washington, in fact, agrees that his ascendancy has been delayed, but he offers a less sinister explanation.

"It's a numbers game," he says in the Town Car. "There's 250 million people in the country, maybe 40 million blacks and say 200 million whites. There's a lot of films that white people just may not go see because they see a black face. I think now that they have seen *my* face more, you know—'Oh, that's the guy that was in the movie with Julia' or 'That's the guy in the Tom Hanks film.' Or maybe they could just say, 'He's a good actor. Yeah, I'll go pay to see that guy.'

"And that's the case on both sides of the color l When we were teenagers, we saw *Superfly* and *Shaft.* that I loved those movies more than others—I didn't g any others. You went to the movies, how many three lars do you have? So you got *this* chance with *this* t dollars. What are you going to spend it on? These v films where we saw *us.* Otherwise we had to wait Charlton Heston. You know what I mean?"

As a student at New York's Fordham University, D zel briefly studied journalism before discovering that was born to act—"I tripped and fell into it, you kno took one class and then I took another." He is still membered for his star turn in a college production *Othello.* Winning a scholarship to San Francisco's Am can Conservatory Theatre, he stayed for only a year fore striking out on his own. Joy Carlin, one of his ac teachers there, recalls that he sported an Afro and a tee and, as the year progressed, was frequently abs from class. "I have a feeling he learned what he had learn and then got a little bored," she recalls. "With s people like Denzel who are naturals, they pick up techniques very quickly and incorporate them into t own kind of technique."

In his quiet, discreet way, Denzel seems always to observing and absorbing his surroundings. "Acting, i way, is like investigative reporting," he says. "You sea out your character." His enormous affability, punctua by an explosive laugh—"He has more charm than anyb I've met other than Warren Beatty," says Pakula—mask self-protective guardedness, recalling a politician o Sunday talk show. Yet, for all that, he seems to lack monstrous ego that demonically possesses some of Hollywood peers. Maybe he really *is* just a regular gu

"I got all my handlers in the trunk!" Denzel deadp when I mention this possibility.

"But I hired this car," I point out.

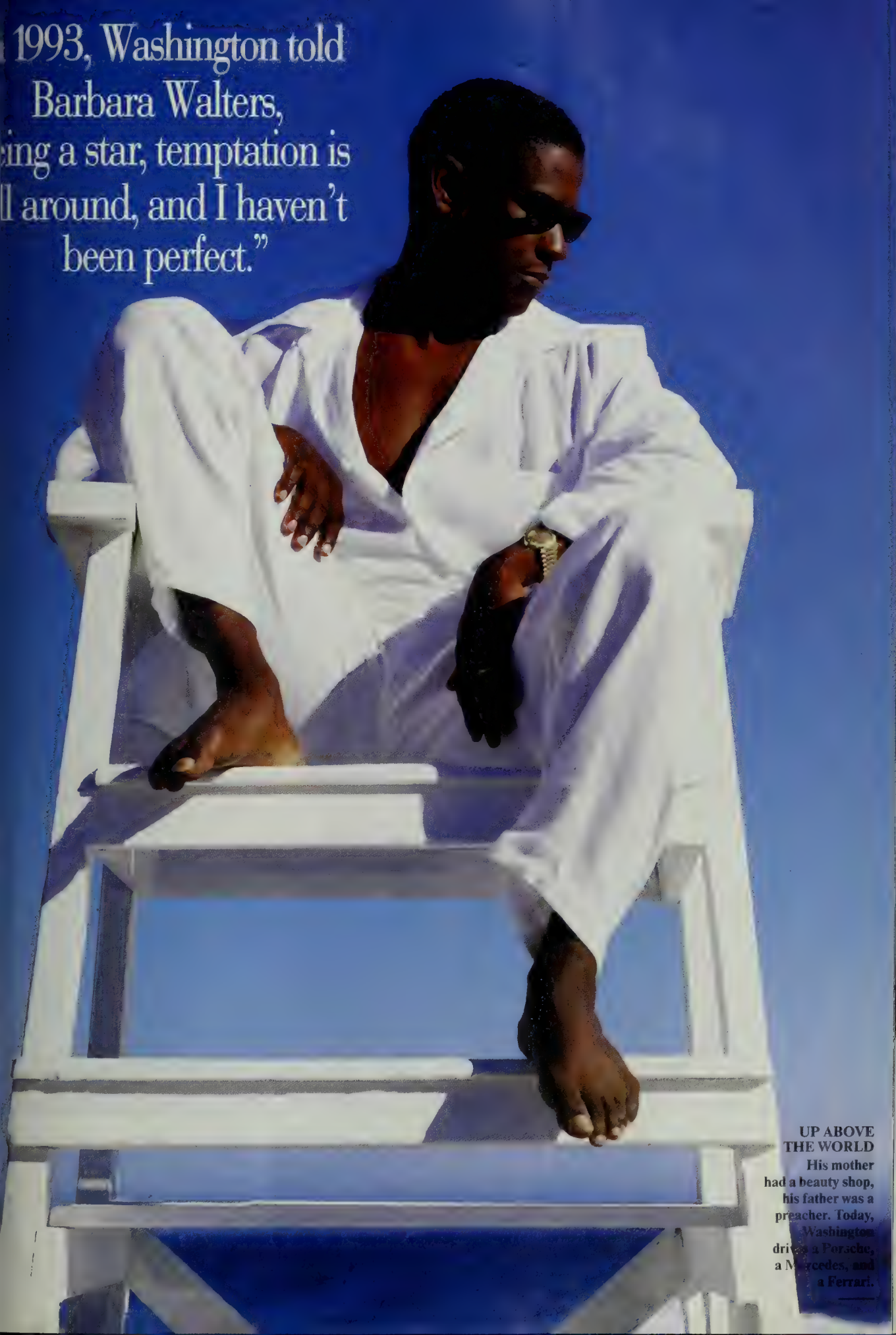
"Oh, that's right, that's right."

I had picked him up a few hours earlier at the R Carlton on Central Park South. He'd flown in on red-eye from Los Angeles, having just come from rica—where he'd spent a month on vacation with wife, Pauletta Pearson, and children—and North Caroli where they'd dropped off the kids, two boys and t girls, for their annual stay with Pauletta's parents. "A tle town right outside of Charlotte," he explains. "It ke 'em grounded."

Maybe it's travel-weariness that makes him balk at suggestion that we drive up to his old neighborhood southern Westchester—"I don't want to go to Mount V non," he sighs. But once he changes his mind, two seco later, he throws himself into the journey as though it w *his* idea.

"I'm hungry," he announces as Mohamed drives town. "I'm thinking now: Where can we eat?" He a sudden inspiration. "We're going to a place called Gre Nick's!" He is momentarily transported. "They got ha burgers and corn on the cob, and they serve you the c in a tin pie pan with a piece of *(Continued on page 2*

1993, Washington told
Barbara Walters,
ing a star, temptation is
l around, and I haven't
been perfect."



UP ABOVE THE WORLD
His mother had a beauty shop, his father was a preacher. Today, Washington drives a Porsche, a Mercedes, and a Ferrari.

The Haute Zone

The elegant minimalism of this season's couture collections pays homage to the 60s and to the sublimely simple shift. KARL LAGERFELD takes his camera into the still center of fashion's winds, and LAURA JACOBS evokes the history behind them



Haute couture. Just saying it evokes an era: the long *ohhh;* those silent *u*'s; *t*'s like pinpricks at a fitting; that *coo*. The art of white gloves, New Looks, Who's Who, and, of course, immortal dresses. Its history is a handful of just *too* perfect stories—Schiap and Chanel cat-spatting at the Ritz, Madame Grès prevailing over Nazis, Dior's poor nerves, Jacques Fath's balls, the lawsuits of Charles James—each anecdote a floating island in a river of slow time (or is it a sea of pink champagne?).

Then—*splash*—the 60s. Balenciaga retired in dismay, Courrèges had liftoff, YSL revolutionized ready-to-wear, Cardin crowned himself king of th cense. Mothers dressed like daugh who dressed like Mick. And haute c ture, the art of perfection and the c of-a-kind dress, played second fiddl the boutique line, biding its time.

A long time. Fast-forward to n

Styled by ANDRÉ LEON TALLEY



FASHION FORWARD
Draped across a Louis XV console table at Karl Lagerfeld's Paris atelier in the 18th-century Hôtel Soyecourt, model Kristen McMenamy wears a Valentino Haute Couture duchesse-satin dinner dress.

uture is back in the spotlight, but th a different posture: not as dic- orial or suspicious of strangers. here in the past a couturier learned develop less expensive lines on side, today juice flows the other y. Experiments in prêt-à-porter can d to Promethean fireworks at the couture level. *Zeitgeist* princes such as Karl Lagerfeld and Gianni Versace, gold-coin classicists with a feel for the common currency, embody with brio this lucrative interplay of design echelons and ideas. In fact, quick translation between the two realms is making for a fluid fashion dialogue—a *Eureka!* factor—as the creations on these pages, plucked from both couture and ready-to-wear for their extreme yet *clean* lines, make clear.

As if to point up the truce between the hand-finished and the mass-produced, this season's couture collections went big for minimalist beauty: poised,


Couture
is back in the
spotlight,
but with a different
posture.



LASTIQUE
ANTASTIQUE
Model Charles Andrews peeks
hrough the techno-plastic overskirt
f Kristen McMenamy's Atelier
ersace silk-and-wool-crêpe sheath dress
oven with platinum as she straddles
marble bathtub. *Opposite:* with
lervé Le Bihan in Lagerfeld's library,
ristен stands atop a tableful of
t books in a Chanel Haute Couture
ool-crêpe dress with a train.



ART AND COUTURE
At the entrance to the [illegible], Kristen poses in [illegible] des Garçons ready-to-wear—an acrylic pullover and a ball skirt made of [illegible] bouclé with tulle [illegible]. *Opposite:* Kristen, [illegible] in an Emanuel Ungaro Haute Couture pleated-velvet evening dress, reaches the 18-foot-high ceiling. Charles bears the dramatic train.

unfussy flair. As *Vanity Fair*'s Andr Leon Talley puts it, "The idea of a 'flou ished' dress is passé in couture." Mea while, fall's ready-to-wear collections Prada, Isaac Mizrahi, Marc Jacob Calvin Klein, to name a few—all mac a rather poignant pilgrimage to th 60s *siècle:* the invisible transition whe the majestic scale and restraint of B lenciaga was still the mountaintop even if his protégés Courrèges an Ungaro had already decided they' rather fly than climb.

The key shape of tha change in gears? What else The shift. Courrèges's so cop able space-age cutouts, Au drey's A-line, Jackie's Empir gown (with its stiff sense of destiny)- these taut, shiny, sometimes viny often sleeveless self-containing cone reflected the new technology: rock ets, plastics, prêt-à-porter, the Pi (spilled from the pillbox hat). Spac control—the race to the moon, th erasing of a woman's lunar cycl (and, therefore, people)—was the lei motif fantastic.

That the eerily intuitive House c Prada has built its fall collection aroun the shift, and that designers are agai pouncing on high-tech materials, make for a series of momentous visual echoes Versace's synthesized mother-of-pea finishes and overskirts in shower-cu tain plastic, Tom Ford's holographi patent leathers for Gucci, and Helmu Lang's polyamide encased in silk tull are mediums with New Age messages

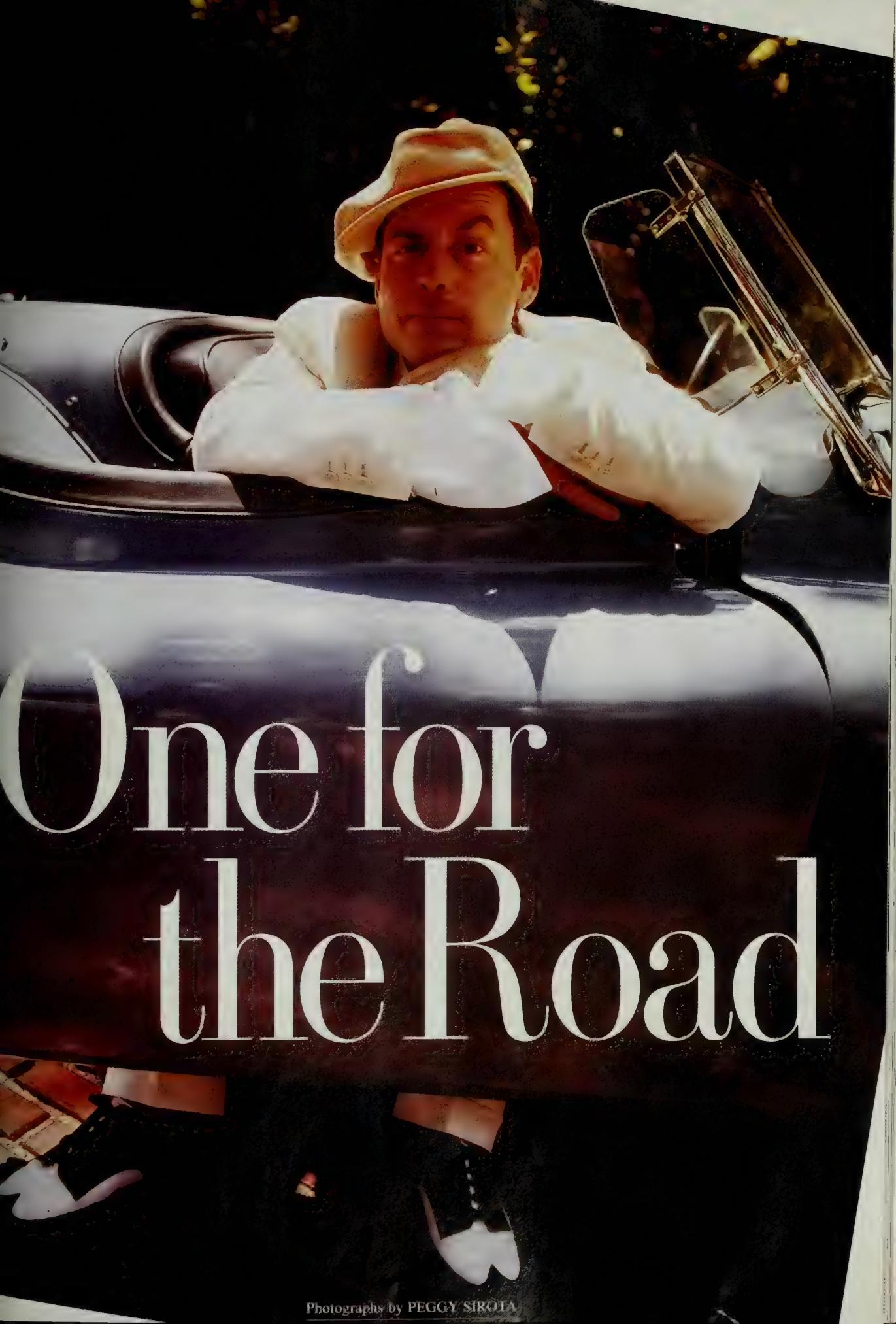
More to the point, these material require unique structural strategies tha put the stress not on decoration bu on problem solving, on tradition up dated, and on shape that makes roon for fresh connotations. We too hav space problems: a dearth of persona space, interior space (today's psyche i a subway crowd of inner kids an bitches). And then there's the space rac reversed: aliens diving through dimen sions to take us to *their* labs and lead ers. What better place for higher powe than in couture constructed around you solitary drama, your figure alone? (Ad a train and no one can follow you to closely.) What better contemporar shield than a space-capsule silhouett in spun latex? A little house a chimp can do up and no wolf can blo down—voilà, right off the rack! □


Fall's ready-to-wear collections
all made a rather poignant pilgrimage
to that 60's siecle.

Greg Kinnear's midwestern anonymity has been shattered by his late-night talk-show hit and his starring role opposite Julia Ormond in the upcoming remake of *Sabrina*. MATTHEW TYRNAUER talks to Kinnear about his transition from long shot to big shot



BEHOLDEN TO WILLIAM
"David's always up for a good time," says Kinnear of the wealthy playboy character he takes on in *Sabrina*. The role was played in the original Billy Wilder film by William Holden, who drove a shiny silver Nash-Healey Sports roadster. Kinnear gets a red Ferrari.



One for the Road

Photographs by PEGGY SIROTA

Sunday, July 23, was not a good day for Greg Kinnear. In the *Los Angeles Times* that morning, he found a rather unfortunate picture of himself. His hair was piled high in a nasty pompadour. He looked pale, vaguely cross-eyed, and jowly, and he was wearing a decidedly *démodé* persimmon sport coat. Even more displeasing was the photo's placement. It appeared in the real-estate section, above a story detailing Kinnear's purchase of a $1.4 million "Mediterranean villa" in the Hollywood Hills—a 5,000-square-foot, four-bedroom affair with a courtyard spa, black-bottom pool, fountain, and outdoor fireplace.

Reading about the transaction depressed Kinnear.

"After pulling the gun out of my mouth, I thought: Well, maybe none of my friends saw it. Let's just forget about it—we'll bury it," he says. "All of a sudden, 10 minutes later, the phone starts ringing off the hook. Meanwhile, I'm sneaking around the neighborhood, picking up the L.A. *Times* off people's lawns."

Ah, fame's high price: everybody knows your dark secrets. Even what you've shelled out for your Mediterranean villa. But if Kinnear—who first found notoriety as the presenter on E! Entertainment Television's conceptually slight but highly entertaining *Talk Soup,* then moved to NBC's 1:35 A.M. talk show, *Later with Greg Kinnear,* and now has a starring role in the remake of Billy Wilder's classic *Sabrina*—thought the price was high last July, he's barely crossed the border of celebrity wonderland. Several major studios are now scouting him for leading roles in other films. In fact, Kinnear might start bracing for the long parade of Starline tour buses that are sure to be rumbling past his black-bottom pool any day now.

Early reports on his performance in *Sabrina,* which is his big-screen debut and which will be released by Christmas, are very good. Sydney Pollack, the film's director, says that "Kinnear is wonderful. He's not an experienced actor, but he's a brand-new guy who's damned good. I think he's got a lot of charm and a lot of skill." Kinnear himself, however, admits that he "has some very large footsteps to follow in."

Those big tracks belong to William Holden, who had already completed 35 films (including *Sunset Boulevard*) when he stepped blithely into the physically comedic role of David Larrabee in Wilder's 1954 black-and-white version of the film. Kinnear notes that "the basic elements of the *Sabrina* story haven't changed" since Bill Holden first picked up the script. The title character remains the chauffeur's daughter at the Larrabee estate. (The role, originally played by Audrey Hepburn, has been assumed in the remake by Julia Ormond.) And Sabrina is still hopelessly in love with the rich, rakish David. (David's brother, Linus, first played by Humphrey Bogart, will be played by Harrison Ford.) "My character is still very much a playboy, a ladies' man," says Kinnear, his voice animated by the Carson-Letterman late-night twang that has become his trademark. "David's always up for a good time and a cold bottle of champagne."

Most aspects of the story have been modernized. The Larrabee family, for example, is in the telecommunications business now. And instead of the silver Nash-Healey Sports roadster Holden drives in the early version, Kinnear's character gets a red Ferrari. "It's a convertible from the 98743-6325 series, I believe—or something like that."

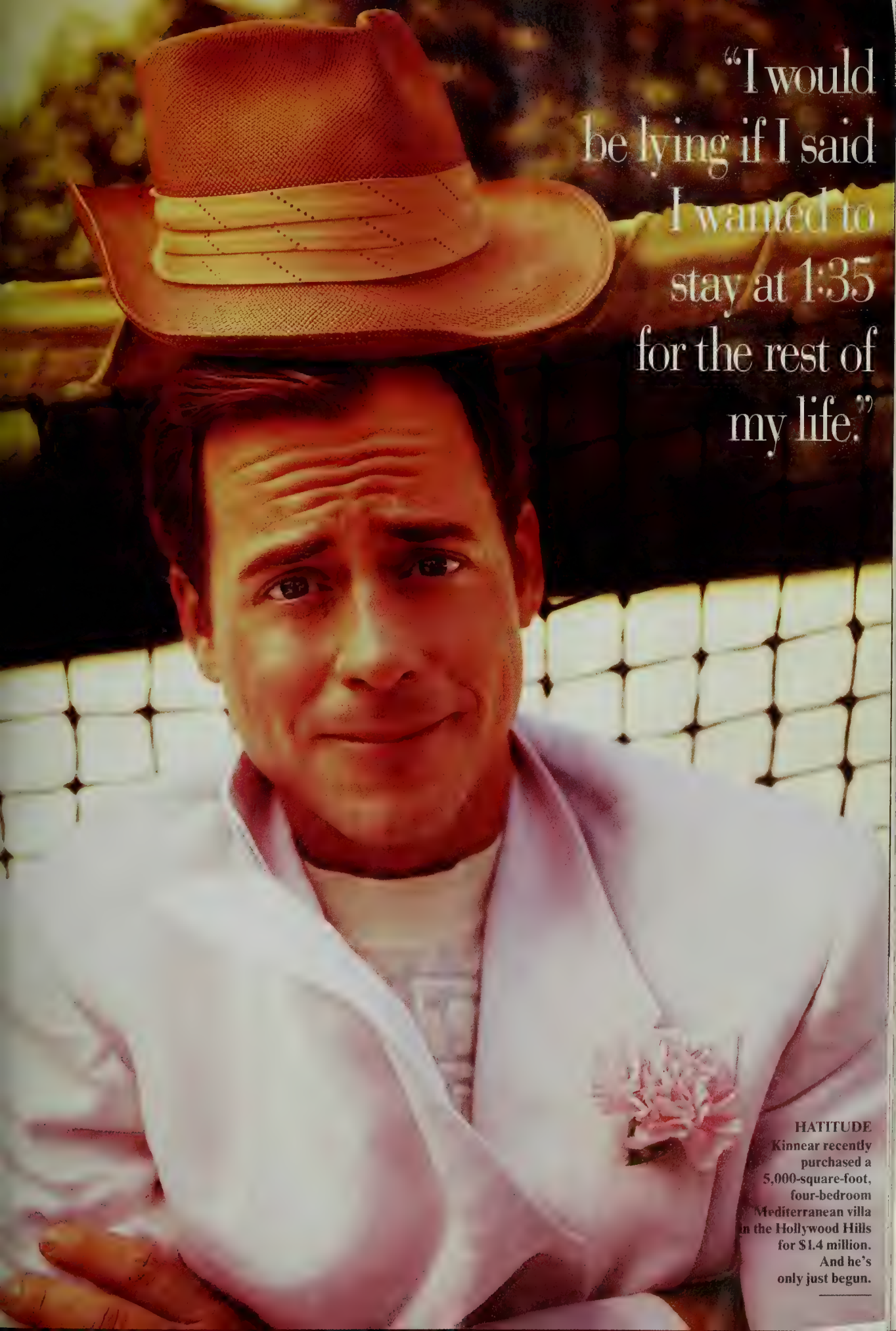
Early on, the Hollywood rumor mill was sputtering out the word that Tom Cruise had been cast in the David Larrabee part, so no one was more shocked than Greg Kinnear when Sydney Pollack, the director who helped make Robert Redford a superstar in *The Way We Were,* asked for a meeting. In fact, Kinnear admits that he was so unprepared for the call that he had trouble figuring out just what *Sabrina* was.

"When I first heard that I was going to go meet with *the* Sydney Pollack on this film," says Kinnear, "it had to be explained to me that this was a remake, because I had not seen the original. Which isn't that unusual. You know, I think it is a very well-respected film and it is Audrey Hepburn and everything, but when I warm my audience on *Later,* I'm always asking them, 'Has anybody seen this film *Sabrina?*' And there is a large audience of young people who haven't."

Kinnear's career started when he was about 16 and landed a time slot on Armed Forces Radio. His Saturday show was called *School Daze with Greg Kinnear* ("That was the kind of cutting-edge work I was doing in the '70s!") and originated from Glyfáda, Greece, outside Athens, where his father worked as a diplomat at the American Embassy. After graduating from the University of Arizona with a degree in broadcast journalism, he went directly to Los Angeles, where he landed a manning job at a sub–Roger Corman outfit called Empire Pictures. "We had quite a lineup of films there: *Assault of the Killer Bimbos, Space Sluts in the Slammer.* Classics." In 1991, he began "anchoring" the oddball hit *Talk Soup,* a digest of the most incendiary moments from the previous day's *Sally Jessy Raphaël, Montel Williams,* etc. Then in 1993, NBC tapped Kinnear to replace Bob Costas on *Later,* the "desk format" comedy half-hour that includes filmed skits (and owes a heavy debt to the broadcasting innovations of his fellow Hoosier David Letterman).

Kinnear has managed to improve on Costas's ratings and his naturalness and easy humor at 1:35 A.M. have caused constant speculation that NBC will move him down an hour into the wasteland currently patrolled by the preppy, frenetic Conan O'Brien.

"It's a nasty rumor," says Kinnear. "From the first time I got to NBC that was, of course, something floating around out here and back in New York, but we've never had any serious discussions about that change." Kinnear says he's happy in NBC's cramped Studio 5. Yet he seems comfortable dropping what might be construed as a subtle hint to NBC president Robert Wright and the other suits at work brass. Says Kinnear, "I mean, I would be *lying* if I said I wanted to stay at 1:35 for the rest of my life!"



HATITUDE
Kinnear recently purchased a 5,000-square-foot, four-bedroom Mediterranean villa in the Hollywood Hills for $1.4 million. And he's only just begun.

THE LIVING ROOM WAR



COURTING
Nancy Richardson posed last month in her apartment at 820 Fifth Avenue. She claims she didn't leak the diaries of her foxhunting husband, Frank (*inset*), and played no part in publicizing his relationship with federal judge Kimba Wood (*opposite*).

Photograph by JONATHAN BECKER



The vicious divorce battle between New York financier Frank Richardson and his socialite wife, Nancy, erupted into scandal when Richardson's diary, which detailed his romantic obsession with Judge Kimba Wood, leaked to the press. Talking to the couple's lawyers and friends, and to a weeping Nancy Richardson, JENNET CONANT traces the seeds of a family's destruction



STEALING KISSES
Nancy Richardson, *above*, busses Blaine Trump at an opening in 1988. Nancy's new beau, columnist Michael Thomas of *The New York Observer*, pictured at right at a benefit for Southampton Hospital.

Friday she picked a restaurant in Soho.... We sat facing each other on a banquette. She leaned toward me beaming. I love that picture—the black hair around her pearl white skin, the misty green eyes.... I said I was going horse riding. I met her and drove to her country home in Sheffield, Massachusetts.... We had lunch, built a fire, put on music and spent as beautiful an eight hours as I have spent in my life.

—From the diaries of Frank Richardson.





MAKING SCENES
With the help of a French decorator, Nancy spent a fortune on the Richardsons' Fifth Avenue digs, *left*. The couple still share Northwood, their château on Long Island.



You could pitch the film version as *The Age of Innocence* meets *Fatal Attraction*. A breakup this bad could only be the product of too much money, too many psychiatrists (seven by his count, two by hers), and the very best legal advice. But the venomous divorce proceedings under way between Frank Richardson III, a boyishly handsome New York financier, and Nancy Richardson, his blonde socialite wife of 22 years, have virtually nothing to do with love—or, for that matter, lust. Despite last month's flurry of titillating headlines, and those embarrassing excerpts from Frank's private diaries detailing his "madness of crazed love" for Manhattan federal-court judge Kimba Wood, Frank Richardson is not engaged in the typical inflamed, postcoital feud with his estranged wife. This is a far blo ier—and bloodless—business, for Richardsons seem interested mainly money and revenge. Through the h oc and turmoil they have managed wreak, they seem to have damag their three children: Philip, 20, Caroli 17, and Isabelle, 10. They also h dragged through their marital mud reputations of a former First Lady, esteemed art curator, and a respec jurist and her family. And they've j gotten started.

Richardson v. *Richardson* is a cc hearted and uncommonly vicious ba over a fortune estimated to be a where between $50 million (his lawy and $70 to $100 million (her lawye and two spectacular homes, an opul 15-room Fifth Avenue apartment a Northwood, a massive brick châte on a sprawling 53-acre Oyster B Cove estate, complete with pool, ten courts, and stables. Since, on advice counsel, neither party will relinqu either of their marital domiciles, the ju settled for a hellish compromise, awa ing both parties the use of the Lo Island estate (on alternate weeks). acerbating matters, the judge also vided the apartment, with its elegan appointed living and dining rooms f nished with the finest French antiqu into two bedroom suites with "sha common quarters." As both parties h filed for custody, it has yet to be termined who gets the kids.

"I cannot tell you what happens wl you make too much money too fa Nancy Richardson told *Vanity Fai* a long, rambling interview in wh she reflected tearfully on the ruins her glamorous life. "You're just str by the emptiness at the top.... were much happier before we were ri

"Now all I want to do is run aw They are all saying I look like E bara Hutton."

What follows is what h pens when two peo who have everythin money, brains, g looks, and breedin decide to sever the that bind. Early in 19 Nancy Richardson hired Norm Sheresky, a matrimonial lawyer w has also represented the model Im Hedi Kravis (ex-wife of millionaire nancier Henry Kravis), and Joy

nan (former mistress of convicted ge Sol Wachtler), and on March 16 l a summons of divorce against her band. Nancy also retained Eleanor r, the lawyer who represented Mia row in her custody battle against ody Allen. Shortly before the divorce ers were served, Frank retained Stan- Arkin, a tough-talking lawyer who nded high-profile art dealer Andrew po in the 80s, to file his own com- nt against his wife. Frank Richard- did not agree to be interviewed this article, though his lawyer had ty to say.

n her sworn affidavit, Nancy hardson, 51, claimed that her hus- d was having a "treacherous and lterous relationship" with Kimba od; that he is a spendthrift who ated through various residences a erse of hedonistic and exhibition- excess"; that he humiliated her ally, insisting that she satisfy him demand whether or not she was in mood. Finally, she claimed that he ers from a "rage disorder" which ses him to erupt in violent out- ts "weekly and sometimes daily." ed, she claimed that the condition becoming "progressively worse," that he has been seeing a psychi- t four times a week for the past e years. Arkin denies all the charges. n his sworn statements, Frank Rich- on, 55, charged that his wife was rmined to destroy him; had de- ned his sexual prowess and graph- ly described superior sexual en- nters in the past; had falsely spread ors that he was gay; had gone ugh more than $1 million on cloth- and jewelry during "spending es" in 1989 alone, and for the three years has averaged $8,000 onth on a shoe habit. His wife, he ned, called his office "as many as imes a day to demand approval" her purchases and responded with controllable emotional outbursts and ats" if he objected to her spend- He also charged that she was see- six mental-health professionals, uding three psychoanalysts, several hom recommended she receive in- ive care in an "institutional setting." resky denies all this.

f course, nasty pleadings are noth- new in divorce cases. And you could e the case that the Richardsons' ements would have remained locked away in the lawyers' offices had Nancy not lifted her husband's diary—thereby opening up one hell of a can of worms. She says she spotted it lying in his open briefcase; she says she wanted only a little look-see. Arkin maintains that the briefcase was locked. He charges that Nancy Richardson, determined to have more than a little look-see, stole her husband's diary outright.

Either way, things had grown rather tense at the Richardson home front by June. Frank shut off Nancy's funds—the $168,018 a quarter which she regarded as her "allowance," and which he regarded as "capital distribution," in the words of his lawyer. Frank says Nancy tried to lock him out of the master bedroom of the Fifth Avenue apartment. But Nancy says Frank tried to lock *her* out of the bedroom suite of the house in Oyster Bay Cove. So it was only natural that she was looking for a little leverage. And she found it on June 17 in the form of Frank's journal, where she discovered the details of his budding romance with one of the country's most well-known women jurists: Kimba Wood, former candidate for U.S. attorney general. "When I first took her head and kissed her lips . . . ," wrote Frank, obviously in the throes of something indescribable. "How she stiffened and gave slowly but inexorably."

Imagine Nancy's surprise.

Stanley Arkin immediately moved to have the diaries suppressed, which landed everybody in court in the middle of the humid New York summer. In the first act, Arkin tried to persuade Judge David Saxe to discount the diaries, arguing that their "theft" was an outrage, and that the events described were completely "innocent." Norman Sheresky argued that he had seen many instances of husbands and wives rifling through each other's belongings. When they find diaries, he noted, they don't generally give them back. When the judge laughed, Arkin should have known he was in trouble.

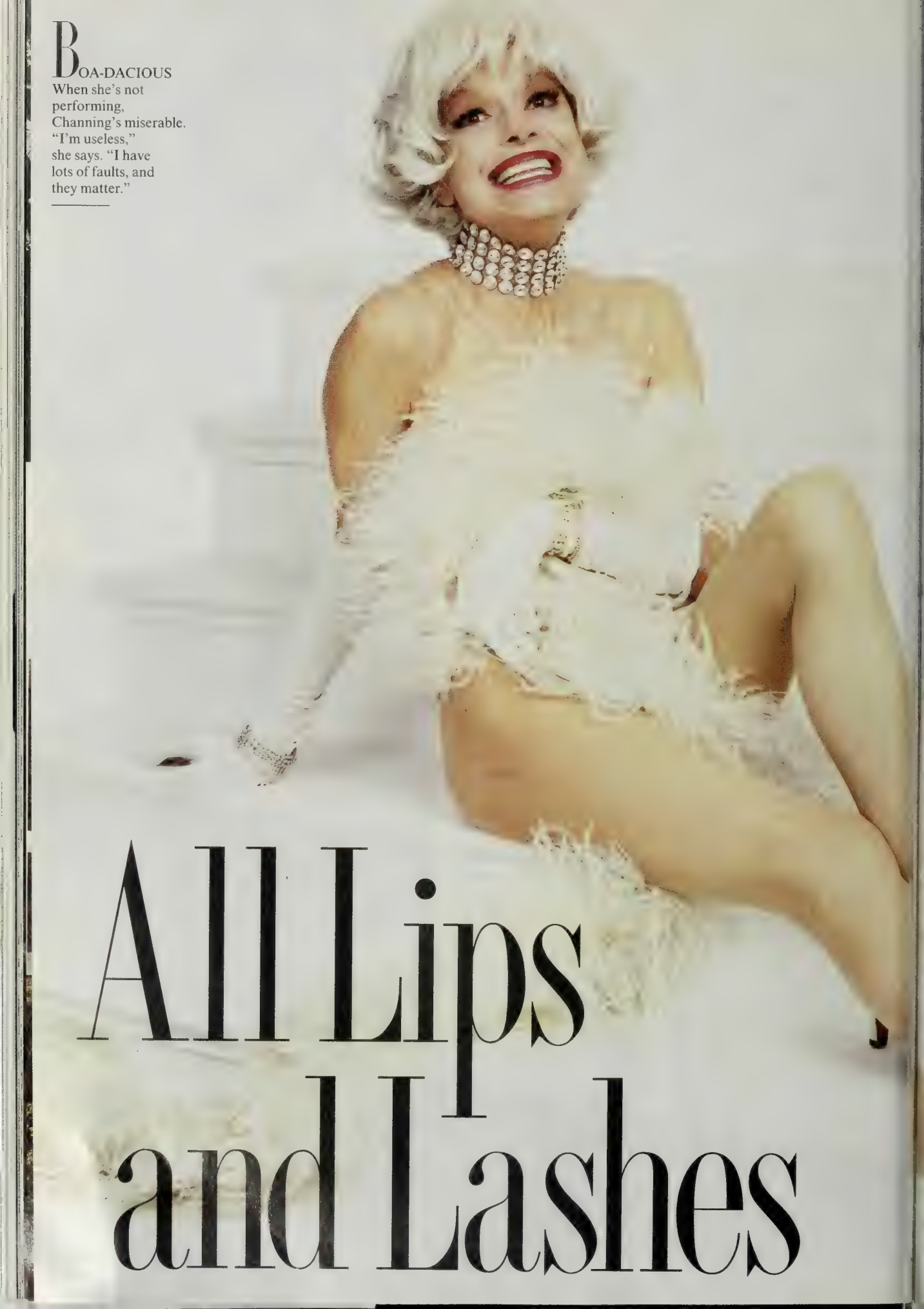
In a decision on Friday, July 28, Saxe ruled the *(Continued on page 294)*

One editor described Wood's name as the irresistible combination of "kitten and Simba."





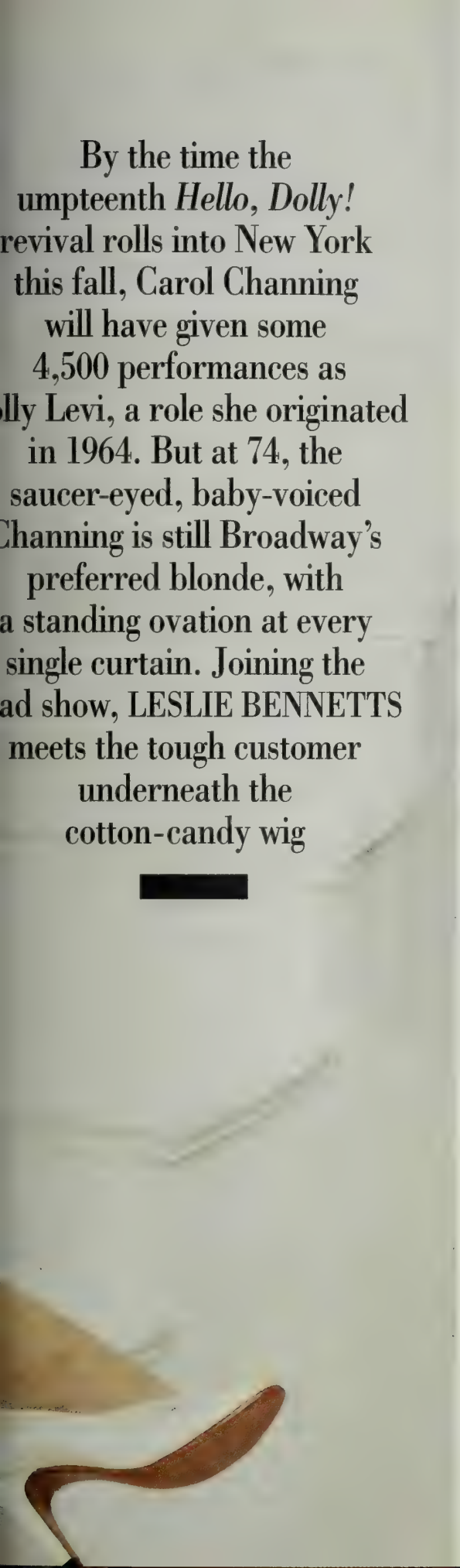
INJUDICIOUS *Above,* Judge Kimba Wood and now estranged husband Michael Kramer in April 1993. *Right,* "the Love Judge" returns to Manhattan in August after a holiday in Italy.



BOA-DACIOUS
When she's not performing, Channing's miserable. "I'm useless," she says. "I have lots of faults, and they matter."

All Lips and Lashes

By the time the umpteenth *Hello, Dolly!* revival rolls into New York this fall, Carol Channing will have given some 4,500 performances as lly Levi, a role she originated in 1964. But at 74, the saucer-eyed, baby-voiced Channing is still Broadway's preferred blonde, with a standing ovation at every single curtain. Joining the ad show, LESLIE BENNETTS meets the tough customer underneath the cotton-candy wig



Back in the mid-1980s, a graffiti artist spray-painted GOD SAVE US FROM HELL! on an L.A. traffic ramp. Such earnestness didn't survive long; another commentator soon arrived with decidedly different concerns. From then on the graffiti read, GOD SAVE US FROM HELLO DOLLY REVIVALS!

So far, God is no match for Carol Channing; yet another national tour of *Hello, Dolly!* is now barreling around the country. And judging from the crowd tonight in Salt Lake City, you'd never guess such cynicism existed. By intermission the woman in front of me is practically in tears—and we haven't even gotten to the title song yet. When Channing appears at the top of that stairway—resplendent in a jeweled scarlet gown, her platinum head quivering with red plumage—her voice sounds as if she'd been gargling with Drano, but it doesn't matter.

"Wow, wow, wow, fellas—look at the old girl now, fellas!" she growls, and the audience erupts. Look at the old girl, indeed. She's 74—and still pulling them to their feet.

The reason why is written all over her. By the time *Hello, Dolly!* hits Broadway in October, Channing will have given nearly 4,500 performances as Dolly Gallagher Levi, a role she originated in 1964 and has played ever since in one revival after another. But you'd never know it; she still revels in every moment. As she tilts her upturned face toward the balcony, it is suffused with a look of yearning so intense it gives you goose bumps. The applause surges, washing over her like a wave; you can almost feel her drinking it in. For Carol Channing, that kind of approval is like oxygen; it's what she lives on, and always has.

And *Hello, Dolly!* remains the most reliable source of a fix. The show won 10 Tony Awards, including best musical; as best actress in a musical, Channing even beat Barbra Streisand, nominated for *Funny Girl.* But then Streisand broke her heart by landing the starring role in the movie version of *Hello, Dolly!,* just as Marilyn Monroe had devastated Channing years earlier by sashaying off with the role of Lorelei Lee, which Channing had originated on Broadway, in the movie of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Equally disappointing were most of Channing's later attempts to recapture Broadway; although she had been a smashing success in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* in 1949, the 1974 sequel, *Lorelei,* was a lame rehash that recycled some of the original songs. A dozen years later, not even the pairing of Channing with Mary Martin was able to save *Legends!,* a turkey that limped around the country for a year but closed before making it to New York.

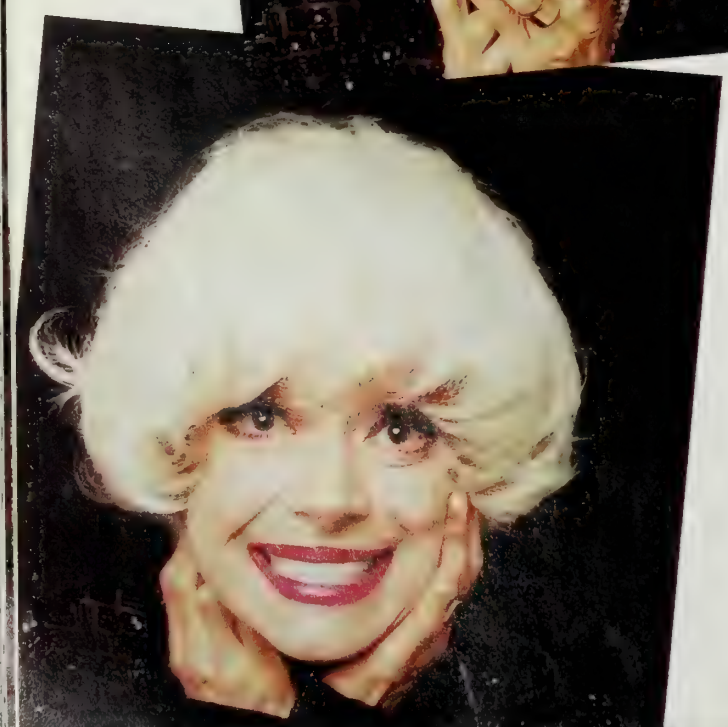
But *Hello, Dolly!* is always a sure thing. In person, Channing remains in character, but the character isn't so much the shrewd, calculating Dolly as it is Lorelei, the classic dumb blonde. By the time Channing accepted her Lifetime Achievement award at the Tony ceremony last June, the familiar persona seemed almost grotesque: although she's

Photographs by FIROOZ ZAHEDI





SUPER TROUPER "Yes, she's tough," admits Marge Champion, who discovered the daffy Dolly-to-be in 1948. "She is a classic case of the iron butterfly."



close to six feet tall in heels, Channing always prese herself as a saucer-eyed, baby-voiced Kewpie doll v cotton-candy hair, a fathomlessly blank expression, not a brain in her head. It's a bizarre image for a one out of diapers, let alone a showbiz legend in 70s. As Channing batted her eyelashes and babbled the audience, it was genuinely eerie, like watching sc animatronic dinosaur that endlessly repeats the same tions. "This is the death of the American theater," mumured one Broadway power player in the audience.

Waiting for Channing in her Salt Lake City ho room, I'm not sure what to expect. The apparition finally materializes is equally curious, but quite differe When Channing pads in with big red watermelon s pers on her feet, wearing a pointy-hooded fire-engine- bathrobe with red tights underneath, she's an arrest sight; she looks like a giant elf escaped from San workshop. Her gray hair is pulled up in a cockeyed po tail, the loopy, off-center kind little girls make bef they learn how to get it straight, with flyaway wi escaping everywhere. When she says hello to me, voice is still that baby-doll simper, but her eyes cool and appraising.

"There are two totally different people there," serves Jerry Herman, the composer of *Hello, Do* and an old friend. "Very early on, she developed style; it's her stage persona, and she doesn't w to give it up. But in private, I have long, inte gent, meaningful conversations with her."

Unlike Channing, her husband pears very much the distinguish grown-up, silver-haired and imp cably groomed. "You've come the way to Milwaukee to see us— nice of you!" booms Charles Lo extending his hand.

"We're in Salt Lake City," I mind him. He shrugs. Last week was Costa Mesa, next week Milwaukee: What's the difference? There will always another town waiting up ahead. If eight million peo have seen Channing play Dolly so far, why, that s leaves more than 240 million to go!

The inevitable question is why. The money ain't bad, course; by the time the current tour ends, Channing v have made more than $5 million on this production alo But no one who knows her believes that the motivation purely financial. After all, the rigors of eight performan a week are daunting for performers in their 20s—a Channing works like a packhorse all day as well, giv interviews to every local media outlet, lunching with c ics, chatting up women's groups, even delivering t weather forecast on any television station that will let h "Charles calls it 'selling the jams and jellies,'" says c colleague. "They make sure every seat is sold."

The Lowes' focus is so single-minded, their dedicati so consuming, that there's nothing left over for any oth kind of life. They don't take vacations; they have

r pleasures or pastimes. So why does Channing con-
e to drive herself so hard?

t's happiness," she says simply. "What am I supposed
ave myself for? Something I don't do that well, like
is? Sitting on the beach? *This* is pleasure. I'm using
y faculty my brain and body can give me, to the hilt—
ything I've got that is strong and healthy. Now, what
arth is better than that? That's magic!"

hen she's not performing, she's miserable. "I'm use-
' she says darkly. "I have lots of faults, and they mat-
All I've got is me and my own faults. There's no
r excuse for my existence. If you dwell on yourself,
ts sickening."

Her dedication is legendary. Until she interrupted the current tour to fly to New York for the Tonys, Channing had never missed a single performance of *Hello, Dolly!* She will finish a show no matter what happens. When she was touring in *Legends!,* she had a scene that involved a vacuum cleaner, and one Channing, who was then in her 60s, tripped over it.

he bounced back up and finished
lay," reports Gary Beach, an ac-
who was in the show. "She never
the stage, and you'd never have
n anything was wrong. I had no
But at curtain call I reached down
ab her hand, and she said, 'Don't—
rm's broken.' And it was. They
her to the hospital, got it set,
she finished the run in a cast."

e Lowes used even that to Car-
advantage. "The stage manager
d make an announcement be-
the performance started: 'Ladies
gentlemen, Miss Channing has
en her arm,'" Beach says. "The
e audience would go, 'Ohhhhhh!' And then he would
'But Miss Channing insists on going on this after-
.' And the audience would go, 'Ahhhhhhhh!' So we
the play with a cheer; you've already got 2,000
s on your side."

anning's professionalism was most sorely tested dur-
he ill-fated tour of *Legends!* Among the show's many
lems was the fact that Mary Martin, then entering her
ge, couldn't remember her lines. Channing coped
cally by learning all of Martin's lines along with her
and improvising cues to jog her co-star's memory. "It
otally valiant," says Beach. Occasionally, however, Chan-
s exasperation would get the better of her, and she
to snapping at Martin onstage. "Suddenly you'd hear,
, you really blew *that* laugh!'" Beach reports.

etting the laugh has always been the most important
in the world to Channing, ever since she stepped onto a stage for the first time. She was seven years old, and her home life was tormented, but what she discovered that day at a school assembly changed her life forever.

"The first time onstage, I soared," she says dreamily. "The first time you find out they're laughing, and they think it's just as funny as you did—suddenly I was soaring. From the time I was nine I was going to Saturday matinees, and, boy, that fed me! Then I'd go back to school and do Ethel Waters, do Fanny Brice. I was unafraid onstage. The safest place in the world is the middle of a stage. Nobody can get you."

That wasn't the case at home. Channing grew up in San Francisco as the only child of a renowned Christian Science lecturer, George Channing. She adored her father, but her mother was a nightmare. Part of her recoils from revealing the truth about their relationship—"I don't like people who don't like their mothers," she says disapprovingly—but she can't help it. It makes her nervous to be talking about real feelings, and she keeps trying to divert the conversation, offering up the imitations she does so well: Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel Merman, Marlene Dietrich. But no matter what the ostensible topic, Channing keeps circling back obsessively to her mother.

"You want my *autograph?*" she asked. And then she screamed, "*Well, write me!*"

The portrait she paints is of a viciously subversive woman who went to almost insane lengths to tear her daughter down, gloating over her failures and sabotaging her successes. "She was crazy," Channing says flatly. "Nobody understands if you're frightened of your mother. She would go to school and tell the teachers things I never said about them. The teacher said, 'Why do you lie like that?' I was absolutely petrified. I didn't know how to combat it. My mission in life was to hide the fact that my mother was crazy. I was never allowed to have friends. She completely possessed me. I do not understand my mother to this day; I don't know what was the matter with her. She was jealous of anything I did. She would laugh because she talked the teacher out of giving me the oratorical award!"

As she says this, Channing maintains her habitual expression of blank amazement, but there is such venom in her voice that it makes me shiver. Little Carol worshiped her father, a big man who always had a weight problem. But her mother even bragged about trying to hasten his death. "She said, 'If I keep feeding him all this fat and starch, he'll go like *that!*'" Channing snaps her fingers crisply. "My father was stuck with her; he couldn't get away. He was devoted to his religion. I could hear the fights; I begged them, 'Can't you get divorced? It would be so much better if you could get away from each other!'" But they stayed together, and one day George Channing, returning to America after a European lecture tour, suf-

fered a heart attack on the airplane and died—"like *that!*"

By then, however, Carol had found a haven elsewhere. A Bennington dropout, she had already married early and unwisely, not once but twice. Why did she marry so young? "I didn't know how to make friends," she says plaintively. "I'm always frightened and self-conscious."

Husband number one was a writer she had met on the Borscht Belt; she says he had a drug problem and later "died of drugs." By that time Carol had divorced him and married a football player ("Not a good one," she assures me) who turned out to be a hopeless alcoholic. "It made my mother happy, the two bad marriages," Carol says bitterly. "It gave her power. It made her happy that I was a failure."

Although Carol's second marriage was brief, to her enormous dismay she got pregnant. "I didn't 'decide' to have a child; it was all a pure mistake," she says grimly. "I was supposed to go to London and do *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* and I couldn't do it. I was upset, but I could not kill George Channing's grandson. I sure loved my father; I guess I made a deity out of him. But getting pregnant sure knocked me silly. I knew how ambitious I was."

After her son, Channing, was born, Carol approached child-rearing as idiosyncratically as she did everything else. "I'd just keep talking to him, telling him, 'Now, I have to go to work, Chan—you have to understand this,'" she explains reasonably, as if it were entirely logical to expect an infant to assimilate such information and accommodate his mother's needs accordingly. "I said, 'Chan, I can't spend as much time with you as we would like; you have to help me with this. I've got to get ready and go.'"

And she went, leaving Chan behind, often for long periods of time. When Chan was three, salvation arrived in the form of Charles Lowe, a never-married television producer who worked for an advertising agency and had a close professional relationship with George Burns and Gracie Allen. Although Carol was still married to the football player, she was instantly smitten with Charles.

"I knew it the moment I met him," she says fervently. "I feel it's a miracle; Charles's and my relationship is a miracle. He knew how to get me out of this nightmare marriage, and he got me out of it. Charles was funny. I never laughed so much in my life. My life opened up like crazy. He swept me into the Burns family." She sighs rapturously. "To be sleeping with the person you want to be sleeping with and not fantasizing about another person—Oh, my God!"

Charles stepped right into place as Chan's father—and with Carol's grateful acquiescence, he took charge of her career as well. "Gracie Allen said to me, 'Just let him do all the work. You just take care of the show,'" Carol recalls. "I do everything he tells me to do."

Most female stars bemoan their inability to make a marriage work; their husbands always end up resenting them and envying the limelight. Not Charles Lowe; he virtually insists on public self-effacement. "Whenever we go out to a theater event, Charles, instead of taking Carol's arm, pushes me to take her arm, because it's more interesting for the cameras to have the composer and the star," reports Jerry Herman. "He walks behind us. He's been ing this for 30 years."

"He's hell-bent on the goal," Carol explains, "and I hell-bent on the goal: Get that theater filled up! He's b ting on me. He's giving his whole life to me, and I'd b ter come through. I can't let Charles down. I can't him, let alone fail myself."

When Charles Lowe and I sit do to lunch, he looks so immacul that he could have stepped out a men's fashion magazine. Fr his white hair to his white tur neck to his white pants to his wh shoes, everything is perfect.

Lowe has always been the ki of man who takes care of the sm est detail. He writes every word C ol says in public, from her nightly curtain speeches to l pitches for fake diamonds on QVC. He's working the pho by nine every morning, managing Carol's career and pl ting her future. He attends every single performan watching *Hello, Dolly!* each night as attentively as if he h never seen it before—leading every round of applau laughing louder than anyone, leaping to his feet to st the standing ovations. "He's Mr. Perfect Audience," s Gary Beach. "His performance is every bit as good Carol's."

Carol's performance absorbs the Lowes endlessly; th never get tired of refining it, and Charles's pursuit of p fection is all-encompassing. When Carol's old friend M ine Mesinger went to see the show recently, Char indignantly reproached her for anticipating a laugh li "He said, 'Goddamn it, you're stepping on the laugh reports Mesinger, a columnist for the *Houston Chronic*

The Lowes' relationship is a perpetual source of ama ment to friends and colleagues. "Charles puts her toge er like a Tinkertoy," marvels Jean Kerr, the author a wife of retired *New York Times* theater critic Walter Ke

"You can't talk about Carol without talking abo Charles," attests Barbara Walters. "I remember once h ing Charles on *Not for Women Only.* Charles talked abo Carol as if it were General Motors and she were a pr uct that had to be kept new and wonderful. It isn't j that he loves her; they're a team. He makes it possi for her to go out onstage."

At times Charles's relentlessness, not to mention penchant for referring to his wife as "Miss Channin proves overwhelmingly irritating to her colleagues. For nately, he is not without a sense of humor. During t *Legends!* tour, says Gary Beach, "Charles was in the co pany manager's office one day, ranting and raving abo this and that—'You can't do that to Miss Channing!' T company manager finally said, 'Charles, don't be such asshole!' Charles drew himself up and said, 'What—a ruin my reputation?' He knows exactly what he's doin

Charles's unusual devotion is echoed in that of Caro son—an outcome which, in retrospect, seems miraculo Accompanying her everywhere is a framed Mother's D



"She's a major, major diva. . . . There's this really tough woman you see behind closed doors."

LASHING OUT Channing reports that on February 22 she gave up her greatest addiction: false eyelashes. "My eyelids are bald," she says, remembering the trauma of it. "I would dream that I had no clothes on. Look at me—I look like nothing!"

card he sent her, bestowing a Tony Award for "Best Mom." "In a Difficult Balancing Act—Lifetime Achievement," reads the card, which he drew himself. "Mom—Here's your award for your other accomplishment, less ballyhooed maybe, but no less important. Happy Mother's Day!"

These days Channing Lowe leads a seemingly normal life as an editorial cartoonist for the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel,* but his childhood was distinctly unorthodox; he was always being stashed in some hotel with hired help while his parents gallivanted around the country, and he was packed off to boarding school as soon as was practicable. Despite the long separations, Carol seems to view their family life as warm and wonderful. "Chan got to visit us on every vacation," she says brightly. "Wherever we were, we'd just fly him in."

Chan, who is now 42, insists he didn't feel bereft. "I never went for more than a few months at a time without seeing them," he says earnestly. "We were on the phone constantly. Both my mother and Charles were very involved parents. Even though they couldn't physically be there, they made sure I was taken care of. I never felt like I was being shunted aside as a second-class citizen to The Career."

Given how badly the children of many stars turn out, the Lowes' friends have long been impressed with Chan; he not only stayed out of trouble but also managed to create a successful professional identity of his own. "He's a really good guy," says Susan Estrich, a California law professor, columnist, and television commentator who is a close friend of the Lowes'. "He's smart, he's serious, he's substantive, he loves his parents—he struck me as a real grown-up. He turned out fine."

Nor is Chan the only evidence of Carol's essential goodness. "I had a sister who was slightly mentally retarded—just enough to ruin her life," Barbara Walters tells me. "She stuttered badly, but she loved people in show business. Carol and she didn't just become friends—Carol would take my sister away on vacations with her. Carol would call her as often as I did, and I would call her every other day."

And why did Carol Channing make such efforts on behalf of Barbara Walters's sister? "Because she has a great and good heart," Walters says firmly. "She got nothing from me; I have never interviewed her on a special or for *20/20.* It has never come up. The generosity of Carol Channing is beyond compare. I have never heard her say an unkind word."

Such testimonials abound among Carol's friends, who tend to be influential media types but who invariably insist that Carol's loyalty has nothing to do with their power. "People said to me, 'Charles Lowe will love you as long as you've got the column, but after that's gone, forget it—it's not your blue eyes that makes these people like you,'" reports Maxine Mesinger. When she and Carol first met, Mesinger worked for *The Houston Press,* but one day in 1964, "the *Chronicle* bought the *Press* and put it off the streets," she says.

Mesinger was visiting a sick friend in Memphis, but less than an hour after she learned that her newspaper had been closed, the telephone rang. "Charles had tracked me down to a hospital room in Memphis," Mesinger says, still amazed. "He said, 'You don't have to worry about a damn thing—you've got a job with Carol and me. Your son can stay in boarding school—don't worry.'" Unbeknownst to Charles, Mesinger had already been hired by the *Chronicle,* but she has always treasured his concern.

There is another side to Carol Channing, however—one that her influential friends may never see. Back in 1964, Willard Beckham lived in a small town in Oklahoma and was so obsessed with Carol Channing that his parents bought him a platinum wig so he could act out *Hello, Dolly!* in their living room. "I was a little fat kid with a buzz haircut, and I didn't think about anything but *Hello, Dolly!*" Beckham recalls. "I had this real fantasy that around the corner would come this big white Rolls-Royce, and inside would be Carol Channing, dripping with rhinestones, and I would run into her arms and never look back."

When *Hello, Dolly!* finally went on tour, Beckham's parents drove him the three hours to Oklahoma City and bought him a ticket. "I had every number memorized, and I went from beginning to end," Beckham says. "It was the most magical theatrical experience of my life."

After it was over, he found his way backstage and knocked on Channing's dressing-room door. "Finally the door opens, and there stands Carol Channing. 'What do you want?' she said. I told her all about idolizing her, and how seeing the show was my lifelong dream, and I asked her for her autograph," Beckham reports. "She got this real sweet smile on her face, and she said, 'You want my autograph? You want my *autograph?*'" He mimics her cloyingly sweet, faux-humble tone.

"And then she screamed, '*Well, write me!*' And she slammed the door in my face."

Beckham was devastated, but years later he landed a job in the chorus of *Lorelei.* "I thought this was the greatest thing in the world—I couldn't believe I was going to be working with Carol Channing!" he says. "She was fun, and a trouper to work with, but she was a major, major diva. There's the public persona, with that innocent façade, the 'How are you, darling?'—and then there's this really tough woman you see behind closed doors. You're terrified of her because you know what kind of power she has."

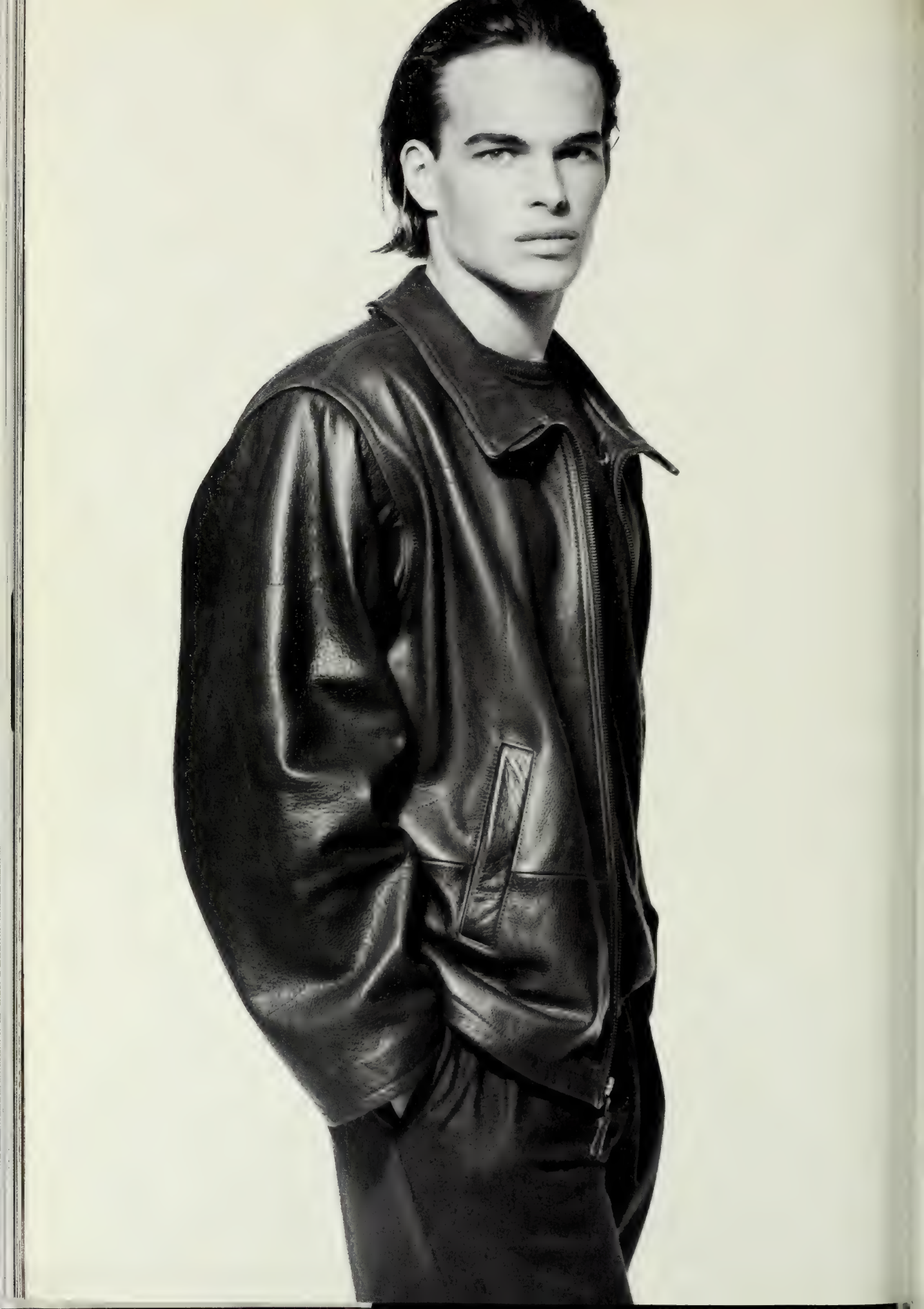
When Beckham joined *Lorelei,* things weren't going well. "They had been on the road a long time, and I came in on a wave of firings," Beckham recalls. "Carol and Chan would gang up with the producers to blame everyone else for why it wasn't working." They became increasingly incensed with the show's lyricists, Betty Comden and Adolph Green, and one day a company member walked past Carol's dressing room while she was sounding off about Comden. "It wasn't too long after that that Comden and Green were out," says one company member.

Nor was Comden the only target of Carol's wrath. During the Los Angeles opening, something went wrong with Carol's microphone. She was livid. "That night, in her curtain speech after the show, she said, 'I have to apologize for our soundman. It's such a difficult job he has. He has to turn that little switch *(Continued on page 2*

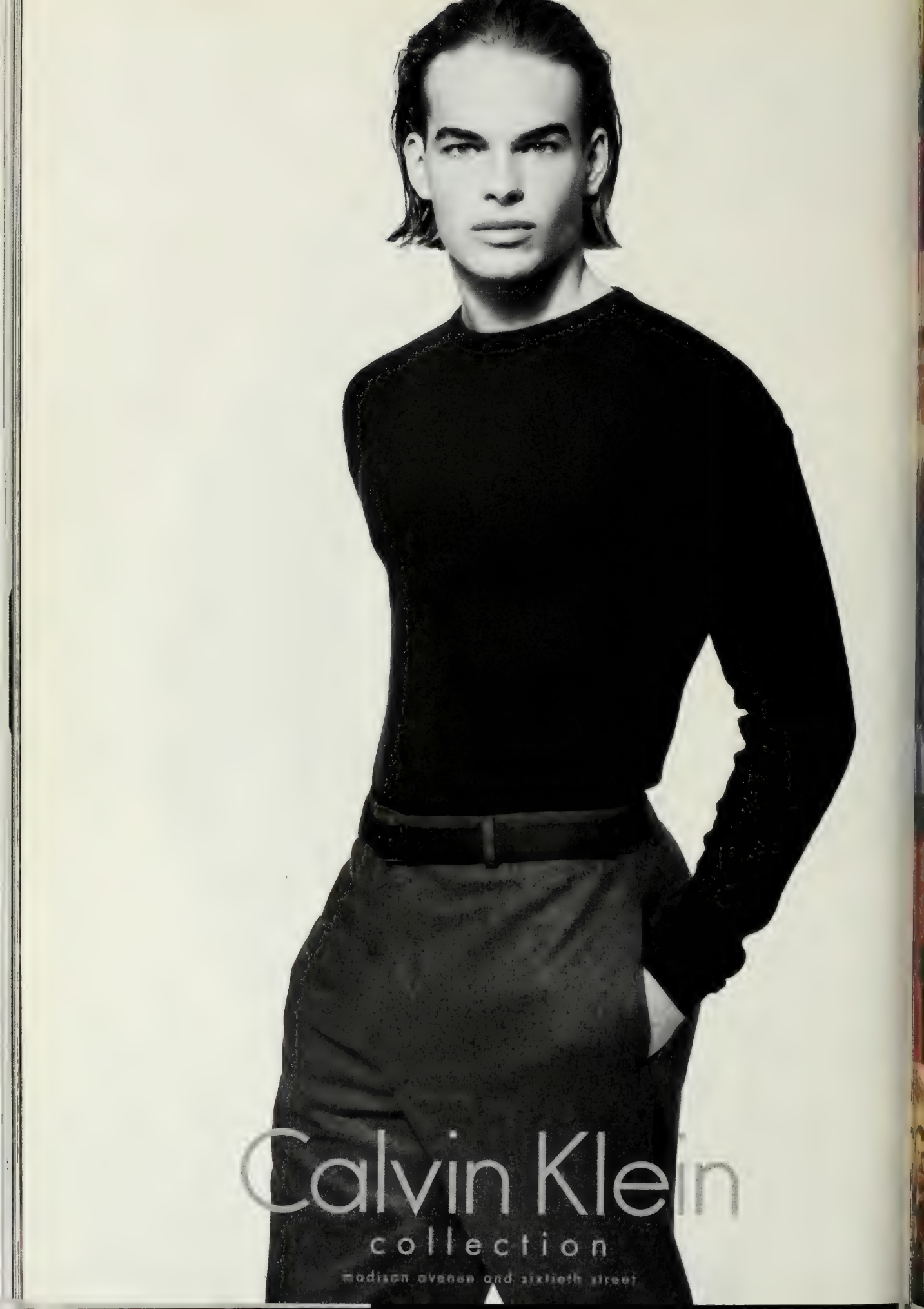


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collection

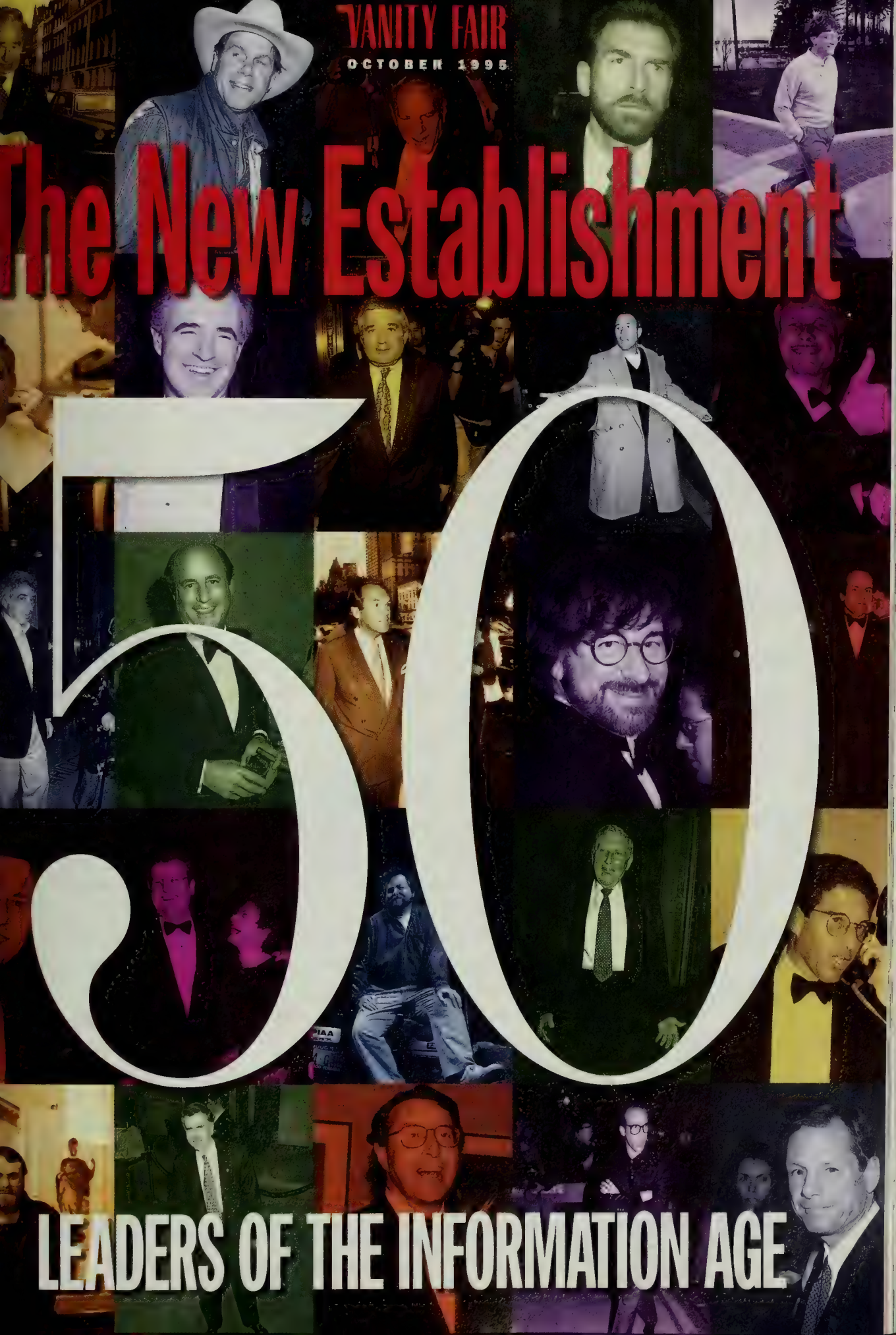





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VANITY FAIR
OCTOBER 1995

The New Establishment



50

LEADERS OF THE INFORMATION AGE

Is power who you know or what you own? Ask David Geffen. Ask Rupert Murdoch. Is the future in cable, telephone, or computer? Ask Gerald Levin, Ray Smith, or Andrew Grove. What's the difference between convergence and monopoly? Ask Michael Eisner. Ask Bill Gates.

A year ago, *Vanity Fair* defined America's New Establishment, the Fords and Carnegie of the Information Age. The U.S. economy had clearly shifted away from its industrial-military footing, and the nation was racing toward global dominance as the first entertainment/information superpower. Indeed, over the last 12 months the stock market has seemed driven not by Detroit or Wall Street but by Seattle, as Microsoft's Windows 95 cliff-hanger gripped the headlines. Feeble cries from the White Hous about the dangers of big media went all but ignored as Congress unleashed the cable and phone companies and a wave of mergers continued.

The lords of entertainment, information, and technology have continued to stake their billions—on brands, on distribution technology, on software, and on t air. Disney's Michael Eisner acquires Cap Cities/ABC for $19 billion. Sumner Redstone swallows Paramount ($10 billion) and Blockbuster ($8.4 billion), then agrees to sell Viacom's $2.25 billion cable business to TCI's John Malone. At Tir Warner, Gerald Levin ups his cable ante by $4.5 billion. Edgar Bronfman Jr. buys MCA for $5.7 billion. Louis Gerstner stakes $3.5 billion on new software fo IBM. AT&T's Robert Allen takes Craig McCaw's cellular empire for $11.5 billio

The New Establishment's year in deals (see page 280) was spectacular by an standard. And half the fascination lay in the egos surrounding them. Michael Ovitz's doomed tango with Edgar Bronfman Jr. after Bronfman's MCA purcha and the CAA chief's subsequent, startling leap into Eisner's arms. The scorpion dance between Eisner and his former lieutenant, DreamWorks SKG co-founde Jeffrey Katzenberg. Watching the muscles ripple at investment banker Herbert Allen's Sun Valley info-baron get-together, one could almost forget the exponer technological power looming unpredictably on the horizon. A thousand interactive-media conferences have bloomed—from Teddy Forstmann's Ziff-D affair in Aspen to Esther Dyson's annual think tank to *New York Times* techno-pundit Denise Caruso's gathering in Laguna Beach—even though the Hollywood–Silicon Valley mating dance shows signs of turning nasty. "No one made any money yet," says one investor. "They're getting blue balls."

But in between mergers and acquisitions the whiff of grassroots change is i the air, and new contenders are appearing: the DreamWorks studio, Ronald Perelman's New World Communications, Jim Clark's year-and-a-half-old Netscape. Even Microsoft is looking at fresh challenges, from Andrew Grove's Intel and from Gerstner's Lotus-enhanced IBM. You actually *do* need a score to keep track of the players. And so *Vanity Fair* presents its first annual New Establishment 50 list, bearing in mind that the lineup changes with the speed c Pentium chip (and hoping that the chip is more or less bug-free). These are the powers driving the Information Age. Here is the year that was, with arrows fo year that will be. Place your bets. Gentlemen, start your laptops . . .

Portraits by NIGEL PARRY

No. 1

RUPERT MURDOCH

Chairman and C.E.O., News Corporation Ltd.



The Power: At 61, Rupert Murdoch is arguably the most powerful private citizen in the world. His global influence is such that he's the only media baron (R.I.P. William Randolph Hearst) could conceivably say to his underlings, provide the pictures, I'll provide the He owns more than 130 newspapers, agazines, a string of TV stations, a dcast network and a new cable network TV and fX), a publishing house perCollins), an Internet service with , and the Twentieth Century Fox TV movie studios. He has the lock on . football in the U.S. and soccer in the He has had his way with the F.C.C. Star and Sky TV's satellites beaming ross Asia, Europe, and Latin America, ustralian-born media baron communi- with hundreds of millions of people day.

Glory: Murdoch globe-trots, summons l leaders, and entertains at the moun- op Beverly Hills mansion once owned CA founder Jules Stein. Although he ucceeded by catering to the tastes of orking class (*The Sun,* the *New York* Fox's *Married . . . with Children*), the rd-educated Murdoch rarely sees his mers. He prefers the company of lone proprietors such as John Malone and ael Milken.

Dish: His current obsessions are news ed Turner. Says an aide, "If he could one thing in the world, he'd have ." R-o-s-e-b-u-d.

Detail: The man who controls an em- worth roughly $20 billion disarms op- nts at critical meetings with a Waspy iness that includes wearing shirts with d cuffs and collars. The year ahead: ⬆

No. 2

BILL GATES

C.E.O. and co-founder, Microsoft Corporation.



The Power: Gates is the overlord of not just the software business but, for all intents and purposes, the entire computer industry. In what is undoubtedly the most powerful monopoly ion in American business, Microsoft ating systems run more than 80 percent of the world's personal computers—a number that could actually increase if Windows 95 is half as popular as Microsoft predicts.

The Glory: Sure, he's smart, but Gates's secret is that he's the best marketer in an industry dominated by techno-wonks. In his vision, Microsoft software will run every digital gadget of the next century, from video servers to set-top boxes to sci-fi widgets like the computerized wallet. As the country's wealthiest person, he has all the tools to make that vision a reality. And he's just 39.

The Dish: The rap on the Seattle-born Harvard dropout is that he's a 13-year-old trapped in a billionaire robber baron's body. Competitors complain that Microsoft routinely steamrollers, mugs, robs, disses, irks, ignores, and generally enrages everyone else in the industry, where it's known simply as "the Evil Empire." Even the Justice Department couldn't teach him manners. So fearsome has his reputation grown that the DreamWorks trio, especially Steven Spielberg, was reluctant to meet with Gates, who ultimately invested $30 million in their venture.

The Detail: Gates reportedly had Microsoft executive Steve Ballmer negotiate the prenuptial agreement with his new, 31-year-old bride, Melinda French, a Microsoft business manager. The year ahead: ⬆

No. 3

MICHAEL EISNER

Chairman and C.E.O., the Walt Disney Company.



The Power: Of the three seemingly universal institutions—Church, State, and Disney—Eisner heads the only one that could possibly launch a Children's Crusade today. (*Watch ABC's Peter Jennings for exclusive live coverage of the kids on the march.*) He has been, over the past five years, America's highest-paid corporate executive, with a personal fortune estimated at $350 million.

The Glory: Mickey, Minnie, Mike, *Pocahontas,* Diane Sawyer, video sales of *The Lion King,* TV's *Home Improvement.* The 53-year-old Eisner's empire extends from the theme parks to the Disney Channel to book publishing, Disney Stores, a record company, sports teams, a planned live-theater complex on 42nd Street, the ABC network, newspapers and magazines including *Women's Wear Daily,* ESPN, 11 television stations, and 21 radio stations. Is Rockefeller Center next? Despite a deal with three of the Baby Bells and GTE, and the technology-friendly Michael Ovitz at his side, Eisner is lukewarm about Information Age alliances. As he's told friends, "In the end, it doesn't matter whether it comes in by cable, telephone lines, computer, or satellite. Everyone's still going to have to deal with Disney."

The Dish: When last we visited the Disney-corporate-adventure ride, Eisner was recovering from bypass surgery, mourning the death of his best friend and number two, Frank Wells, and warring with the DreamWorks-bound Jeffrey Katzenberg. Katzenberg has been a thorn in the Lion King's paw, and a recent rapprochement—for the sake of DreamWorks' $200 million production deal with ABC—probably can't paper over a deep personal enmity.

The Detail: When Eisner was at home, convalescing after his bypass, doctors warned him not to talk to anyone in show business. An exception was made for Ovitz, a close friend, who was allowed to visit. He arrived to find Eisner sneaking a call. Ovitz removed the phone from Eisner's hand and hung it up, admonishing his future boss, "It's too soon, Mike. It's too soon." The year ahead: ⬆

No. 4

SUMNER REDSTONE

Chairman, Viacom Inc.



The Power: The big-screen interpretation of 72-year-old Sumner Redstone would be John Huston as Noah Cross in the 1974 Paramount Pictures movie *Chinatown.* A rascally Boston rube who wears off-the-rack suits and walks to work, Redstone wouldn't be out of character saying, with an unnerving smile, "Oh, I still got a few teeth left in my head." Well, Redstone owns Paramount now, and *Chinatown,* and Viacom and MTV and Nickelodeon and Simon & Schuster—a $10.1-billion-a-year conglomerate. "I am constantly reminded of my age by the press," he says, "but . . . I still have my marbles."

The Glory: When Redstone beat the slicker, savvier Barry Diller in their $10 billion battle for Paramount, anyone who had underestimated him looked naïve. He may be a little rough around the edges, but he graduated from Harvard and Harvard Law, and his tenacity is practically a trademark. In 1979, caught in a late-night hotel fire, Redstone clung to a window ledge with one hand *while on fire,* until help arrived. Not expected to ever leave a wheelchair if he survived, Redstone now plays a nasty game of winning tennis several times a week, his racket strapped to his maimed right hand, and reportedly fights over line calls during *practice.*

The Dish: You can find Redstone, who's

worth more than $4 billion, on the telephone at three A.M. tracking theater-ticket sales for Paramount movies. Reports have had him so infuriated during negotiations that he smacks himself in the head with his cigar, showering ash and spittle. Hollywood snobs think Redstone is in over his head, and note that at movie premieres he still acts like an out-of-towner. (He fawned so over Mel Gibson at the *Braveheart* screening that one witness said, "He's going to ask for his autograph!") Hollywood smart guys know otherwise.

The Detail: He wasn't alone on that hotel window ledge. The woman who was with him also survived. The year ahead: ➔

No. 5

JOHN MALONE

President and C.E.O., Tele-Communications, Inc.



The Power: Cable Cosa Nostra King, Darth Vader, Lone Ranger—these are just a few of the sobriquets earned by maverick "Dr." John Malone, de facto founder of the cable industry. As C.E.O. of TCI, the nation's largest cable operator, he controls nearly 25 percent of domestic cable boxes, is involved in almost every major cable venture, ran[ning] from CNN to Court TV to QVC to B[roadcasting] Entertainment Television, and has deals [with] everyone from Microsoft and News C[orp.] to Netscape. His net worth is estimate[d] half a billion.

The Glory: Malone, 54, a Yalie from C[onnecticut] necticut with a Ph.D., is a master of [the] leveraged deal, and in the developing ca[ble] versus-telephone market battle, he's p[osi]tioned to make a killing. Says an indu[stry] observer, "When [cable] deregulation h[appens] pens, watch out. . . . He and Time Wa[rner] will dominate the business."

The Dish: Though he initially suppo[rted] Diller's ill-fated Paramount takeover



No. 7 Andrew Grove

The C.E.O. of Intel, at his headquarters in Santa Clara, California, wears the sterile "Bunny Suit" necessary to enter the area where his industry-dominant computer chips are made.

"It doesn't matter whether it comes in by cable, telephone li

t, he then turned around and leaked r's plans to Paramount chief Martin s while trying to do his own deal. And gh he helped bail out Ted Turner after er's MGM/UA purchase and now has power on his board, he reportedly ed Turner from acquiring the Financial s Network. One observer compares o a general with a lot of units in the "These guys are just soldiers to him, atter how important they might be as iduals. They continue to fight for him ıse they have no alternative."

Detail: At his suburban-Denver offices, ı he abandons every summer to go sail- ı Maine, there is a stuffed, tie-wearing la named Ray Smith, after the Bell tic chairman, once a potential partner, a big competitor. The year ahead:

No. 6

GERALD LEVIN

irman and C.E.O., Time Warner Inc.



The Power: He presides over the world's second-largest media-and-entertainment empire, a $16 billion conglomerate that includes the No. 2 cable company, enviable software assets, world's largest music company (the ıer Music Group), the Warner Bros. os (*Batman Forever* plus 25 prime-time sion shows), the No. 1 pay-TV service ıe Box Office), a publishing company, 24-magazine revenue turbine.

Glory: Levin's been betting big on cable opes to become a one-stop shop for all technology needs: telephone, faster-than-eding-bullet data transmission (so you eruse *Time* on-line), and banking and shopping too. You may not get it, but thinks your six-year-old will. With dereg- n on the horizon, he could end up being as a genius. (Imagine the glorious future the cable companies run everything.)

Dish: Following in the outsize footsteps ve Ross, the quietly dour Levin is still ded by some as the accidental chair- Nervous investors fret that his cable vi- are a techno-colored pipe dream, and oodshed in his music division has been tering across the headlines (see "The arious Throne," on page 90). Under ure, he's pledged to cut the company's opping $15 billion debt by spinning able properties. Meanwhile, Edgar fman Jr. stands by with a 15 percent in the company, pondering how to mize value. A sale to Barry Diller? How about Ron Perelman? Or Jack Welch?

The Detail: The isolated Levin sits virtually alone on a cavernous top floor of the Time Warner building. His favorite book is *The Stranger.* The year ahead:

No. 7

ANDREW GROVE

C.E.O., Intel Corporation.



The Power: See how powerful you can get when no one is watching? Andy Grove has built an Information Age monopoly that is reminiscent of the Industrial Age Carnegie and Mellon empires. Intel makes microchips, the brains of P.C.'s, for 80 percent of the global market. At 58, Grove broke out of the shadows this year when his company grossed more than $11 billion, posting earnings so huge that even bullish analysts were surprised.

The Glory: Witty and intellectual, Grove is considered one of the best managers in Silicon Valley. Intel, where he has worked since its founding in 1968, is known for moving fast—and for slowing down competitors with patent-infringement lawsuits. Grove has been daring about spending money: he is completing a $10 billion, five-year program to expand his factories.

The Dish: His 15-year alliance with Bill Gates —Microsoft's operating-system software is designed around Intel chips and vice versa—has been key to his success, but Grove wants to set a new global standard. His latest chips, the Pentium and the P6, can already do more than Microsoft's programs can handle, so he's started to develop his own software. Gates has objected, and some say a split between the two men could be brewing.

The Detail: Until as late as 1989, Grove hated using a P.C. Though he escaped from Soviet Hungary in 1957, he still lives by the motto "Only the paranoid survive." The year ahead:

No. 8

STEVEN SPIELBERG

Co-founder, DreamWorks SKG; founder, Amblin Entertainment.



The Power: To call Steven Spielberg the most successful Hollywood director in history—at 47, he's been responsible for 4 of the top 10 all-time moneymakers—is almost to miss the point. The Ohio-born college dropout is more than a director or producer; he's a virtual studio. In 1995, Amblin had two huge hits: NBC's *ER* and Universal's *Casper* ($92 million to date). And this was the year Spielberg was taking his well-publicized sabbatical.

The Glory: *Forbes* estimates Spielberg's total net worth at more than $600 million; he made $250 million on *Jurassic Park* alone. But all his earnings on *Schindler's List* went to a Holocaust project, and Elie Wiesel presented him with a memorial award last November. He was given the Lifetime Achievement Award this spring by the American Film Institute. "His cranium houses the world's largest multiplex theater—open 24 hours a day," said award-ceremony M.C. and close friend Tom Hanks.

The Dish: A former Amblin employee—who remains unnamed, since all Amblin employees are required to sign a lifelong confidentiality agreement—complained that Spielberg is "not really the head of a company, he's sort of God." Unfortunately, God is not that interested in numbers, a deficiency he's clearly addressing by teaming up with Geffen and Katzenberg.

The Detail: The longtime friendship between Spielberg and prickly Steve Ross widow Courtney Sale Ross hit a brief rocky patch this spring; she was upset that he didn't pay homage to her late husband while accepting his award from the American Film Institute. The year ahead:

No. 9

DAVID GEFFEN

Co-founder, DreamWorks SKG.



The Power: King David, as his mother unwittingly dubbed him, is the Brooklyn-born monarch of the so-called Velvet Mafia, in his second decade as a master of the Hollywood universe, and, in the words of one observer, the "ultimate yenta." A billionaire college dropout in Banana Republic clothes, he's the financial wizard and music man of the high-profile DreamWorks collaboration. Between his art collection and his $25 million Gulfstream IV with its own satellite-communications system, he has significantly upped the assets ante among the power elite. A man who *lives* on the telephone, he has spoiled as many deals as he has clinched.

The Glory: It's all in the timing: a millionaire at 25, Geffen became an overnight near billionaire at 47 after he sold his Geffen Records hit factory to MCA, which in turn was

puter, or satellite. Everyone's going to have to deal with Disney."

You can find Redstone, who's worth $4 billion, on the teleph

sold to Matsushita in 1990. He's already raised a billion dollars for DreamWorks and helped nail deals with MCA, Cap Cities/ABC, Microsoft, Silicon Graphics, and HBO. Along with Virgin Records, he will release George Michael's first album in five years, after buying out Michael's long-disputed Sony contract, and is lassoing former Warner music men Mo Ostin, Lenny Waronker, and others.

The Dish: Look for his fingerprints on Katzenberg's split with Eisner, Michael Ovitz's not taking the MCA job, and Ron Meyer's doing so. If Katzenberg is a "Golden Retriever," Geffen is a Doberman. He has been on Ovitz's case ever since the two tangled over the movie *Personal Best.* In the past he has even made less-than-kind remarks about Spielberg, allegedly telling let's-not-do-lunch Julia Phillips that his future partner was "selfish, self-centered, egomaniacal, and, worst of all—greedy."

The Detail: He threw up on the morning of the DreamWorks press conference. The year ahead: ➔

No. 10

ROBERT ALLEN

Chairman and C.E.O., AT&T.



The Power: Size matters. AT&T is the world's most successful telecommunications company—for now—with annual revenues of $75 billion. In his self-described "deal of the decade," last year's $11.5 billion acquisition of McCaw Cellular, Allen also created the AT&T Wireless Services, currently the country's largest wireless operator.

The Glory: Allen is the biggest player in a long-distance cartel that has kept out local competitors for the past 12 years. The telecommunications bill is likely to change all that; he will find himself in direct competition with the Baby Bells and with cable entrepreneurs such as Malone. In an on-line race with MCI, he has just announced AT&T's Internet service, and has also linked up with IBM's Lotus to create a network for Lotus Notes users.

The Dish: The Missouri-born Allen acknowledges his "charisma deficiency." What can you say about a guy who made $5.4 million last year and lives in the Short Hills, New Jersey, house that belonged to his former boss?

The Detail: Very few people, including touring golf pros, putt better than Bob Allen. At 60, he has an extremely steady hand. The year ahead: ➔

No. 11

EDGAR BRONFMAN JR.

President and C.E.O., the Seagram Company Ltd.; acting chairman, MCA Inc.



The Power: It's not just the money. All the people circling around MCA last spring—Murdoch, Ronald Perelman, the Dutch owners of Philips, the Germans behind Bertelsmann—had money. Edgar Bronfman Jr., heir to the $6-billion-a-year spirits-and-beverage company founded by his grandfather, was the one who flew to Japan, alone, to meet with Matsushita's head, Yoichi Morishita; within weeks, 80 percent of MCA was his for $5.7 billion.

The Glory: He still has almost $2 billion in cash from the sale of his DuPont shares, and 15 percent of Time Warner. And despite all the charges of betrayal surrounding the MCA deal, he somehow managed to keep everyone sweet. After a brief dalliance with Michael Ovitz, Bronfman lined up Ovitz's closest friend and CAA partner, Ron Meyer, to take the number-two slot at MCA—while maintaining his relationship with Ovitz.

The Dish: Long dismissed as "starstruck," the 40-year-old Bronfman had early failures as a producer (*The Blockhouse, The Border*) that still get thrown in his face. "Is it true you just wanted to have dinner with movie stars and you spent $2 billion to do it?" one analyst asked him point-blank after his Time Warner purchase.

The Detail: Last year was Bronfman's debut at Herbert Allen's Sun Valley retreat. This year, he gave the opening speech. The year ahead: ➹

No. 12

LOUIS GERSTNER

C.E.O., IBM.



The Power: Big Blue does a hostile takeover? Louis "Aggressive" Gerstner electrified the computer industry in June by eating $3.5 billion worth of Lotus. Very un-IBM-like behavior. Plus he's got a deal to help develop a "digital studio" for DreamWorks. Still, it probably won't be enough to keep the role of HAL from going to Microsoft should Kubrick make a sequel to *2001.*

The Glory: When the 53-year-old Gerstner left RJR Nabisco to head IBM in 1993, the computer giant had hemorrhaged $8.1 lion in two years, the second-biggest los American history. Gerstner had IBM t out 50,000 subscriptions to *Wired* magaz and pared the $64 billion company b into fighting trim. Wall Street was pressed; maybe this guy was worth his million paycheck. The Harvard Busi School–educated Gerstner, who comes f a working-class Catholic family, was rec ly asked, and agreed, to serve on the bo of the (very Old Establishment) Counci Foreign Relations.

The Dish: Buying Lotus, the nation's ond-largest software company, is Gerstn attempt at an end run around Gates (v despite his huge public yawn put togeth six-man task force to analyze What It Means for Microsoft). Like Gates, Gerst is a superb marketer; as chairman of R Nabisco he boosted cigarette sales w those nasty Joe Camel ads. O.J.-trial junk also noticed that Judge Ito's Tosh Satellite laptop was swiftly replaced by IBM Thinkpad. On the family front: v the cold shoulder to his older broth Richard, who was IBM's top execut in Asia until illness forced him to res in 1989?

The Detail: Apple's John Sculley, Xero Paul Allaire, former Hewlett-Packard h John Young, G.E.'s Jack Welch, Unis James Unruh, John Malone, and Ross Pe all turned down the IBM job bef Gerstner took it. The year ahead: ➹

No. 13

ROBERT EDWARD (TED) TURNER III

Chairman and president, Turner Broadcasting System, Inc.



The Power: "Power? Y wanna talk about *powe* Turner barks down a spe erphone line from his 14 floor office at CNN Cen in Atlanta, overlooking stadium where his belo Hawks play. He's surrounded by sailing phies, Braves championship rings, and p tos that show him smiling next to wo leaders from Bill Clinton to Mikhail Gor chev. "I'd feel powerful if my kids straight A's and my wife never got mad me and I never got a case of diarrhea. A is, power is a bunch of hooey."

The Glory: Everywhere Murdoch has be Turner was there first—but people have f gotten, and Ted wants them reminded. " started the whole overseas thing. CNN is only network that is on everywhere. Rup still hasn't gotten there. . . . We have m

hree A.M. tracking theater-ticket sales for Paramount movies.

than he does, and we haven't spent any- like that kind of money." Turner's "stuff" des TBS Superstation, TNT, Headline s, Hanna-Barbera, Cartoon Network, the M and UA film libraries, New Line Cine- nd Castle Rock Entertainment.

Dish: At 56, Turner has lived three years er than his father did. Robert Edward er II committed suicide in 1963, and his reportedly assumed that he would die aturely as well. Lithium, which he has taking for several years, and his third iage, to Jane Fonda, in 1991, may have d. To survive his foray into big-league ywood, his 1986 acquisition of MGM/ he had to take on heavy partners. John ne's TCI has 21 percent of TBS; Time er has 17.4 percent. They have hobbled er's efforts to grow, and he has sought to ack Time Warner's stake. He still yearns network—"No. 1 on my wish list"—and een exploring strategies, including an in- ent from Bill Gates, that would allow o outbid Westinghouse for CBS.

Detail: He says the reason he's so ob- d with acquiring land is that it's the thing he can still buy without Time er's permission. The year ahead: ➹

No. 14

HERBERT A. ALLEN

President and C.E.O., Allen & Company, Inc.



The Power: In Herbert Allen's case, it lies in the perception that he simply couldn't care less. Advising Murdoch and Redstone, hooking together Sony and Columbia, or Matsushita MCA, or MCA and Bronfman—well, l just a very sophisticated way of mak- ure the 55-year-old merchant banker, e family fortune is worth more than $1 n, doesn't get bored with life.

Glory: Somehow the annual, little bring- ife-and-kids get-together at Allen's Sun y ranch has become an obsession of the a (one news organization hired a waiter iltrate the festivities) and of any B-list l who didn't get invited. This year's : lunch at Herbert's house. The story: ael Eisner, who has been talking to Larry about buying CBS, is rushing to get his for the flight back to L.A. He runs into en Buffett, the largest Cap Cities/ABC holder, as Buffett is heading out for a l of golf with Bill Gates and ABC's Tom hy. Eisner says to Buffett, "I might as buy No. 1 as No. 3. Would you take " Oh, those madcap tycoons.

The Dish: Nancy Peretsman, Allen's high-profile hire from Salomon, reportedly was taken aback to find that Allen & Co. was not really a team but a bunch of mavericks operating under the same roof. Allen, the top maverick, has several homes, including a mansion in Southampton, a farmhouse in Williamstown, another ranch in Wyoming, and a spread in Montana, which he co-owns with NBC's Tom Brokaw. But to keep life simple he lives at the Carlyle Hotel in New York. Also to keep life simple, he's been a bachelor since his second divorce, from actress Ann Reinking, in 1988.

The Detail: Resolutely out of step with the modern world, he dines at six P.M. The year ahead: ➧

No. 15

MICHAEL OVITZ

President, the Walt Disney Company.



The Power: Perceived or real? As head of his own company, Creative Artists Agency, superagent Michael Ovitz had perceived power that was unmatched in Hollywood. Then came his abortive negotiation with Edgar Bronfman Jr. over the top MCA job, which pulled back the curtain on—gasp!—a human being. His stunning August move to become Michael Eisner's president and heir apparent at the Cap Cities/ABC–enriched Disney will give him real power, as real as the power of any number two in the business.

The Glory: He made CAA the premier talent agency—with clients including Tom Hanks, Tom Cruise, Sylvester Stallone, Steven Spielberg, Martin Scorsese, and Brad Pitt—and then took it into big-time deal-making with the Baby Bell media consortium Tele-TV, the Coca-Cola advertising account, and the brokered sales of both Columbia and MCA. Hollywood will never be quite the same.

The Dish: After 20 years of freedom from bottom-line judgments and a cagey off-the-record relationship with the press, Ovitz now is a top officer at a massive, publicly held corporation, and will have to answer to board members and shareholders, not to mention a fellow control-freak boss. On the other hand, Hollywood is now turning on an Eisner-Ovitz/Geffen-Katzenberg axis, with the balance weighing in favor of the two Michaels.

The Detail: A friend says that Ovitz, 48, trained with a personal golf pro for some time *before ever stepping onto a golf course.* "He won't go out onto the golf course until he knows he can beat whoever he plays." The year ahead: ➹

No. 16

BARRY DILLER

Baron in transition.



The Power: For eight long months, Diller was a player, but not a proprietor, after unsuccessful takeover attempts at Paramount and CBS, and with the divestiture of his interest in the QVC home-shopping network (which made him $100 million richer). But his dream of staying his own boss suddenly looks more solid with his surprising move to gain control of Silver King's 12 UHF television stations and use them as the foundation for yet another network.

The Glory: The only man in the past 40 years to have successfully launched a TV network (Murdoch's Fox), Diller may just do it again with SKTV. A chronically barefoot U.C.L.A. dropout (he hates wearing shoes), Diller was Edgar Bronfman Jr.'s informal adviser in the MCA acquisition, but he declined the C.E.O. job. Now we know why.

The Dish: After he quit Fox in 1992, Diller went cross-country soul-searching in a ragtop Corvette until his close friend Diane Von Furstenberg arranged a detour to QVC headquarters in Pennsylvania. This summer, Diller cruised the Intracoastal Waterway from Florida to New York on a Ferrette power yacht, presumably formulating his new coup, which aligns him again with Malone and may represent his riskiest entrepreneurial challenge.

The Detail: He once ordered all the stray cats on the Fox lot terminated, and he buys trousers in several sizes so he won't have to try them on at the store. The year ahead: ➹

No. 17

RONALD PERELMAN

Chairman, MacAndrews & Forbes Holdings Inc.



The Power: It *is* just the money. Perelman's primary goal is making money; he shrugs off high tech and has compared cable to real estate, a business he avoids. He was born wealthy, married rich twice, and today the 52-year-old Wharton M.B.A.'s net worth is estimated at $4.5 billion. He bought his first television stations in 1993, at the bottom of the market; his New World Communications Group

has since spent $800 million on more stations, $100 million on programming, and $40 million to scoop up the production companies of Brandon Tartikoff and Stephen J. Cannell. So far, its big moneymaker has been Marvel Entertainment; by one estimate Perelman has already made $1 billion from the comic-book characters, on an $83 million investment.

The Glory: Money again. It's bought him a first-class modern-art collection, a couple of Gulfstreams, a $12 million estate in East Hampton, side-by-side town houses on the East Side of Manhattan, a mansion in Palm Beach, and a place in Los Angeles (in his office, they joke about "the real-estate branch"). After years of sticking with his executives, he's stepping out with the New Establishment crowd, making his first appearance at Sun Valley this year—along with his new wife, the very beautiful and very blonde Patricia Duff, formerly Mrs. Michael Medavoy, who has just converted to Judaism.

The Dish: He's no longer known as a Drexel-backed bully, but he's still regarded as a single-minded tough guy. His security force, bodyguards armed with walkie-talkies and high-tech surveillance equipment, is headed by a former high-level Secret Service official.

The Detail: His wife doesn't care for all those bodyguards, nor do potential neighbors. Perelman's last real-estate buying rampage was after he was turned down by the boards of buildings on Fifth Avenue and East 66th Street. The year ahead: ↟

No. 18

JAMES CLARK

Co-founder and chairman, Netscape Communications Corp.



The Power: James Clark's 16-month-old software company went public last month with a $2.2 billion bang. Netscape makes the World Wide Web browser that is currently being used by an estimated 75 percent of those cruising the Internet, and server software for companies to establish sites on the Web. For some, Clark, aged 51, and his partner, 24-year-old Marc Andreessen, have developed not just the grail-like "killer application" but also the standard—the platform—for the information superhighway. Netscape has signed marketing or technology agreements with AT&T, Pacific Bell, Bank of America, Digital, Novell, MasterCard, and Murdoch's on-line service.

The Glory: "At the end of the century," one industry observer prophesies, "Jim Clark will be the only person on your list who created not one but two billion-dollar corporations." Clark's previous claim to digital fame was the 1981 founding of Silicon Graphics, the cutting-edge producer of 3-D-modeling software and computers used to create drug, aerospace, and engineering simulations and the Hollywood special effects used in films such as Disney's *Aladdin* and Spielberg's *Jurassic Park*.

The Dish: In their first day of trading, Netscape's shares went from $28 to more than $74, closing at $58 and making half a billion dollars for Clark. But where's the return? The Web browser is virtually free, and the server-software market is promising but uncertain. Plus, the former Stanford professor has to contend with the great shadow of Microsoft. Although Gates hasn't plunged into the commercial-browser/server-software area yet, in the ominous words of one Microsoft official, "it would be a smart thing to do."

The Detail: In just 12 hours in a suite at the University Inn, Clark and Andreessen managed to raid the best and brightest Mosaic creators from the University of Illinois's National Center for Supercomputing Applications. The year ahead: →

No. 19

RAY SMITH

Chairman and C.E.O., Bell Atlantic.



The Power: The dean of the Baby Bells is the Energizer Bunny of telephony—suing the federal government to lift restrictions on the phone companies, rolling out Stargazing schemes to provide video to customers, plotting strategic alliances, and keeping the press informed of every dream and triumph. His stock is up, making Bell Atlantic a $14 billion baby, but lately even Smith—with his showman instincts and his yen for the entertainment world—has appeared to be becalmed.

The Glory: No, no, he says, "we've had a great year!" Still in pursuit of his full-service-network dream—"We've found a way!"—the 57-year-old Smith joined with NYNEX and Pacific Telesis to form Tele-TV, the programming consortium negotiated by Michael Ovitz and headed by former CBS executive Howard Stringer, which is now exploring its options in the wake of Ovitz's move to Disney. Smith, who takes home $1.6 million a year, is also a partner with NYNEX, US West, and Air-Touch in a national wireless-phone comp

The Dish: Barely containing his glee, Sr points out that the telecommunications will let Bell Atlantic into a $10.2 bill market. He pours scorn on AT&T's figh keep him and the other Baby Bells ou long distance as "probably the worst lot ing job I've ever heard of. They frea out." When he's not castigating Bob Al he's reviewing his New Establishment y "Saw Diller on the Forbes yacht. . . . Redstone in the congressional dining ro . . . See Ovitz all the time." Relax, Ray. can dream with the best of them.

The Detail: Smith on Malone's office dé "I'm honored about the gorilla," he says have a little head on my desk I call the Man. It looks like John." The year ahead:

No. 20

LAWRENCE ELLISON

C.E.O., Oracle Corporation.



The Power: Ellison's wh hot Silicon Valley softw outfit has pushed past Mi soft as the fastest-grow major in the industry. E the richest man in Cali nia, with a net worth n ing $3 billion, mostly in Oracle stock, wh makes him No. 13 on the Forbes F Hundred. (His salary is a mere $2.4 lion.) He claims to have beaten out Mi soft to build the first key on-ramp to the formation superhighway: a movies- demand "video server" that has Hollyw salivating.

The Glory: Ellison is tight with Steve J Rupert Murdoch, and Barry Diller. worked with Michael Milken last year on aborted bid for Apple Computer, and is teaming up with Apple and IBM to mar his software. A fitness nut and triathl Ellison has adopted an Ovitzian aura quasi-Oriental serenity, down to a seclud Japanese-style manse patterned afte famed Kyoto villa. Don't miss the samu helmet collection.

The Dish: So aloof he's known around he quarters as "Elvis," Ellison apparently m a special effort to get to know one of his male employees, who sued for sexual har ment. Lawsuits aside, the thrice-divorced, year-old Ellison revels in his reputation. long as Stanford keeps turning out beaut 23-year-old women," an old friend s "Larry will keep getting married."

The Detail: Ellison was Bill Clinton's s ond-largest donor in '92 and now regrets The year ahead: ↗

Perelman's security force, bodyguards armed with high-t

No. 21

JOHN DOERR

ner, Kleiner Perkins Caufield & Byers.



The Power: Name a computer or software company that he *hasn't* helped start. In 1990 he put $4.7 million of his firm's money into Intuit, an investment now worth $71 million. He also ed found Compaq, Lotus, and Sun Mi- stems. Kleiner Perkins is the largest, the t, and arguably the best of the high-tech ure-capital firms. As captain of its infor- on-technology team, Doerr, 44, has the r of life and death over technology en- eneurs. He chose two start-ups to work ersonally—Will Hearst's on-line service ne and Jim Clark's Netscape—and just d in $245 million on his 11 percent in- nent when Netscape went public last th.

Glory: Called the human hummingbird, r works all the time, traveling with cel- phones, portable faxes, a PowerBook, O personal communicator, and a pager ree black briefcases. A Harvard Busi- School grad who trained as an electri- ngineer, he gets totally involved with in- companies, giving them office space at ner Perkins's lavish Menlo Park head- ters and sitting on their boards

Dish: Doerr's big blooper was his bum n notepad-based computing technolo- hich lost him millions. Competitors, are not as good at marketing them- s, note that two of his big successes— s and Compaq—were actually the off- g of another venture-capital firm, Sevin n, which brought him into the deals.

Detail: He has wrecked two cars be- e he was so focused on his work. His made him hire a driver, until their re- move to a house a mile from his office. trusted to drive that far," he says. The ahead: ➶

No. 22

BERT ROBERTS

Chairman and C.E.O., MCI Communications Corp.



The Power: As chairman of MCI, once a brash upstart and now the nation's second-largest long-distance carrier, 53-year-old Bert Roberts Jr. has been plotting the expansion of his aggressive, $13-billion-a-year phone company into a full-service provider for the data highway. His $2 billion investment in News Corp. brings much-needed MCI muscle to Murdoch's struggling on-line service, and links Roberts's phone wires to a vast content empire.

The Glory: A veteran of the ruthless long-distance wars, Roberts has increased MCI's market share to 20 percent and assembled an unmatched technology staff. He is well prepared for a turf battle with his Baby Bell rivals. Even though earnings rose 21 percent last quarter, he announced he was laying off nearly 7 percent of his workforce.

The Dish: Wall Street was skeptical of Roberts's blank check to Rupert, arguing that MCI's prized white-collar customers won't be eager to dial up *Melrose Place* or *The Sun*'s coverage of the latest royal row. A Johns Hopkins–educated electrical engineer who makes $1.8 million a year, the Missouri-born Roberts loves cars—he's got a BMW and a Range Rover, and frequents a local racetrack—and is an E-mail addict.

The Detail: The role of matchmaker in Roberts's high-tech marriage with Murdoch went to Michael Milken, who brought together his two old friends at one of his education conferences in Los Angeles last year. The year ahead: ➶

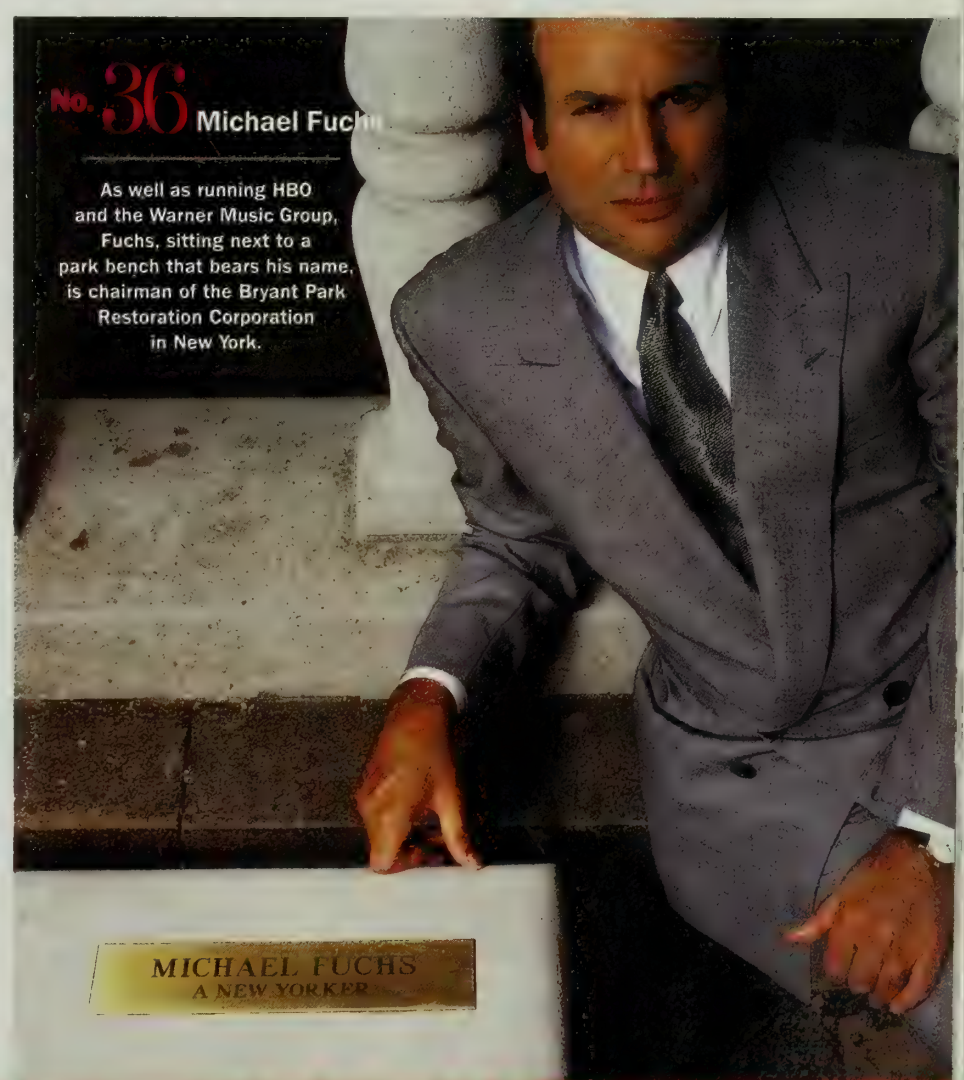
No. 23

PAUL ALLEN

Chairman, the Paul Allen Group.



The Power: Co-founder of Microsoft, Allen split with prep-school classmate Bill Gates in 1983 after being diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease. In remission for a decade, the Washington State University dropout now invests his $4.8 billion fortune in a variety of high-tech ventures, from small software companies to Ticketmaster to—most famously—an 18 percent stake in DreamWorks. He also still owns 57 million shares of Microsoft.



pment, is headed by a former high-level Secret Service official

The Glory: Allen, once known for his 100-hour workweeks, has learned how to play. He has a six-acre lakefront estate on Mercer Island, outside Seattle, a 150-foot yacht, five Ferraris and a Lamborghini, and a Challenger 601 12-seat jet. Because he loves basketball, he bought the Portland Trail Blazers. A Jimi Hendrix fan, he's funding a $50 million Hendrix museum in Seattle and plays guitar for his own rock band, the Threads, which can cut CDs on the spot in his personal studio.

The Dish: At 42, Allen is known as an "easy lay" for investment bankers and fund-raisers of all stripes. "At some point there is so much money," he has said, "what do you do with it all?" His investment record draws mixed reviews: *Forbes* judges it a "fizzle," and the L.A. *Times* sees "a kid-in-a-candy-store quality."

The Detail: Allen and Gates used to vie for time on the Lakeside School's computer. The year ahead: ➔

No. 24

NATHAN MYHRVOLD

Group vice president, Microsoft Corporation.



The Power: Bill Gates's "chief propeller head" oversees all of Microsoft's information-superhighway troops and projects. Myhrvold, 36, also doubles as Gates's all-around idea man and alter ego.

The Glory: Myhrvold is the original brainiac, a kid from Santa Monica who completed high school at 14, graduated from U.C.L.A. at 19, and went on to get his doctorate in theoretical physics at Princeton and study with Stephen Hawking at Cambridge. He loves musing over sci-fi-like scenarios, especially in long memos he circulates to top Microsoft execs. To wit: tapping computers into human spinal cords is a great idea, he suggests, but represents "a major interface problem." He predicts the imminent demise of banks, democracies, stock exchanges, retailers, newspapers, and, uh, magazines.

The Dish: Myhrvold has no real profile outside Microsoft, although that's sure to change with publication of the book he is co-authoring with Gates. He loves Formula One racing and French cooking (he's off to La Varenne this fall for a three-week course), and just bought himself a new toy: a Humvee.

The Detail: Is it too early to say "heir apparent"? The year ahead: ➔

No. 25

STEVE CASE

President and C.E.O., America Online.



The Power: This year the company Case built became the nation's biggest on-line service, with $394 million in revenues. When Americans want to chat or shop electronically, read magazines on their P.C.'s, or get onto the World Wide Web, more than three million of them do it using America Online. Case beat out rivals Prodigy and CompuServe (both backed by large corporations) by making his service the hippest, the easiest, and the cheapest.

The Glory: The best guerrilla marketer on the planet, Case will go anywhere and do anything to promote AOL—even posing for a Gap ad. He spent $150 million to acquire half a dozen companies this year, and his deals with the German publishing giant Bertelsmann and New Line Television could boost AOL's reach into Europe and enhance its entertainment content.

The Dish: Case is only 36, but he's very, very serious; in Hollywood they'd call him "a suit." His spartan office outside Washington, D.C., has little decoration other than a print of his alma mater, Williams College. Big question: Will Bill Gates's new on-line service, with the huge advantage of being embedded in Windows 95 (but huge disadvantage of being badly structured), bury Case?

The Detail: The Justice Department's investigation into that Microsoft plan to sell its on-line service with Windows 95? Case led the way to make the first complaint to the government. The year ahead: ➔

No. 26

FRANK J. BIONDI

President and C.E.O., Viacom Inc.



The Power: With his low-key, nuts-and-bolts stewardship of Sumner Redstone's sewn-together media giant, the 50-year-old Biondi is the straight man in a high-stakes Abbott and Costello act. He is on his way to paring down Viacom's enormous debt to a serviceable $7 billion by selling its cable systems to Malone's TCI, and unloading properties such as Madison Square Garden, acquired during the company's expensive merger with Paramount Communications, and 78 percent stake in Spelling Entertainme valued at $1.5 billion.

The Glory: Born in New York and educa at Princeton and Harvard Business Sch Biondi became C.E.O. of HBO in 19 though he lost his job the next year (to t old friend Michael Fuchs). After an in lude at Coca-Cola's entertainment divisi he was recruited by Redstone. Now Bio is pursuing a strategy based on Viaco brands—MTV, VH1, Nickelodeon, Pa mount Pictures, Blockbuster Video, the f ging United Paramount Network, and mon & Schuster, to name a few.

The Dish: Financial analysts praise the l back, lean corporate culture of Viacom (executive floor is decorated with urns fake flowers), but Biondi's take is very lar $900,000 a year and $16.3 million in lo term cash and stock-option bonuses. St Biondi and his wife set Martha's Viney buzzing the summer before last with story that they refused to pay full price seats at a Carly Simon benefit concert.

The Detail: How close is Biondi to R stone? They share a tiny executive bathro The year ahead: ➔

No. 27

CRAIG McCAW

Independent investor.



The Power: So what if doesn't have a title; in position, who needs o He built McCaw Cellu into the nation's largest lular-phone network sold it for $11.5 billion AT&T last year, walking away from the d with a billion for himself. His big obsessi is Teledesic, a venture with Bill Gates launch an 840-satellite global-communi tions network projected to cost $9 billi He also put $1.1 billion of his and his bro ers' money into Nextel, a national netwo of radio-dispatch services.

The Glory: A canny entrepreneur who bu his first business while he was at Stanfo University, he borrowed $6 billion—so from Michael Milken—to found McC Cellular and could have lost it all if inter rates had moved against him. His quiet, s effacing manner is said to mask one of biggest egos in the business; his unblinki bravado as much as anything else is wh persuades people to back him. He turn down a seat on AT&T's board, because didn't want his hands tied if a chance compete with AT&T came up, and seems

"As long as Stanford keeps turning out beautiful 23-year-o

by having everyone wonder where he'll ke next.

Dish: The 46-year-old Washington te native keeps toys in his Kirkland of- and likes to shoot water guns at em- yees. He's unpredictable, jumping into Notar helicopter or one of his planes at noment's notice, and he just bought a -foot yacht.

Detail: McCaw Cellular never made a e in profits. That's AT&T's problem . The year ahead: ✗

No. 28

EDWARD McCRACKEN

Chairman and C.E.O., Silicon Graphics.



The Power: Silicon Graphics, Inc., might be the dullest company in America—and Edward McCracken our dullest executive—except for its balance sheet. It was one of the fastest-growing companies in America last year. The Iowa-born McCracken, who has an engineering degree and a Stanford M.B.A., is close to Al Gore and teaches meditation at night. He oversees more than $2 billion in annual revenues without benefit of company jet, company limo, or even company office: he makes $1.25 million a year, but has an open cubicle at S.G.I., just like his barely post-teen designers.

The Glory: Unless you're a total springhead, even the products S.G.I. creates are dull. It



en," said a friend of Ellison's, "Larry will keep getting married."

makes computer workstations. But what rare magic can be done with those workstations. They're calculating engine-fluid flow on F-18s, wing design on Boeing 777s, fender designs on Fords, and dinosaur fights in *Jurassic Park*. In the overheated world of Silicon Valley, McCracken is a celebrity who gets asked for his autograph in supermarkets. Nationally, he gets headlines: S.G.I. recently joined with DreamWorks to create a $50 million digital-animation studio.

The Dish: Is everybody happy? No. S.G.I. is a huge economic threat to middle-class Hollywood, to grips and drivers and caterers and extras who have subsisted on the time-consuming, waste-friendly process of traditional moviemaking. Every time a producer figures out a new application for an S.G.I. product, someone loses a job. McCracken, too, may ultimately invent himself out of a job. Having had his own no-room-at-the-top struggle with S.G.I. founder Jim Clark, McCracken must feel the quietly pixilated pressure of the younger designers around him. "Oh, yes," he says, laughing, "I'm 51. I'm one of the real old guys around here."

The Detail: The 200,000 protesters demonstrating by Washington's reflecting pool in *Forrest Gump*? Most of them were created on S.G.I. computers. The year ahead: ↟

No. 29

WARREN BUFFETT

Chairman, Berkshire Hathaway Inc.



The Power: Buffett is the Forrest Gump of finance, as well known for his folksy aphorisms ("Anything that can't go on forever will end"; "Someone's sitting in the shade today because someone planted a tree a long time ago") as he is for being worth $9.2 billion but paying himself a salary of only $100,000, or for regularly flying into New York and Washington on the company jet but choosing to live in *Omaha*. He made $400 million on the day of the Disney–Capital Cities/ABC deal, having said simply "Yeah, sounds great" to the idea of the sale, and the value of his original $345 million stake in Cap Cities jumped to an estimated $2.3 billion. Though his are the most expensive shares on the stock exchange (about $25,000 each), he writes the annual report himself.

The Glory: If you'd invested $10,000 in him when he started out in 1956 you would have shares worth $95 million. Buffett focuses on industries that relate to his life—media, insurance, soft drinks, shoes, razor blades—and his investments in the Washington Post Company, Coca-Cola, Cap Cities, and Gillette make him the envy of many less simple

The Year in Deals

Gerald Levin

January 1995. Launches Time Warner broadcast network known as WB.
February 1995. Agrees to shell out estimated $4.5 billion for almost two million new cable customers, coming close, with a total of 11.5 million, to overtaking Malone's TCI.
May 1995. Move pays off when Congress initiates massive deregulation of the cable industry, giving much-needed goose to Time Warner stock.

James Cox Kennedy

February 1995. Takes Cox Enterprises into big leagues with the $2.3 billion acquisition of Times-Mirror's cable systems; Cox Communications becom fourth-largest cable operator in the U.S.

Warren Buffett

December 1994. Buys nearly 5 percent of Gannett, which seven months later makes a $1.7 billion purchase of Multimedia Inc.
July 1995. Helps broker $19 billion agreement to sell Cap Cities/ABC to Disney; watches his stake increase to about $2 billion.



Bill Gates

December 1994. Sells 20 percent of Microsoft Network, his embryonic on-line service (worth an estimated $125 million), to Malone, bringing together two of Washington's favorite anti-trust targets.
May 1995. Woos NBC away from Steve Case's America Online for content deal with Microsoft Network.
August 1995. Microsoft Network debuts with the unveiling of Windows 95.

Sumner Redstone

September 1994. Sells Viacom's newly acquired Madison Square Garden properties to partnership of ITT and Cablevision Systems for $1.07 billion.
January 1995. Joins with Chris-Craft to launch UPN broadcast network.
July 1995. Finally reaches tax-friendly, $2.25 billion agreement to sell 1.2-million-customer cable systems to Malone.
August 1995. Puts $1.5 billion stake in Spelling Entertainment on the block.

Michael Ovitz

November 1994. Orchestrates creation of Tele-TV, a $300 million new-media venture by three Baby Bells and a potentially huge outlet—30 million customers—for his stable of actors, directors, and writers at Creative Artists Agency. Installs former CBS broadcasting head Howard Stringer as chairman and C.E.O.
June 1995. Negotiations with Edgar Bronfman Jr. to head MCA take a wrong turn around the $250 million mark. The next month, Ovitz's number two at CAA, Ron Meyer, leaves to fill the MCA job.
August 1995. Exits CAA to become Eisner's top lieutenant at Disney, fundamentally altering Hollywood landscape.

John Malone

October 1994. Teams his TCI with Kennedy's Cox Communications, Sprin and Comcast in $4.4 billion wired- and wireless-phone venture.
March 1995. Group puts up $2 billion purchase necessary licenses from the
April 1995. Buys 2.3 percent stake in James Clark's Netscape, which becc worth some $50 million when compan goes public in August.
May 1995. Joins with John Doerr's Kleiner Perkins to finance start-up cab Internet- access company, @home.

ne pictures are worth a thousand words. This one, taken by Annie Leibovitz lerbert A. Allen's July 1994 Sun Valley conference, represents many billions of dollars' worth leals, alliances, and acquisitions. No need to ask, "Why are these men smiling?"

Barry Diller
February 1995. Walks away from QVC—$100 million richer—after Malone and Comcast, former Diller allies in the bloody battle for Paramount, complete a $1.42 billion takeover of the electronic bazaar that doomed Diller's bid for CBS.
August 1995. Moves to gain control of Silver King's 12 UHF stations—and start a network with Malone's backing.

Michael Eisner
April 1995. Forms $500 million Disney partnership with three Baby Bells—Ameritech, BellSouth, and Southwestern Bell—to develop and deliver entertainment and interactive programming.
July 1995. Lays down $19 billion to buy Cap Cities/ABC, the only broadcast network that *isn't* on the auction block, a deal he sparks with Buffett at Allen's Sun Valley ranch.
August 1995. Hires Ovitz away from CAA to be number two and ostensible heir apparent. GTE joins Disney's Baby Bell consortium, bringing potential reach to 68 million customers.



Rupert Murdoch
May 1995. Gets $2 billion infusion for News Corp. from MCI Communications; merges MCI muscle with his Delphi on-line service.
June 1995. Invests $5 million with Chinese Communist Party newspaper to explore electronic publishing.
July 1995. Announces plans to bring satellite-broadcasting empire to Latin America's 450 million people. Pays $550 million for a 10-year exclusive on rights to broadcast South African, New Zealand, and Australian Rugby (after spending $400 million to win four-year exclusive rights to broadcast U.K. pro soccer).

Edgar Bronfman Jr.
April 1995. Sells Seagram's $8.8 billion stake in DuPont. Acquires 80 percent of MCA from Matsushita for $5.7 billion.

Scott Sassa (Ted Turner)
January 1995. Ted Turner, Scott Sassa's mercurial boss, is once again thwarted in his quest for a network when merger talks with NBC collapse.
June 1995. Announces plans to launch own all-business cable network as a competitor to CNBC.
August 1995. Trying to snatch CBS from jaws of Westinghouse, turns to Malone, a major Turner Broadcasting System shareholder, to help buy back Time Warner's TBS stock for an estimated $1 to $1.6 billion. As Levin opts to hold on, Turner enters discussions with Gates (begun when the two men met at Allen's conference) for a Microsoft investment of as much as $2 billion.

Herbert A. Allen
September 1994. Advises Redstone on $1.07 billion sale of Madison Square Garden properties.
April 1995. Advises Edgar Bronfman Jr. on $5.7 billion purchase of MCA.
July 1995. Advises both CBS on its planned $5.4 billion sale to Westinghouse and Cap Cities/ABC on its $19 billion acquisition by Disney.

David Geffen and Jeffrey Katzenberg
October 1994. Create $2 billion studio, DreamWorks SKG, with Steven Spielberg, to house their glowing records and wads of cash. Ensuing mad rush to get piece of triumvirate's action includes an accord with Edgar Bronfman Jr., fresh from his purchase of MCA, to distribute SKG's films overseas and music worldwide; investments by Gates ($30 million) and Paul Allen ($500 million); a 10-year deal with Time Warner's Levin, worth between $600 million and $1 billion, to sell feature films to HBO; a now dicey $200 million agreement to develop programming with Cap Cities/ABC; and a $50 million deal to develop a digital animation studio with Silicon Graphics.

H. Wayne Huizenga
September 1994. Completes $8.4 billion merger of his Blockbuster Entertainment with Viacom.

investors. He is a friend and guru to Bill Gates, Herb Allen, Katharine Graham, Tom Murphy, and now Michael Eisner.

The Dish: For a man who says he's made only about a dozen major investment decisions in his life he's come up with a couple of doozies—Salomon Brothers and USAir, to be precise. And if he's not reinvesting his money, what is he doing? Spending it? No, that's not what it's about, either. He doesn't enjoy it the way the rest of us would—unless your idea of a good time is a game of bridge over a burger and a cherry Coke.

The Detail: When he dies, his kids won't inherit his fortune; he's leaving them enough to do "anything they want but not everything they want." His money will go to the already established Buffett Foundation. Its mission? To curb population growth and reduce the threat of nuclear war. The year ahead: ➶

No. 30

BRIAN ROBERTS

President, Comcast Corporation.



The Power: Roberts took the reigns of Comcast, the country's third-largest cable provider, from his father, Ralph, in 1990, at the tender age of 30. With 3.4 million subscribers, the company will have revenues estimated at $3.4 billion in 1995, nearly triple those of 1994.

The Glory: Despite its zirconias-delivered-to-the-trailer-door image, Roberts's brainchild QVC (which put him on the map as the man who thwarted Diller's bid for CBS) made $1.4 billion last year. Insiders say he has been "completely weaned" from his father, and people are "more likely to call Brian now." The industry relied on Roberts, as the youngest-ever head of the National Cable Television Association, to push deregulation through Congress. (He in turn relied on Newt.)

The Dish: The only one of five children to enter the family business, Roberts was described as "cocky" and "immature" when he started out. Not one to be left in the cold outside Windows 95, he plans to link QVC Online with the Microsoft Network, reflecting his desire to move beyond pole climbing into the more glamorous realm of content.

The Detail: An international squash player during his college years at Wharton, Roberts now tests his mettle on the golf course and in casinos. Gambling with Roberts one night, Time Warner's Michael Fuchs realized that craps was "really a microcosm of his attitude toward life—action." The year ahead: ➶

No. 31

ROBERT DALY AND TERRY SEMEL

Chairmen and co-C.E.O.'s, Warner Bros.



The Power: Best friends and colleagues for more than a decade, Daly and Semel are the longest-running act in Hollywood after Lew Wasserman and Sid Sheinberg. Their empire includes Warner Bros. Pictures, Warner Bros. Television, the fledgling WB network, and the lucrative 130-odd Warner Bros. Studio Stores. In 1994, in a move virtually unprecedented in Hollywood, Daly decided to acknowledge their de facto power sharing, and elevated Semel, then president and C.O.O.

The Glory: *Batman, Lethal Weapon,* Clint Eastwood, *Friends, ER.* Under Daly and Semel, the film studio has consistently finished in the box-office top three; in 1996, Warner Bros. TV will have 25 prime-time shows on the air. These men encourage risk and extend Steve Ross–like largesse. Word is they made about $50 million apiece on the Time Warner merger, and have bonus packages tied to studio profits. They also have use of the Warner Bros. jet fleet (known as "Air Warner") and retreats in Colorado and Mexico.

The Dish: Daly, 58, and Semel, 52, are the very last of the Ross era in power at Time Warner. They've had a long-simmering feud with Michael Fuchs, and couldn't have been happy with his promotion to head the Warner Music Group as well as HBO, which many interpreted as a sign that Fuchs was now C.E.O. Levin's heir apparent. Levin—who can't afford more corporate turmoil—reportedly named his successor to the board. Although no one will reveal the name, Daly is said to have been "pleased and flattered" by Levin's top-secret choice. Semel removed himself from consideration for the MCA job, though the frantic summer rumor mill had him restless again.

The Detail: Daly personally approves—and books—all the seats on Air Warner. The year ahead: ➶

No. 32

RICHARD McCORMICK

Chairman and C.E.O., US West, Inc.



The Power: The head of the most aggressive Baby Bell, Dick McCormick, 55, doesn't believe in beating the competition—he wants to *be* it. But controlling monopoly telephone companies in 14 states means there's not m competition to be or to beat. So by sta locally and thinking globally, McCor now supplies communications servic England, France, Eastern Europe, Ru South America, and the Far East. An other assets, US West owns one of largest cable systems in the South, an percent of Time Warner Entertainment

The Glory: Big visions mean big buc close to $11 billion in revenues last y The Time Warner investment alone is w $2.5 billion, and last year's net return or West's regional phone companies was billion. The lanky McCormick, whose urban-Denver office is crammed with tive Americana, was president of Nc western Bell at 42. At 45 he was presi and C.O.O. of US West. Six years late became chairman of the board, and makes $1.2 million a year.

The Dish: His kindergarten teacher in Dodge, Iowa, complained that during time she'd find Dick McCormick w awake, *building something.* But mayb ought to make sure that the block he just in place is sturdy before he piles on the one. While he was busy reaching for the customer services in US West's key state teriorated, and years of goodwill evap ed. McCormick described it as "a sobe experience" and has promised to do bet

The Detail: Even downtime is spent at br neck speed. McCormick's idea of R&R race around the countryside on one o Harleys with his wife seated pillion. year ahead: ➶

No. 33

MICHAEL BLOOMBERG

Founder, Bloomberg L.P.



The Power: With the Blo berg name adorning world's fastest-growing formation service, a 59 reau international ne wire, a business magaz radio stations, and a sa lite news channel, many are calling 53-y old Michael Bloomberg the next Ted Tur Faster, leaner, and younger than comp tors such as Reuters and Dow Jones, scrappy Bloomberg has a secret weapon, signed during his days as a Salomon Br ers bond trader—the ubiquitous Bloomb terminal, which is now used by every from the Sultan of Brunei to the Vatica the Clinton White House.

The Glory: His personal fortune is estim ed at $1 billion, though he could doubl

Hollywood is now turning on an Eisner-Ovitz/Geffen-Katzen

e it by going public. Bloomberg is being ently wooed by all on-line services, but now is playing it coy. He recently ched into television production, broading *Charlie Rose,* among other shows, n a midtown-Manhattan newsroom/stu- packed with hordes of fresh-faced young ombergers," who worship their boss.

Dish: Born in Boston, with a degree in neering from Johns Hopkins and a vard M.B.A., Bloomberg is recently di- ed, just bought his first helicopter, and id to be enjoying a social and sexual ren- nce. "It's hilarious, this short, kind of umpy little Jewish guy squiring these , lanky bombshells," says a friend. "He's ng the time of his life." Not all his dates ombshells; he was seen recently with tha Stewart.

Detail: He has a long-standing game of he tag going with Bill Gates. Apparently question of ego—who's going to take all first? The year ahead:

No. 34

JEFFREY KATZENBERG

Co-founder, DreamWorks SKG.



The Power: All together now: Katzenberg left his position as chairman of the Disney Studios after a highly public—and highly acrimonious—dispute with his former mentor Michael Eisover Eisner's decision not to name Katzerg president of the Disney Company. so-called Golden Retriever (whose hits nded *The Lion King, The Little Mermaid, less People,* and *Roger Rabbit*) now ans to his own voice as a founding partner reamWorks SKG.

Glory: Deals, deals, deals. Getting into ness with DreamWorks has become ething of an Information Age fad. Even Angeles mayor Richard Riordan has ted the trio, offering to help find real es- for the studio. The partnership has fi- given Katzenberg, aged 44, the cachet the power base to recast himself as a lywood éminence grise; in an almost on-like reinvention, he now promotes "kinder, gentler Jeffrey," reaching out ne creative community and adopting Spielberg-Geffen billionaire-at-the-mall s code down to the Reeboks, jeans, and ball cap.

Dish: David Letterman wasn't far off mark with his Oscar-night joke that yone in the room hoped DreamWorks ld fail. It's hard not to be envious of a company that is valued at $2 billion even though it hasn't produced a thing. Of the SKG trio, Katzenberg, the N.Y.U.-dropout son of a New York stockbroker, is thought of as having the most to prove—above all that Eisner was *wrong, wrong, wrong.*

The Detail: During his tenure at Disney, Katzenberg, who has vacation homes in Utah and Malibu, ran an annual Herbert Allen–like back-to-nature camping trip for important industry figures. The year ahead:

No. 35

RON MEYER

President and C.O.O., MCA Inc.

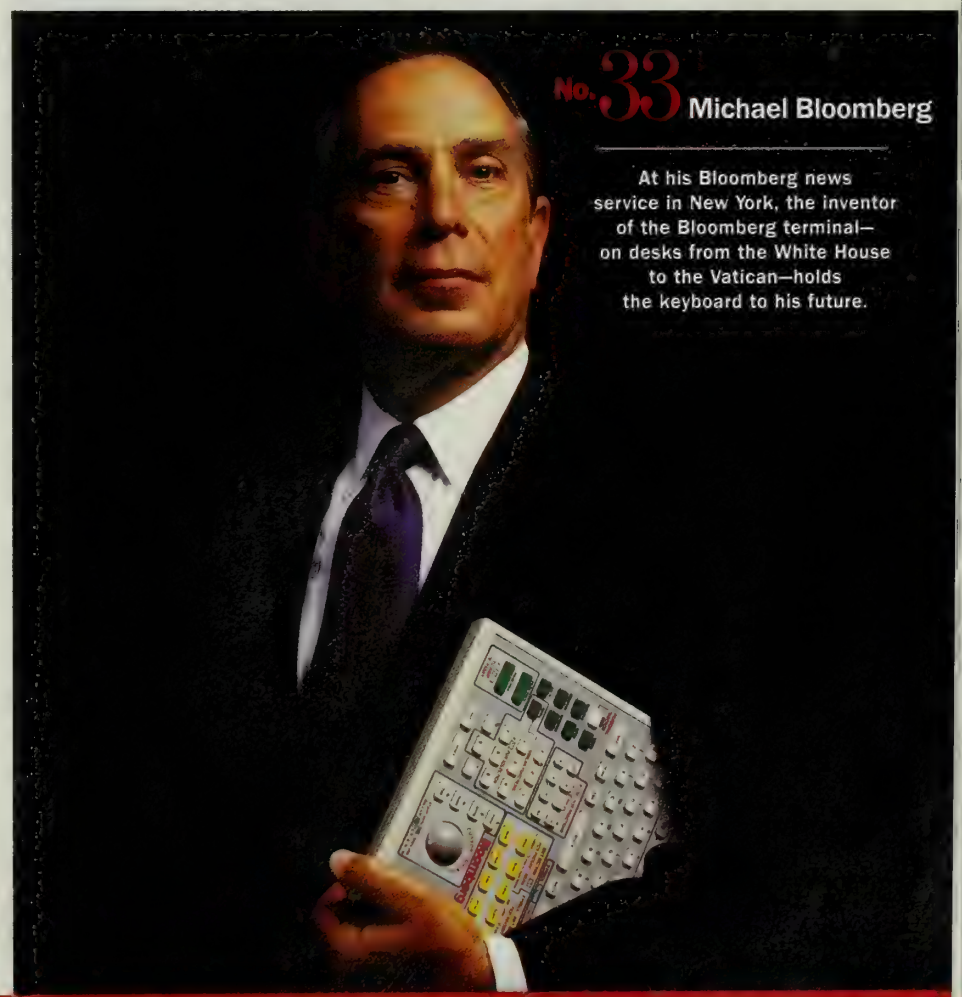


The Power: Hired in early July by Edgar Bronfman Jr. to head MCA—a position first offered to Diller and then to Ovitz—Meyer finds himself uniquely positioned: he answers solely to Bronfman; all divisions answer solely to him. This, in Hollywood, is a huge consolidation of strength and responsibility. Meyer—who is 50 and used to tell colleagues that no agent should be an agent after the age of 50—now oversees the operations of a studio so huge that Matsushita thought it was worth more than $6 billion when they bought it and when they sold it.

The Glory: As a co-founder with Ovitz of CAA, Meyer has represented some of Hollywood's richest names, among them Tom Cruise, Michael Douglas, Sylvester Stallone, Demi Moore, and Barbra Streisand. Having helped drive star salaries through the roof, he is now reaping the whirlwind. His first chest-thumping deal as studio head was to sign up Stallone for three pictures. It cost him around $60 million.

The Dish: He was the best-liked agent in show business. His ascension has been greeted in Hollywood with the kind of enthusiasm usually reserved for cheering on a competitor's cancer. No one, though, thinks he's completely qualified for the task ahead of him. A week before taking his new job, Meyer, an L.A. native, high-school dropout, and former Marine, himself said, "I'm Cinderella here. I was a poor boy. I'm sure—*every day*—that it's all going to be taken away from me."

The Detail: This is probably the only studio



No. 33 Michael Bloomberg

At his Bloomberg news service in New York, the inventor of the Bloomberg terminal—on desks from the White House to the Vatican—holds the keyboard to his future.

, with the balance weighing in favor of the two Michaels.

Daly is said to have been "pleased and flattered" by Levin's se



No. 18 James Clark

Clark relaxes at the Mountain View, California, offices of Netscape, his second billion-dollar company, which rocked Wall Street with its initial public offering.

head in Hollywood history who has homemade tattoos; the one on his shoulder says "Ron," and the cross on his ankle denotes membership in some forgotten teenage gang. The year ahead: ➶

No. 36

MICHAEL FUCHS

Chairman, HBO, and chairman and C.E.O., the Warner Music Group.



The Power: Few doubt that the nakedly ambitious Fuchs, 49, has his eye on the chairmanship of Time Warner. Last May, C.E.O. Gerald Levin effectively made him the second-most-powerful man in the company, putting Fuchs in charge of the Warner Music Group and allowing him to retain control of Home Box Office (divisions with a combined revenue of more than $5 billion in 1994). "Michael was really making it very difficult for Jerry not to give him something," says a high-ranking HBO source, who adds that Fuchs was forcing Levin's hand with leaks to the press; there were rumors, for instance, that Fuchs was in the running for the MCA job. On the other hand, Levin could benefit from a strong, in-your-face number two.

The Glory: As head of the Warner Music Group, Fuchs has made a dramatic first impression. This summer, in a two-minute conference, he dispensed with the services of Warner Music U.S. chairman Doug Morris (who has since been scooped up by MCA) on the very day that Morris was expecting to get a promotion. Morris returned to his office after the meeting to find two security guards; he is now suing Time Warner for $50 million, and being countersued for $10 million. Next to go was a Morris associate, Mel Lewinter, president of the domestic labels, who has also sued, for $15 million. Fuchs then negotiated the departure of Warner Bros. Records chairman Danny Goldberg, and is expected to continue making changes at the shell-shocked division.

The Dish: The scrappy Bronx-born Fuchs—who worked as an entertainment lawyer and agent after N.Y.U. law school—has publicly feuded with John Malone and Frank Biondi. But he has declined to butt heads with a rabid senator. Bob Dole's attacks on Time Warner's investment in the Intersc gangsta-rap label, which earned the con ny an estimated $30 million profit last y have reportedly led Fuchs to put its 50 cent stake in Interscope on the block.

The Detail: His favorite movie is *Godfather.* And it should surprise no that the eternally single, egotistical Fu known for his massive silences, takes passion for the film to great lengths. A close friend of his puts it, "He sees him as the Godfather." The year ahead: ➔

No. 37

MICHAEL SCHULHOF

President and C.E.O., Sony Corporation of America.



The Power: The power is job. And the man respo ble for Sony's $3.2 bil write-off in 1994, the big in Hollywood history, has his. Schulhof, 52, r Sony's worldwide entert ment business—including four movie dios, three TV production companies, eral recording labels, a movie-theater ch and video and electronic-publishing sions. In June, he was the first Ameri ever to speak at a Sony shareholders' m ing, giving his opening remarks in Japan

The Glory: Since the write-off fiasco, S has fared O.K.; its motion-picture divi had some successes (*Legends of the F Little Women,* and *Bad Boys*), runnin close third—after Warner Bros. and Disn with 14 percent of the U.S. box office.

The Dish: Where to begin? It took mon and months of hand-wringing for Schu to fire the prodigal Peter Guber from S Pictures. Some suggest the reason was Schulhof's son was involved with Gub daughter at the time. And why did Schu hire as his deputy Jeff Sagansky, whose ord at CBS had been less than stellar? E Sony's TriStar and Columbia Pictures erations are due for top-level overhauls, word is that Schulhof is trying to m changes at Sony Pictures Entertainm where the top post is still held by A Levine, a former entertainment lawyer. floundering music division didn't get hoped-for bounce from Michael Jacks *HIStory,* and its stable of recording art is aging fast.

The Detail: Schulhof's poor record is o attributed to the fact that he has a scie background; asked recently by a fri about Schulhof's competence, a major dio boss replied, "That's O.K., I can't physics." The year ahead: ➧

ce of successor, but the summer rumors had Semel restless.

No. 38

ROBERT IGER

President and C.O.O., Capital Cities/ABC Inc.



The Power: He's smart. He's smooth. He's young. He's rich. And he's doing what he wants. Which he defines as "running a company that is valued—given the purchase price—at over billion, with 20,000 employees and $7 on a year in annual revenue." After ca College, Iger began as a weather- who wanted to be a foreign corre- dent. What happened? He went into agement.

Glory: He's still more of an operator a player. The Ovitz appointment may come as a nasty shock, but, at 44, Iger got years ahead of him. Don't forget, s the guy who managed to be involved ery step of the Disney/ABC deal while ltaneously negotiating his own manage- contract with Eisner. As for those ruf- feathers over at DreamWorks, he says "between Jeffrey and Michael there's e than just egos. That's a side I do not ct nor desire to be involved in. . . . If I ust going to be a go-between, then I am g overpaid."

Dish: Iger will keep it a small world af- ll by marrying Willow Bay, the co-host BC's *Good Morning America/Sunday*.

Detail: Iger was mailed two package bs last year and is understandably antsy t his personal security. He gets a certain er West Side health club to open its s half an hour early for him each day. year ahead: ➔

No. 39

NORMAN PEARLSTINE

Editor in chief, Time Warner Inc.



The Power: As editor in chief of all 24 Time Inc. magazines, including *Time, People, Fortune, Life,* and *Sports Illustrated*—the most powerful editorial job in American journalism—the 52-year-old lstine controls the vast reservoir of tent" that Time Warner wants to put ne.

Glory: When he took his place last ary, Pearlstine was handed a new, d-approved charter, specifying that the or in chief should be equipped to "respond to the changing information world." The company's on-line-magazine ventures are the most ambitious in the U.S., but Pearlstine doesn't think the technology is there yet. He leaves such matters to Walter Isaacson, editor of new media, who is in charge of building the infrastructure that will allow Time Inc. to launch itself smoothly into the interactive future. Isaacson's projects include Pathfinder and the News Exchange (TNX), an interactive mini-CNN. As Pearlstine puts it, "Walter is the one who sits in the three-hour meetings with the people from the telcos."

The Dish: Pearlstine left his job as executive editor of *The Wall Street Journal* to found Friday Holdings—named for his wife, best-selling pop sexologist Nancy Friday—a small company that sought to start up, operate, and acquire media properties. (Both Barry Diller and Martin Davis, who battled each other in the famous Paramount takeover war, were partners in the venture.) Now dissolved, it gave Pearlstine two or three years to map routes into the new-media unknown. This, along with their shared alma maters (Haverford College and the University of Pennsylvania law school), made him all the more attractive to Levin, who broke corporate tradition by making Pearlstine the first Time Inc. outsider ever to hold the editor in chief's job.

The Detail: Pearlstine's protégés are a virtual business-media cabal of their own, including *Fortune* managing editor John Huey, *Smart Money* editor Steve Swartz, *New York Times* business editor John Geddes, best-selling business writer James Stewart, *Wall Street Journal* reporter Laura Landro, and *Vanity Fair* special correspondent and *Barbarians at the Gate* co-author Bryan Burrough. The year ahead: ➔

No. 40

GEORGE LUCAS

Founder, Lucasfilm.



The Power: Ever used the word "morph"? You owe George Lucas. The influence of Lucas's famous Industrial Light & Magic, the division he founded in 1975 to create special effects for his first *Star Wars* movie, extends far beyond Hollywood these days. And his Lucasfilm was so busy last year it had to turn down work on the summer hit *Apollo 13,* even though it was directed by Ron Howard (star of Lucas's *American Graffiti* and a longtime friend and collaborator).

The Glory: Lucas's companies have won a total of 33 Academy Awards for special effects and technical achievement. More than just the industry leader, Lucas is sort of the industry creator; most of his competitors worked for him at one time or another. This year, his game division—LucasArts—was a big winner, with 4 of the top 10 best-selling interactive games: Rebel Assault, Dark Forces, Tie Fighter, and Full Throttle. This Christmas, LucasArts will release The Dig, a new game based on an idea of Steven Spielberg's. Lucas, who grew up on a walnut farm in Modesto and studied filmmaking at the University of Southern California, is close to Spielberg, Howard, and Francis Coppola; he'll occasionally attend a Carrie Fisher party in L.A., but otherwise he prefers Silicon Valley.

The Dish: Being the second-biggest private employer in Marin County hasn't endeared Lucas to his neighbors. For at least five years, local anti-development activists have been blocking his efforts to expand his studio complex on the 2,730-acre Skywalker Ranch. Meanwhile, Lucas's people are helping DreamWorks SKG develop a state-of-the-art digital facility for its animation division, which may well be finished before Lucasfilm's own expansion gets built.

The Detail: Lucas, 51, is a devoted single dad, with three adopted children (two girls and a boy); ex-girlfriend Linda Ronstadt has adopted two children and recently moved back to her hometown, Tucson, Arizona. The year ahead: ➹

No. 41

STEVEN JOBS

C.E.O., NeXT.



The Power: He's down, compared with where he once stood, but Steve Jobs is not out by any stretch of the imagination. Why not? Influence. After dropping out of Reed College, Jobs co-created the Macintosh computer, followed by the Apple II, and with it the use of the P.C. as we know it, before being ousted from Apple by John Sculley. At 40, he is a hero to a generation of information entrepreneurs, including Andy Grove.

The Glory: Though the exquisite-looking NeXT computer, introduced in 1988, was a flop of Edsel-like proportions, Jobs's highly regarded NeXT Step software does a $40-million-plus business. But Jobs's financial "comeback" lies with Pixar, the computer company he bought from Lucas and then developed on his own, which is likely to redefine 3-D animation with *Toy Story,* due

out this Thanksgiving as part of a three-picture deal with Disney. Others, including DreamWorks, are trying to come up with similar software.

The Dish: Many say NeXT Step and the NeXT computer were ahead of their time. Actually, they hit the market too late, held back by Jobs's relentless perfectionism, thereby allowing Microsoft time to own the market. The missed opportunity still haunts Jobs, who has feuded nastily with Gates. (The Microsoft chief once offered, literally, to piss on the NeXT computer.) Is Jobs the type who will never be happy until he surpasses Microsoft? "No," says a friend, "he's the type who'll never be happy." He discovered a few years ago that he and Mona Simpson, author of *Anywhere but Here,* shared the same parents, though Jobs had been given up for adoption as a baby.

The Detail: Jobs sends his friends frequent E-mail press releases disguised as personal notes, describing how well NeXT is doing. He writes them himself. The year ahead: ➶

No. 42

ESTHER DYSON

President, EDventure Holdings Inc.



The Power: Take equal parts Lillian Hellman, Lois Lane, and Perle Mesta, add in three-million-odd frequent-flier miles, and you begin to describe Esther Dyson. At 44, the daughter of noted Princeton physicist Freeman J. Dyson is the leading intellectual of the information world. She is editor of the industry newsletter *Release 1.0,* analyst, venture capitalist, and consultant—not to mention newly appointed chairman of the Electronic Frontier Foundation and founding investor in Poland Online, a Warsaw-based information service.

The Glory: *Release 1.0*—sometimes arcane, sometimes irreverent, but always imperative—is subscribed to by fellow members of the New Establishment and some 1,300-odd Information Age tyros and tycoons. And Dyson's annual PC Forum is regularly attended by Gates, Grove, Malone, McCaw, Case, Clark, Bert Roberts, Paul Allen, and Scott Cook. She predicted the rise of groupware (such as Lotus Notes) as early as 1986; she's consistently been ahead of the curve on questions concerning intellectual property and child-protection systems.

The Dish: "When Esther started, it was just the computer industry," says one person who nevertheless admires her. "These days, it's grown so big—cable, TV, phone companies, Hollywood—it's harder and harder to have real impact, or reach a consensus." In any case, it's difficult to imagine the cerebral Dyson as a consensus builder.

The Detail: Dyson is on a passionate mission to bring computer technology to Eastern Europe. She persuaded her former Harvard classmate Walter Isaacson, Time Inc.'s editor of new media, to provide subscribers to Poland Online with access to Time Inc.'s Internet Pathfinder service. For free. The year ahead: ➶

No. 43

STEVEN RATTNER

Managing director, Lazard Frères & Co.



The Power: There are lots of young, hotshot investment bankers on Wall Street, but in the telecommunications-and-media business Steven Rattner is the hottest shot. He started the year on a high note: basking in all the press attention for helping Paramount sell itself to Sumner Redstone's Viacom. Then he set out to top that, orchestrating Comcast and TCI's purchase of QVC, Continental Cablevision's acquisition of the *Providence Journal*'s cable systems, and publisher Ziff-Davis's sale to financier Teddy Forstmann. Nothing made his competitors more envious, though, than his work selling Craig McCaw's cellular-phone network to AT&T in September 1994, which netted Rattner a $20 million fee. Sure, he gets in on deals generated by his famous mentor, Felix Rohatyn—like advising Lotus on its sale to IBM, or MCI on its $2 billion investment in News Corp.—but at 43 he is fast becoming the banker Information Age C.E.O.'s turn to.

The Glory: He keeps secrets like a priest and has a way of putting older men at ease. He got his fingers into the telecommunications business before it was hot, winning the loyalties of soon-to-be moguls such as McCaw and Case. He has a Rolodex to kill for, and the guest lists at his Martha's Vineyard parties boggle his clients' minds, helping him win business and press. Hiring White House diarist Josh Steiner earlier this year also hasn't hurt in the visibility department.

The Dish: He flies his own plane, is investing in a disco on Martha's Vineyard with his pals Strauss Zelnick, Dirk Ziff, and Carly Simon, and has an expensive art collection, but says money doesn't drive him. Friends don't believe it. He was upset when Lazard's owner, French billionaire Michel David-W wouldn't give him more authority at the

The Detail: Sniping colleagues say Ra doesn't like to share his deals with Roh even though Rohatyn brings Rattner i his. The year ahead: ➶

No. 44

GORDON CRAWFORD

Senior vice president, Capital Research Company.



The Power: At 48, he's one job all his life and t been at the Capital Rese Company, the media-an tertainment subsidiary o Capital Group investr company. Every year, University of Virginia–educated Craw places $10 to $15 billion of mutual fu educational endowments, and corpo pensions into the entertainment busi and he has a blast doing it, counting J Malone, Rupert Murdoch, Ted Turner, Sumner Redstone among his friends. "I very heavily on people," he says. "In media-and-entertainment business the r important thing is the assets that go up down in the elevator at night."

The Glory: Let's put it in context: on th vestment front Gordon Crawford is the ver medalist with the golden touch. C.I is the second-largest stockholder of T Inc. (10 percent), the second-largest st holder of Disney after the Basses (3 or 4 cent), the second-largest stockholde News Corp. after Rupert Murdoch (10 cent), the second-largest stockholde Viacom after Sumner Redstone (he w say how much), the second-largest st holder of Turner Broadcasting after Tu himself, and the second-largest stockho of Seagram after the Bronfman family.

The Dish: He invests in you if he likes y but beware—he watches you like a ha Having abstained in May from voting i vor of the re-election of CBS's board o rectors, he's now watching the intended of the Tiffany network to Westinghouse won't comment on outgoing chief L Tisch's performance, but is he pleased T is leaving? He answers that question equivocally. "Yes, I am."

The Detail: Two years ago, his younger Brett died at age 21 in a hiking accid Crawford says that "at the end of the d would trade everything I ever accumula everything that's ever happened for go I'd trade it all for one hour with my so The year ahead: ➶

Katzenberg has adopted the Spielberg-Geffen billionaire-at-

No. 45

ROBERT FRANKENBERG

Chairman, C.E.O., and president, Novell, Inc.



The Power: "The world is moving to our strengths," says Bob Frankenberg, who left Hewlett-Packard after 25 years to become C.E.O. of Novell last year. Commanding a workforce of in the newly merged companies of Perfect and Novell (annual sales: more $2 billion), the 48-year-old Frankenhas put in 12-hour days and seven-day s to streamline the software giant, im- product quality, and become more petitive with Microsoft. All this while g with a move from California to Utah he Mormon culture. No one's tried to ert him yet, and he doesn't feel like an der. But he has noticed one difference. days are kind of quiet around here."

Glory: He's ironed out glitches in Vare 4.1, taken the PerfectOffice suite age from no market share last De- er to No. 2 (after Microsoft Office), defined the company's goals, all by a more democratic than dictatorial. re's no set of tablets and bolt of light- " he says.

Dish: Microsofties privately applauded kenberg's arrival on the scene; they d his predecessor, the combative Ray da, "the grandfather from hell."

Detail: When he has time—*if* he has –he relaxes by cooking gourmet Italian "I make an *absolutely astounding* osso ." The year ahead: ➔

No. 46

THEODORE FORSTMANN

nding partner, Forstmann Little & Co.



The Power: Teddy Forstmann says he raised $1.9 billion this year to replenish his coffers after spending $1.4 billion in December on Ziff-Davis, the country's largest computer-magazine pany (11 titles, including *PC Magazine PC Computing*), complete with Mi- Ovitz and Brian Roberts on the board. wner of General Instrument he also ols the most important company in the lopment and production of cable-televi- technology. Spurning junk bonds, his ar-old investment firm maintains dream earnings; the GTE Corp. pension plan (a major client) has a net annual return of 35 percent. Five years ago Forstmann, who refuses to fly on commercial airlines, bought Gulfstream Aerospace Corp. and made himself chairman. Now he goes shopping by Gulfstream IV—when he's not lending the plane to the Princess of Wales for ski holidays in Colorado.

The Glory: With Forstmann's net worth estimated at somewhere around $400 million, it's hard to remember that this guy once supported himself by playing cards, or that Wall Street saw him as a tiny, whiny footnote throughout the 80s. Educated at Yale and Columbia, but known more for his ideals than his ideas, Forstmann made it big by playing it straight. Now if he's not spending it, he's giving it away, to Republicans (Empower America), refugees (Bosnians), and religions (the Catholic Church).

The Dish: A serial dater who is still single at 55 but longs to settle down. A tycoon who interrupts meetings to complain that his mother doesn't understand him. A philanthropist who gets served milk and cookies on his plane at bedtime. You figure it out, Dr. Freud. Our take? He's contradictory without being complicated.

The Detail: If you're a woman and he takes you out and he really likes you? He has his secretary call to tell you so the next day. The year ahead: ➔

No. 47

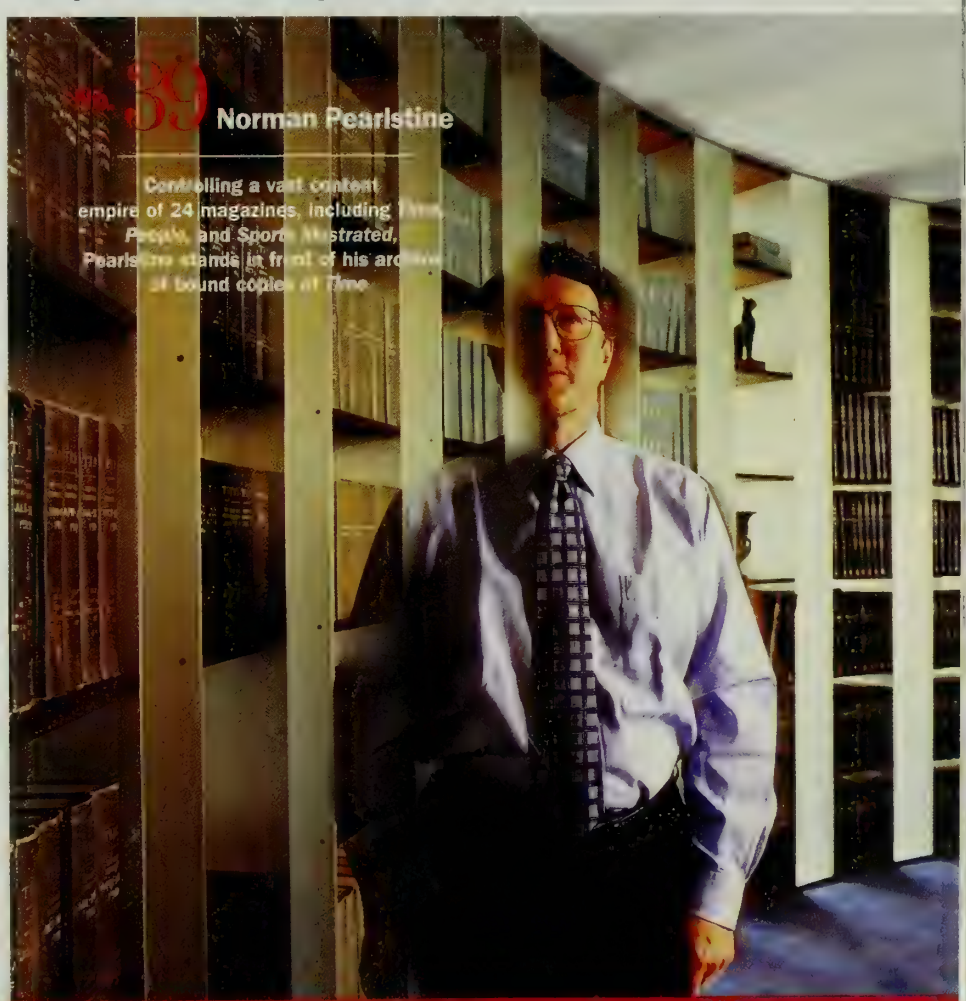
SCOTT COOK

Chairman, Intuit, Inc.



The Power: The Silicon Valley legend of Scott Cook tells of an affable Young Turk who spent the past decade building up the $400-million-a-year personal-finance-software fiefdom Intuit and, in the process, beat Bill Gates at his own game. Now that his plans for a $2 billion merger with Microsoft are dead, the 43-year-old Cook is ready to write the next chapter, in which he aligns with major banks to revolutionize electronic commerce.

The Glory: A graduate of U.S.C. and Harvard Business School, Cook got the idea for Intuit in response to the drudgery of paying



dress code down to the Reeboks, jeans, and baseball cap.

"Power?" Ted Turner barks. "Power is a bunch of hooe

bills and balancing checkbooks. Despite a brush with bankruptcy, he and co-founder Tom Proulx developed the hugely successful Quicken software, which is now used by some eight million customers and commands 70 percent of the market. A host of financial companies, including American Express, Smith Barney, and Chemical and Chase banks, have agreed to use Intuit software for on-line banking, and its stock has shot up more than 40 percent. "I can't fully explain that," Cook says, jokingly.

The Dish: While he's universally liked by his colleagues (sitting, for example, on the board of Doug Carlston's Broderbund), Cook lost fans this past spring when bugs in two Intuit programs fouled up customers' tax returns. As Gates redoubles his efforts to win the financial-software war, Intuit can't afford such mistakes.

The Detail: Cook learned his celebrated marketing savvy selling Crisco as a brand manager at Procter & Gamble, which is also the alma mater of Bob Herbold, newest member of Gates's executive Star Chamber. The year ahead: ↑

No. 48

HOWARD STRINGER

Chairman and C.E.O., Tele-TV.



The Power: Where do three 5,000-pound gorillas sit? At the moment, in Howard Stringer's lap. Stringer, 53, heads the Michael Ovitz–created Tele-TV, a company formed in 1994 by three Baby Bells—Bell Atlantic, NYNEX, and Pacific Telesis—to provide programming for their foray into home video delivery. Ovitz recruited the Oxford-educated Welshman from CBS, where Stringer had moved the network from third to first place, brought David Letterman on board, and developed shows such as *48 Hours, West 57th Street,* and *CBS This Morning.*

The Glory: The Bells are wired to more than a third of all U.S. households, hence the gorilla analogy: they have the power, the reach, and, most important, the money. Stringer brings the contacts, the cachet, and the programming experience. Though he lost his guardian when Ovitz left CAA, he is now fielding calls from studios and other potential partners for his temporarily orphaned venture.

The Dish: Many see the triumvirate's relatively small investment in Tele-TV ($300 million over three years) more as "sending a message" to the cable companies to stay out of the phone business than as a commitment to providing full-scale interactive services. In addition, Stringer has said he wants to focus on creating traditional programming, which essentially puts him at odds with Tele-TV's original mission.

The Detail: In April, a misinformed studio head called Stringer to congratulate him "for buying MCA." "I was actually wondering: Could we possibly have bought MCA?," Stringer told the M.I.T. Media Lab's Michael Schrage. "You know how paranoid you can get in these kinds of new situations." The year ahead: ↘

No. 49

DOUG CARLSTON

Chairman and C.E.O., Broderbund Software, Inc.



The Power: The self-effacing, 48-year-old Doug Carlston has spent the last decade and a half quietly defining and setting the standards for "edutainment" games and programs, winning a huge, loyal following from Main Street to Wall Street. With its ever rising stock, the most trusted brand name in the industry, and the recent $440 million acquisition of the Learning Co. educational-software company, Broderbund will have revenues of $230 million next year, and has a market value of more than $1 billion.

The Glory: Ever since he and his brother, Gary, co-founded the company in 1980, Carlston has continued to update and retool its innovative entertainment/learning products. Broderbund's Where in the World Is Carmen Sandiego? series—which allows kids to learn geography and history by tracking a globe-trotting thief—has sold more than five million copies in 10 years, spawning a Fox cartoon and a PBS quiz show seen by a million kids a day. Carlston, who was in the vanguard of CD-ROM publishing with the independently produced Myst (a whopping 1.2 million sales), has just spun off Living Books as a joint venture with Random House.

The Dish: In the dangerous game of expectations, some industry insiders wonder whether Carlston can come up with anything hot enough to rival the unparalleled success of Myst, and think the stock is headed for a slight downturn. Broderbund must decide if it's going to become a full-fledged entertainment-software company or continue its more diversified, educational approach.

The Detail: Carlston recently beat out Microsoft, among others, for the rights to all the Dr. Seuss characters and books. The year ahead: ↑

No. 50

NICHOLAS NEGROPONTE

Founder and director, M.I.T. Media Laboratory.



The Power: His book *Digital* was a best-selle year. *Wired,* which he h found, emerged from t cult status. So did th umn he writes for it didn't invent words su "digitalization," "bandwidth," and "b but he's probably done more than any to bring them into the cultural mainstr His Media Lab, housed in a sleek I Pei–designed building on the M.I.T. pus, is where Peter Gabriel hangs out techno-geeks developing new digital m technology, where movie directors cor test the latest digital editing technic where TV executives look into digital dards for tomorrow's televisions, and w toy manufacturers work out the kink things like programmable Lego blocks. lab will have a budget of $25 million year, most of it underwritten by corp tions interested in testing the limits of nology's ability to interact with real hu beings.

The Glory: Brimming with fascina thoughts, he's never been known to h his mouth shut when he has one. H some and very cosmopolitan, Negrop has homes in Boston and Greece, and set lifestyle that helps bring in the b and the publicity. In the 70s, he predi that digital technology would result ir convergence of the movie, music, me and computer industries. It happened hasn't been as farsighted since, but the has sponsored a lot of brilliant youn novators, many of whom pollinate cor nies such as Atari, Microsoft, and Seg

The Dish: Did we say A-R-R-O-G-A-N He considers the telephone an inferior o munications technology, so he doesn't u If you don't have E-mail, you don't co His army of critics say he's more glitz substance.

The Detail: Negroponte followed O freeway ride on MCImail and thought was as good as watching it on TV. The ahead: →

— Suzanna Andrews, Bryan Burrough, Daniel Eisenberg, Bruce Feirstein, Charles Fleming, Emma Gilbey, Phoebe Hoban, Eric Konigsberg, Kim Masters, Deborah Mitchell, Lynn Moloney, Elise O'Shaughnessy, Matthew Tyrnauer



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owell

ntinued from page 233) the color off Yet Evans also declares of Powell, ertainly, he's going to be very, very itive in the civil-rights area because of ence he came." Evans believes that "it s us a hundred years behind if affirma- action is abolished."

For all the efforts of the group Evans resents, African-Americans have nplicated reactions to Powell, who uld by no means be assured of a ge black vote. Powell's real strength—plausibility as a candidate—has far re to do with his appeal to America's te majority.

Some see in him a chance to cast a e for racial comity. "Without minimiz- the number of people who are racially lerant, there are actually a sizable nber of Americans who really would to see things go better in the area of e," says Paul Sniderman, a professor political science at Stanford University o has done extensive research on racial tudes. "A lot of people would really this as their chance to support a his- c accomplishment."

Yet there's also reason to believe that te admiration for Powell does more to y and paper over the existence of sm than it does to ameliorate it. Says n Williams, a black journalist who has tten often about politics and civil its, "A lot of his attraction to whites is it allows them to say, 'I'm not a st; I like Colin Powell. I don't have a blem with blacks; I have a problem n blacks who don't share my *values.*'" n this view, Powell's chief symbolic portance is to send the falsely reassur- message that if *he* made it so big, n so can anyone else. "There is a very taken notion that if you see one black n who has succeeded, then society is n for all black people," says Clifford xander, a black attorney and business- n who served as secretary of the army ing the Carter administration.

t's no accident that accounts of Pow- s career tend to exaggerate the hum- ness of his roots as "a ghetto child," n in Harlem and "raised in the pover- idden South Bronx." ("We get poorer poorer," Powell's sister has wryly ed, as media interest in Powell grows.) e more disadvantages he can be seen ave started with, the more his great cess validates the American Dream.

t is clear in the comments of some of vell's close friends and supporters that y believe their admiration for Powell holds them harmless for the harsher racial judgments they may harbor of blacks in the aggregate. "I think he could be a fabulous president," says one of his closest friends. "Yes, partly because he's black, and having a competent black president would be wonderful." There is, in the remark, that unconscious condescension—the weary suggestion that fair-minded whites are so tired of giving opportunities to blacks who waste them.

No one embraces this attitude more openly than Powell's number-one white booster, Charles J. Kelly Jr., who is the self-appointed force behind what he calls Citizens for Powell.

Kelly is 66, a retired financier who as a young law student was involved in Citizens for Eisenhower. His confederates in the Powell effort include Eisenhower biographer Stephen Ambrose and Tex McCrary, the eccentric public-relations maestro who also boosted Ike's 1952 campaign. Kelly exudes both an indelibly midwestern civic-mindedness—"sort of Babbitt on the Potomac," in the words of an acquaintance—and nostalgia for a simpler era. He works almost full-time on his efforts to line up supporters for Powell, traveling around the country to meet with C.E.O.'s and chambers of commerce, drafting cogent memorandums to persuade reporters and potential backers that Powell can win the Republican nomination. He belongs to Washington's most establishmentarian group, the Metropolitan Club, and he and his wife rent a wing of Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn's enormous house in Georgetown.

Sitting on Bradlee's spacious grounds on a warm July morning, Kelly explains that America is more than ready to elect its first black president. "If I talk to rednecks, and cabdrivers, and so on, they don't see him as the black problem, which is associated with irresponsible behavior."

Kelly and I have stumbled almost accidentally onto this line of conversation, but he is suddenly deeply engaged. "Powell represents a litmus test in America," he says. "What is the meaning of racism in America? Is racism skin-color prejudice? Or is it behavior-based prejudice? Does a car full of teenagers dressed in urban-guerrilla costumes with a loudspeaker blaring offensive lyrics in traffic—is revulsion at that racist revulsion? Or is it revulsion at the offensive incivility of the process, at the arrogance of these youths? Which no one will speak to, for fear of being called racist—or for fear of their lives. . . . From everything I've been able to determine, the prejudice is behavior-related."

Powell himself has admonished audiences of minorities that racial progress demands a greater assumption of personal responsibility. But he always stresses, too, that racism remains a crushing fact of life in America, embracing the reality that prejudice, behavior, and perception act on one another in boundlessly complex ways.

Some white Powell enthusiasts, however, are peddling the comforting belief that racism is a thing of the past: if black men with bachelor's degrees now earn 76 cents for every dollar earned by their white counterparts, they're just not trying hard enough. Powell helps the problem, Kelly says, "just by standing there. His presence says, 'Kwitcherbitchin. If I can do it, you can do it. Don't run around talking about how the world owes you a living. Just don't whine about it. Get on with your lives.'"

Even beyond the dubious value of promoting any one person as symbolic of tens of millions of others, there are particular problems with seizing on Colin Powell for this role. For Powell has an exceptional background in two very important dimensions.

While it is true that Powell was born in Harlem and grew up in the Hunts Point section of the South Bronx, blocks from the Fort Apache police station, which would one day come to represent the worst of urban blight, this was the geography of another era. And as the son of Jamaican immigrants, he had an upbringing closer to the experiences of other up-and-coming immigrants—notably the Jewish families that surrounded his in Hunts Point—than to the experience of most American blacks.

Blacks of West Indian heritage, in general, have had a distinctive profile in black American life, producing—especially in the early days of civil rights—a number of the nation's black leaders and stars: Harry Belafonte, Sidney Poitier, Kenneth B. Clark, Shirley Chisholm, Malcolm X. They have been, on the whole, more financially successful than other African-Americans—though why and to what extent are matters of great controversy. One study found that in 1980 the male U.S.-born children of West Indian immigrants were almost twice as likely as other African-Americans to be professionals. As early as the 1930s, some American blacks referred to West Indians as "black Jews."

Powell has numbered among the cousins in his extended family a federal judge, a New York State judge, an aerospace engineer, a biochemist at the National Insti-

tutes of Health, and two former U.S. ambassadors. His cousin J. Bruce Llewellyn sits on the board of Chemical Bank and co-owns Philadelphia's Coca-Cola bottling plant with former N.B.A. star Julius Erving. (Llewellyn scoffs at the idea that Powell would put himself through the hell of presidential campaigning "for a job that pays $200,000 a year.")

Powell's parents moved from Harlem to Hunts Point three years after his birth in 1937. They rented a big four-bedroom apartment, and both worked in the garment industry—his mother as a seamstress, his father as a shipping clerk who eventually rose into lower management.

His was, then, closer to a middle-class childhood than the "ghetto" upbringing some associate with him. His parents, who had emigrated separately in the 20s, during the first great wave of West Indian immigration to America, both thought of themselves originally as British subjects. They attended Episcopal church (as Powell still does) and had been raised in a culture that—although it, too, bore a harsh legacy of colonial slavery—had freed its slaves a generation before America did, and had then placed great emphasis on educating them.

"His Jamaican background is the strongest factor in his personality," Powell's sister, Marilyn Berns, has said. And his family's identification with that heritage was so powerful that they were somewhat shocked, Powell told one reporter, when he married Alma, whose roots are in Birmingham, Alabama.

Though the early 40s marked the start of black movement into the South Bronx, the young Powell was also surrounded by Jews and other immigrants. He worked for Jews all through high school, in a children's-furniture store, and picked up so much Yiddish that he still sprinkles his conversation with it. Ultimately, his parents also tracked the Jewish exodus from Hunts Point, leaving to buy a house in Queens. But, for a very brief time, as Powell biographer Howard Means documents, Hunts Point was something like the melting-pot ideal that has so often been touted, and so rarely been achieved, in America.

The other way in which Powell must be discounted as a racial Everyman is that he accomplished his stunning rise in the army, an organization that has no parallel outside the military.

Paradoxically, the army has both a terrible record on race relations and—in just the two decades since Vietnam—a very positive one. With the institution of the all-volunteer army in 1973, the military began confronting what was clearly a festering problem in its ranks, and, by most accounts, did quite a good job.

"After the 70s, the military addressed its three biggest problems: Vietnam, drug use, and racial tensions," says Tom Ricks, who covers defense for *The Wall Street Journal.* "Society as a whole never grappled successfully with those three things. And while the military still has some problems with drugs and racism, it has addressed those as well as they're going to be addressed in the American context."

The army, it is widely agreed, did the best job of all the services. And Powell came up through the ranks just as the army was beginning to understand it needed talented blacks in positions of authority. Undoubtedly, he benefited from the informal affirmative action that was promoted as official service policy—a conscious effort, short of numerical quotas, to correct its biases in promotion.

When Clifford Alexander became the first black secretary of the army in 1977, he recalls, there were only 10 black generals. By the time he left, there were 30—one of whom was Colin Powell. Not even Powell's detractors believe he was *unfairly* promoted up the ladder, but even some of his warmest supporters point out that he probably got an edge of four or five years. Certainly, his race muted the criticism that might otherwise have greeted his promotion to chairman over the heads of 14 more experienced four-stars.

Powell himself said, in 1990, that his race has "probably helped me more than it's hurt me." He has also touted the army's great success in proving the possibility of racial integration. Where others see the half-empty glass of a military disproportionately filled with minorities who can find few other jobs, Powell sees the half-full glass of an organization that extends opportunities—as well as discipline, skills, education—to many of his race. A staple of his speeches, for years, has been a highly romanticized account of a TV interview that Sam Donaldson conducted in the desert, on the eve of the Gulf War battle, with a young black man who spoke of his multiracial unit as "my family."

"That is the essence of what it is to be an American," Powell told his recent listeners outside Detroit. "We have to restore, in every school and every workplace, every office and every factory . . . that sense of family."

The subtext underlying Powell's appeal—the message that listeners read into his airy speeches—is that he would be a because of his career history and his s color, somehow to accomplish this. problem with this hope is that many the army's methods are of limited use civilian life. Once it decided that reduc racial tension was a priority, the army l an impressive arsenal of coercive tool could bring to bear, and a rigid hierar that could simply will away the "glass ing" that is still the rule in the private tor. When all else fails, racial cooperat can be (and sometimes has been) orde down the throats of reluctant recruits.

If Powell should run for president, cussions of his record as a senior st ard of military policy are likely to fo on three areas. The first is his con vatism in the use of force, bred from army's harrowing lessons in Vietn Powell's caution is probably anything a political liability: most Americans doubtedly would prefer an army of C Powells to an army of Curtis LeMa and he may have an ironic appeal to pacifists who were his army's critics years ago. But there remains a quest about whether his vision of arms wo limit U.S. leadership in the world.

The second, related question about P ell's tenure as chairman is whether he rogated too much power to himself, til the balance against civilian rule of the itary. An influential line of criticism to effect has recently blossomed, arguing during the first year of the Clinton adm istration, while Powell was serving out last eight months before retirement, dramatically defied and manipulated president over several issues—especi gays in the military. And whether or Powell was right in urging Clinton to out of Bosnia, many observers were comfortable with how openly Powell s ed his opinions on this in public foru effectively tying Clinton's hands.

Finally, a presidential campaign wo likely bring new scrutiny to the subjec Powell's involvement in Iran-contra. Defense Secretary Weinberger's top m tary aide, he carried out orders to tr fer missiles from the Defense Departm to the Central Intelligence Agency, kn ing their eventual destination was I While the record suggests that he Weinberger had a shared disdain for plan, investigations depict Powell as h ing to implement a policy he knew wa legal, with his foremost priority bein make sure that the Defense Departm left as few fingerprints on it as possi In his final report, independent cou Lawrence Walsh also criticized Powell

ing to conceal from early investiga-
the existence of Weinberger's diary,
ch eventually cast serious doubt on
nberger's version of events.
But even the most controversial mo-
nts of Powell's military career tell us
e about how he would respond to the
er world of domestic politics. Powell,
has long been a registered indepen-
t, said in a May speech, "I don't find
that I fit neatly into either party. I have
strong Republican leanings on eco-
nic matters and international-affairs
ters, but I'm still a New Deal kid from
lem and the South Bronx. Franklin
sevelt's picture was in my home."
t's not only that Powell has declined
tisan identification: he's in-
ted that he has few po-
al convictions of any kind.
w that I am retired and
eling around the country,"
aid as recently as January,
xpect I will develop a polit-
philosophy."
uch is Powell's aura that
ements like that one are of-
greeted as if they contained
ystery, cloaking some co-
nt worldview that he will
al in his own good time.
y a few people have criti-
d them as the confessions
political immaturity that
are, coming from a man
has observed three presi-
ts at close range.
I don't think, at 58, you
ht to be saying things like
," says Clifford Alexander.
ould hope he's been enough
n observer of the American
e to have opinions. It's a
like Clarence Thomas having no
nion of *Roe* v. *Wade,* when he was in
school when it was handed down."
However, Powell should probably be
n at face value: he really *doesn't* have
litical philosophy, because he has nev-
een much engaged by issues that aren't
passed by his beloved army. And this
st the first of the major obstacles that
d between Powell and the presidency.

he conventional wisdom in Washing-
ton holds that Powell—proud, reput-
thin-skinned, accustomed to com-
d—may not be prepared for the rig-
and indignities of a national cam-
n. But if one thinks it through care-
, that's the least of his problems.
en everything we know of Powell's
re and strengths, it's hard to see how
well run in 1996 adds up.

Many Powell believers would like to see him run as an independent, but his friends are the first to rule this out: "I don't see any possibility he'll head some kind of third-party effort," says Ken Adelman. "He's just more of an institutional guy." Not only is it the hardest way to run for president, without benefit of party help in fund-raising and organization, but Powell doesn't seem an angry enough character for a campaign that, by definition, would have to appeal to those voters most furiously alienated by the system.

Running for the Democratic nomination is out of the question, with an incumbent president in the race. It's difficult to imagine Powell doing so, in any case: his professional patrons have all been Republicans, and conservative Republicans at that. Most of his political friends are Republicans, and most of the money he could easily attract is Republican.

Powell is not assured of a large black vote. His strength has more to do with his appeal to America's white majority.

That leaves the Republican nomination as Powell's best route to the White House. But while polls show that he could beat Clinton, gaining the nomination would be nearly impossible.

One problem is Bob Dole's formidable lead. The G.O.P. rarely upsets the campaign of a strong front-runner, and though Dole's support isn't deep, it is at this point very broad. Moreover, Powell is positioned all wrong to be the alternative for Republicans who can't stomach Dole. "Unfortunately for Powell, those people aren't going to go to him," says political consultant David Keene. "They're the Buchanan types. They're much more conservative than he is."

Certainly Powell is out of step with the anti-tax, small-government energy that is the unquestioned engine of the current Republican ascendancy. "You have to understand: the typical American army general believes in the U.S. government, which has been very good to him," says *The Wall Street Journal*'s Tom Ricks. Professional soldiers are sheltered from some of the most abrasive elements of American life; they live most of the time in small Utopias that tend to their medical care, discount their groceries at the P.X., and sometimes even educate their children. It would be amazing if Powell did have Newt Gingrich's or Pat Buchanan's visceral sense of the fears that plague the American middle class.

Finally, the Republican Party is deeply invested in some of the few themes that even a man as flexible as Powell probably can't swallow. Friends believe that he is pro-choice and that he is put off by the religious right; more than that, Republican attitudes on racial policy, especially some candidates' increasingly vocal attacks on affirmative action, would place Powell in conflict with the great majority of the nation's black voters—including much of his extended family. Says J. Bruce Llewellyn, "I personally don't think he'd want to be the nominee of a party that's trying to dismantle everything we've gained in the last 30 years."

Powell has never tried to evade or soften his racial identity, and his past behavior suggests that retaining the goodwill of the black community is important to him. As chairman, he was always careful to give interviews to magazines such as *Ebony* and *Jet;* more recently, he made a point of attending festivities celebrating Myrlie Evers-Williams's swearing-in as head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

In all the years he was sheltered by his uniform, he was able to contain or ignore the conflicts among his loyalties. Even if Powell was uncomfortable with the 1988 Bush campaign's notorious symbolic use of Willie Horton, a black rapist, it was—literally—his duty not to express opinions on President Bush's handling of civil-rights matters. But in the realm of politics, such conflicts would

Powell

be flushed to the surface. To run for the White House, Powell would effectively have to renounce some key piece of his past life.

There is one more alternative—the only way, barring a major upheaval in American politics, that Colin Powell is at all likely to ascend to the presidency. He could win the Republican vice-presidential nomination in 1996: a perfectly Powellian solution. The vice-presidency itself is a largely symbolic job, in which the chosen candidate is expected to be visible but not too visible, distinctive enough to be an asset but never so controversial as to be a liability. It would allow him to continue down the path to the presidency while withholding his ultimate commitments.

And if Powell has any lust for the White House, history tells him that the vice-presidency remains the best way to get there—especially on a ticket with Dole, whose age might well limit him to one term. But the vice-presidency, of course, is a matter of chance, hinging on who wins the presidential nomination, and by how much, and what sort of regional and ideological strengths a running mate may need to bring to the ticket.

Friends also believe Powell covets appointment as secretary of state. The true model for Powell, some say, is not Eisenhower but the apolitical George C. Marshall, the army-bred author of the Marshall Plan, perhaps the most revered secretary of state in this century.

For now, Powell has bided his time, keeping all of his options wide open. He has maintained his mystery by forbidding video and audio coverage of most of his profitable speeches; his book tour—kicked off by an interview with Barbara Walters, for which the two journeyed to Jamaica—will bring his maximum hour of attention and opportunity.

Whatever Colin Powell means to you, it's not hard to see him as someone with extraordinary potential to do good: a man in his prime, a man of enormous presence and great skill and some apparent understanding of the ills of others. Friends spin endless scenarios of the fine efforts to which Powell may bend all these assets—invariably including, in their accounts, some effort to better the l the minority poor.

Yet some of the same friends ex an uneasy feeling that Powell, mast caution, may hoard all that potentia carefully. Says one, "I don't know he's busting his butt on money no told him, It seems like a stupid way t ganize your time. Once he got the l money, I always thought it was pec he did so many speeches. . . . It's *building* anything."

Put another way: It's hard to pic George Catlett Marshall heading the at a Peter Lowe seminar, let alone a seven that Powell has done in the two years. Great expectations surr Powell, and it will be fascinating to how long he will be content to pac faith and optimism as weightlessly as Ziglar and Larry King do, waiting the highest use of his talents to b vealed to him. Pure potential, unspe finally an empty thing.

"He stands for togetherness and erance, and America as a place of portunity," says J. Bruce Llewellyn. then again, everybody stands for t things." □

Channing

(Continued from page 268) onnnnnnn, and he has to turn that little switch offffffff,'" Beckham reports. The audience laughed, but the soundman was enraged by Channing's public ridicule. "He quit," Beckham says. "He said, 'I'm going to shove it up your ass!'"

No matter what the circumstances, Channing's only concern seemed to be the show. "One night, during a preview in Boston, a glass panel fell out of the lighting booth onto the audience in the balcony, and some people got cut," Beckham says. "They were hauling them out. Carol was told we would have to hold the curtain, and her only comment was 'Thank God it's not opening night!' Not 'Oh, my God—was anyone hurt?' All she thinks about is business and the show."

Channing's single-mindedness extends even to her personal habits, which are famously peculiar. For many years she suffered from severe food allergies, which she blamed on the hair bleach she used for so long, and she was notorious for traveling with organically grown food in special silver containers; wherever she went, she had chemical-free food flown in, even taking her own meals to White House dinners. She was particularly noted for carrying around silver thermoses of bluefish.

These days, although her worst allergies have abated, her eating habits remain somewhat unusual. One night I watch in amazement as she orders the aide who travels with her to purée her entire dinner. It arrives as a carafe of viscous bile-green liquid that Carol proceeds to drink with relish. But she must be doing something right; she stays up most of the night talking animatedly to me, and pops out of bed early the next morning. "She always calls and wakes me up," reports the show's press agent, who is less than half Carol's age.

After all, there's no time to waste; in every new town there are potential theatergoers to be wooed. And while some might find Channing's fierce determination chilling, theater people understand it perfectly. "It's just Carol fighting to preserve her career," Beckham observes. "It's what has made her survive."

"Yes, she's tough," admits Marge Champion, who discovered Channing in 1948 and brought the eccentric young comedienne to her husband, the late Gower Champion, who launched Channing's career by casting her in *Lend an Ear* and later became the original d tor of *Hello, Dolly!*

"You have to be tough," Marge Ch pion adds. "You can't withstand this ness if you can't take the failures down times, as well as sopping up good times like a sponge. She is a cl case of the iron butterfly. If she d have that, she wouldn't be around."

Channing is sitting in the living r of her hotel suite, soaking her fe a tub of vinegar and water. "It takes sting out," she assures me. It's mid-a noon on a sunny day, and she's wea white short-shorts and a skimpy ye halter with no bra underneath. It's outfit I would have hesitated over at let alone 74, but Channing's sense of sonal style has always been a wonder. decades she never permitted herself t seen without a wig on her head; man her friends simply assumed she was b Her family dutifully cooperated to tect her image when Carol wasn't r for company. "Chan would get a p bag for my head if the doorbell ra Carol recalls fondly, as if this represe the height of filial devotion.

She was equally attached to her tr mark false eyelashes. "I've worn t since I was a teenager," she says. "I n

nybody see me without them—*ever!* can make your eyes as big as you t with false eyelashes."

ut decades of living in eyelash glue fi- irritated her eyelids to the point re even the cortisone cream she slath- on every day ceased to soothe them. is done permanent damage to her vi- and all the years of yanking off false ashes had ripped out her real ones. eyelids are bald," she says sadly.

o she had to renounce false es. "I gave them up on Feb- y 22," she reports, as precise recovering alcoholic who tell you the exact date of his drink. She closes her eyes, embering the trauma of it, shudders. "I thought I was ing out onstage naked. I ld dream that I had no es on. Look at me—I look nothing!"

ctually, she looks quite nice. face is pink and healthy- ing, and her eyes appear nor- unlike those of the truly ter- ng apparition I encountered stage last night. Unable to up the idea of big eyelash- Carol now paints them on, ffect that is somewhat dilut- hen seen from several rows in a theater, but that is igh to scare the horses n viewed up close. But with- the grotesque makeup and clownish smear of red lip- she slashes across her face, nning appears natural and youthful.

nd things have been going rkably well lately. "Carol to me recently that the last has been the happiest time r life," says Barbara Walters. *ello, Dolly!* is currently scheduled to n on October 19 for what is being d as a limited engagement on Broad- "Why are you calling it a limited en- ment?" I ask Charles Lowe. "Because ls more tickets," he replies with a grin. fter New York, there are plans to the show to England, China, and n. The Lowes can hardly wait. After ar on the road, another couple might ooking forward to going home, but Lowes don't really have a home. They part of a house in Los Angeles, e they stash their things when Carol's working, but that rarely happens. s almost always working, even if the gig she can get is "conducting" sym- ny orchestras with her familiar shtick.

What passes for home are the artifacts spread out around us. Although the Lowes have occupied this hotel room for only 24 hours, and will be leaving it in a few days, it is filled with a pleasant, homey clutter. Every surface is crowded with silver-framed pictures: Carol with Walt Disney, Carol with Queen Elizabeth, Carol with Thornton Wilder, Carol with David Merrick. The hall table boasts a carefully arranged tableau of Carol's recordings, which range from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* to *Winnie-the-Pooh,* along with framed Hirschfeld caricatures and the treasured Mother's Day card from Chan.



Carol Channing and her husband and partner, Charles Lowe, in Los Angeles. At times Charles's penchant for referring to his wife as "Miss Channing" proves overwhelmingly irritating.

"My mission in life was to hide the fact that my mother was crazy," says Channing.

"Instant home," Carol calls it; she takes this stuff everywhere, traveling from one town to another with 20 bags and trunks crammed with all her belongings, and each careful still life gets set up anew at every stop.

And after all, her real home is elsewhere. "She doesn't even like fancy dressing rooms," says Marge Champion. "She wants to not be comfortable in her dressing room; she wants to get out onstage. That's where she lives."

How long can she keep it up? Carol says she wants to drop in her tracks like David Burns, who died onstage in 1971 in *70, Girls, 70.* "Mildred Natwick told me about it," Carol says excitedly. "He had a very big laugh; he delivered the line, and there was a laugh. And then Davey keeled over, and the laugh built. The audience didn't know there was anything wrong, you see. Davey didn't move; he died hearing the laugh build." She sighs blissfully. "I can't think of a better way to go."

But she's not planning to check out anytime soon. "How many women at 74 are triumphing in their careers and living the same schedule as a 26-year-old?" Susan Estrich points out. "How many women in their 70s are heading a large production of anything, let alone working seven days a week and filling the halls? I think she's a wonderful role model. What other woman can you name who's had a strong and happy marriage for 40 years, who has a good relationship with her son, and who continues to have her career? She's living her life to the fullest, enjoying the greatest high a Broadway star can have."

The week after I leave her, Carol is going to have a teeny-weeny operation on her eyes, in hopes of improving her vision. She brushes it off as if it were nothing; she'll be back onstage within a few days. "I don't have to see as long as they keep the lights bright and put fluorescent paint down so I can see the ramp," she insists.

Her vision may be impaired, but her eyes blaze. "I just need to see the lights," she says fiercely. □

Richardson

(Continued from page 261) diaries "pertinent to the case." Three days after this ruling, entries from Frank Richardson's diaries surfaced in the *Daily News* in all their glory. The cover story was by veteran court reporter Salvatore Arena. The headline read, FAMED JUDGE NAMED IN DIVORCE. No one knows who leaked the court documents, though everybody is pointing fingers. Arkin baldly implies that the leak came from his opponents. But Sheresky denies it: "My client is the last person who would want them out—she comes off as the scorned woman." Sheresky, a man who is happy in his work, finds Arkin's claim that Frank's diary is nothing more than "the romantic musings of a bygone era" particularly amusing. "You know," he says, "there's a legal expression that applies here: 'The law presumes that they sayeth not a Paternoster.' Which means, roughly translated, you can bet they weren't saying their prayers."

Complicating all this is the fact that Kimba Wood, recently dubbed "the Love Judge" by one tabloid, is a figure of national interest who has an unusually tabloid-friendly name. (One newspaper editor described it as the irresistible combination of "kitten and Simba.") Wood first became known as the tough-minded magistrate who put junk-bond king Michael Milken behind bars. More recently she gained notoriety when her bid to become attorney general took its place as the second chapter in the Clinton administration's Nannygate saga. Matters were further complicated by the rumor that she had done a stint in her youth as a Playboy Bunny in London.

Wood, 51, separated earlier this spring from her second husband, *Time*-magazine columnist Michael Kramer. She committed no crime in becoming involved with Richardson. In a brief statement to the press, Kramer described his separation from Wood as "mutual and amicable," adding that the problems in their relationship "were of long standing and I view them to have been my fault." Colleagues say that Wood and Kramer had avoided announcing their split earlier out of concern for their nine-year-old son.

Wood, who has not granted an interview since returning from a vacation in Italy, reportedly with Richardson, has assured colleagues that the two of them were meeting only on a casual basis last spring, and that they were not romantically involved during the period in which he penned his lovesick diary entries. In other words, the judge wants it known that she technically never committed adultery.

"Kimba Wood is thoughtful, intelligent, highly ethical, and scrupulous to a T when it comes to matters of propriety," says Judge John Walker, her closest friend on the bench.

Nancy and Frank Richardson were once described by *Women's Wear Daily* as a "golden couple of New York society." At Mortimer's they were familiar fixtures and were often seen with their children, who were as beautiful as a Sargent painting. But beneath the veneer there were signs of strain: the couple's son, who had once shown so much promise, dropped out of Groton and was hospitalized last winter after a breakdown, and there have been other family problems.

The Richardsons were, by most accounts, an ill-suited couple from the beginning. Frank is generally regarded as amiable, if a bit of a stiff, the Ivy Club–at–Princeton type—with interests limited almost solely to the financial and equine. During his early years in New York he was eager to advance socially and was known for his assurances that his birthplace of Sewickley, Pennsylvania, was genteel in its own right. He always let it drop that he often went foxhunting with the Mellons.

Nancy McCarthy was a pretty, quick-witted woman-about-town when she and Frank met and eloped three months later in 1973. She had worked for *Glamour* and *Vogue,* wore sexy designer clothes, and was said to have had a string of affairs with such highfliers as the late Bernie Cornfeld, the notorious financier, publisher George Weidenfeld, and the jeweler Gianni Bulgari. "They were opposites, really," says one relative. "She was very interested in art and antiques, which Frank didn't care about at all. She was very taken with Europe, and he preferred America. They didn't seem to have much in common."

In the early days of their marriage, the Richardsons struggled to keep up appearances while sharing her mother's apartment in the Carlyle, where they would compensate by entertaining lavishly in the downstairs dining room. Frank bounced from the World Bank to Dean Witter to Bear Stearns, but didn't hit it big until he joined forces with Wesray, the upstart New Jersey buyout firm put together by former Ford Treasury secretary William E. Simon and businessman Ray Chambers. Tall, handsome in pinstripes, an cially connected, Frank was the pe front man for the partners in New Y By the mid-80s, Wesray had reaped million for the successful leveraged out of Avis, and Frank pocketed a share of the profits.

Thanks to Wesray, the Richard went from living grandly on a small to living a life of exalted luxury. moved from 895 Park to 820 Fifth, raced up the *Social Register,* into the exclusive realm of the social arbiter J Wrightsman. Acquaintances say Na who was always socially ambitious but planted herself at Wrightsman's k hiring her French decorator, Henri Sa el, and spending a fortune to redo new apartment in the same chic style as her neighbor.

Nancy began to throw formal din with copious courses, each more el rate than the last. But because she w devout Christian Scientist—and strict totaler—guests sometimes had to v down meals with water. Her restr did not prevent her, however, from coming a fixture at the fashion show New York and Paris. Nancy, in fact, renowned for buying a dozen Un outfits right off the runway. She bec fast friends with Jacob Rothschild art connoisseur and avid collector, spent so much time with him in Eu that rumors of an affair circulated. cy denies she and Rothschild were involved, but admits she had to fi stop being seen with him to put an to the gossip. "There was this odd chotomy of being frightfully prope the surface and then quite badly haved," says one close friend of Richardsons'.

As time went on, she became inc ingly unpopular and isolated in her circle. "Nancy is an opportunistic w an," says a friend, who is fond of Richardsons. "She can be quite bi She's a tough cookie, and she's sm As one longtime friend puts it, problem was Nancy was bored. S more of an intellectual, and you k what an odd, enervating, frustrating those ladies can be. Two years ago started telling people she wanted a n bohemian lifestyle, to see people could talk as well as nod and kiss a

For her part, Nancy identifies the they moved into 820 Fifth as the ment it all started to go wrong. "I l against me the 'grande dame,'" she referring to her own chilly image tried to sell 820 three months afte bought it. I knew we'd moved into

ng building at the wrong moment in lives." She isn't naïve about her reption among the charity-circuit crowd. ey all hate me," she says, rapidly ing off the names, "Brooke [Astor], ne [Wrightsman], Annette [de la ta], and Mercedes [Bass]." ("Non-e," says one of these ladies. "We er really knew her.") Then she adds rare moment of real insight, "I have nbed my nose at them. I haven't n nice to them. . . . I wasn't going to ave like the obedient children we all e in the 60s, when that generation very glamorous and we showed up their dinners and we asked intelli- questions. I wasn't going to do it. oke continued to say, 'Now, you will v up at this charity' . . . and I just 't go. I just thought, I'm not going pend the rest of my life operat- like that. I would never play game."

he says it didn't help that they e all inclined to think worse of because of her mother, Josie on, formerly Josephine Strother Carthy. Josie, already divorced n Nancy's father, Roblee Mc-hy, of the Brown Shoe Compa-set her sights on one R. Thorn- Wilson, an heir to the Astor une. Wilson was a man who e his checks against money first e in the Civil War. Josie Wilson by all accounts a remarkably tiful woman, with the impecca-naquillage and glacial iciness of e Paley. She was also a world- social climber.

When she divorced Wilson in late 1980s after more than 15 s of marriage, he had suffered e financial setbacks in the Texas estate bust. He had invested heavily Josie Wilson and Nancy's brother, o. In the end, Wilson sold his child-d home, a palatial Sutton Place tment, for $6 million. Josie got half his remaining fortune and disap-ed into the depths of Texas. "She me to the cleaner's," says Thornton on himself.

There is no excuse for my mother," its Nancy. "And I had to take all that n everyone turned against her. And I r even liked my mother." But there those who remember the days when and her mother shared an apartment at the Carlyle. They were "like cou--clad twin huntresses," recalls a very friend. And when it came time for own divorce, Nancy hired her na's lawyer, Norman Sheresky.

Eventually, Nancy Richardson came to believe therapy was the only thing that might save her from a "loveless marriage," a gilded cage she describes as a "reclusive, hermetic existence." She had tried various doctors and specialists over the years, but in 1992 she met Sam Perry, a psychoanalyst at New York Hospital, through her good friend Anne Bass. Under his influence, Nancy says, she left Christian Science and moved into "an office" at the Carlyle for a period of 18 months. Nancy says Frank has accused her of having an affair with Perry, who was married with children. Stanley Arkin denies that his client made the accusation, but says there were "indications" of a relationship. Nancy says that the affair never took place. "My husband was insanely jealous of my respect for Sam Perry. It is the most commonplace thing. I adored this man who could handle 25 people's lives. He was my dearest friend."

> Nancy is working on a novel about psychiatry, and has found writing to be "cleansing."

In early 1994, Perry informed Nancy that he was critically ill with pancreatic cancer. He died in March of that year. With the man who had been her lifeline suddenly gone, Nancy felt bereft. "It was just a desperate time in my life," she tells me, breaking down in uncontrollable sobs. That December, she says, she "collapsed," and Frank accused her of being "crazy." She realized she had a "terrible marriage," and was worried about what it was doing to her children. "And I thought, If I have to go to dinner one more time where I was the jolly one in public . . . And Frank kept bullying me and telling me, 'You know, I understand O. J. Simpson and Nicole' . . . saying, 'God, she's a bitch,' and threatening me with it all summer." According to Arkin, "That's basic baloney. The man has never threatened anybody."

Things went rapidly downhill in 1995. By the end of February, she had told Frank she could not remain in the marriage. Two months later, she says, she started to hear the rumor everywhere that her husband was gay, and living in a hotel with one of her closest friends, Everett Fahy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Early this summer, David Patrick Columbia, the gossip columnist for *Quest,* a society glossy, and a regular at Mortimer's, ran a blind item that seemed to allude to their alleged affair ("Mr. X was looking for another apartment . . . because mister had found someone new. Another man. A museum curator").

"I had people pityingly taking me out to lunch," she recalls. "And Frank is telling me to stop the rumors, and I'm running up to Jayne Wrightsman saying, 'Frank isn't gay.'" Stanley Arkin angrily dismisses the rumor that Frank is gay, and Frank accuses Nancy of spreading the story herself. Fahy, who is openly gay, says that "the rumors are absolutely untrue. Knowing Frank as well as I do, it is inconceivable that he is a homosexual." Nancy insists she does not know how this whole story got started. But she says she finds the existence of the diaries, which read to her as if "written by an accountant," almost too convenient. "I really think, on one level, Kimba Wood is there to prove he's not gay."

Then there was the truly bizarre story which surfaced in the *Post* in August, linking Frank and the late Jacqueline Onassis, and quoting Nancy as saying, "Any man would love to have that notch on his belt. . . . He may have had an affair with her—but I guess you can say I'd be the last to know." According to Frank as well as friends of the former First Lady's, he and Onassis shared only a mutual interest in horses.

Nancy blames the disintegration of their marriage on the money. She believes that her husband is driven by fear. Wesray has been over since 1989, and nothing particularly lucrative has materialized for Frank since then, even though he did open his own company. "In his diary, he says he was terrified of being on his own," says Nancy. "He felt it was his destiny *(Continued on page 299)*

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Credits

Fashion

Cover: Denzel Washington's Polo by Ralph Lauren jacket, sweater, and pants from Polo Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills.
Page 12: See credits for pages 262–63
Page 16: See credits for page 254.
Page 50: Bottom right, see credits for cover
Page 66: Top, styled by Andrea Lee Linett; center, styled by Elizabeth Loomis.
Page 80: Shirt by Yohji Yamamoto, from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.
Page 146: Banu Ogan's Adrienne Vittadini dress and hose by Calvin Klein, both from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Susan Bennis Warren Edwards shoes from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.
Page 150: Props styled by David Yarritu for Pat Bates and Associates; **Julie Andrews's** Sulka robe from Sulka, N.Y.C.
Page 154: Tuxedo by Willa Kim.
Page 198: Basia Zamorska for Marek.
Page 203: Exit 1 jacket from Exit 1, L.A.
Page 204: Bottom, Eileen Kasofsky for Jam Arts; Zandra Rhodes dress from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; earrings from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.
Page 208: Styled by Calvin Jon Haugen for Célestine.
Page 217: Top, styled by Robertino Trovati for Visages Style; props styled by David Ross; suit by D&G by Dolce & Gabbana, from Traffic, L.A.; ring by Tim Campi Designs, from JonValdi, L.A.
Pages 242–43: See credits for cover; Denzel Washington's shoes by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.
Pages 244–45: Double RL by Ralph Lauren shirt and pants from Polo Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills.
Page 247: Banana Republic shirt from Banana Republic stores nationwide; Industria pants from Industria, N.Y.C.
Pages 248–49: Kristen McMenamy's Valentino Haute Couture dress by special order from Valentino Couture, Rome.
Page 250: Chanel Haute Couture dress by special order, and headband, both from Chanel, Paris; Valentino Haute Couture shoes from Valentino Couture, Rome; Helmut Lang shirt from selected Barneys stores.
Page 251: Atelier Versace dress by special order, and Gianni Versace men's dressing gown, both from the Gianni Versace boutique, N.Y.C.
Page 252: Comme des Garçons pullover and ball skirt by Rei Kawakubo, from Comme des Garçons, N.Y.C.
Page 253: Emanuel Ungaro Haute Couture dress from the House of Ungaro, Paris; Manolo Blahnik for John Galliano shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.; Yohji Yamamoto swimsuit from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.
Page 254: Greg Kinnear's Giorgio Armani jacket, sweater, and pants from Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills; J. M. Weston shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C.
Page 255: Oscar de la Renta pour Hommes suit from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; Krizia Uomo shirt from the Krizia boutique, N.Y.C.; Allen-Edmonds shoes from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
Pages 262–63: Carol Channing's Adrienne Landau feather boa from Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills; hose by Givenchy, from Bullock's, L.A.; Van Cleef & Arpels bracelet from Van Cleef & Arpels, N.Y.C.; Phillip Bloch for Cloutier.
Page 264: Giorgio Armani blouse from Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills; Van Cleef & Arpels necklace from Van Cleef & Arpels, N.Y.C.
Page 267: Van Cleef & Arpels necklace from Van Cleef & Arpels, N.Y.C.; Guess Home Collection towel from Neiman Marcus, L.A.
Pages 272–87: Portfolio styled by Sean McGee.
Page 279: For Esther Dyson's Speedo bathing suit, call 800-5-SPEEDO; Ralph Lauren Home Collection towels from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide.
Page 287: Norman Pearlstine's Burberrys necktie from Burberrys, N.Y.C.
Page 293: Charles Lowe's Valentino turtleneck from the Valentino Boutique, Beverly Hills.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Denzel Washington wears Clinique Skin Supplies for Men Turnaround Lotion. Carol Shaw for Lorac/Cloutier; Max Pinnell for Bumble & Bumble.
Page 12: See credits for pages 262–68
Page 16: See credits for pages 254–57.
Page 50: Bottom left and right, see credits for cover
Page 66: Top, hair and makeup by Jim Crawford for Indorato Artists; center, grooming by Kate Best.
Page 146: Hair styled with Sebastian Performance Active Texturizer. All makeup from Clarins. On **Julie Andrews's** eyes, Eyeliner Pencil in Soft Brown; on her lips, New Lipstick in Tender Fawn. Hair color by Michael Thomas for Michaeljohn; Deanna for Bumble & Bumble; Andrea Paoletti for Oz New York; manicures by Olga Titova for Marek.
Page 198: Jonathan Connelly and Vanessa Evelyn both for Streeters.
Page 203: Hair styled with Polo Sport Fragrance-Free Lotion Sports Moisturizer; grooming by Lorraine Abels.
Page 204: Ilise Heitzner Harris for Price, Inc.
Page 208: Grooming by Tena Bernard for Célestine.
Page 210: Right, grooming by Norman James for Price, Inc.
Page 217: Top, grooming by Jo Strettell for Trish McEvoy, N.Y.C.
Pages 242–47: See credits for cover.
Pages 248–53: Kristen McMenamy's hair styled with Redken Creatif Contour shaping lotion. All makeup from Chanel. On her eyes, Basic Eye Colour in Silver/Pewter/Granite; on her lips, Lip Intensities in Berries. His hair styled with Aramis Maltplexx Protein-Enriched Styling Gel. Julien D'Ys and Renato Campora both for Atlantis; Heidi Morawetz for Chanel.
Pages 254–57: All grooming products from Aveda; grooming by Katharina Ehrhardt for Cloutier/Aveda.
Pages 262–68: Eric Barnard for Cloutier.
Pages 272–87: All grooming, hair, and makeup by Kat James for Indorato Artists.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 80: From Sygma.
Page 115: From Twin Images.
Page 118: Both from the Los Angeles Times Syndicate.
Page 120: Right, from Sipa Press.
Page 122: Top, from Hulton Deutsch; bottom, from Sipa Press.
Page 132: Top to bottom, from Roger-Viollet, by Vincent Leduc/Gamma Liaison, Peter Charlesworth/Saba, Tommaso Villani/Sipa Press.
Page 144: Top, copy photograph by Ira Wyman/Sygma; bottom, from Agence France-Presse.
Page 146: Dance instruction by Eleny Fotinos for Dancesport Latin and Ballroom Dance Studio, N.Y.C.
Page 158: Large photograph courtesy of the Condé Nast Publications Inc.; inset from Photofest.
Page 160: Top, from U.P.I./Bettmann; bottom, by Charles W. James/*The Philadelphia Inquirer*.
Page 168: Bottom, from the Urban Archives, Temple University Libraries.
Page 170: Top, from U.P.I./Bettmann; center, from *The Philadelphia Inquirer*.
Page 188: Bottom, from the *New York Post*.
Page 194: Photograph from *Newsday*.
Page 204: Top left, from the Museum of Modern Art/Film Stills Archive; top right, from Archive Photos.
Page 210: Left, top to bottom, by Giraudon/Art Resource, from Scala/Art Resource, from Bettmann, from Nimatallah/Art Resource, by Erich Lessing/Art Resource; top right, courtesy of Calvin Klein, Inc.
Page 217: Bottom left, by Jonathan Becker; bottom center, by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.
Page 220: From A.P./Wide World Photos (*Star Trek*), by Mike Boroff/TexaStock (bull), from the Everett Collection (*Hazzard*, Justice, Parton, Reynolds), by J. Patrick Forden/Sygma (Unabomber), Ken Hawkins/Sygma (Carter), Letto/Stills/Retna (Gates), from Photofest (Tank Girl), by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos (Gingrich).
Page 229: From Gamma Liaison.
Page 233: Clockwise from top, by Rick Maiman/Sygma, Cynthia Johnson/Gamma Liaison, David Burnett/Contact Press Images, Vivian Ronay.
Page 260: Second from bottom, from Saba; bottom, from the New York *Daily News*.
Page 261: Bottom, from the *New York Post*.
Page 269: Top row, left to right, by Marina Garnier, Ron Davis/Shooting Star, W. Norton/Shooting Star, Robert Galbraith/Sipa Press, Peter Sibbald/Sygma; second row, by Louie Psihoyos/Matrix, Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo Agency, B. Kraft/Sygma, from Ron Galella Ltd., by Marina Garnier; third row, by Marina Garnier, Robin Platzer/Twin Images, Dafydd Jones, Elsa Braunstein, Kelly Jordan/Celebrity Photo Agency; fourth row, by Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo Agency, Robin Platzer/Twin Images, Nigel Parry, Janet Gough/Celebrity Photo Agency, Marina Garnier; fifth row, by Louie Psihoyos/Matrix, Mirek Towski/DMI, Marina Garnier, Marina Garnier, Kevin Winter/Celebrity Photo Agency.
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ichardson

ntinued from page 295) to make
e money. He didn't feel he had
ugh." At this point, Nancy says she
wants to be free. She has taken sol-
in the arms of author and *New York*
erver columnist Michael Thomas, an
friend, and is looking forward to
ing her life back together. She is
king on a novel about psychiatry,
has found writing to be "cleansing."

ichardson recently broke his silence
long enough to supply the *Post* with a
, and strangely confessional, inter-
, in which he dates his friendship with Wood back to their law-school days at Harvard. "I have known her longer than my wife," he told the paper's gossip columnist Cindy Adams, adding, in the interest of full disclosure, "Ours was the routine let's-have-lunch once a year.

"We're all concerned about the children," he continued, despite having just returned from a trip in Europe which he did not see fit to cut short to be with his family when the scandal hit home. "After our first few meetings, Kimba and I didn't see each other for three months. Now we will again not see each other for a while. I believe we shouldn't even decide about being seen together until the undue prominence given this private matter subsides." But as long as both the Richardsons keep airing their dirty linen in public, there's not much chance of that. According to one well-placed source in Washington, Wood—who had been hoping to move to the Court of Appeals—will certainly not be nominated by this administration.

"In a perfectly ordered world, God would see to it that everyone gets what he or she truly deserves," says Michael Thomas. In a recent column, the much-married author wrote that it would be nice if an 11th Commandment could be engraved on Moses' tablet. He suggests that it be taken from the first line of his own separation agreement: "The parties agree that the welfare of their children is paramount." □

ashington

tinued from page 246) wax paper. I
it's still there. Now I got my mouth
ring. I'm ready for it now."
s we cross upper Manhattan, heading
rd the Hudson River, he points out a
k Orthodox church where he once
an after-school program, baby-sitting
children of working single parents.
t was when I was in college. Twenty
s ago! Aaargh!"
ne conversation wanders to Africa,
e he made a pilgrimage this summer
cover from the exhaustion of shoot-
three movies in a year and a half—
ison Tide, Virtuosity, and *Devil in a*
Dress. "I wanted to take the kids on
ducation vacation." During a whirl-
l tour of South Africa he was re-
d like a visiting head of state. He
Pauletta renewed their wedding vows
ceremony conducted by Archbishop
nond Tutu, met with members of Par-
ent, and watched Nelson Mandela,
president of the republic, play with
children.
Kenya the Washington family went
afari. When it was time to go home,
guide said, 'Well, I guess you're leav-
he jungle,'" he recounts. "And my
said, 'No, we're leaving civilization.
e heading back to the jungle.'" It
't until they arrived in Nairobi that
earned of the suicide of jazz singer
lis Hyman, the death of Wolfman
, and the travails of Hugh Grant.
like 'My, my,' you know, 'Oh wow.'
much information!"
mention a recent newspaper column
h argued that while the public was
sed by Grant's hapless encounter with a Sunset Boulevard hooker, it would have been devastated if the same thing had befallen Denzel Washington.

"Nah, not Sunset, man—not me!" he protests. "I was reading where they said—what is it?—95 percent of men have hired a prostitute at one time or another. I was saying, 'Well, I'm in that 5.' One could argue that everyone has paid one way or another—directly or indirectly—but I'm in that 5.

"A guy like Hugh Grant, I mean, two years ago no one knew him, and he hit so big with *Four Weddings and a Funeral.* And I've been chopping wood for 15 years."

It's more difficult to wax philosophical, of course, when you're the one providing the titillation. An unwelcome spotlight was directed Washington's way after he confided to Barbara Walters in 1993—on the night of the Academy Awards show in which he was a best-actor nominee for *Malcolm X*—that he'd never leave his wife, even though, as he put it, "I may give her a reason to leave me. . . . Being a star and all of that, temptation is all around, it's all around, you know, and I haven't been perfect. I'll be quite candid about it."

Never will he be quite so candid again. "You try to be honest and you get stepped on," he says. "When Mr. Mandela came out of prison, one of the things he found interesting when people interviewed him was that they were so much more interested in his personal life than his politics Welcome to the 90s, I guess."

Washington was so overwhelmed by his meeting with Mandela that he decided on the spur of the moment to donate $1 million to the Nelson Mandela Children's Fund. He's at pains to underplay his largesse. "We always give, my wife and I—we believe in that," he explains. "We believe in tithing, in church. And this felt right. I've been real blessed, you know, making a lot of money, and you can't take it with you. Or as the saying goes, you never see a U-Haul behind a hearse. I'm just a guy from Mount Vernon—and I'll show you where I'm from."

At Greasy Nick's—which is what the locals call Leno's Clam Bar, just outside Mount Vernon—Washington leads the way to an outdoor table and orders a dozen clams, corn on the cob, and a hamburger smothered in grilled onions. I try to keep up, doing likewise when he goes for a second order of clams, but I draw the line at the hot dog.

"You must appreciate, this is old-style wax paper," Denzel instructs when our corn arrives. The ears are thoroughly cooked and swimming in the aforementioned pie pans.

"Is this real butter?" I ask.

"I doubt it. There might be some in there. It's oily—as it should be."

"Do you eat like this all the time?"

"No, man. Are you like a health nut? You come to Greasy Nick's, this is what you come for. For the grease. That's why they call it Greasy Nick's."

That settled, we move on to the subject of Denzel's parents. "My father was a Pentecostal preacher and my mother had a beauty shop. Now, these are two arenas that lend themselves to expression. In the case of the beauty shop it's high theater and storytelling. My mother was born in Georgia and raised in Harlem. She was strict. She was tough. But it was good. Spare the rod, spoil the child, they say.

"My father was from Dillwyn, Vir-

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Washington

ginia—Buckingham County. He was just a very, very spiritual guy. If there was one person in church and him, they were going to have a full-out service. Doing that and working two jobs, too. He worked at [the department store] S. Klein, and he also worked for the water department. We didn't see him much. He was gone when we got up, and we were asleep when he got home every day."

Denzel's parents separated when he was 14, and subsequently divorced. Denzel's sister, Lorice, the eldest of three children, theorizes that their mother took the unusual step of sending her and Denzel to boarding schools—scraping together the tuition money from her beauty-parlor income—to shield them from the marital discord. (Their younger brother, David, stayed behind in Mount Vernon.) I ask Denzel if his mother had sent him away partly, as some people have said, because he was getting into fistfights at home.

"It wasn't like I was running around looking for fights and then fighting a whole lot," he says. "But you have some anger."

The Reverend Mr. Washington died in 1991 at age 81. He was, by most accounts, a powerful preacher. "I know Denzel drew on that when he played Malcolm X," Lorice Washington says. "His hand gestures and the rhythms of his voice were Daddy's."

Denzel himself is not given to introspection about such matters. "You know what?" he says. "Some people might say, 'Oh, you should deal with these things,' and maybe I get them out in the work, through the acting, but it ain't that big a deal to me, you know. Nothing's really going to drive me crazy, I don't think. And I didn't grow up or come from a place where anybody I knew *knew* anybody who knew anybody who was getting therapy. Couldn't anybody afford it. We were talking about: Get out there and get a job!"

We discuss Denzel's introduction at an early age to the American labor force.

"I worked in a barbershop my first job, when I was 11, 12 years old," he says. "Used to clean up, hustle, whisk-broom people off, take their clothes to the cleaner's. Everybody looked like a dollar bill to me."

Later, when he had academic trouble at Fordham and dropped out for a semester, he learned more about sweat and toil. "I was just sort of floundering. Going by the army recruiting office and realizing I'm not supposed to go to the army. I worked at the post office fo while. I worked at the sanitation depa ment, collecting trash. I thought, Wh I gotta get back in college!"

When he re-enrolled, he discovered vocation as an actor, aced his courses, an agent, and, after graduating in 1977, gan picking up work (years later he invited to join Fordham's board trustees). His first big acting job was pl ing Olympic track star Wilma Rudolp boyfriend in the television movie *Wil* In the role of runner Mae Faggs was up-and-coming actress-singer named P letta Pearson. Denzel and Paul didn't start dating until a year la when they ran into each other at a pa They were soon living together—in D zel's room in the apartment his mot was renting in Mount Vernon. They been married 12 years.

His first big movie break was a s ring role, opposite George Segal, in a gettable comedy titled *Carbon Copy* which he played white corporate exe tive Segal's illegitimate black son.

"Afterward I remember being at unemployment office and somebody like 'What are you doing here? I saw in a movie!'" he says. "And I'm like ting my check. 'I'm in line C, just you. *That's* what I'm doing here, gett my $125. Move up!' Ha ha."

Just as his luck seemed to have out, however, he was cast in an Off Bro way play, *When the Chickens Came Ho to Roost*. His character: Malcolm X. A another success with *A Soldier's Play*, which he received an Obie Award, snagged the role of Dr. Phillip Chan in the TV series *St. Elsewhere*. He worked regularly ever since.

These days he lives with his family an estate in the Toluca Lake section L.A. in a house that used to belong William Holden (who hosted the wedd reception there for Ronald and Na Reagan).

"I don't need much," Washington s "The only real luxury now, splurge-t luxury, has been cars. I got a Porsch drive a big Mercedes now, one of th V-12s." He interrupts this automotive posé to shake his head ruefully. "N you're going to write about—listen, man." He maintains military silence be adding helpfully, "I have a Ferrari also."

Mohamed steers the Town Car ward the south side of Mount non, passing through gilded suburbs. used to ride our bikes around here look at these houses and dream," says.

Ever have any trouble with the law?" him.

Nah. I was lucky, that's all," he es. "I just really wasn't *bad* bad, but of my partners done time. Guys I up with, anywhere from 5 to 15 some of 'em are still in there, some m dead, whatever. But, you know, nas to do with the influences around It can be as simple as luck. Being in rong place. Some people were crimi- He roars with laughter. "Some peo- ere just straight criminals, you know. sure. Who are you learning your ns from, what examples are being set. of my buddies I grew up with, he t have any good examples. Mother. r. Sister. Everybody was just raggedy, It was just a matter of time. He did o stay out of it for so long."

an era of court-ordered school de- gation, fifth-grader Denzel was bused school in the well-to-do neighbor- on the north side of town. It was rst experience of being a minority white-majority culture. "That was the side of the world to us. I made ds, but I remember one kid's father t let me in his house. But it was not bad, because we always came back at the end of the day."

t even today, with all his success, he can't get a taxicab to stop for him ew York City.

black man in Manhattan trying to cab, shoooot, doesn't matter what do for a living," Washington says. v, if they happen to recognize you, but me with new sneakers on, and , you know, facing uptown? Ha ha. a." He catches Mohamed's eye in earview mirror. "You're laughing, You know what I'm talking about."

ir, I'm Egyptian," Mohamed says in ted English. "White, black, it doesn't r who you are. You go and deal with ith respect, I'm gonna deal with you respect—till I get hurt from an Af- -American person."

eally? Driving?" Washington asks amed. "He pulled a gun on you or thing?"

es, driving," Mohamed replies. "I , I'm not going to risk my life for or—"

"I hear you," Denzel says. "So it's fear as much as racism. That's reality, man, and I've talked to cabdrivers about it, and they say, 'Hey, you know a guy put a gun to my head.' So it's tough. It ain't fair, but getting shot in the head ain't fair, either."

In due course Denzel directs Mohamed to stop in front of the Boys & Girls Club—a boxy building in need of a paint job—which used to be called just the Boys Club in Denzel's day. For the past few years he has served as national spokesman for the organization. "They finally got their new sign, that's good," he says. "Been trying to pump some money into this club."

We are greeted by James Jones, the club's director, who has known Denzel for 30 years.

"You in killer shape, boy," Jones tells his former ward. "Woooo. You'd better hustle or my young guys take you to the hoop."

"No, I haven't got my sneakers on," Denzel laughs. "I put 'em up. I can't play no more. My knees are too bad."

Ignoring the pandemonium around him, Denzel takes me on a tour. "Let me show you the gym here." The room smells of ancient sweat. The varnish is eroding from the floor. Denzel looks up at the ceiling and wistfully notes the water damage. "I lived here at the Boys Club. From 6 until 18."

Jones comes in, trailed by a clutch of excited teenagers holding out pieces of paper.

"Don't put me to work," Denzel says amiably. "You know, if I start signing autographs, man, I'd be here all day. . . . All right, I'll give you one. Who's it for?" Writing out one after another in a careful script, he puts a personal greeting on each.

"When Denzel left Mount Vernon, I felt like I lost a brother," says Charles McCutchen, his best friend from childhood. "I met him at the Boys Club when we were both 12 years old." I reach "Cutch" by phone at the Westchester County Medical Center in Valhalla, where he is being treated for serious liver and kidney damage and a host of other maladies from a life of drugs, drink, and what his mother calls "penny-ante crime." "It just caught up with me a little," he says from his hospital bed.

"Denzel is strong-minded. He always had goals—things he wanted to do in life. I always looked up to him," says McCutchen. ("I used to think *he* was cool and I wasn't," Denzel muses. "I wanted to be like *him*.") "As a kid he was always cracking jokes," McCutchen says. "Always saying things like 'You asparagus ankle!' or 'You baloney head!'" ("That's right!" Denzel says. "Another name we had was 'sausage neck.'") "We did everything together. I went to visit him in college. The last time I saw him was seven years ago. He's always been the same person. He kept me strong when he was here."

Taking his leave from the Boys & Girls Club, Denzel stops by a playground, where a few people he recognizes are hanging out. He is once again swarmed—but here there is an air of tension. Some of these people are apparently desperate for work.

"Do you need a security guard?" a young man asks.

"I don't need a security guard in Mount Vernon," Denzel parries.

"How you doing?" Denzel asks an old acquaintance.

"I'm doing all right, but I can do better."

"When are you gonna give something back to the community?" another man demands.

A short, muscular man in his 20s wearing high-top sneakers takes Denzel aside confidentially and speaks to him in a low voice.

"This is not the time or place to talk about that," Denzel says, waving him off. "Give me your phone number and I'll give you a call."

A couple of weeks later, over the phone, I ask Denzel what that was all about.

"He was trying to get me a script." Denzel bursts out laughing.

Back in Los Angeles, where he gets up to 40 scripts a month, he reflects on his visit to Mount Vernon. "It's tough, because you hear about so many people who are sick, so many people dying. Growing up there was a wonderful time in my life. I'd love to be able to hang out in the playground and reminisce with people. But I can't anymore." Denzel sighs. "As the saying goes, you can't go back." □

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Try to be supportive now, even if infantile or handicapped loved ones don't reciprocate. Play the calm, neatly coiffed parent who refuses to scream when the child before you—whether it's one you gave life to or married—not only rocks the boat but also starts drilling holes in it. Nothing punitive intended, but if you are a Libra who has ever sneered condescendingly at the problems of your brothers and sisters, prepare for a major lesson in humility and relationships. The fun will really start when you can't tell the difference between being loyal and being stupid.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

If you've been freaking out because you fear that your body is falling apart or that you might lose your job—or even worse, that you won't!—take heart. Mars's leaving your solar 12th house and entering Scorpio should bring back some semblance of sanity, which in your case is synonymous with control over your life. While the north node of the moon is transiting your 12th house during the next 18 months, you'll have to get off whatever workaholic kick you've been on and start to experience some real intimacy. In your case that is synonymous with a miracle.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

It's hard to make predictions for you now, mainly because they all sound so trivial. To say beware of romantic fantasies that lead nowhere, or make friends with love objects instead of obsessing over them, would be ridiculous at this point. Everyone knows that most Sagittarians find it hard to believe that there's going to be a tomorrow, much less that they'll be participating in it. But there will be one, and you'll be part of it. You may not believe it fully until November, when Pluto enters Sagittarius. Meanwhile, beware of romantic fantasies and don't obsess over love objects.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

"Agoraphobia" may be too strong a term for what's been coming over you lately. Astrologers recognize it as the 18-month passage of the dragon's tail through your 4th house. For the unevolved, this is an excellent time to sit in the dark and blame your parents for your failures, then call up your dad at midnight and blast him for his lack of support. If you're a Capricorn with a higher consciousness, you won't just sit and stew. You'll get out there, be professional, and reap the honors you deserve—whether you got the bike you wanted when you were 10 or not.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Telling you you're brilliant is a waste of time, because you already know that. It can be frustrating, though, when you try to convince the rest of the world that you're not just a one-dimensional cardboard dummy doomed to speak only through a ventriloquist's voice. As the moon's nodes cross the axis of your 3rd and 9th houses over the next 18 months, you may find that a lot of supposedly intelligent people are just too darned narrow-minded to listen to you, even if you swear you've just gotten back from Mount Sinai with the latest word from You Know Who.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Five bucks says you probably have to restrain yourself to keep from rolling your eyes and groaning when well-meaning friends and astrologers tell you to hang in there until Saturn moves out of Pisces next spring. That's a laugh, as far as you're concerned. No matter where Saturn may have been, you've been hanging in there since the first day you were forced out of the playpen and made to walk. In your current, spiritually exhausted mood, you'd laugh out loud to hear that your love life—or at least your sex urge—is far from over. Well, start laughing. And hang in there.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

All your troubles would end if you could simply reach out, crawl or nearest lap, and cry, "I'm a lost little baby vegetable! Help me no-o-o. With the south node entering your sign, it could be mont fore you're ready to admit to such vulnerability. You'd rather hu puff, pretending to be the brave, independent solo act you're not. ahead. Tote those barges, lift those bales, and move pianos up three of stairs all by your lonesome till you're blue in the face. What's hernia when your superhuman strength is at stake?

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

You must be getting awfully sick of seductive bullies and pushy freaks who think they can have you turning flips with one blink o flashing eyes. However, you've needed to be pushed around a little. you were once rigid and controlling, you're now grateful to find and expertise in *other* people. They've made you what you are What's more, the transit of Pluto through your 7th house over the years has taught you to make sure you think twice before you stranger an innocent, casual peck on the cheek.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

After years of fretting over your digestion and the color of your mo ter all the self-imposed celibacy, resistance to warmth, and endless defenses, you are mercifully about to enter a much more relatio oriented phase of your life. Not that you have been isolated necessari cause many Geminis have even married during the long transit of through Scorpio. Outside of work, though, it's been hard for you to s etly—certainly never long enough or peacefully enough to let someo his or her fingers through your hair. Maybe you could learn to stom

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Should you start to feel the familiar urge to manipulate relationships wisest move would be to get right into bed with someone who truly you, watch late-night TV, and eat crackers. Talk about strange bedfe though! Over the next year and a half, your penchant for politics lead you to places so fraught with intrigue they would make Bosnia like Mr. Rogers's neighborhood. With the moon's nodes crossing t lar meridian, only a miracle could keep you from being drawn into a plex office-party game we might call Who's on Top?

LEO *July 23–August 22*

What would make life a little more exciting now would be an ide love affair with a god- or goddess-type figure living thousands of away. It can be a thrill to carry on with an exotic person whose lan you don't speak. It's certainly a hell of a lot easier than trying to k relationship going day in, day out with just a regular down-to-earth (someone of your own kind) right there in your own backyard. W diversion, conversation usually dies. If you don't believe it, just take a at any married couple sitting in a restaurant.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

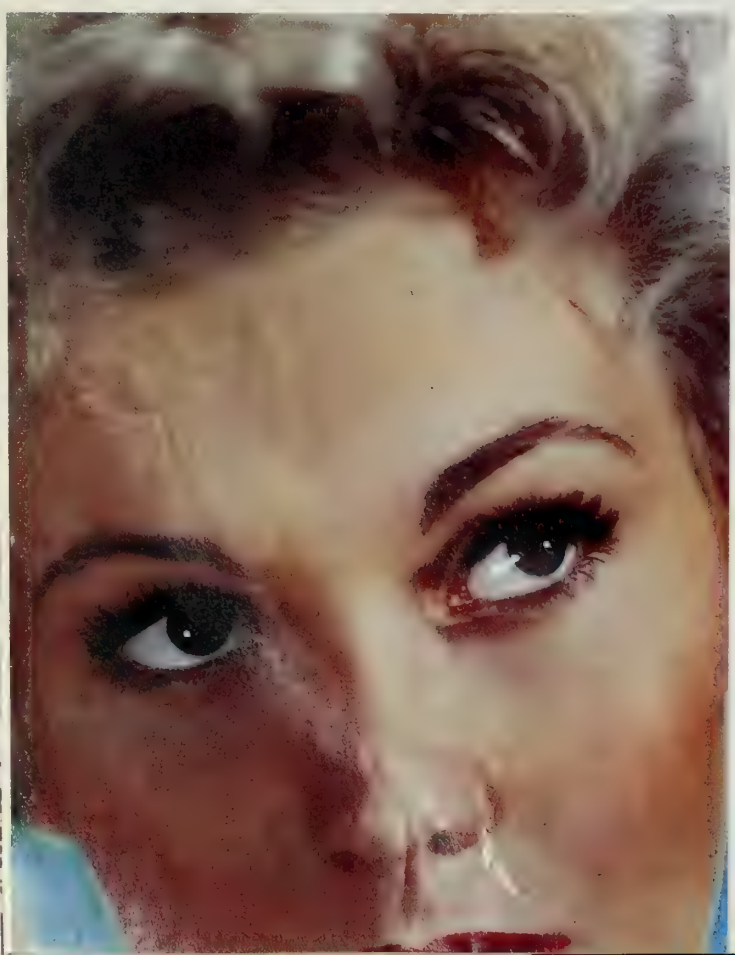
Virgos are not usually known for their prima-donna tantrums or sexu tics. In fact, they tend to act so proper that even when they do h little gas they try to blame it on the dog. Admit it: you're just as s to artistic pretensions and hedonistic cravings as everybody else. A dragon's head moves into your 2nd house, make an effort to beco sound businessperson, learn to negotiate fairly, and base your nee mature practices. Also, please lose that old I've-never-done-this-befo be-gentle routine. It's getting embarrassing.


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Social Study

Kim Novak

She began her career as Miss Deepfreeze, demonstrating refrigerators. Then Kim Novak brought her frosty presence to the screen in *Pal Joey* and *Vertigo*. In the 50s she was the No. 1 box-office draw, but, as she reveals in *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire, she regrets that she was consistently overlooked for an Oscar



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Living creatively, in harmony with Nature, and sharing my lifestyle, intimately, with my family as well as my two-legged and four-legged friends.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
The love of my God surpasses all. And, yes, there have been others.

What is your favorite occupation?
"Keeper of the Animals." It's a good, healthy, physical workout to pitch hay and muck out corrals on our ranch. The animals keep me honest, and the hard work frees my mind for the book I am writing and illustrating.

What is your greatest regret?
That I didn't have enough appreciation of the incredible script opportunities I was given early in my career. It would have been the source of great satisfaction to have earned a nomination for an Academy Award from my peers.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My vulnerable nature.

What is your greatest fear?
Being confined and unable to breathe fresh air. Like living full-time in Hollywood, for instance.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Tarzan.

What is your favorite journey?
Camping out and exploring the Wilderness on my special horse, Hunka-Hunka.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Winning the trust of a real, live rattlesnake—coiled and ready to strike. I have never been so grateful and proud of my ability to negotiate and communicate respect!

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
It's a love-hate relationship that I have with my hands. They are large, used, and strong.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
A man who keeps his sense of humor finely tuned while he listens and hears the call of change.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Fun-loving and flexible.

What do you most value in your friends?
Independence and a mutual respect for the feelings and needs of others.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Wild-bird seed.

If you were to die and could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A winged being, certainly. Preferably one from the protected, endangered-species list. Ah, yes, to soar like an eagle!

How would you like to die?
Unafraid, and with a brilliant, golden sunburst to light my path to Heaven.

lay, trying to smoke in some public buildings
is a monumental ask.
For a great smoke, just work it out.



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in's Theater Royals: 38-Page Portfolio Spectacular by Snowdon

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THE BOYS OF SAIGON

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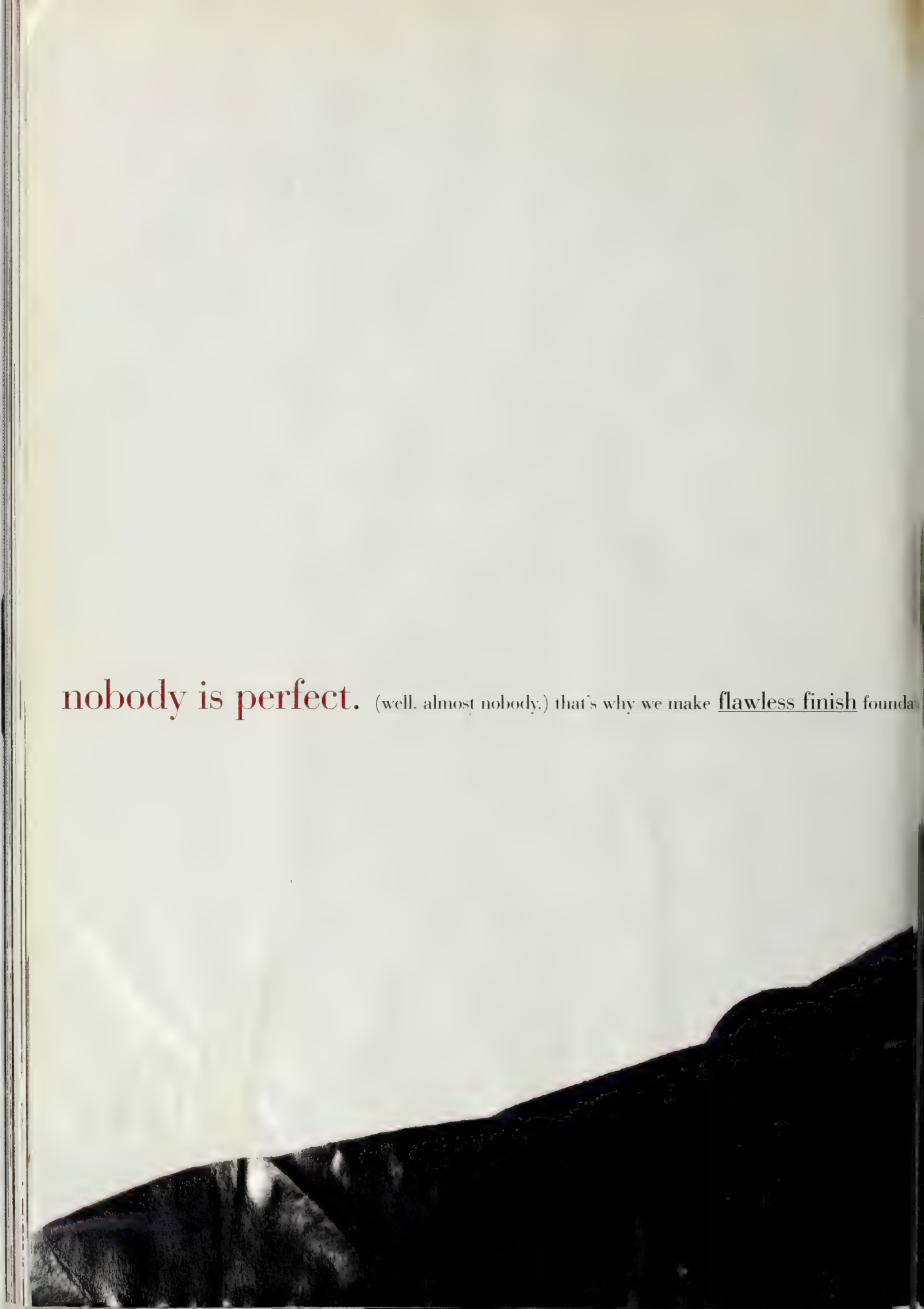
Ralph Fiennes

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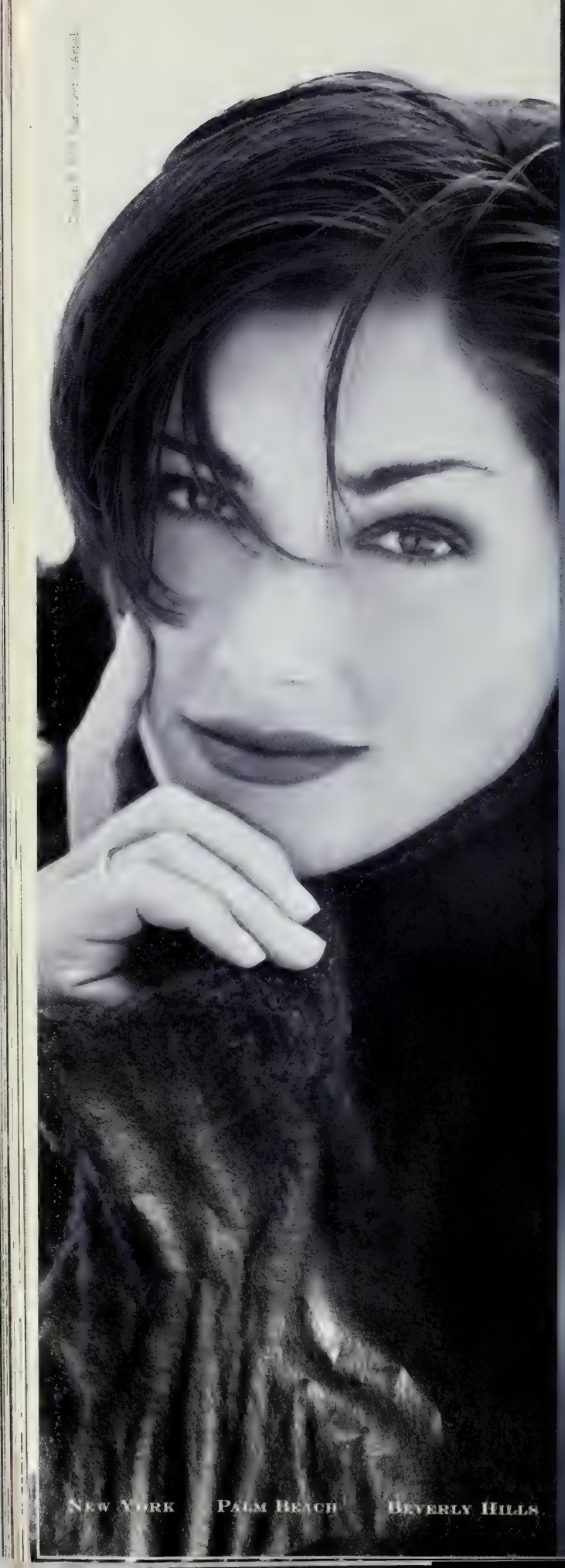


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N° 423 November 19



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Features

A FIENNES MADNESS
Leslie Bennetts takes a walk on the dark side of Ralph Fiennes as the fierce, ambiguous legend-in-the-making recovers from his sold-out run of *Hamlet* on Broadway and returns to the screen with the *film noir* thriller *Strange Days*. Photographs by Snowdon 18

EMPIRE OF THE STAGE
In a 38-page celebration of the British theater, Snowdon photographs the jewels of London's West End crown—including Sir John Gielgud, Alan Bennett, Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Lloyd Webber, Helen Mirren, and Jeremy Irons—while John Heilpern marks their cultural dominion, from Broadway to Hollywood 18

THE DEVIL IN HELMUT LANG
Helmut Lang's subtle mix of minimalism and sin has influenced everyone from Mark Eisen to Calvin Klein. Cathy Horyn visits Vienna to find out whether the hottest young couturier is the netherworld creature his clothes project or a closet prude. Photograph by Glen Luchford 22

THE BOYS OF SAIGON
In an excerpt from his upcoming book, William Prochnau re-creates the fevered Saigon of the early 1960s through the eyes of five young journalists—David Halberstam, Neil Sheehan, Peter Arnett, Malcolm Browne, and Horst Faas—who watched a nice little war become the lasting nightmare of Vietnam. Portrait by Annie Leibovitz. 23

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As Gore Vidal publishes his memoirs, Christopher Hitchens strolls Ravello's streets with the literary legend for a rare exchange on Vidal's past liaisons, his fellow writers, and his link with the Kennedys. Portrait by Mary Ellen Mark 6

FINAL EXPOSURE
David Begelman survived a scandal over the checks he'd forged as head of Columbia Pictures, but the roguish movie producer was still living on the edge. In the wake of Begelman's suicide, David McClintick re-enters the world of his best-selling book, *Indecent Exposure,* to reveal the desperation behind the glamour 7

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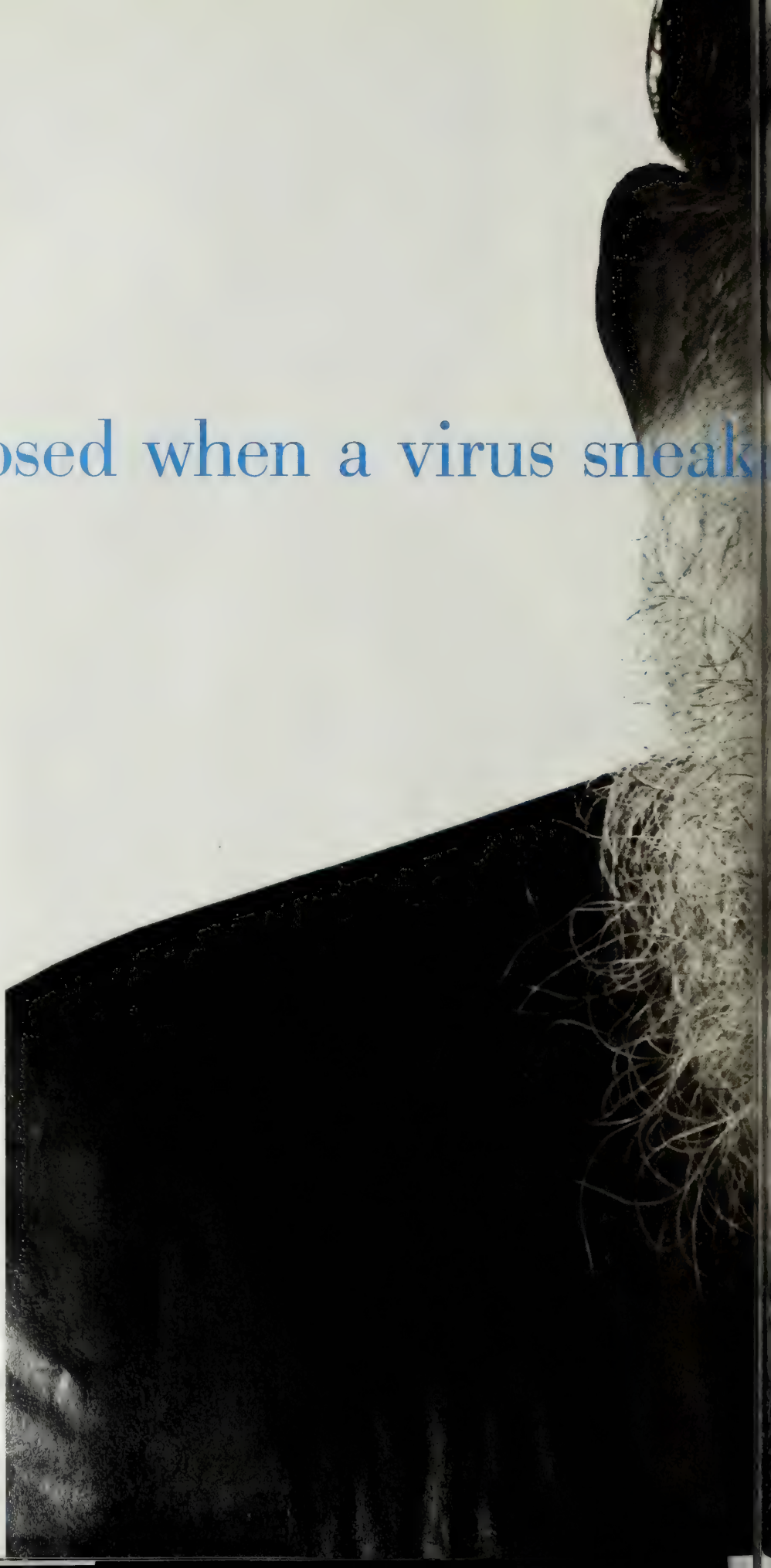
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VANITY FAIR



November 1995

(Continued from page

ANNIE HALL DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE
Nancy Collins encounters the eccentric mind of Diane Keaton, whose latest directorial effort, *Unstrung Heroes,* has just opened. Casting off her quirky camouflage, the actress reveals why she is living with three dogs instead of with Woody or Warren. Photographs by Brigitte Lacombe . . . . . .

FLASHBACK
Matthew Tyrnauer looks at 100 years of silence from Buster Keaton . . . . . .

THE YOUNG AND THE OVITZLESS
Michael Ovitz's move from CAA to Disney has had a domino effect on the entertainment industry. From CAA's Young Turks to Howard Stringer's Tele-TV to the Coca-Cola advertising account, Charles Fleming traces the tentacles of the man who knows too much. . . . . .

HIGH SCHIAPARELLI
Laura Jacobs serves up a slice of Elsa Schiaparelli, the It Girl of 1930s fashion design, as an exhibition opens at the Brooklyn Museum . . . . . .

THE PRIVATE JACKIE
As Sotheby's prepares a public auction of the private possessions of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Francesca Stanfill finds the friends of Camelot's queen breaking their long, fear-filled silence . . . . . .

THE SOUND AND THE FUHRMAN
Will Mark Fuhrman end up being the man to free O. J. Simpson? Dominick Dunne charts the courtroom maneuvers, talks to Fuhrman adviser Anthony Pellicano, and visits O.J.'s next-door neighbors. 1

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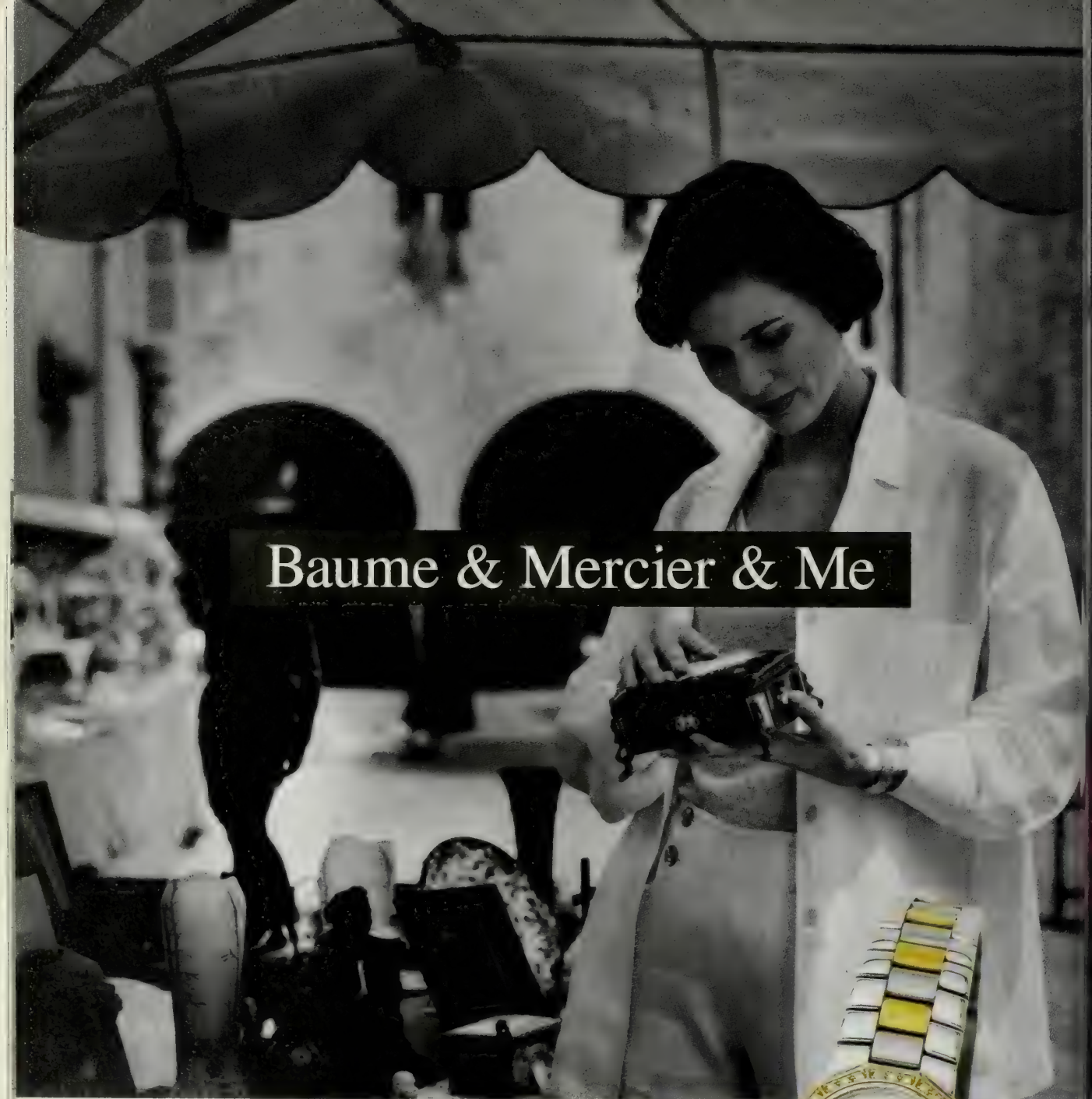
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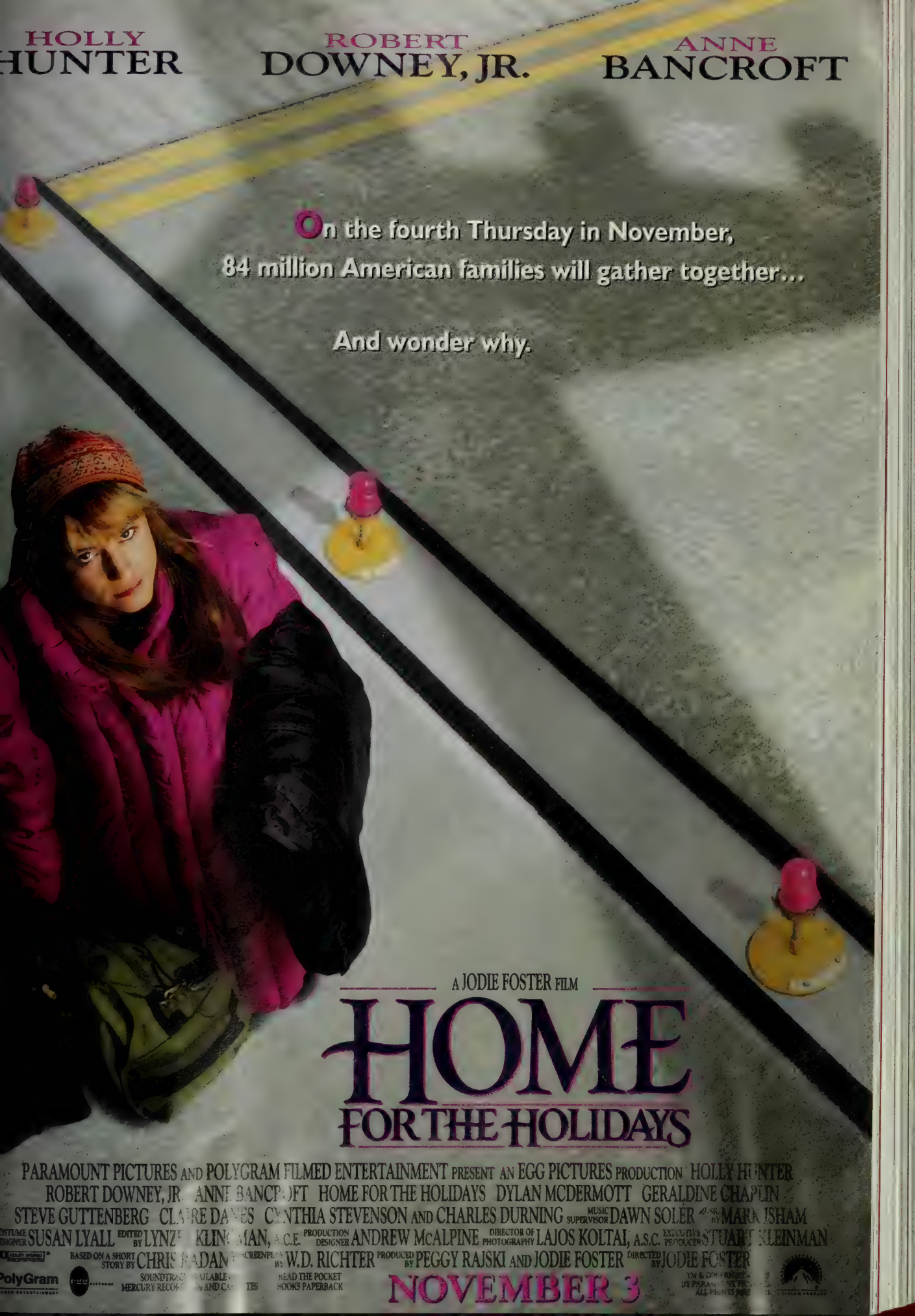
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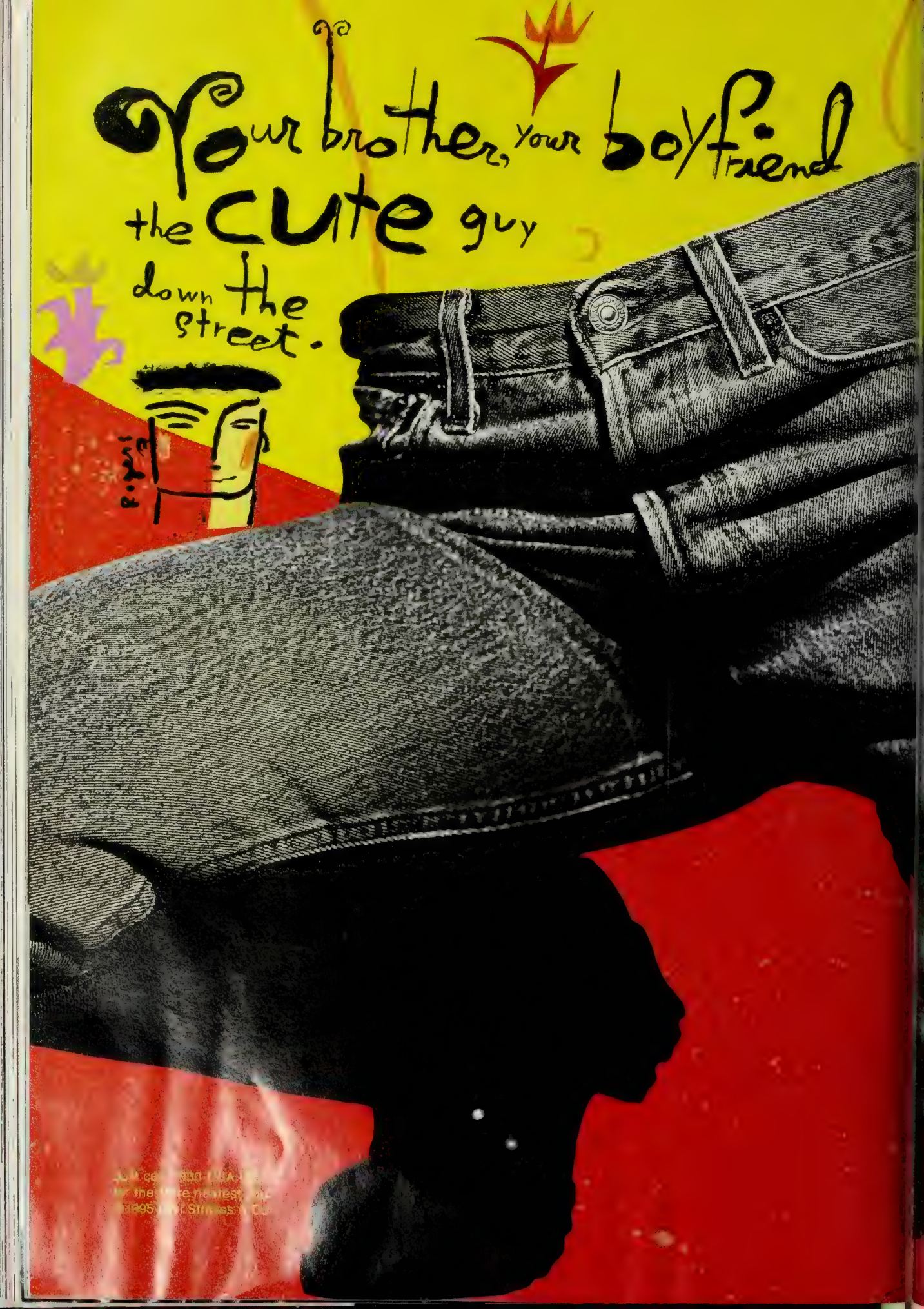
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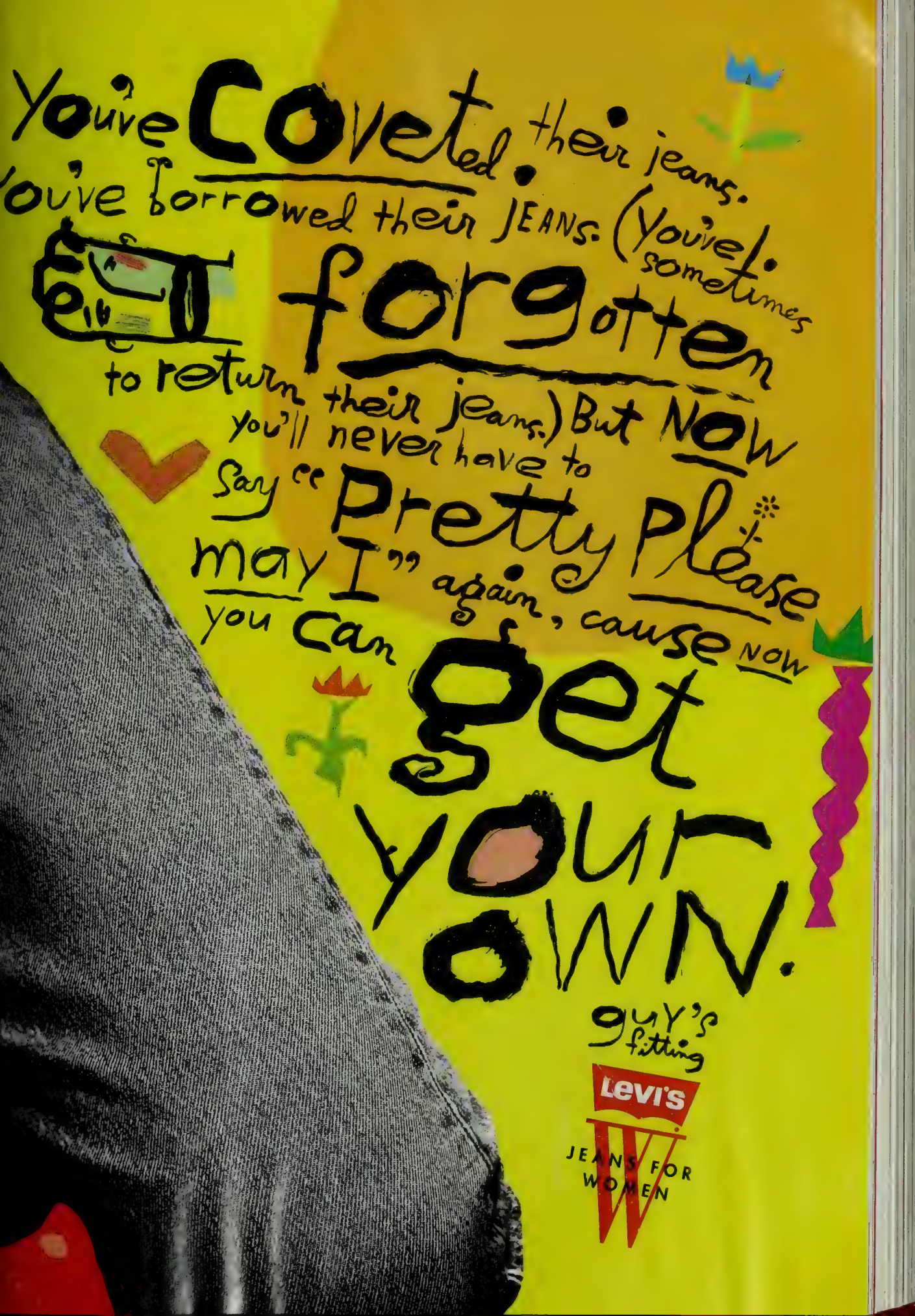
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Editor's Letter

Curtain Up!



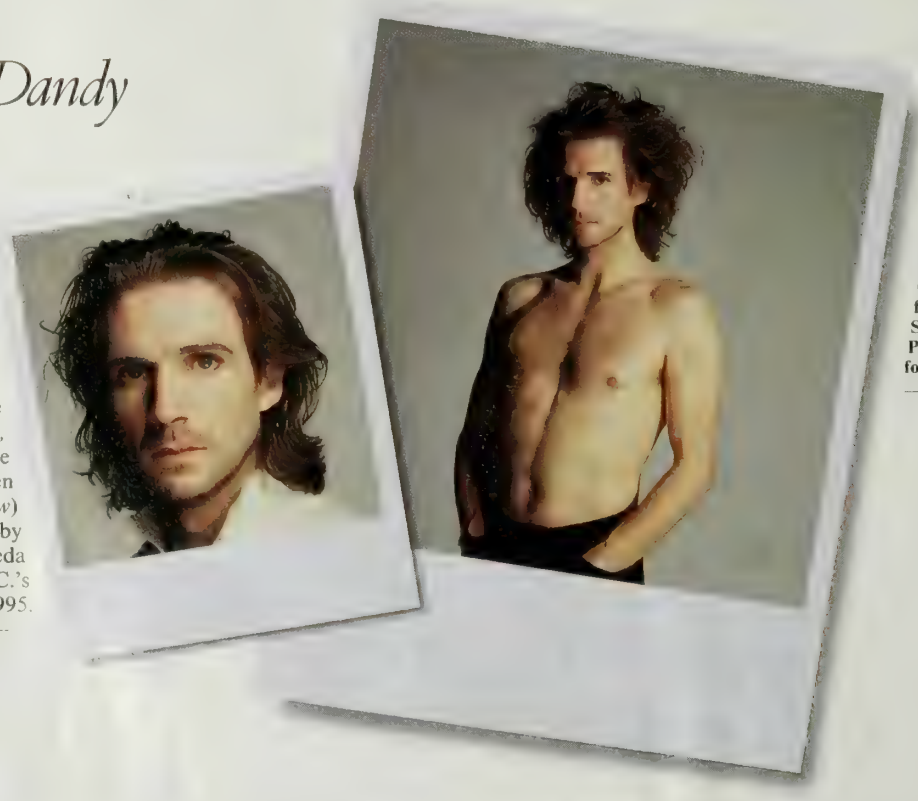
If America's heart belongs to Hollywood, Britain's culture is on the stage. The tradition that began with Burbage, Shakespeare, and Garrick, and continued through Kean and Irving and Olivier and Gielgud, is today at peak form. Mention of Tom Stoppard, Harold Pinter, Sir Alec Guinness, Vanessa Redgrave, Sir Derek Jacobi, Sir Anthony Hopkins, Jeremy Irons, Ralph Fiennes, Cameron Mackintosh, or Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber evokes a stage empire that still rules the English-speaking world, both commercially and artistically, from global hits such as *Cats* and *Sunset Boulevard* to such acclaimed productions as Stoppard's *Arcadia*.

Our celebration of the British theater on page 188 owes its glory to one British talent above all: *V.F.* contributing photographer Snowdon. Snowdon's portraits are as dramatic as his subjects, and his schedule alone was a noteworthy production—80 shoots in two and a half months. Senior editor Aimée Bell, who oversaw the entire project, teamed up with London editor Henry Porter, West Coast editor Krista Smith, and assistant Holly Ross to create this tour de force. Bell was impressed by how much of Snowdon went into the photographs. "Not only his art and his vision but his clothes, his motorcycle, his garden, his house," she says. "He was always improvising. He would give his coat of arms to a subject that's what it took." At such historic sp as the Globe Theatre, the Royal National T atre, and the House of Commons, as v as at more prosaic locations, such as Heathr Airport, Snowdon and his assistant, Grah Piggott, caught the stars on the fly and their lunch breaks, between rehearsals and between co nents. He gathered dynasties (Dame Maggie Smith and sons) and impresarios (the *Cats* team of Lloyd Webb Mackintosh, Trevor Nunn, John Napier, and Gillian Lynn At the Dorchester, in the suite named for his uncle, st designer Oliver Messel, Snowdon united Peter O'Toole a Richard Harris—and left the two great actors in a spiri conversation that lasted until five in the morning. A lo time theater enthusiast, Snowdon particularly enjoyed me ing the new generation of actors, directors, and playwrigh "It was an opportunity to be updated on what is going at a very exciting time for the British stage."

Graydon Carter

Cover

Fiennes and Dandy



Ralph Fiennes bares all for a cover story by *Vanity Fair*'s Leslie Bennetts on page 184. *Near right,* the brooding star of stage (*Hamlet*) and screen (*Schindler's List, Quiz Show*) wears a shirt by Robert Massimo Freda for a portrait at N.Y.C.'s Studio One, June 1995.

ON THE COVER
Fiennes wears pants by Paul Smith. Hair-grooming produc from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren. Grooming by Jo Strette for Trish McEvoy. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusivel for *V.F.* by Snowdon.



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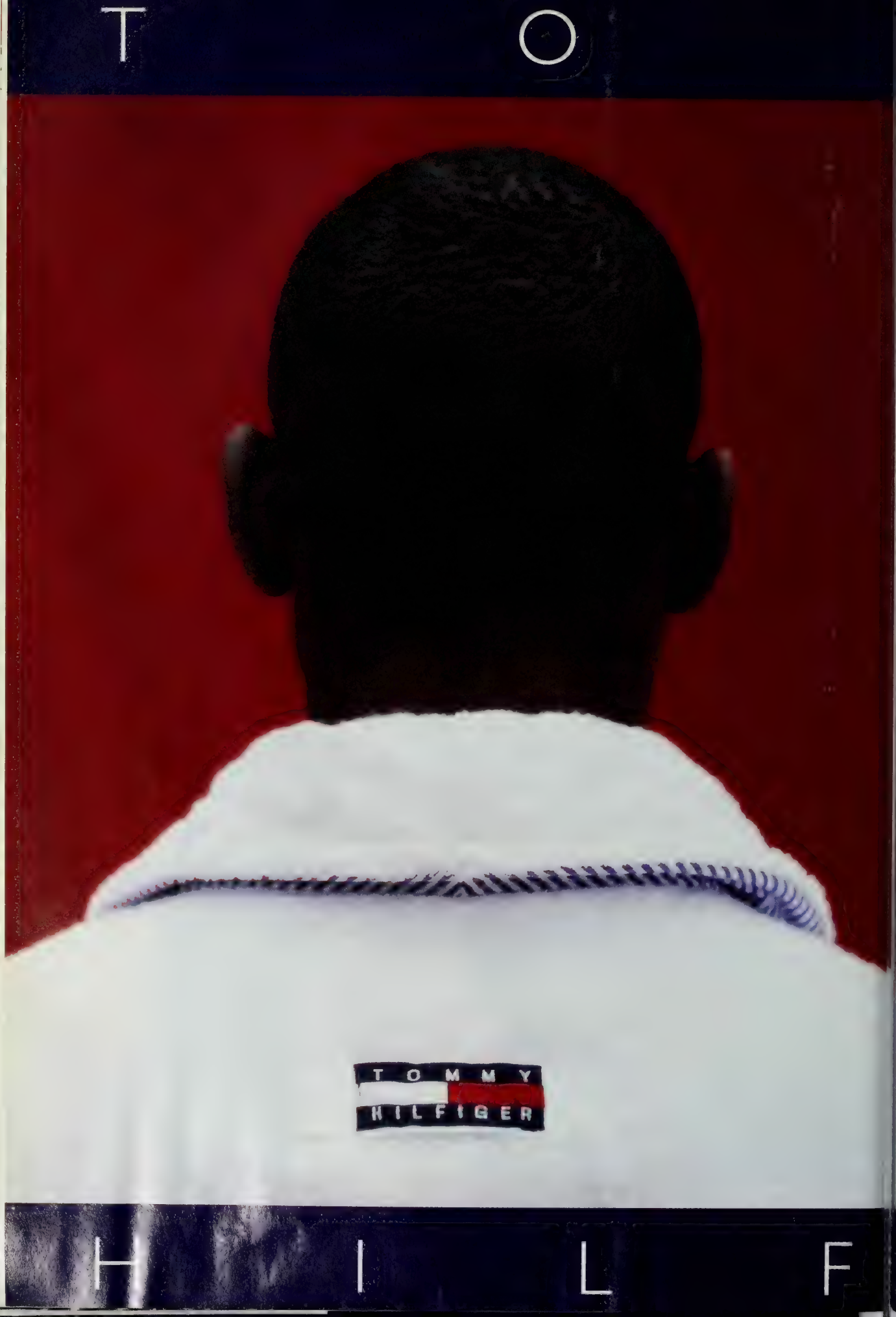
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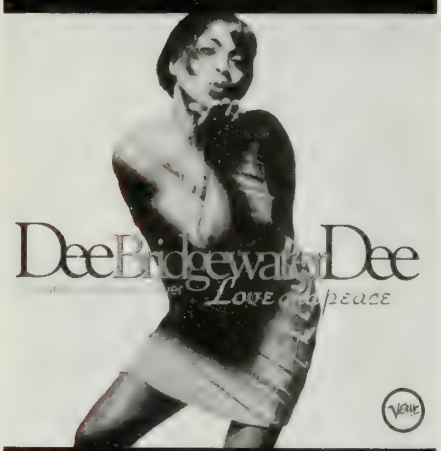

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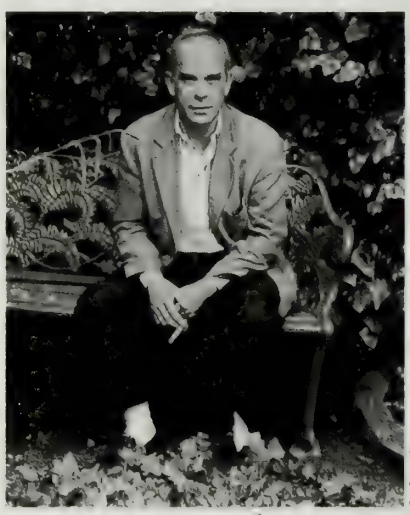
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GRAHAM PIGGOTT

Contributing photographer Snowdon, who designed sets for choreographer John Cranko in the 1950s, captures the glory of Britain's theater in a 38-page portfolio.



SNOWDON

Contributing editor John Heilpern, who writes about the British stage on page 188, is the author of a classic book about the theater, Conference of the Birds: The Story of Peter Brook in Africa, *and one of the few drama critics to have worked inside that world. He is the theater critic for* The New York Observer *and also a contributing editor at* Vogue.

Henry Alford, author of *Municipal E age,* is currently writing a humorous, fiction book for Random House.

"Ralph Fiennes is decidedly enigm as a person, but as an actor I find electrifying," says contributing ed **Leslie Bennetts.** "I can hardly wait t what he'll do next." Bennetts's profi Nicole Kidman appeared in the July i

"Diane Keaton is astonishingly focus says **Nancy Collins,** who interviews table people as a contributing editor *Vanity Fair* and as a special corres dent for ABC News's *PrimeTime* "In many ways, I think she is begin the most important part of her ca and her personal life."

Special correspondent **Dominick Du** did not write a "Letter from Los Ang last month because he was taking pa the successful search for his missing Alex, in the mountains of Arizona. H sumes his coverage of the O. J. Simp trial in this issue. *(Continued on page*


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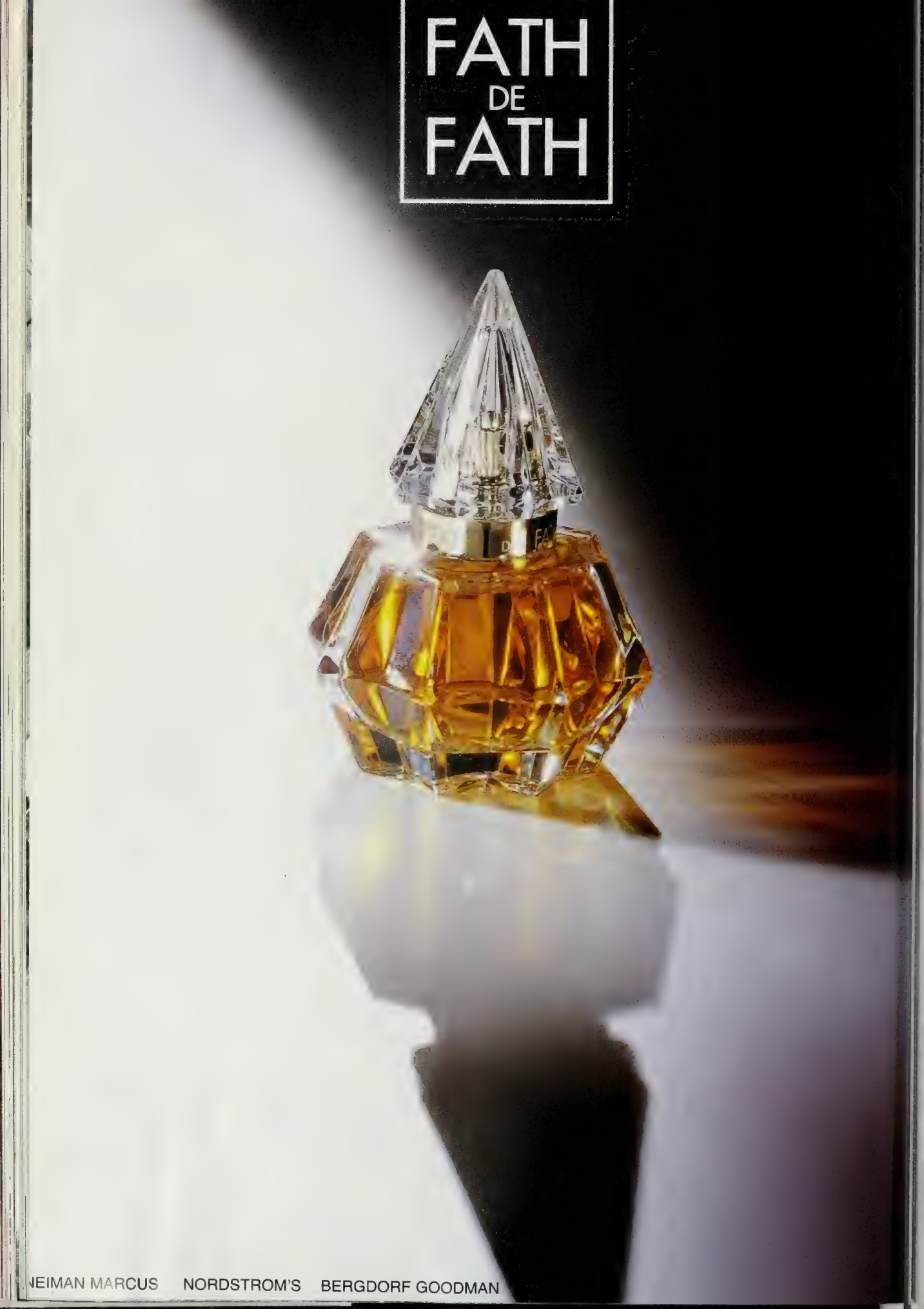
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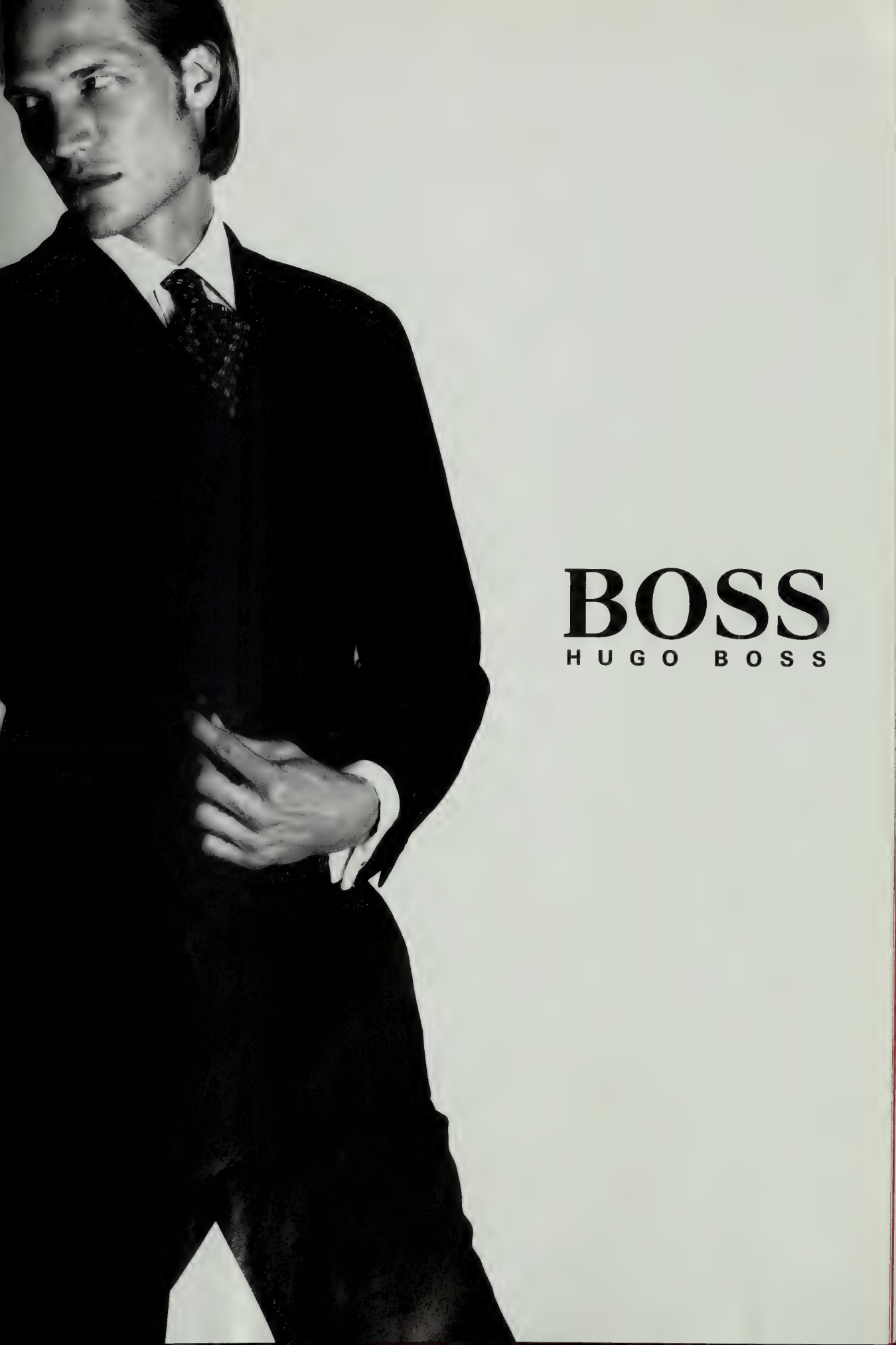


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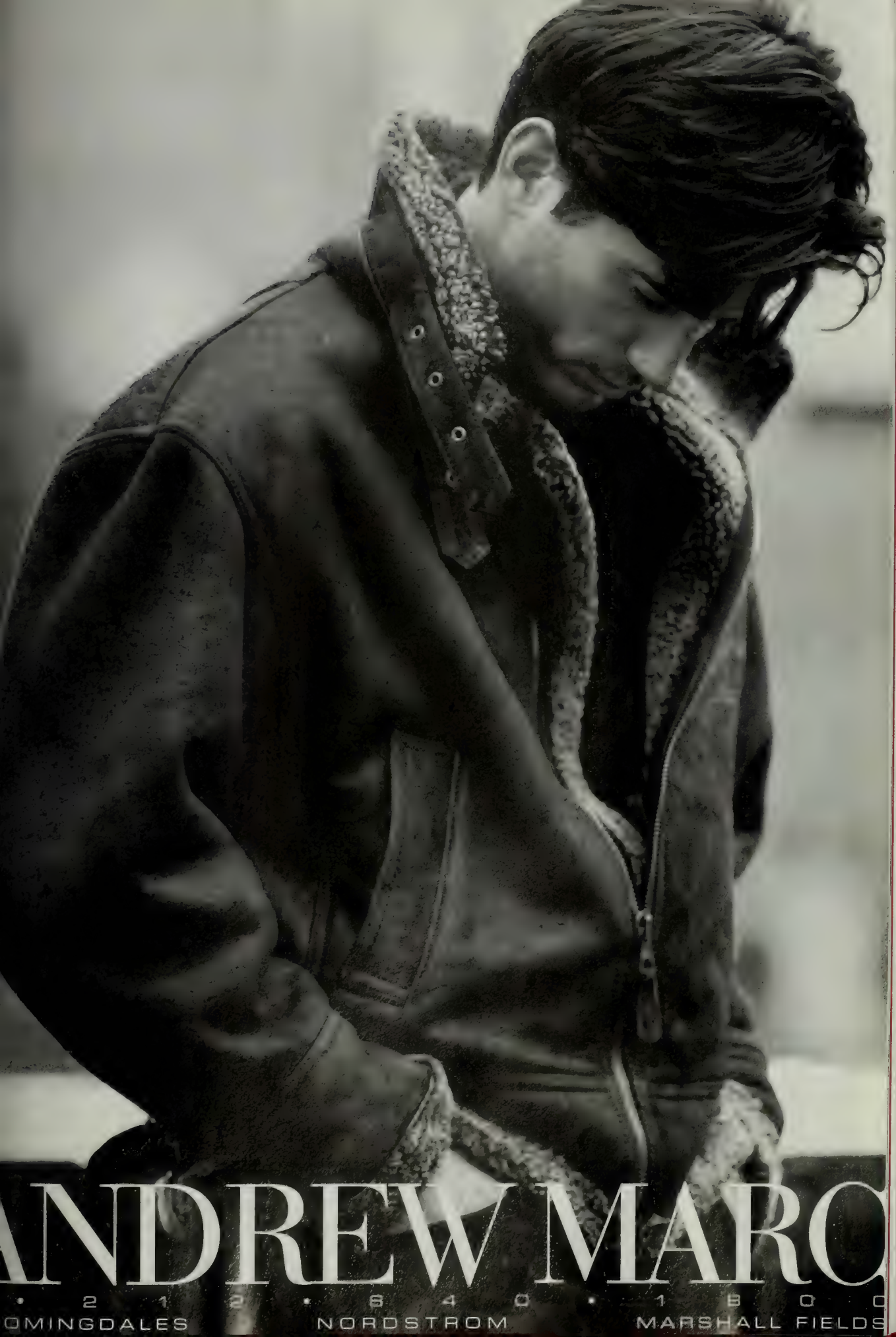
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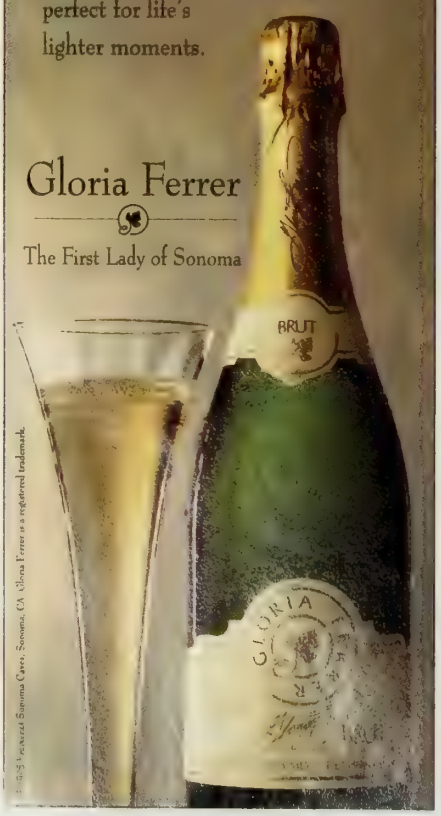
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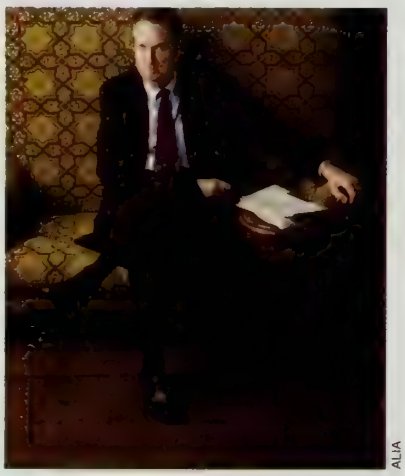
(Continued from page 30)



William Prochnau, whose epic, Once upon a Distant War *(Times Books), about young war correspondents in Vietnam, is excerpted on page 230, poses with his subjects. Left to right: David Halberstam, Peter Arnett, Neil Sheehan, Horst Faas, Malcolm Browne, Prochnau.*

Charles Fleming, who chronicled the making and unmaking of the movie *Waterworld* in the August issue, reports on post-Ovitz life at the most star-studded talent agency in the world, CAA.

Of the subject of his "Cultural Elite" column this month, author Gore Vidal, contributing editor **Christopher Hitchens** says, "It was a pleasure to interview America's greatest atheist."



On page 70, David McClintick returns to the subject of Indecent Exposure, *his best-selling book about David Begelman and the 1970s embezzlement scandal at Columbia Pictures, to write the final chapter in the life of the movie producer, who shot himself at the Century Plaza Tower on August 7.*

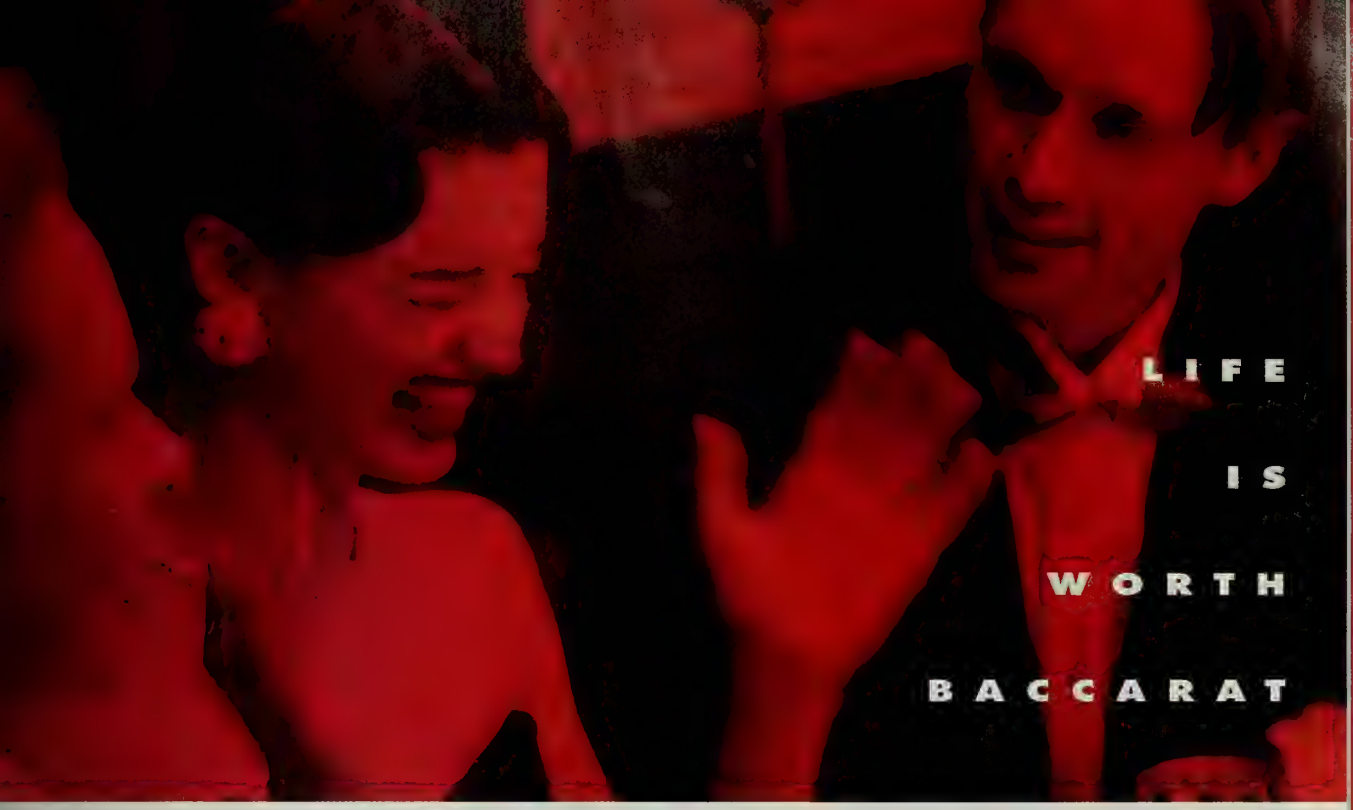


Francesca Stanfill's novel Wakefield Hall, *about a biographe uncovering the life of a secretive and controlling woman, prepared her writing about Jacqueline Kennedy On on page 118, and for getting her subje friends to open up for the first time*

Contributing editor **Cathy Horyn** pr actor Tim Roth in the September iss

Elissa Schappell, who writes "Hot for *Vanity Fair,* is a senior editor a *Paris Review* and is working on a c tion of short stories.

"In *Central Park West,* I play a h ened sense of myself," says "Van contributor **George Wayne** of his c role as a larger-than-life magazine named G.W. in the new CBS–D Star series.



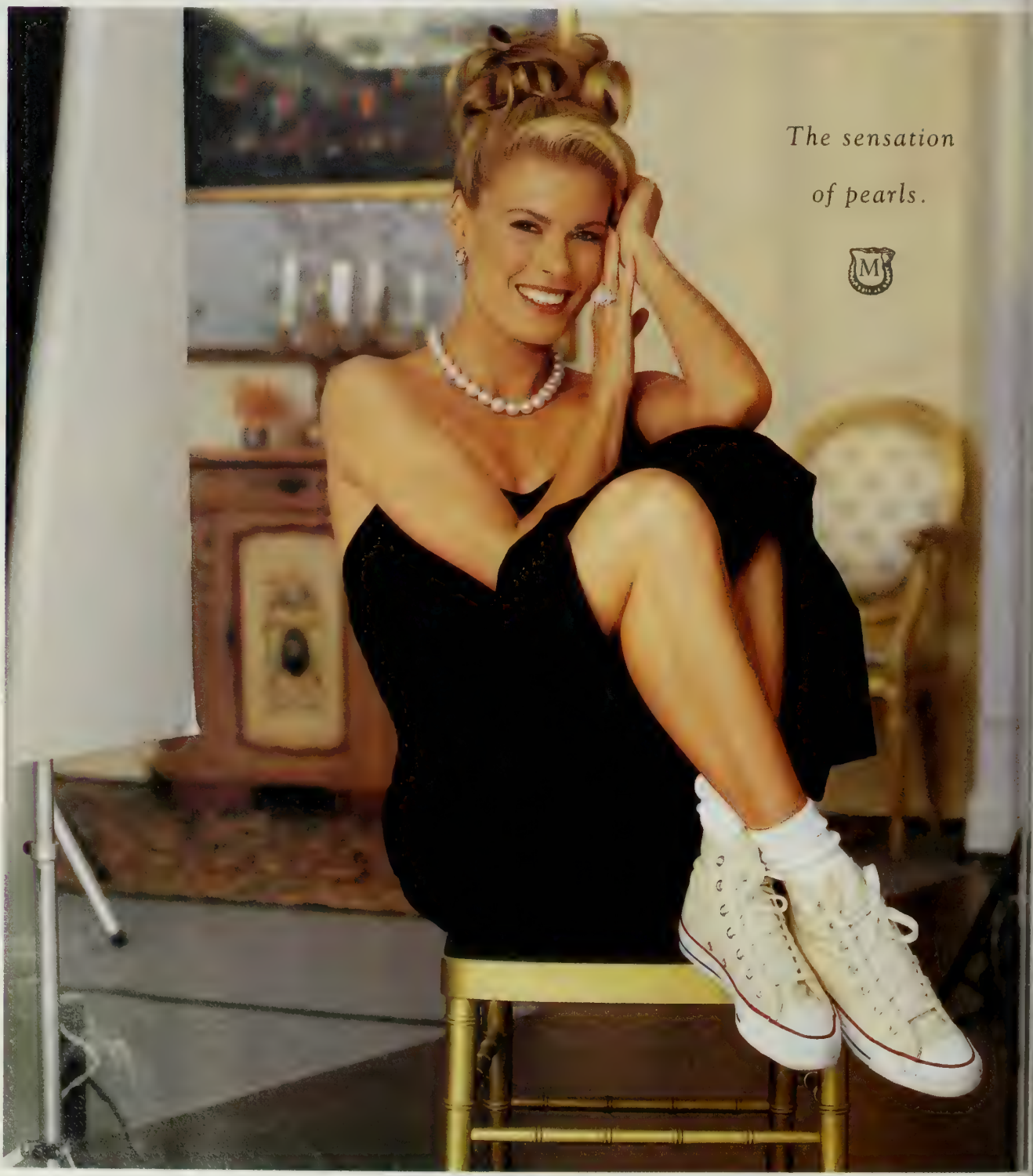
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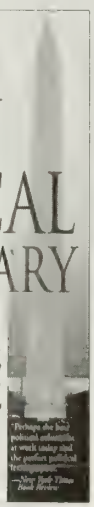
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Letters

SPEEDING BULLOCK



Sandra Bullock photographed in East Chester, Nova Scotia, on location for her next film, Two if by Sea.

The fascinating, enigmatic, controversial Sandra Bullock ["America's Sweetheart," by Jennet Conant, September]! C'mon now. She's a sweet, crushingly ordinary young woman who has carried just one motion picture. Maybe, I thought, there was more to this lucky Mary Tyler Moore clone than meets the eye. A quirky artistic vision? A bohemian underlife? Nope. No skeleton in the closet . . . just junk food in the fridge . . . and the horror of having once been dumped by a boyfriend.

KARL SCHIFFMAN
Los Angeles, California

Jennet Conant has brought out the fun-loving, charming personality that has made Ms. Bullock America's sweetheart. It is nice to see a genuinely nice, down-to-earth individual receive success she so richly deserves.

NANCY EPS
Fairfax Station, Vi

For those of us who graduated f high school with Sandy Bullock, it bad enough that she's beautiful, maintained a great figure, has a te ic career, hangs out with gorg men like Troy Aikman, and m lots of money. But it seemed a part larly cruel twist of fate that while rest of Washington-Lee High's of '82 marched bravely into our she somehow managed to remai preternaturally young 27 or 28 y old, depending on which publica you read. So, it was a big relief to in September's *Vanity Fair* that s finally hitting the big three-oh—al

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Some girls have all the luck.

LESLIE AUN McCLAIN
Dallas, Texas

Egad! "America's Sweetheart" is about as saccharine as the entire jar of Marshmallow Fluff Ms. Bullock purportedly ate in Joel Silver's trailer. We know Sandra has got to have more substance than this. Besides, it's just not fair that she gets to eat Twizzlers—and looks so damned good in bloomers hanging from a tree.

JANE HUGHES YEUNG
West Sacramento, California

Barbra Black Sheep

Thanks for the remembrance of early Streisand ["Becoming Barbra," by James Spada, September]. While Barbra may prefer the powerful and successful woman she is today, I feel that something wonderfully unique was lost when she became a Hollywood star.

MARTIN ZONIS
Hamden, Connecticut

In the excerpt from the new Barbra Streisand biography there is a photo collage of the opening night of *Funny Girl*. The man who is identified in the caption as lyricist Bob Merrill, my husband, is actually Milton Rosenstock, the show's musical conductor.

SUZANNE MERRILL
Beverly Hills, California

Revisionist HIStory

As an ex–Jackson employee who worked closely with Michael Jackson, and who has been harassed and outcasted because I dared to tell the emperor that he is naked, I wish to thank you for your article, which informed the world that Michael lied and *PrimeTime* allowed him to do it ["The Jackson Jive," by Maureen Orth, September].

I must admit, I was not surprised. (Did you really expect him to say on national television that he is a child-molester?) What I wonder is, if the child were given the same airtime to tell *his* story, would the world still see Michael as a victimized icon? If everything came out, would people finally realize that there is a negative side to Michael Jackson that goes deeper than bleached skin and countless p surgeries?

ORIETTA MUR
Los Angeles, Ca

Maureen Orth is to be commend giving so many people the truth this man-child King of Nothing.

ANNE F. SCHA
New York, Ne

Since when have *Vanity Fair* and reen Orth been designated as judg jury regarding Michael Jackson? man has not been tried or convic any crime, period. When the dust in this sorry debacle and the real nals are exposed, the only abuse will be the media persecution of M Jackson based on *unproven* allegat

ROSEMARY
Bentonville, A

Newt Testaments

After reading Gail Sheehy's rema portrait of the Speaker of the ["The Inner Quest of Newt Ging September] I cannot decide whe am more disillusioned by a syste allows such men to rise to the top heartened by the prospect that thi may rise even higher.

Sheehy's almost casual obser that Gingrich is "self-obsessed" m the journalistic understatement century. Seldom, if ever, have served such a combination of cyn arrogance, and manipulation in lic figure. While I have never Gingrich or his politics, I was, fr unprepared for the level of antip experienced as a direct result c reading.

JAMES ROSS JOH
Boston, Massa

Gail Sheehy's bilge about Speake grich was callous and cruel. New grich is a brilliant, courageous vis who threatens the political establis and cultural elite as no other pol ever has. This is the true reason he ing vilified by the powerful forces a against him. If voters like me ha way, Newt will be elected preside day, and personal attacks in the will not prevent us from supporti wonderful, remarkable man. He ha dled this vile assault with strengt dignity. He has always been very about his personal problems and gles and has never pretended to

"Life should be lived as play."
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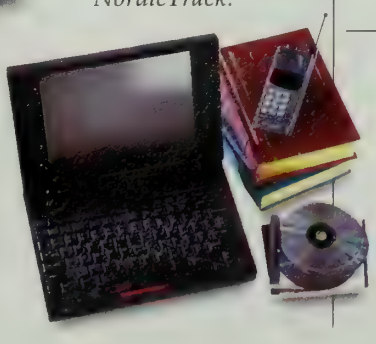
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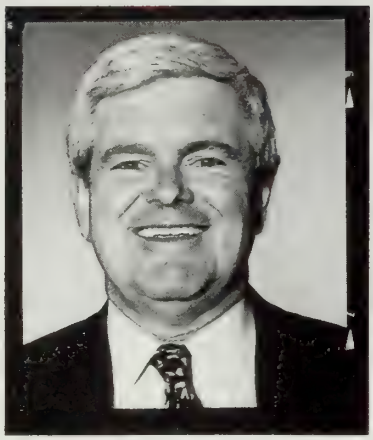
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Newt Gingrich photographed for Vanity Fair *in May 1995.*

saint. Newt has the vision and leadership qualities America desperately needs.

L. WARREN
Atlanta, Georgia

Unfortunately, the ones who need to read your article on Newtie are the very ones who would never admit to reading your excellent publication. It should be a required text for all the voters in the Sixth District of Georgia before the next election. One hopes that when the congressional lines are redrawn Newtie will find himself in a district with *thinking* voters—not knee-jerk no-brainers.

GAIL STRICKLAND
Griffin, Georgia

Gail Sheehy reveals more about herself than her subject. She wants the public to believe that Newt Gingrich is a self-serving ideologue, while she indulges in much the same antics in her broad-brush disparagement of him and his character. After reading such a distorted picture of Newt Gingrich, one wonders how reliable Sheehy's analysis and research skills are; certainly she appears incapable of moving outside of her need to manipulate opinion while exploiting her subject.

JESSIE ADAMS
Wilsonville, Oregon

I can't make up my mind which is sadder, a country that would make an obviously lonely, sick, dysfunctional emotional cripple into a political leader or that man himself. As a human being, I can only wish Newt good luck in his search for fulfillment and healing. But as a U.S. citizen, I don't care to have my political or moral boundaries set by a man who obviously doesn't have any of his own.

KEVIN McCLUSKEY
Boston, Massachusetts

Gail Sheehy offers some valuable p logical insights into Speaker Gin but we can't help noting her failu credit David Osborne's 1984 *M Jones* article, which initially rep many of the anecdotes in her piece.

Last summer, we published a gr breaking account of the ethics ch against the Speaker. In 1995, *this* issue that cries out for scrutiny. Ye Sheehy devoted only two columns 14-page article to examining hov Speaker's monumental ego has le to run roughshod over the rules s to control the influence of money politics. Newt's "inner quest" is h consequences far beyond his famil personal associates. Would that S had devoted more of her conside reporting talents to those conseque

JEFFREY I
Editor in chief, *Mothe*
San Francisco, Ca

Mike Feedback

I was the only *Daily News* emp quoted on the record in M. A. Fa account of Mike McAlary's contro columns ["Unreasonable Doubt," ber], and as a result many people r ably concluded that Farber interv me. He didn't. My quote was lifted, out attribution, from a five-year-old *York Times* story. Farber and I spoke about McAlary or anything e

TOM RO
New York, Ne

Fair Game

Your magazine cover may cater t "star-conscious," and your adv ments to the "fashion-conscious," b majority of your articles cater "news junkies/truth seekers." Please ever let that dwindle.

REONNE HA
Vacaville, Ca

CORRECTION: In "Trouble on the Co Frank Deford, in the August issue, the n the late women's-tennis aficionado Tedd ling was misspelled. Vanity Fair *regrets th*

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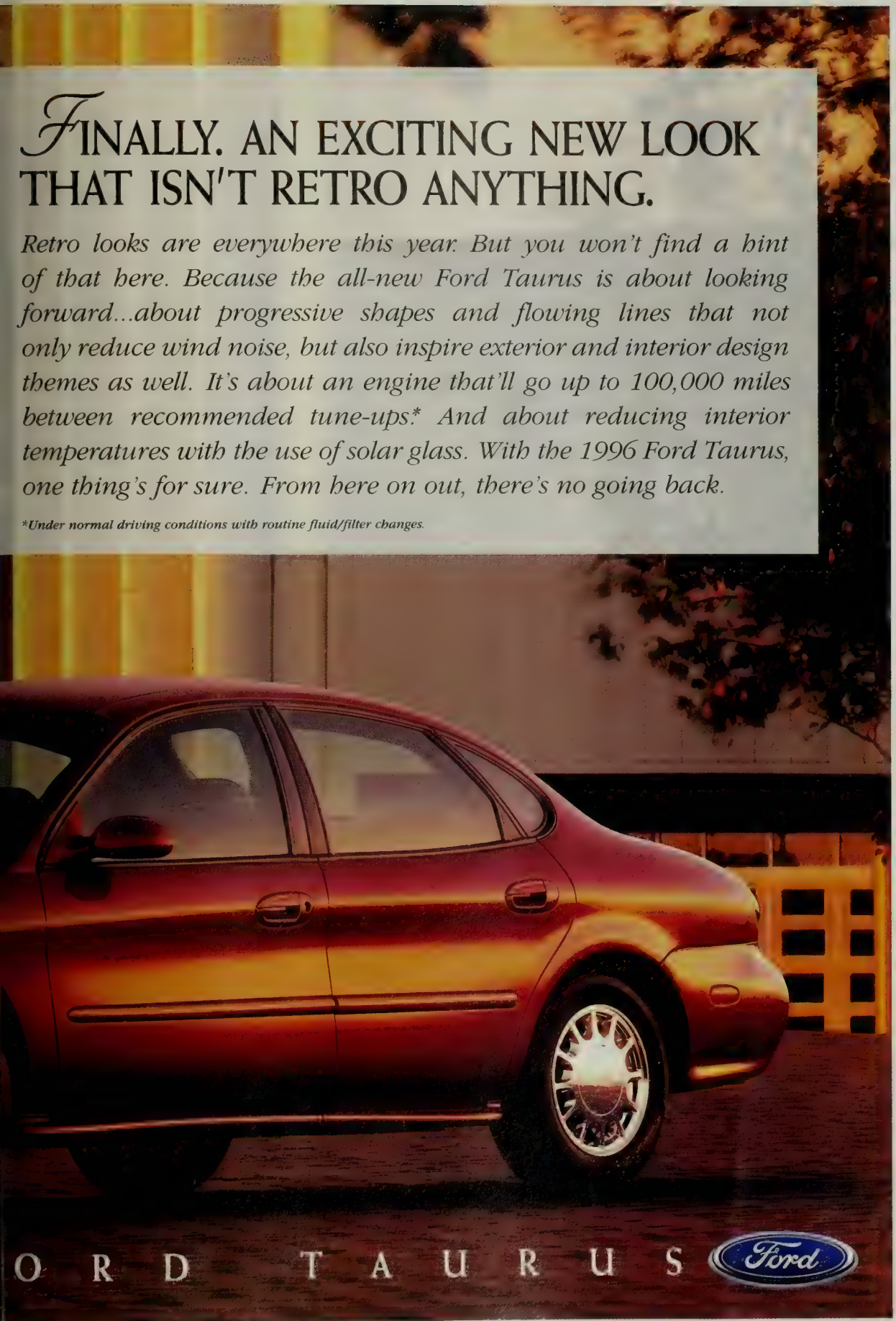
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LA DOLCE VIDAL

Gore Vidal, the man who calls himself America's official biographer, is, at 70, finally publishing his memoirs, *Palimpsest;* in a rare personal interview, he talks about his life

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



King Vidal: On the eve of the publication of *Palimpsest,* Vidal is toned and trimmed at the La Costa spa in San Diego, a city he once called "the Vatican of the John Birch Society."

The exquisite little town of Ravello makes an apt setting for Gore Vidal at 70. It is a place with a vivid literary and cultural history: "André Gide set the opening pages of *The Immoralist* in our piazza," Vidal tells me. "D. H. Lawrence and Frieda spent some time in the town, and Lawrence did part of *Lady Chatterley* here. All of Bloomsbury seems to have come at some time or another—Lytton Strachey and Maynard Keynes, and [illegible], who wrote *The Comic* during one of his stays." Other points of interest include the Villa Cimbrone, where Duff and Diana Cooper passed their honeymoon, and where Leopold Stokowski and Greta Garbo succeeded in spending some quality time alone.

"It's simple, but it's home," says Vidal as he conducts me through his five-level villa. "We had Sting here to a party last summer, and he was surly all evening. When I later asked him why, he said, 'Because I want your house! All night I was having fantasies of shoving you off the balcony.'" Had Sting given way to th fell impulse, he could have sent Ame ca's pre-eminent man of letters down clear thousand-foot drop to the dee azure of the Tyrrhenian Sea. A paint might show Gore's once lissome form a rowing into the waves like Brueghel Icarus while the majestic cliffs of t Amalfi coastline look impassively o Even as it is, says Vidal, a local guid book brackets him with Pompeii as t two local antiquities not to be misse "And every morning at 11:30 a tour bo

Photograph by MARY ELLEN MARK





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Clockwise from far left: **Gore, with his mother, Nina, receiving the U.S.O. poetry prize in 1944; on the beach in the 1940s; Howard Austen at Edgewater in the 1950s; Gore, an accomplished pilot, getting tips from his father, Eugene Vidal, the director of air commerce and the love of Amelia Earhart's life, in the 1930s.**

"When I was a child, I wished my mother would die, but then, most people who knew her well felt that way about her. She was actively malevolent."

stops in the bay and gives my biography in English and Italian over a loudspeaker. I run from room to room"—he mimes putting his hands over his ears—"trying to blot out the horror, the horror, as Marlon would say."

Vidal enjoys but does not exploit the pride that locals take in his presence—and in its confirmation of their standing as a cultural capital. As we stroll through the warm streets with his companion of half a century, the classic New Yorker Howard Austen ("What do I know? I'm from the Bronx"), salutes are offered and returned. *Buona sera, Maestro . . . Signor Howard.* "That's the real boss of this place," Vidal murmurs as one restaurant proprietor walks massively past. "He's *much* richer than Brooke Astor."

Within day-trip distance is another source of strength for him: the astounding classical Greek city of Paestum. Here is an imposing reminder of an ancient world that knew wisdom before monotheism, and that knew hedonism before the blights of guilt and shame had settled on suffering humanity. It's a pleasure to discover that Paestum was once home to the Sybarites, an ultra-urbane and cynical people who became a byword for their aversion to the strenuous and the boring. "Of course, when the Crotonese wiped them out, they even diverted a river to erase all trace of Sybaris," says Vidal about the disappearance of what might be regarded as honorable forerunners. As he showed in his fictional masterpiece *Julian* (about the last emperor to oppose Christianity), he expects the puritans and moralists to hold most of the cards in a battle with the polymorphous perverse. At Paestum to this day, however, the arresting beauty of the paintings and mosaics is a tribute to the unfettered bisexual nature of our species.

Having covered his ears against the loudspeaker version of his biography, and having been for a long time extremely reluctant to give interviews about anything but his opinions, Vidal has now decided to publish his memoirs. Entitled *Palimpsest,* they take his life up to 1964. They thus span the boyhood spent with an adored father and a loathed mother, the years with the grandfather Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma, the experience of wartime and tragedy, the turbulent affair with Anaïs Nin, the early success as a writer and the swift reversals and disappointments, the flirtation with a political career, and much of the inside story of what he would never dream of calling "Camelot." (His half-sister, Nina Auchincloss Straight, is the stepsister of the late Jackie Kennedy.)

Close readers of Vidal's fiction have long known that during the Second World War he lost someone very dear to him: a young man killed in battle of whom it might be said, as of Christopher Marlowe's Faustus, "Cut is the bran that might have grown full straight / A burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

To this youth, or to his initials, is de icated Vidal's *The City and the Pill* the novel of homosexual life which w him renown as a writer but which, believes, has also led to his ostracism many literary circles. Decades later, is still living for two and mourning f what might have been.

I met with Vidal either in restaura or at the villa, where he showed me l grandfather's Senate chair, the portr of his mother looking like a drawin room Medea, and the photographs his godchild (the offspring of Tim Ro bins and Susan Sarandon). He abho tape recorders, so at the end of eve session I would write down my que tions in as obtrusive a form as I cou phrase them, and Vidal would reply them on the tiny manual Olivetti whi is his sole concession to word proce ing. This happy dialogue continued ov a number of days, until the great m realized that his stipulations were letti him in for the lion's share of the work here reproduce our dialogue, slightly arranged by topic.

What did you once say when asked your first physical encounter h been with a boy or a girl?

I said that I was far too polite to ask. *What was the name of the actress w whom you have described having a succe ful affair? And do tell us a bit about her.*

My first round with the other sex start in school days and dancing with scho girls of the same class, which mea Marriage. Since every marriage in t family has turned out badly, I decided forgo the joys of alimony and child c

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tody in favor of rape and rapine. Then came Anaïs Nin, a saucy French pornographer. Then the 50s and I was a busy playwright on live television, a scriptwriter at MGM, and two "hits," as they say, on Broadway. Working with actresses, I realized that one could relax with and enjoy women who didn't want to get married either—people who were just as interested in their careers as I was in mine. No names, other than to say that Diana Lynn was a joy to have known.

Do you wish you had children?

No, I don't wish that I had any when I see what friends have gone through. I do think that at about 40 a man—in my case briefly—sometimes wishes that he could pass on what he has learned to a son; this is doubtless innate. But my son would probably be a computer analyst and I am computer-challenged. Just as well that there is none that I know of.

Were you distressed by Anaïs Nin's bitchy reaction to The City and the Pillar*? How, in general, have you emancipated yourself from what others think? Have you in fact succeeded in doing so?*

I certainly didn't care one way or the other what she thought. After all, she only thought of herself. But, scorekeeper that I am, I was not prepared for 20 or 30 years of cretinous lectures on the joys of heterosexuality apropos books of mine that dealt, say, with the C.I.A.'s crimes in Guatemala [*Dark Green: Bright Red*]. On the other hand, I did come rather sooner than most lifetime writers to the conclusion that there are never more than a dozen critics in a country worth bothering with.

You were quoted as saying, "I was told by one woman that I made love just like Picasso and I said, 'Oh, I'm a genius, too?' and she said, 'Yes, and a very bad lover. In and out and back to work.'" Who was that? Did you really say it? And did you succeed in mastering this difficulty, if it is a difficulty?

This is a secondhand, made-up story, and I'd never say "I'm a genius, too." This wide-eyed response is more suitable for Kerouac or for Lorelei Lee. Capote did say to me, "I hear you're the lay *lousé*," and I said, "For once, Truman, you are not lying."

What is your immediate response to hearing the old song that begins, "Missed the Saturday dance / Heard they crowded the floor"?

Bar. Jukebox. Near Lexington, Virginia. I'm an army private. Hot-eyed girls. Nineteen forty-three. Then off to the Pacific. Same song everywhere. Boy I grew up with in Washington was killed at Iwo Jima. He played saxophone. Played s song. So when I hear it now I thin the war, and of half a century ago.

You said that in youth you never mi a trick. Wasn't there at least one who away? One near miss? One you brood about? Why not tell us all abo and feel heaps better?

Those who escaped became pillar salt. Since most were Mormons, you still see them in Utah.

You once said you were "brought u the House of Atreus." Please ad

Surely readers of pulp-fiction bio Jackie and Lee will know quite a about our lives and the world we v brought up in. Jack Kennedy c likened our family to *The Little Fo* Of course, he had an exaggerated tion of the fineness of his own Hous Atreus. One night at Hyannis he nounced all the children and stepc dren of Hughdie Auchincloss, a nice if pussy-whipped rich man, to J ie and me, without mentioning us course. "So," said Jackie grimly, on." "Well, you know what I mea He looked a bit evasive. I filled in: we are all the disasters that you say are, then the one thing that we hav common is that our mothers mar Hughdie for his money and we all k it and that casts, perhaps, a shadc Jack stammered through his c smoke. "You mean for security," said. "No," I said, "for money. money." Jackie nodded and said, wi radiant smile, "Yes. Big money."

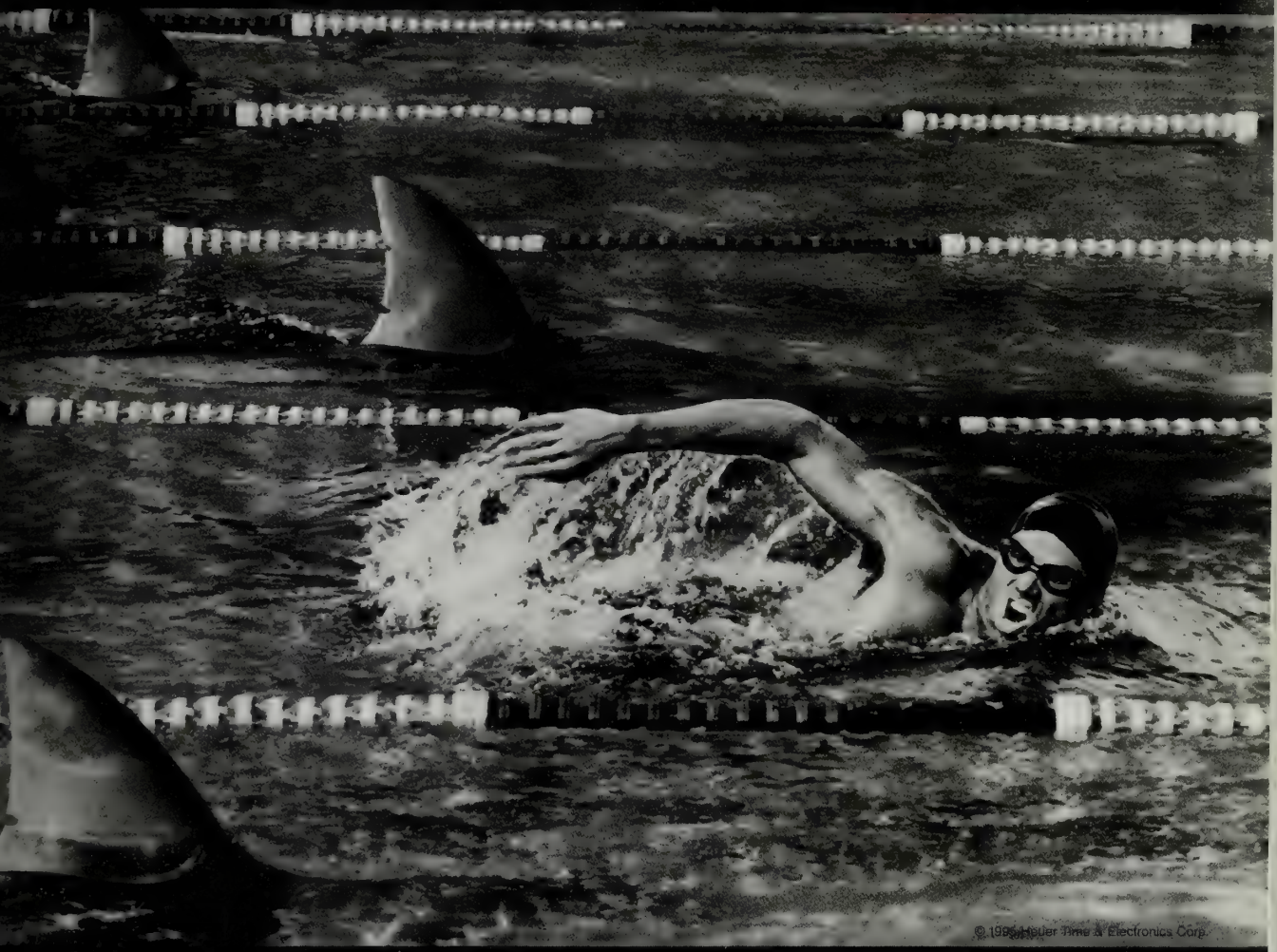
If you indeed told Anaïs Nin that needed your mother to die, why did still feel this after you had been thro war and frostbite and early literary cess? And was it a disappointment to when she finally did die?

There is nothing that Anaïs wrote in diaries that one should mistake for tr She also rewrote them constantly, r ing up new things for new moods, m ly resentful. At 20 I'd been through war, published two novels, etc., an was supporting myself. Why would I such a thing? I did say that when I w child I wished my mother would die, then, most people who knew her felt that way about her, too. She was tively malevolent and on a grand sca threw her out of my London flat in 1 and told her that I would never see again and didn't. She died 20 years and I felt nothing at all.

What did Amelia Earhart mean to yo

I loved her. Wished *she* was my mot Amelia loved my father. He loved

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Vidal, *top left,* on the lawn of his Hudson River mansion, Edgewater, in August 1960; with his onetime lover turned antagonist, the diarist Anaïs Nin, *bottom left,* in 1946; on the hustings, *left,* during his failed 1960 congressional campaign; and being groomed, *above,* with William F. Buckley Jr. for their famous debate at the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago.

"Readers will learn the ins and outs of my early career and what Senator Gore and I were cooking up in order to set me firmly on the yellow brick road—not taken."

too, but, alas, not that way. "More like a kid brother," he'd say. They started three airlines together, with help from Slim Lindbergh. She wrote poetry. I wrote poetry. We'd read our poems to each other at the Army-Navy game (my father had been an all-American quarterback at West Point). She had a beautiful speaking voice. I was 10 when I last saw her, just before the final flight. She gave me a picture of herself and a belt—blue and white checks. Now lost.

"I think no one has ever made enough (or anything) of the fact that I was brought up a Southerner." So you said in 1976. By all means make something of it.

I was brought up in the then southern city of Washington, D.C., in the house of Mississippi-born Thomas Pryor Gore, who, rather idly, had invented the state of Oklahoma—like God, he had a weird sense of humor—so that he could become a senator at 38 and serve for some 30 years. From my love for grits and redeye gravy to an overdeveloped sense of honor—which I was to symbolize dramatically three times on-screen as Billy the Kid—I have always been an odd man out in a society of self-invented hustlers, literary and otherwise. I also developed an aversion to lying, perhaps the most notable American trait from advertisers to politicians. T. P. Gore was never more noble than when he lost his seat in the Senate in 1920 because he had opposed Wilson's war; his cousin Albert senior was to lose *his* seat when he opposed the Vietnam War—that was the good side of the southern tradition.

The bad side was—is—racism. They didn't like blacks, Jews, Catholics in about that order. Fags meant Oscar Wilde, whom my grandfather saw at Vicksburg in the 1880s, "wearing a corset," he said with wonder, "and carrying a flower." Happily, like so many of the brighter provincial southerners, he was an atheist and he passed on to me his beautiful absence of faith. As for the minorities . . . well, there was no minority he disliked more than he detested the majority. As he once famously said, "If there was any race other than the human race I would go join it." Yes, I am southern.

What is your nicest story about Norman Mailer?

Norman made the greatest curry I've ever had and the secret ingredient was sliced avocado to balance the fiery curry.

Was it not to you that Mabel Dodge Luhan wrote to reveal that D. H. Lawrence had once admitted to a fling with a farme

She liked a book of mine called *Ti Judgment of Paris* and wrote to tell n so. We never met, but we did exchan several letters and in one of them sl remarked that Lawrence had told h that he had once had intercourse with young farmer, but it had not been, seem to recall from her version, a succe

Why and how was Martin Amis so grav ly mistaken in thinking that you had a signs on his rear end?

After Martin came to Ravello to inte view me, someone asked me what thought of him. "Cute as a bug's ear," said, a southern locution which does n imply lust or admiration but a sardon comment on one who finds himse more attractive than you do. Una quainted with the phrase, he had me s that I found him "a cute little thing The thought of sex with a writer mak me "nauseous," as New Yorkers say. will say that he writes better than his ther, but then so do most people.

If Myra Breckinridge is Tom and her ter ego, Myron, is Huck, as you once serted, then where does that leave Au Polly and Becky Thatcher?

Aunt Polly is Letitia Van Allen, wh knew *total* fulfillment when flung the Myra-raped Rusty down a flight stairs in her tasteful Malibu Bea home, ending impaled on a shiny ne el post that produced Total Orgas the grail of your average Aunt Pol Becky Thatcher was Mary An beloved of pre-raped Rusty, who came so much amorous putty in M ra's powerful hands. Now, as I descri this marvelous text, I realize that Myr Myron is not the great American no


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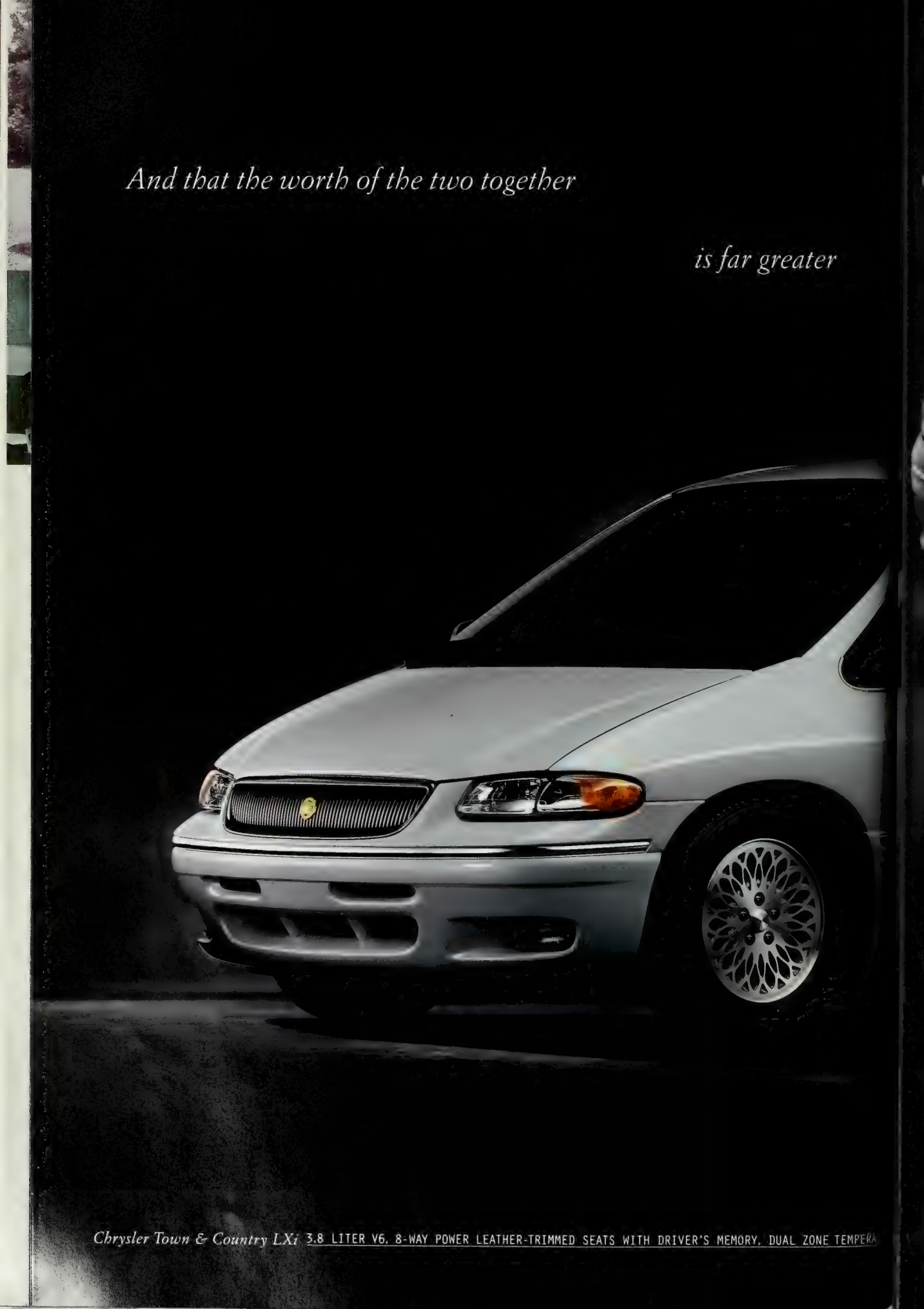
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so much as it is the *only* American story. *Why does* Moby Dick *stink? Why is it revered?*

I wouldn't say it is all that bad, but it is not very good, either, unless one wants to know a great deal about whales. It is revered because it is very much in the American manner—pompous, humorless, self-important, and ill-written. There are some interesting annotations in Melville's copies of Shakespeare where you can see him aiming at magnificence and falling with a splash into the old-man-and-the-sea shallows.

Your Eugene in Messiah *has a "cold spot" in his nature. Eugene is also your original Christian name. Is a cold spot a useful thing to possess?*

I don't remember much about my books. To write is to erase from memory. I do remember that I decided to make Eugene impotent in order not to have to worry about the obligatory love life that would have cluttered up a book about the invention of a modern religion. Later, with some delicacy, Mailer asked me if I had been going through a bad patch at the time I was writing.

You said that you would like to have written [Christopher Isherwood's] Prater Violet. *Is there any other book you wish you had authored?*

Prater Violet? Well, I liked it better then than now. Of my generation, there is Jack Knowles's *A Separate Peace,* about our school days at Exeter before the war, a haunting book in which I appear as a most disagreeable character. *Doctor Faustus* was a revelation, too, on the grand scale. In general I was never much influenced by American writers (James, Wharton, Twain to one side, my own discoveries). I suppose this is due to my not having gone to college, where such minor writers (of so great an empire as ours) as Hawthorne and Melville were blown up all out of proportion. If there is, inadvertently, a funnier novel than *Pierre, or the Ambiguities* I've not read it. Instead I read the *Satyricon,* on my own, and became free.

You said that Jack Kennedy was the most committed and expert gossip you ever knew. Please enlarge.

A devotee of sex, he was equally interested in what others were up to. A gossip columnist of the day—very right-wing—Dorothy Kilgallen, was writing terrible things about Jack. I commiserated with him once. He shrugged, "What are you going to do with a woman who's in love with Johnny Ray?" A famous urning—or Uranus-style bonding– of the period. Jack knew everything.

And what was that about the evening after he was shot?

The day after Jack was shot I was at Arthur Schlesinger's with a number of shell-shocked Kennedy loyalists. From the next room, a phone rang. Arthur went to answer it. Returned, very grim and pale. "These goddamned liberals! That was Mary McCarthy, worried that Oswald won't have a fair trial in Dallas!" Mary was prescient, to riot in understatement.

And who did kill J.F.K.?

Mafia.

Everyone should experience at least one episode of love, poverty, and war. Is this a good maxim?

Love and war are useful, as I know. Poverty? Well, I saved $10,000–$80,000 in today's money—while in the army; my first book was bought when I was 19. I never experienced poverty, but I spent several years with practically no income in the early 50s and no means of making a living other than by writing books, which the daily *New York Times, Time,* and *Newsweek* refused to review because of *The City and the Pillar.* I then decided to learn a craft that would make me money—plays for live television. Craft—and cunning—saved me. For 10 years I wrote movies and plays for the stage as well as television; then, having made enough money to live on, modestly, for the rest of my life, I went back to the novel.

Is Christianity a Jewish heresy? And does monotheism lead of itself to sexual despotism?

Christianity was acknowledged "officially" as a Jewish heresy by Archbishop Temple some 50 years ago. Judaism in turn seems to be a Zoroastrian heresy (with Egyptian additions) as demonstrated in *Creation.* I dislike all forms of monotheism because the notion of one arbitrary god-creator inevitably becomes totalitarian in earthly politics—one ruler, one Pope, one factory boss, one father as head of family, etc. . . . This leads to all sorts of evil, as Freud grasped. Yet he could not rid himself of patriarchalism, even though, rather wistfully, he was a classics buff. He kept pulling in polytheistic celebrities like Oedipus, who, whatever the cause of his asthma, did not want to fuck his mom, since he didn't know who she was when he married her or who Dad was when he killed him at Trivium. Oedipus did not have an "Oedipus complex." I've never seen the need for any gods—singular or plural.

What have been your measures to ward off boredom, anomie, and suicide?

As there is always something I'd like to know that I don't know—some book to read—I'm never bored or anomic. As for suicide, I would commit murder first. You see, I'm all I have.

Isn't it time you made nice with young Cousin Albert? If not, why not? Is it true that you have never met him?

A few years ago, I attended Gore Day, an annual affair in Mississippi. He was due to join us but canceled out when he learned that his atheist cousin would be there. He told the cousinage that he had a fund-raiser, which annoyed all of them. I can't say I like the company he keeps, from Marty Peretz—Israel's uncrowned queen—to the late Armand Hammer. On the other hand, his father is a noble soul. Do I want to meet Junior? I've met far too many vice presidents as it is.

You once wrote that you found the figures of the right in American history to be the most appealing. You have written sympathetically about Hamilton and even Goldwater. Can today's right claim any descent? And is William F. Buckley on the right or somewhere else?

Buckley is simply out of sight, not to mention out of mind. But very often the American left and right coincide, particularly in their dislike of intrusive government. My view of Janet Reno, of Waco fame, is that of the militiamen. But where they turn to mindless murder to avenge murder by government, I'd go to the courts. The left wants to repair our broken country and so does the Paleolithic right—read Bill Kauffman's *America First.* Hamilton is hard to like but impossible not to admire. For one thing he understood finance, something the noble Virginians, pursuing happiness

"I'm never bored or anomic. As for suicide, I would commit murder first. You see, I'm all I have."


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I don't remember much about my books. To write is to erase from memory. I do remember that I decided to make Eugene impotent in order not to have to worry about the obligatory love life that would have cluttered up a book about the invention of a modern religion. Later, with some delicacy, Mailer asked me if I had been going through a bad patch at the time I was writing.

You said that you would like to have written [Christopher Isherwood's] Prater Violet. *Is there any other book you wish you had authored?*

Prater Violet? Well, I liked it better then than now. Of my generation, there is Jack Knowles's *A Separate Peace,* about our school days at Exeter before the war, a haunting book in which I appear as a most disagreeable character. *Doctor Faustus* was a revelation, too, on the grand scale. In general I was never much influenced by American writers (James, Wharton, Twain to one side, my own discoveries). I suppose this is due to my not having gone to college, where such minor writers (of so great an empire as ours) as Hawthorne and Melville were blown up all out of proportion. If there is, inadvertently, a funnier novel than *Pierre, or the Ambiguities* I've not read it. Instead I read the *Satyricon,* on my own, and became free.

You said that Jack Kennedy was the most committed and expert gossip you ever knew. Please enlarge.

A devotee of sex, he was equally interested in what others were up to. A gossip columnist of the day—very right-wing—Dorothy Kilgallen, was writing terrible things about Jack. I commiserated with him once. He shrugged, "What are you going to do with a woman who's in love with Johnny Ray?" A famous urning—or Uranus-style bonding—of the period. Jack knew everything.

And what was that about the evening after he was shot?

The day after Jack was shot I was at Arthur Schlesinger's with a number of shell-shocked Kennedy loyalists. From the next room, a phone rang. Arthur went to answer it. Returned, very grim and pale. "These goddamned liberals! That was Mary McCarthy, worried that Oswald won't have a fair trial in Dallas!" Mary was prescient, to riot in understatement.

And who did kill J.F.K.?

Mafia.

Everyone should experience at least one episode of love, poverty, and war. Is this a good maxim?

Love and war are useful, as I know. Poverty? Well, I saved $10,000–$80,000 in today's money—while in the army; my first book was bought when I was 19. I never experienced poverty, but I spent several years with practically no income in the early 50s and no means of making a living other than by writing books, which the daily *New York Times, Time,* and *Newsweek* refused to review because of *The City and the Pillar.* I then decided to learn a craft that would make me money—plays for live television. Craft—and cunning—saved me. For 10 years I wrote movies and plays for the stage as well as television; then, having made enough money to live on, modestly, for the rest of my life, I went back to the novel.

"I'm never bored or anomic. As for suicide, I would commit murder first. You see, I'm all I have."

Is Christianity a Jewish heresy? And does monotheism lead of itself to sexual despotism?

Christianity was acknowledged "officially" as a Jewish heresy by Archbishop Temple some 50 years ago. Judaism in turn seems to be a Zoroastrian heresy (with Egyptian additions) as demonstrated in *Creation.* I dislike all forms of monotheism because the notion of one arbitrary god-creator inevitably becomes totalitarian in earthly politics—one ruler, one Pope, one factory boss, one father as head of family, etc. . . . This leads to all sorts of evil, as Freud grasped. Yet he could not rid himself of patriarchalism, even though, rather wistfully, he was a classics buff. He kept pulling in polytheistic celebrities like Oedipus, who, whatever the cause of his asthma, did not want to fuck his mom, since he didn't know who she was when he married her or who Dad was when he killed him at Trivium. Oedipus did not have an "Oedipus complex." I've never seen the need for any gods—singular or plural.

What have been your measures to ward off boredom, anomie, and suicide?

As there is always something I'd like to know that I don't know—some book to read—I'm never bored or anomic. As for suicide, I would commit murder first. You see, I'm all I have.

Isn't it time you made nice with young Cousin Albert? If not, why not? Is it true that you have never met him?

A few years ago, I attended Gore Day, an annual affair in Mississippi. He was due to join us but canceled out when he learned that his atheist cousin would be there. He told the cousinage that he had a fund-raiser, which annoyed all of them. I can't say I like the company he keeps, from Marty Peretz—Israel's uncrowned queen—to the late Armand Hammer. On the other hand, his father is a noble soul. Do I want to meet Junior? I've met far too many vice presidents as it is.

You once wrote that you found the figures of the right in American history to be the most appealing. You have written sympathetically about Hamilton and even Goldwater. Can today's right claim any descent? And is William F. Buckley on the right or somewhere else?

Buckley is simply out of sight, not to mention out of mind. But very often the American left and right coincide, particularly in their dislike of intrusive government. My view of Janet Reno, of Waco fame, is that of the militiamen. But where they turn to mindless murder to avenge murder by government, I'd go to the courts. The left wants to repair our broken country and so does the Paleolithic right—read Bill Kauffman's *America First.* Hamilton is hard to like but impossible not to admire. For one thing he understood finance, something the noble Virginians, pursuing happiness

"I'd like to thank my agent, my 8th grade creative writing teacher and, most of all, my A T Cross pen . . ."



CROSS
SINCE 1846



Vidal plans to be buried next to his companion of half a century, Howard Austen; their headstones lie ready in Washington's Rock Creek Cemetery, which also contains the graves of John Adams and Upton Sinclair.

among their slave cabins, did not. We need new categories.

What made you guess that George Washington was in love with Alexander Hamilton?

The amount of shit George would put up with from Alex—Alex would keep him waiting, scold him, disobey him—even as a young military aide in the Revolution. No one will ever know if there was a relationship, although it was generally agreed that Alex would fuck a snake, as we used to say in the army, to advance himself. I think it more likely that as Washington was childless he found in this brilliant, handsome boy the son without whom he could not have governed the new republic.

Did you tell Anaïs Nin that you would like to be president of the United States and that's why you had to be discreet about your affair with her?

Yes, I said something like that, but the readers of *Palimpsest* will learn the ins and outs of my early career and what Senator Gore and I were cooking up in order to set me firmly on the yellow brick road—not taken.

Do you ever feel guilty about teasing Charlton Heston—especially suggesting a gay theme in Ben Hur*?*

Poor old Chuck. I remember when he and Steven Boyd were reading for [William] Wyler, [Efrem] Zimbalist [Jr.], and me in an office at Cinecittà—the first scene. Chuck suddenly started acting. It was frightening. Particularly when he began to toss his great head like Francis X. Bushman in the silent *Ben Hur.* When the boys left us, there was a worried silence. Then I said, "Chuck hasn't much charm has he?" Wyler moaned softly and said, "No. And you can direct your ass off and you still can't give him any."

Any fond reminiscence of Bob Guccione and the Caligula *fiasco?*

Guccione came here and I took him to dinner with Princess Margaret, who was staying. He wore full makeup and open shirt with a gold chain from wh hung gold ornaments. She squinted his chest to see what the ornam were. Then she reached for a miniat cock and balls. "And *what,*" she quired most graciously and royally, ' you win *that* for?"

What became of Mick Jagger's plan make a film of Kalki*?*

Mick took an option. I wrote a scr Hal Ashby signed a "pay or play" c tract. Everything was wonderful as 1982. Then Hal decided to snort all cocaine in the world. He was never a to make it to a meeting with Mick me. Finally died. Project too.

Are the movies too rank for you now?

I sort of like some of today's movi Zucker brothers, Abrahams—the *Hot Shots* is our *Laocöon.* The C brothers have a certain dash and, rollicking comedy, there is alw Stone's *JFK.*

When you "did" John McLaughlin on Dick Cavett Show *in 1973, did it ever cur to you that the Reverend would h a second career as a TV star, while would vanish from the networks?*

No, it did not. But it is true that I h been pretty much erased from natio television. I remember that whe caught Big John in a whopper Cavett's program I pointed to him thundered, "Priest, look to thy immo soul!" Like God bringing life to Ada had created from primal ooze a TV s

What do you mean by calling yourse "born scorekeeper"? And what is you vorite score?

The perfect scorekeeper is the one has the last word. I've always had a fect indifference to what others th about me and a certain irritable no that they had better watch out for wh may think of them at day's end whe scores are settled. Yes, it's lonely d here in the Hell of Fame, but there compensations, the odd perk. □

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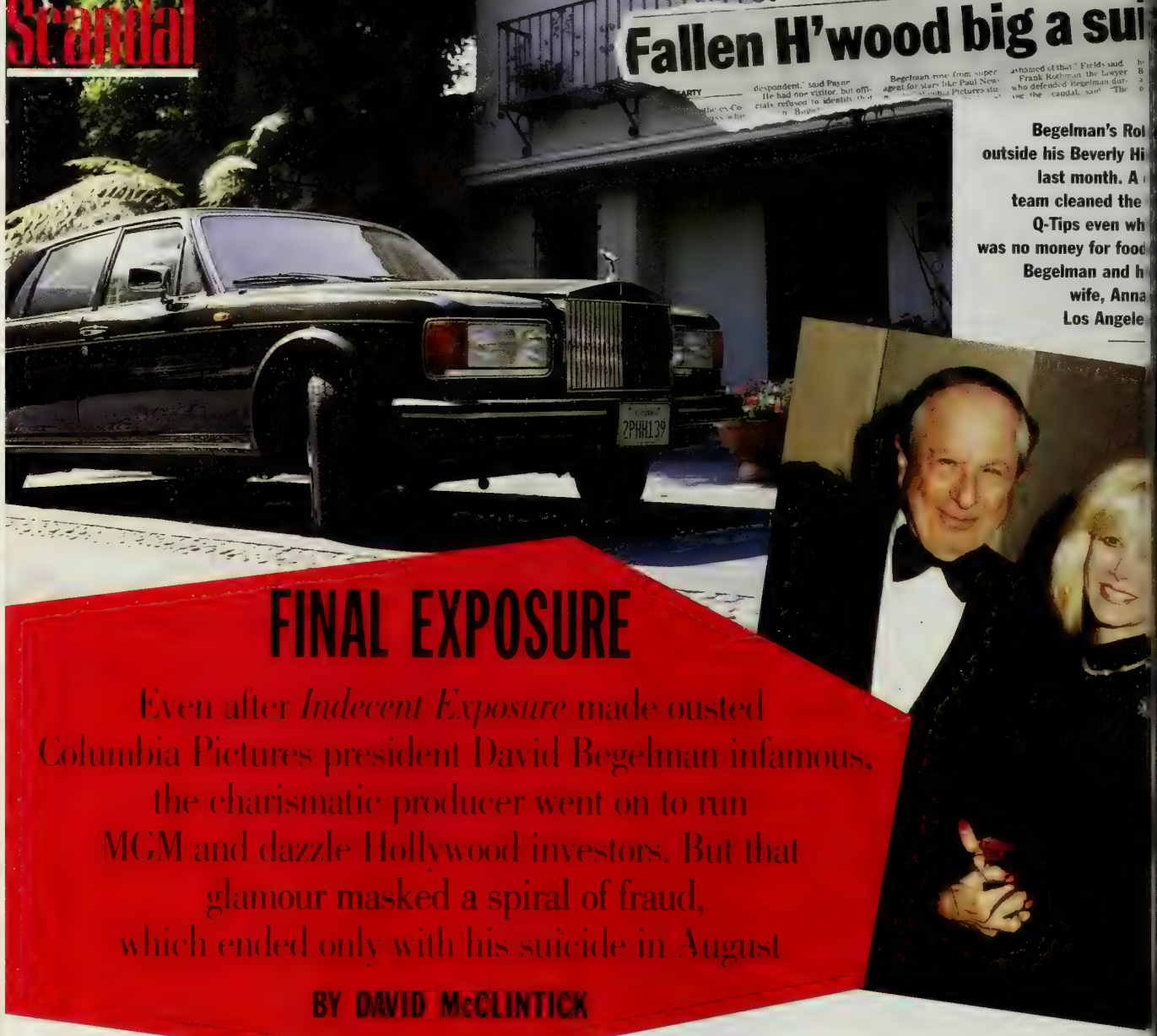
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Begelman's Rol
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was no money for food
Begelman and h
wife, Anna
Los Angele

FINAL EXPOSURE

Even after *Indecent Exposure* made ousted Columbia Pictures president David Begelman infamous, the charismatic producer went on to run MGM and dazzle Hollywood investors. But that glamour masked a spiral of fraud, which ended only with his suicide in August

BY DAVID McCLINTICK

I had thought that I knew everything there was to know about the bottom, but I was to learn all over again as one learns each time in his life that there is no such thing as the old bottom, and no matter how bad one feels, one can always feel worse.

—Norman Mailer, *The Deer Park.*

The patrician-looking man in the immaculate gray suit emerged from a taxi and walked through the main entrance of the Century Plaza Tower in Century City. He limped slightly but stood erect and carried a compact navy zipper bag with white trim. After registering in the name of Bruce Vann and paying $290.70 in cash, he was shown to Room 1081, a "Corner King," with a wet bar and windows facing west to the ocean and north to Beverly Hills and the Santa Monica Mountains, which were hazy on this humid Monday afternoon, August 7, 1995.

About an hour later, a middle-aged blonde woman in a white linen shirt and pants picked up a house phone in the lobby.

"Mr. Vann, please."

"Hello."

"I'm here."

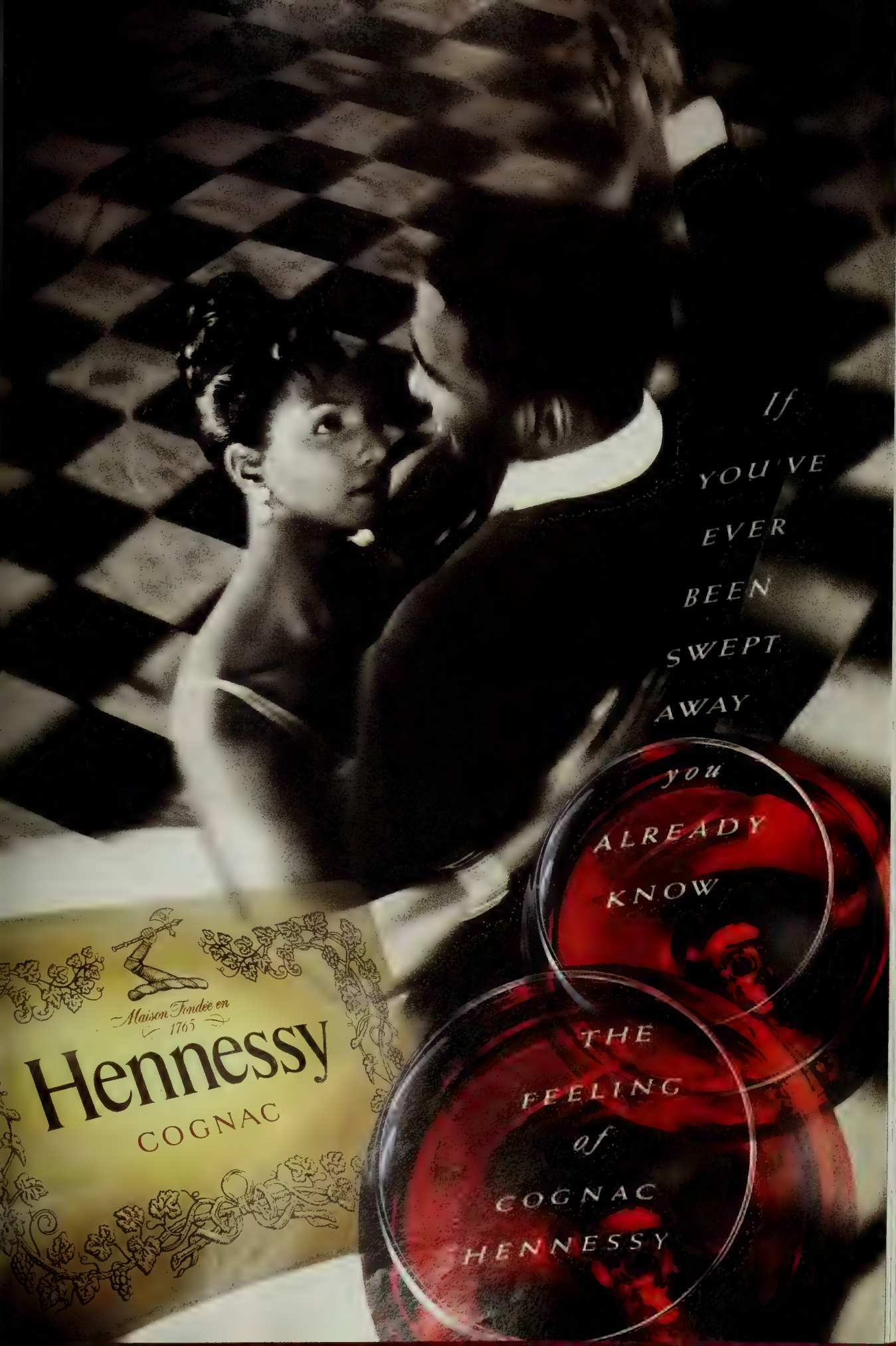
"It's Room 1018."

When the elevator doors opened on 10, the woman was surprised to see the man, coatless and tieless, waiting for her in the corridor, laughing. "I gave you the wrong room number," he said. "I can't believe it." It was rare for him to make such mistakes and typical of him to catch them when he did. He took her hand and led her around a corner into Room 1081.

The man who registered as Bruce Vann was actually David Begelman, the scandal-scarred but still-magnetic 73-year-old movie producer, perhap the most infamous personality of his ge eration in Hollywood. The woman wi him in Room 1081 was Sandi Bennet the ex-wife of the singer Tony Bennett.

Within hours, Begelman would b dead of a self-inflicted gunshot woun to the head. And Bennett would be c the patio of her nearby home, sobbin wondering if she could have save him, fearing disclosure that she was ap parently the last to see him alive.

It is impossible to describe the ci cumstances surrounding David Bege man's death—his desperate rac against a ticking time bomb of frau embezzlement, and imminent persona ruin—without describing his secr love affair with Sandi Bennett. I omi ted sex from my book *Indecent Expo sure;* it was ubiquitous but irrelevan to the story. It is germane, however, t this account of David Begelman's su cide and the financial scandals tha


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EVER
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KNOW
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of
COGNAC
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Maison Fondée en
1765
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COGNAC

prompted it—a story beside which Begelman's earlier rogueries pale.

David Begelman sat at his massive desk in the Thalberg Building and wept. It was noon on Monday, July 12, 1982, and he had just been fired as chairman of United Artists, one of the two principal motion-picture units of the MGM/UA Entertainment Company. The man who fired him, Frank Rothman, MGM/UA's chief executive, had delivered the news and then left Begelman alone with the Muzak in his opulent office.

Rothman's firing of Begelman was ironic—illustrating how executive musical chairs in the small world of Hollywood often turns allies into antagonists. Only four years earlier Frank Rothman had been David Begelman's advocate. When Begelman, as the president of Columbia Pictures in 1977, had been caught forging checks and embezzling money from the corporation, it was Rothman, then a lawyer in private practice, who had been summoned to represent him. Rothman had steered Begelman through Columbia's secret internal probe of his thefts, negotiated for him when Columbia surprisingly decided to reinstate him as head of the studio, and negotiated for him again when Columbia reversed course, fired Begelman, and made him an "independent" producer. The check forgeries—in the names of the actor Cliff Robertson, the director Martin Ritt, and the restaurateur Pierre Groleau—had made international headlines and prompted the Los Angeles district attorney to create a task force to probe Hollywood corruption. When Begelman was charged with felony grand theft, it was Frank Rothman who bargained the charge down to a misdemeanor and arranged probation.

Even after their lawyer-client relationship ended, Rothman continued to help Begelman. In late 1979, as the principal lawyer for MGM and its controlling stockholder, Kirk Kerkorian, Rothman urged MGM to hire Begelman to revive its dormant film studio. Hiring a convicted criminal would be controversial, but it had been a year and a half since the Columbia scandal had faded from the newspapers. And Rothman believed the elaborate defense which Begelman and his allies on the Columbia board of directors had devised during the scandal—that his thefts had been "aberrations," reflecting psychiatric problems for which he was being treated. Begelman remained popular in Hollywood. He had displayed a deft hand at Columbia, sponsoring such enormous hits as *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *Shampoo,* which had helped rescue the studio from the brink of financial ruin. MGM badly needed such talent.

Although some MGM directors opposed hiring Begelman, Frank Rothman prevailed. "Begelman's back and MGM's got him," gushed the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner,* recycling the old MGM ad "Gable's back and Garson's got him." Amid great hoopla in the trade press, David Begelman took up his post in the

David Begelman's suicide and the financial scandals that prompted it make a story beside which his earlier rogueries pale.

Thalberg Building on MGM's Culver City lot in January 1980—and proceeded to fail with a string of flops that included *Pennies from Heaven, Cannery Row,* and *All the Marbles.* MGM bought United Artists in 1981, and Begelman was moved laterally, reportedly against his wishes, to run UA. When Kirk Kerkorian installed Frank Rothman as C.E.O. of the combined companies in February 1982, Begelman's days were numbered.

But after firing Begelman, Frank Rothman again helped save him from unemployment. He recommended him to a cherubic young-man-about-Beverly-Hills named Bruce McNall.

At 32, McNall had grown rich selling ancient coins and artifacts—millions of dollars' worth—to movie moguls and business tycoons. Many of the coins, it turned out, had been smuggled from Turkey, Italy, and Greece, as reported by Bryan Burrough in *Vanity Fair* last year. By the time he met Begelman, McNall was ensconced in a Holmby Hills mansion with a fleet of luxury automobiles.

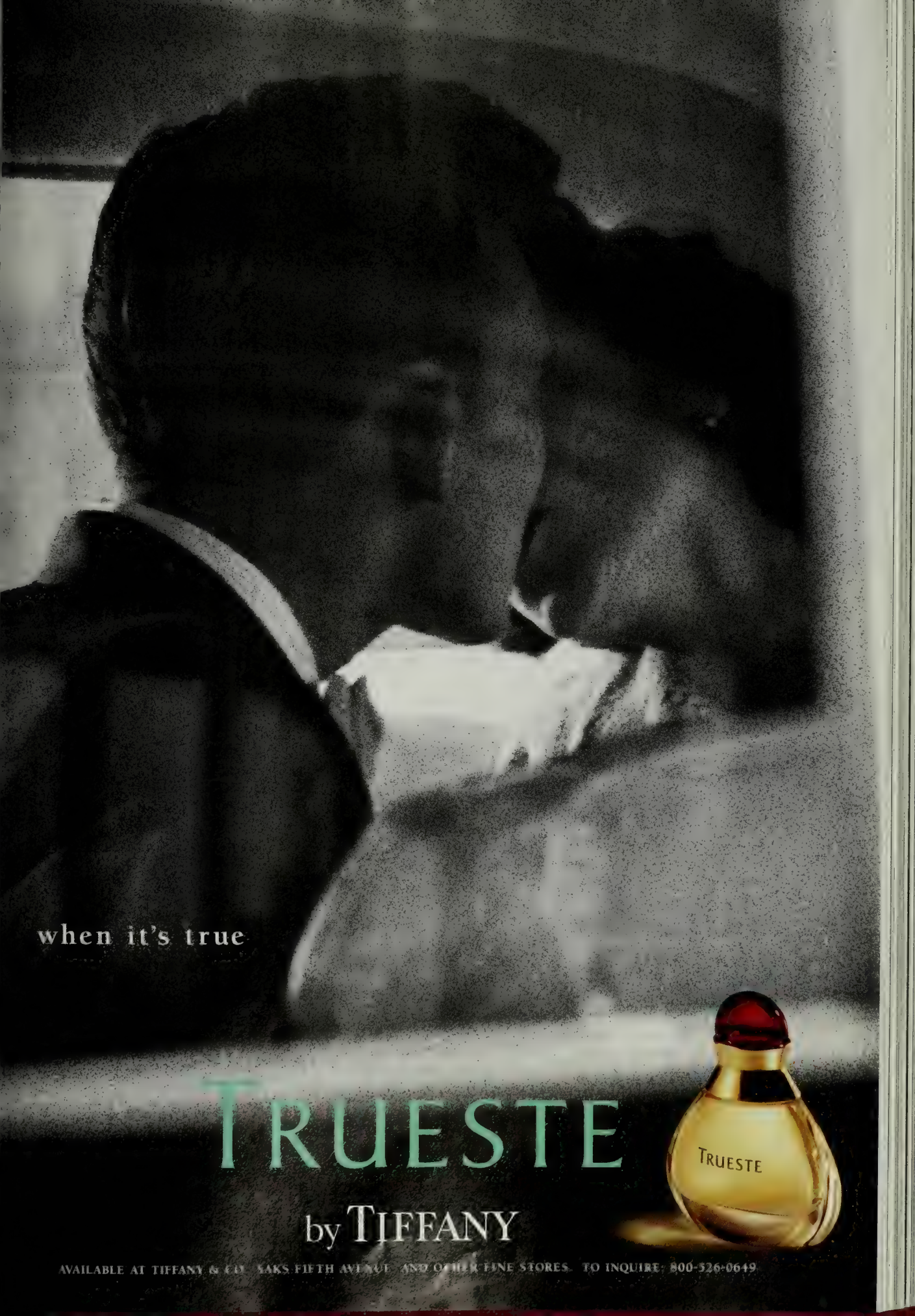
One of McNall's biggest customers had been Nelson Bunker Hunt, the eccentric Texas oil billionaire, who had gone bankrupt in the early 1980s trying to corner the world's silver market. New opportunities beckoned McNall when the Hunt family expressed a desire to invest in the motion-picture business. T that end McNall and the Hunts forme a company called Sherwood Produ tions. Their first major ventures wer *War Games,* starring Matthew Brode ick and Ally Sheedy, and *Blame It o Rio,* starring Michael Caine and Den Moore. When MGM fired David Bege man in the summer of 1982, McNall in mediately hired him to run Sherwoo with an annual salary of $550,000.

They got along well—David was avu cular, Bruce boyish—and they shared ce tain traits. Both were poseurs and lavish clear-eyed liars. Until he had been u masked in the Columbia scandal, Bege man had claimed that he had degree from Yale College and Yale La School. He had no degrees. McNall résumé boasted graduate work at O ford, when in fact he had never ver tured beyond U.C.L.A.

With McNall's and the Hunts' back ing, David Begelman was able to in dulge his instincts for profligacy. He ex panded Sherwood's payroll from 5 t 30 people and its office space on th lot at MGM from a small suite to hal a floor. (The company soon moved t the palatial headquarters of Bruce Mc Nall's empire, McNall Sports & Enter tainment Inc., in Century City.) Bege man increased the budget of *Blame I on Rio* from $6 million to $8 millio and signed up another picture, whic would be entitled *Mr. Mom,* starring Ter Garr and Michael Keaton.

Sherwood Productions made its inter national debut at the Cannes Film Fest val in May 1983. To promote *Blame It o Rio,* Sherwood took suites at the Hôtel d Cap and entertained foreign distributor on a yacht in the harbor. During a part aboard the yacht, Bruce McNall too aside Frans Afman, the head of entertain ment lending at Crédit Lyonnais Ban Nederland (C.L.B.N.), the Dutch sub sidiary of the world's largest bank outsid Japan. McNall handed him an envelop allegedly stuffed with what would later b termed, in an affidavit in Los Angeles Su perior Court, a "substantial sum of Unit ed States currency." Shortly thereafte C.L.B.N. began lending millions of dol lars to Sherwood Productions. (Afma could not be reached for comment. He i no longer employed by C.L.B.N.)

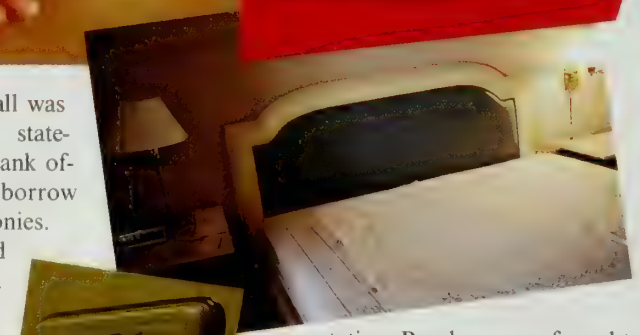
The F.B.I. and the Office of the Unite States Attorney in Los Angeles woul label such acts, by both McNall an David Begelman, bribes paid to induc bankers to lend money. It is now know that even earlier in 1983, less than si months after David Begelman joine

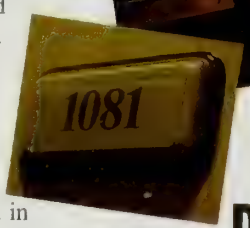

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Sandi Bennett (photographed in her home in 1995), ex-wife of singer Tony Bennett, spent Begelman's last afternoon at the Century Plaza Tower with him, but had no idea he was about to take his life. *Below:* Room 1081, where he died.

By 1986, Begelman's Gladden Entertainment was being propped up by little more than a massive Ponzi scheme.





the company, McNall was falsifying financial statements and bribing bank officials in order to borrow money—federal felonies.

In 1984, David Begelman made a deal with Twentieth Century Fox for it to distribute 10 films of the Gladden Entertainment Corporation (named in honor of Begelman's wife, Gladyce), which had supplanted Sherwood Productions. Based in part on that commitment, the European American Bank (E.A.B.) of New York joined C.L.B.N. in providing Gladden with revolving credit of $35 million for film production. Bruce McNall personally guaranteed the loan, submitting false financial statements and inflating his assets and net worth. He falsely stated that he owned a coin collection worth $20 million.

Gladden Entertainment had persistent problems distributing its movies. When Barry Diller took over Fox in late 1984, he summoned Begelman and told him Fox wanted out of the distribution deal. Begelman resisted, and Gladden got lackluster service from then on. Unable to do deals with the major studios such as Disney and Warner Bros., which shunned him because of his soiled reputation, Begelman was forced to resort to the lesser lights—Cannon, Orion, Carolco.

By 1986, McNall Sports & Entertainment and David Begelman's Gladden Entertainment were being propped up by little more than a massive Ponzi scheme, involving lenders rather than investors. Instead of paying off old investors with the funds of new investors, McNall and Gladden were paying off old lenders by borrowing from new lenders under false pretenses. Although his films, which included *The Sicilian, Weekend at Bernie's,* and *Mannequin,* rarely did robust business, David Begelman was unrestrained in his spending on overhead and his personal lifestyle. Gladden Entertainment was insolvent by 1986, with a negative net worth of $21.2 million, unable to pay its debts as they fell due. McNall Sports & Entertainment also was insolvent, and was keeping two sets of books.

"Bruce is broke—he's kiting checks," an accountant on the McNall staff began confiding to friends.

On June 27, 1986, David Begelma wife, Gladyce, died of cancer. The f mer wife of Lew Rudin, the New Y real-estate tycoon, Gladyce was belov by Begelman's friends. At her fune she was eulogized by, among others, actress Suzanne Pleshette and the tele sion producer Annabelle Weston. As author of *New York on $1,000 a D* "Gladyce is already working on her n book, *Heaven on $2,000 a Day,*" West commented.

By all accounts, David Begelman to her death very hard. He began to talk suicide, claiming he had a stash of sle ing pills. "Life is hard, death is eas David would say to Bruce McN He said it so often in the comi years that McNall stopped listenin

By 1987, E.A.B. sensed trouble Gladden Entertainment, and began q etly exploring the possibility of canc ing its $20 million share of the film-p duction loan—but in a way that wou not cause Gladden to go bankru Maintained jointly with C.L.B.N., the volving credit had been increased fro $35 million to $60 million. Court pape indicate that McNall and Begelman, gether with an E.A.B. officer, devised scheme to ease E.A.B. out of the revo ing-credit agreement and to absolve M Nall of responsibility as guarantor, wh concealing the truth from partn C.L.B.N. The plot was complicated a comprised several steps: C.L.B.N. wou be told that an independent "investo was interested in putting $20 million equity into Gladden's motion-pictu program. In fact, the money would co to Gladden circuitously from E.A.B. (A E.A.B. spokesman declined comment.)

Once Gladden had the $20 million hand, it would pay the money back E.A.B., thus ending the bank's particip tion in the combined loan. McNall an his cronies would then try to indu C.L.B.N. to replace E.A.B. and tak over the entire commitment based o the appearance that insolvent Gladde was sufficiently valuable to have attrac ed a $20 million equity investment fro an "independent" source.

According to court papers, McNa and Begelman hatched their scheme wit the help of a Swiss lawyer who preten ed to represent an investor called Co gress Enterprises. As planned, C.L.B.N was so impressed that it not only too over E.A.B.'s commitment but also e tended more credit to Gladden.

As an expression of appreciatio Gladden began providing a Malib beach house in *(Continued on page 83*

Portrait by MICHAEL O'NEILL



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When it's hot, it's hot. In this case, when it's hot, it's gold, and if it's Italian, it positively sizzles. Take the passion with which the world, and especially the U.S., has embraced Italian gold jewelry.

Americans, of course, have always had a tendency to look upon Europe as the bastion of style and sophistication – but the ultimate adulation had not yet been directed towards the Italians. Then a curious shift happened just around the time we all fell in love with the image of Anita Ekberg splashing around in the Trevi fountain. Americans began to cultivate a passion for the Italian image.

The passion swelled to a full crescendo in the 1980s, when a virtual Renaissance of Italian sense of style and design took the world by storm (and cognoscenti took the place of connoisseur on the lips of most wags). Consumers lusted after anything Italian. We all wanted to drive Ferraris in Armanis, wiggle our toes in Ferragamos and eat pesto, prosciutto, arugula and Parmigiano Reggiano. But the undeniable passion of the 1990s, is for Italian gold jewelry.

Unlike the cars and clothing manufacturers of this century, Italian craftsmen have been perfecting the art of gold jewelry-making since the Etruscans first burst upon the scene around 700 B.C. Then there was the Renaissance, (*Continued*)

Italian Trade Commission

GOLD

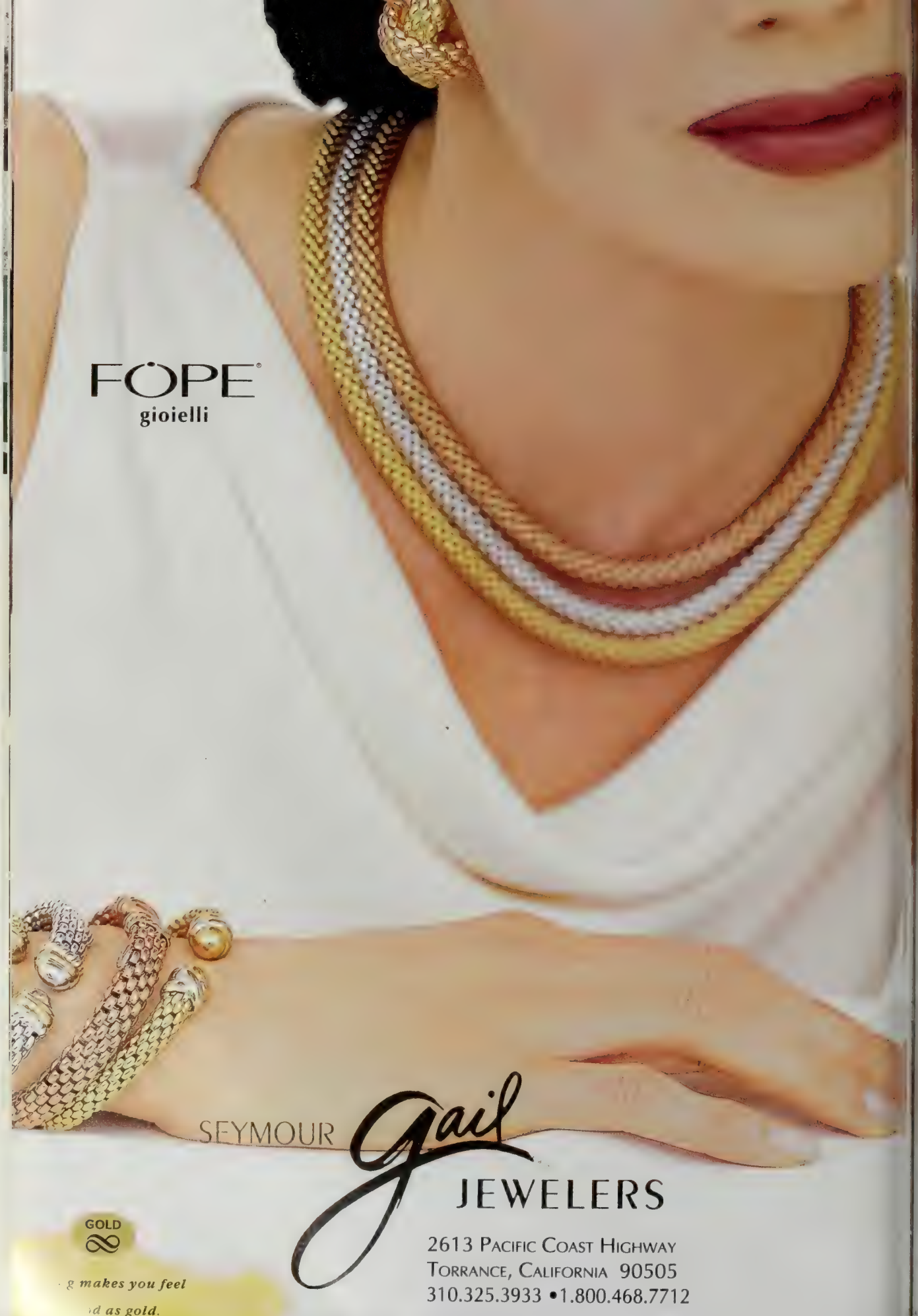
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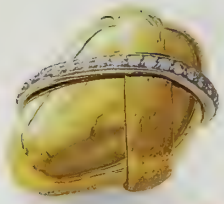

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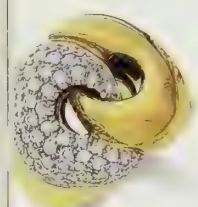


(Continued from page one)



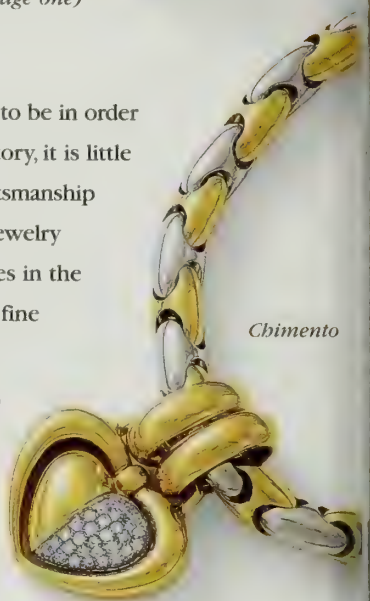
Necklace & ring by La Nouvelle Bague





Chimento

and the goldsmith's atelier was the place to be in order to learn the sculptor's art. Given the history, it is little coincidence that the land of exquisite craftsmanship transforms over 430 tons of gold into fine jewelry today. The same exacting tradition continues in the cities of Vicenza and Arezzo, famous for their fine gold chains and watches, Valenza, known for its handmade gemstone jewelry, and Torre del Greco, legendary for its corals and cameos.



Chimento

You don't need to venture overseas to wear something irresistibly Italian. In southern California, the urge can be satiated at fine retailers such as The Collector Fine Jewelry in La Jolla and Fallbrook and Seymour Gail Jewelers in Torrance.

The Collector is known world-wide for its exquisite collection of fine jewelry, vast array of gemstones and custom-designed pieces by owner Jeanne Larson. According to Ms. Larson, "Since the opening of our stores in 1968, our customers have been consistently aware of the quality and style of Italian jewelry." Gail Benowitz of Seymour Gail Jewelers says, "People come from miles around because of our selection, and the Italian designers have always been prominent among our customer's choices." Her store, well-known since 1949, features one of the most extensive collections of fine jewelry in the area.



Garavelli Aldo

Indeed, the names of Italy's top jewelry design houses, including Alfieri & St. John, Chimento, Fope, Garavelli Aldo, La Nouvelle Bague and Picchiotti, will soon, if not already, be on the lips of true American cognoscenti. ■

Trade Commission

GOLD

Nothing makes you as good as gold

(Continued from page 74) the summers
r C.L.B.N.'s Frans Afman, to whom
IcNall had allegedly given the cash
ribe in 1983. Gladden also hired Af-
an as a "consultant" at $175,000 a
ear. McNall bribed a vice president at
nother bank by paying upwards of
50,000 in credit-card and other bills,
hich the banker submitted directly to
IcNall's staff.

As a business, the Gladden Entertain-
ent Corporation was now in free fall.
eals that Begelman had negotiated
ith Orion and Carolco both collapsed
ecause of those companies' financial
fficulties. Fox forced Gladden into a
ss favorable distribution deal, requiring
ruce McNall to sign a personal guar-
ntee covering any shortfall. David Be-
lman knew McNall's assets were in-
fficient to cover the guarantee.

Sandra Grant Bennett, a native of
Leesville, Louisiana, had arrived in
Los Angeles in 1958 at the age of
, a Flannery O'Connor girl in a Na-
anael West town. A southern beauty,
e dabbled in modeling and acting for
veral years until she met Tony Ben-
tt beside the pool of the Beverly Hills
otel in 1965. A week later she was liv-
g with him in New York. They had a
ughter, were married, had another
ughter, and were separated in 1979.
the early 1980s, in the throes of a bit-
r, financially debilitating divorce, she
ted Gene Kelly. After Gladyce Begel-
an died in 1986, Sandi took up with
avid Begelman. He ended the rela-
onship in 1990 to marry Annabelle
eston, the television producer who
d given one of the eulogies at
ladyce's funeral. To celebrate the wed-
ng, David flew 125 guests to Las Ve-
s in two of Bruce McNall's jets.
hen they arrived at Caesars Palace,
gave each guest a small Prada
ather bag containing hundreds of dol-
rs in chips and coins to gamble with.

At the time, David was also celebrat-
g a new, $2 million mortgage—unusu-
ly generous—that the Bank of America
d given on his house at 705 North
nden Drive in Beverly Hills. Some
ople would wonder later whether
ruce McNall's close relationship with
e Bank of America had affected the
e of the mortgage.

The next year, still married to Anna-
lle, David Begelman resumed his rela-
onship with Sandi Bennett—this time
secret. Addicted to high living, and
w strapped financially, David and
ndi spiraled downward together.

In much the way he had crossed the wrong man when he forged Cliff Robertson's name on a check, David Begelman crossed the wrong man when he began stealing money from Sidney Kimmel. A member of the Forbes Four Hundred, with a net worth exceeding $300 million, Kimmel had grown rich building the Jones Apparel Group into one of the nation's leading women's-clothing companies. In 1982, Kimmel had decided to invest $3 million in *Blame It on Rio*. Under his contract, Kimmel was entitled to 50 percent of the movie's proceeds.

By 1991, Kimmel had recovered about $1.9 million of his $3 million investment, leaving him $1.1 million from breakeven. Gladden Entertainment, insolvent and awash in fraud, was grabbing money anywhere it could find it. It would later be alleged that David Begelman, with the knowledge of C.L.B.N., was diverting income from *Blame It on Rio* to three other movies, of which Sherwood owned 100 percent. The main beneficiary of the scheme was C.L.B.N.; the illicitly obtained money allowed Gladden to pay more on its C.L.B.N. debt load, which was metastasizing. Such arrangements seemed to make sense to Frans Afman. As Afman had told *Forbes* magazine in 1988, "Bankers should avoid working with crooks and ignorant people. But if you have no choice, I'd rather go with a crook because he can steal from someone else to repay his bank." (A spokesman for C.L.B.N. denied any wrongdoing by the bank.)

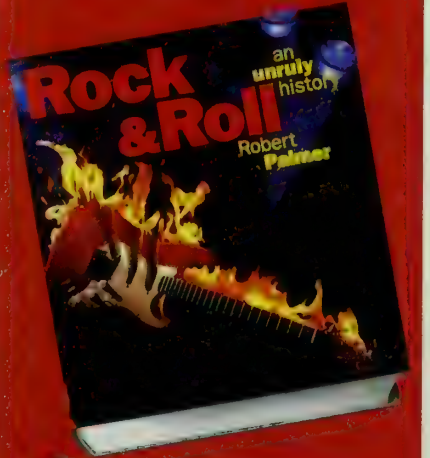
Kimmel didn't learn of Begelman's scheme until late 1994—when he also learned something even more alarming about a second business relationship with David Begelman. In 1993, Kimmel had agreed to invest $2 million annually for five years—$10 million in all—in a multi-picture production arrangement which Begelman had organized involving MGM, Live Entertainment, and Rank Film Distributors. The partners would be doing business with a new company, Gladden Productions, which Begelman created alongside the insolvent Gladden Entertainment. Begelman's partnership with Kimmel and the others was supposed to produce two pictures a year. Bruce McNall agreed to put $35 million into the partnership over the five years. Of course, McNall didn't have $35 million, and Begelman knew it.

On September 1, 1993, Sidney Kimmel's first $2 million investment was deposited in the bank account of Gladden Productions. Before the end of the day,



Robert Palmer, the acclaimed *New York Times* and *Rolling Stone* rock critic, celebrates the history of Rock & Roll in a book as inventive, unsettling and infectious as the music itself.

This companion volume to the new PBS series explores rock's complex roots and branchings—from blues and gospel to reggae, punk and rap. For those who've ever rocked, and for those who still rock on, *Rock & Roll: An Unruly History* salutes you.



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AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

David Begelman wrote himself a check for $1 million against the Gladden account, which he controlled, and deposited it in two personal accounts at the City National Bank in Los Angeles. Within weeks he moved another $900,000 to another personal account, at the Bank of America. Gladden Productions, meanwhile, was not producing any movies under its contract with Kimmel.

Having secretly misappropriated nearly all of Kimmel's $2 million, David Begelman flew to New York in late 1993 and informed Kimmel that Bruce McNall was mired in financial difficulty and would be unable to invest as planned. Would Kimmel consider increasing his investment?

Kimmel, busy with his apparel business, deferred his decision until 1994.

"Guess where I am." David Begelman asked Sandi Bennett from the phone in his Rolls.

"Where?"

"I'm at a gas station on Santa Monica Boulevard and Beverly Glen. Are you north or south of Wilshire?"

"South," she said. If one was from Beverly Hills, "south of Wilshire" was the wrong side of town.

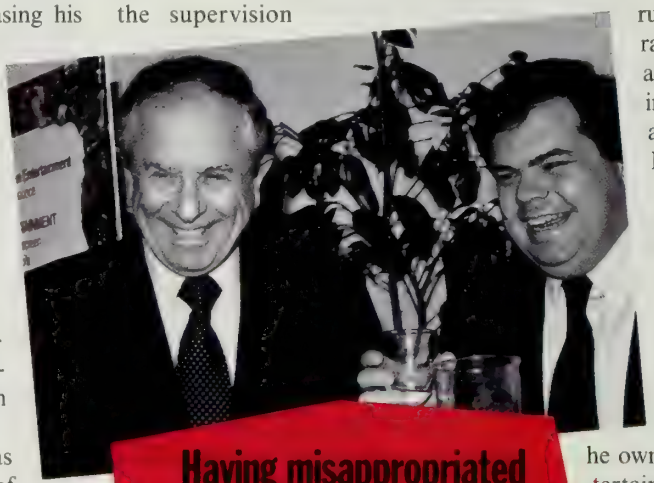
It was Valentine's Day 1994. Bennett had been forced by financial difficulties to give up her home at 713 North Canon Drive in Beverly Hills, where she had lived for years. She had moved to an apartment at the end of January, and Begelman had paid a private detective to get her unlisted phone number.

Now she told him the address, and then went outside with the portable phone to coach him north on the winding avenue. "Keep coming, keep coming," she said from the sidewalk in front of her building. The green Rolls eased into view. She waved. Like children with toy walkie-talkies, they spoke into their phones and laughed as he pulled to a stop and she got into the car. They rode for a while and he brought her back. She couldn't invite him in; there were people in the apartment.

Two weeks later David Begelman resigned as president of Gladden Entertainment when the three major Hollywood talent guilds—the Screen Actors Guild, the Directors Guild, and the Writers Guild—accused Gladden of failing to pay their members $4.2 million in back residuals. In April, Gladden Entertainment was finally forced to declare bankruptcy. The resourceful David Begelman, however, was now concentrating fully on his new company, Gladden Productions.

On the evening of Monday, April 20, 1994, Special Agents Patricia Rose and John Orr of the F.B.I. rang the doorbell at 705 North Linden Drive. Begelman invited them in and, with his usual aplomb, summoned his cook to offer drinks, which the agents declined.

As Rose and Orr questioned Begelman, other agents from the F.B.I., under the supervision of Special Agents Patricia Chamberl and Sharon Elkins, fanned out acro Los Angeles, serving federal subpoen on the high command of the Bruce M Nall empire. The subpoenas arrived lik a sudden storm in the spring night, si naling the beginning of a federal crim nal investigation of the McNall comp nies, including Gladden Entertainmen By May, McNall, too, was forced int bankruptcy, and later in the year woul be indicted for and plead guilty to ban fraud, wire fraud, and conspiracy. A part of a plea agreement, McNa promised to cooperate with federal pro ecutors, as well as with the bank ruptcy trustee conducting a sepa rate investigation of his tangle affairs, R. Todd Neilson, a pron inent C.P.A. and former F.B. agent, and Neilson's attorne Leonard L. Gumport.



Having misappropriated nearly all of Stanley Kimmel's $2 million, Begelman asked him to consider increasing his investment.



Top: **Begelman, left, and partner Bruce McNall at Chasen's in 1985.** ***Above:*** **Frans Afman (here in his office in 1991) allegedly accepted a cash bribe so his bank would lend them money.**

Though his infrastructure wa crumbling, the façade tha David Begelman had con structed throughout his lif remained remarkably intac Showing no strain, he sti hosted dinner parties a Drai's, a fashionable Lo Angeles restaurant in whic he owned an interest. At lunch he en tertained friends such as Bill Wilder at the same corner table o the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. On could not pick up a check wit David Begelman. No check wa ever presented; at his instruction i was simply totaled out of sight of hi guests, a 20 percent tip was added and it was put on his tab. This wa "the Begelman touch," familiar to hi old friends since they had dined a Danny's Hide-a-way and the Colony i New York in the 60s.

Unbeknownst to even his closes friends, however, David Begelma was hurtling through the last month of his life like a fugitive on the run As of November 1, 1994, he could no longer make the $15,000 monthly pay ments on his Beverly Hills house re quired by his mortgage with the Bank of America. On November 14, he bor rowed $125,000 from his former MGM boss, Kirk Kerkorian, to pay personal debts, but did not use the funds for his mortgage payments.

In December, Sidney Kimmel's representatives confronted Begelman with his theft of $2 million. He said he would repay the money, and promised to put up his house, art collection, and jewelry as security. Kim-



rand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than chemistry.

mel waited. Begelman did nothing, and disappeared for days at a time.

Beginning in January 1995, Kimmel's legal adviser Barry Goldin, an attorney in Allentown, Pennsylvania, quietly deployed a pincer formation of Century City litigators against Begelman. One group began a suit seeking to trace the $2 million Begelman had stolen from Kimmel in 1993; the other group probed Begelman's diversion of money from Kimmel's share of *Blame It on Rio* and accused C.L.B.N. and E.A.B. of complicity in fraud. Both groups of lawyers were ordered to try to keep their efforts out of the newspapers. They succeeded.

On January 20, a lawyer for Kimmel persuaded Los Angeles Superior Court judge Diane Wayne to appoint a receiver to look into the handling of revenues from *Blame It on Rio.* On January 26, two other Kimmel lawyers began a lawsuit against Gladden Productions, charging David Begelman with fraud and conspiracy. On February 2, Begelman was personally served with court papers.

On February 17, the Bank of America foreclosed on Begelman's home mortgage, which he had not paid since October, and demanded $63,833.65 in back payments and late charges. Begelman did not pay. Nor did he pay his gambling debts—thousands of dollars he owed to his buddies in a fabled Friday-afternoon poker game. The poker group was perhaps the most important social nexus of Begelman's life and dated back decades. It included Walter Matthau, the director Stanley Donen, Michael Chow of Mr. Chow's restaurant, and the real-estate tycoon Asher Dann. In February of 1995, Begelman was evicted from the poker group. A friend estimated that he was losing $300,000 a year at poker and $100,000 a year at gin. "David, it's just not fun with you here anymore," one of the members said.

On February 27, Judge Wayne, now presiding over both *Blame It on Rio* and the $2 million theft, ordered Begelman to give Kimmel's lawyers immediate access to his books and records, which had been moved to the offices of Begelman's accountant Fred Altman. Bearing a court order, Adrianne J. Brownstein, a lawyer for Kimmel, went to Altman's office but was refused access until the next day.

In March, Sidney Kimmel's lawyers accused David Begelman of perjuring himself in official court papers. In April, Judge Wayne appointed a receiver to investigate Begelman's thefts from Kimmel. The receiver was Philip J. Hacker, a tough Century City C.P.A. who specialized in "fraud audits." In May, Hacker sued Begelman for fraud and conspiracy and accused him of malice and "despicable conduct."

Meanwhile, the *Blame It on Rio* litigators also began to envelop Begelman in May and June. Attorney Barry Goldin accused Begelman and C.L.B.N. of improper conduct, alleged that senior C.L.B.N. officers had solicited bribes, and noted that the bank's activities were being investigated by the French legislature as well as a federal grand jury under the supervision of the United States Attorney in Los Angeles. The tenacious Goldin also subpoenaed C.L.B.N.'s attorneys Loeb and Loeb for documents concerning "any and all bribes, kickbacks, [and] gratuities" that might have been paid by Begelman and his people to E.A.B., C.L.B.N.'s predecessor in the *Blame It on Rio* loan. (A spokesman for C.L.B.N. characterized Goldin's accusations as "malicious and unsubstantiated.")

Unbeknownst to even his closest friends, Begelman was hurtling through the last months of his life like a fugitive on the run.

After acknowledging in December that he had taken the $2 million and was obligated to repay it, Begelman claimed in May that the money had actually been intended as his salary for running Gladden Productions. Kimmel's lawyers immediately destroyed that argument by pointing out that there were no records of salary payments and no tax forms. Nor was there any provision for salary in Begelman's contract with Kimmel. The money wasn't a loan, either. There was no loan agreement, no repayment schedule, no promissory note.

In late June, Receiver Philip Hacker's lawyer Michael Dempsey asked the court to issue a so-called writ of attachment against David Begelman's remaining assets—his house, his art collection, watch collection, stamp collection, and his interest in Drai's restaurant. If the court granted the writ, Hacker would b able to seize the assets. Meanwhil Begelman was summoned to F.B. headquarters in Los Angeles for furthe questioning.

'Would you mind, old boy, writing check to me for $15,000?" Davi Begelman asked a close friend i July. "I will give you a check postdate by three weeks." The friend obliged wit out question. Begelman borrowed fro three others for a total of $60,000. O Thursday, July 27, the court approved th writ of attachment requested by th Gladden receiver.

As his pursuers closed in during lat July, David Begelman incredibly was sti summoning the poise to wheel and dea in the motion-picture business. Ther had been a time when Begelman's im portant meetings had been held in *hi* office, at *his* convenience; if he ha deigned to go to someone else's o fice, an aide had accompanied him Now Begelman was going to other peo ple's offices—alone. And in July he ha managed tentatively to cobble togethe still another film deal, whereby MGM and Live Entertainment would distribut films presumably to be made by Glad den Productions. Foreign distributio would be handled by a company calle Largo Entertainment, a subsidiary of th Japanese conglomerate JVC. Begelma had been negotiating for Largo's se vices with its attorney Bruce Vann.

On the afternoon of Monday, Jul 31, David Begelman sat in Largo's o fices on the ninth floor of 2029 Centu ry Park East concluding his arrange ments with Vann and the chairman o Largo, Barr Potter.

As the meeting was ending, Begelma asked them if, in addition to their ne business arrangement, Largo could possi bly extend him an "advance" of $200,000 They politely said no; Largo made n such accommodations for anyone.

"Well, maybe I'll ask somebody else," Begelman mused.

That Friday, August 4, the clerk o the Los Angeles Superior Court dis patched the writ of attachment to th sheriff of Los Angeles County to attac the property of David Begelman. Los of his house, art, and other asset seemed imminent.

His family and friends noticed n uncharacteristic behavior, no fals notes, over the weekend. Gladyce' daughter, Beth Rudin DeWoody, wa in town with her children. David too everybody to dinner.


weather or not
LONDON FOG

"I'll be in my office in 15 minutes," David Begelman said to Sandi Bennett over the phone from home. "Call me there." It was late morning, Monday, August 7.

A lifelong aficionado of fancy offices, David Begelman had fallen a long way. As president of Gladden Entertainment, he had occupied a lavish office at 10100 Santa Monica Boulevard with two secretaries. Now he worked at 1888 Century Park East, sharing space, like a peddler at a flea market, with assorted people and entities. In place of a secretary he used an answering machine. But he still drove a Rolls.

When Sandi reached David at his office, he sounded distracted. "Call me back in 15 minutes," he said.

"How are you?" she asked him 20 minutes later. "Is everything O.K.?"

"Terrible." It was his usual response lately. But this time it was more serious. "She asked me to move out," he said.

Sandi had assumed it was something at home. Annabelle had confronted David about their affair months earlier, and tensions had steadily mounted. "I'm sorry she's giving you a hard time," she said. "Is there anything I can do?"

"How are *you?*" he asked, deflecting her. "That's what I wanted to know—how *you* were."

David's calls to Sandi had become more frequent. She sensed something was wrong, but knew he wouldn't go into it. He had never confided much in her. And this wasn't the time to persist.

"I'm fine," she said.

"O.K., I'll talk to you tomorrow."

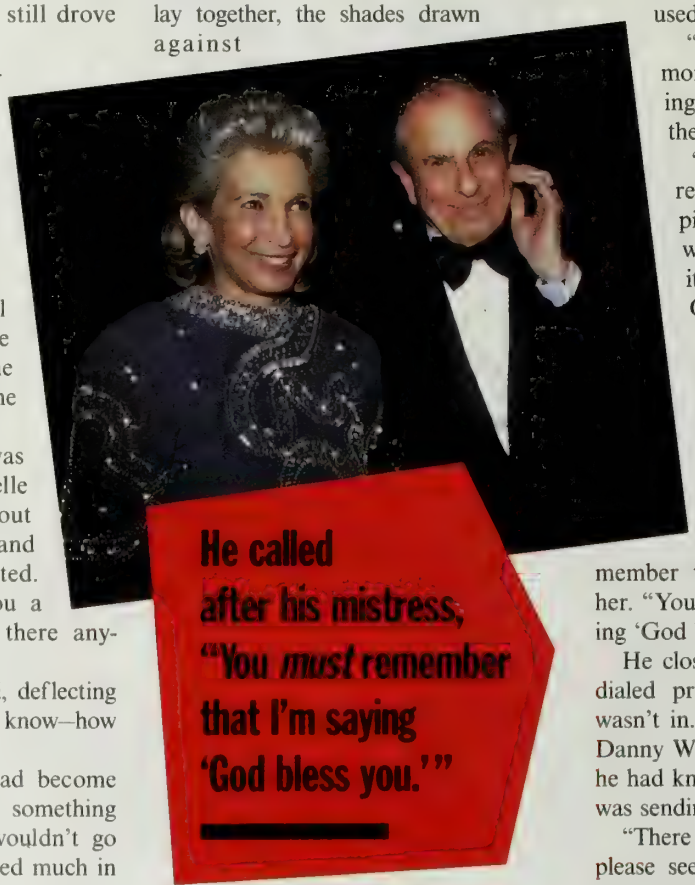
David called Sandi again an hour later. "Would it be possible for you to meet me in 20 minutes?"

"I can't make it that soon," she told him, still in her bathrobe, having spent the morning working on a painful chapter about her marriage to Tony Bennett in the book she's writing about her life. "Give me an hour."

The mood in Room 1081 at the Century Plaza Tower was different from anything David and Sandi had ever experienced with each other. Ordinarily their time together was light and fun. That afternoon, it was awkward. Each had come with an unspoken agenda. David seemed thinner, more vulnerable, and more fragile than when they had rendezvoused in the first-floor guest room at his home the previous Thursday, and when they had met in a room at the Century Plaza the week of Sandi's birthday, July 7.

Curious as to whether he had arranged for the room today because he wanted to be with her or because of Annabelle's actions, she asked, "Have you moved in?" But he brushed off her questions and as usual turned the conversation back to her.

"Sandi, you've given me enormous pleasure over the years," he said as they lay together, the shades drawn against the afternoon sun. "I thank you." David could be both formal and intimate at the same time.



He called after his mistress, "You *must* remember that I'm saying 'God bless you.'"

Begelman and his third wife, Gladyce, in the mid-70s. He was devastated by her death in 1986 and began talking of suicide then.

"But, David, I love you."

"I've known you loved me, but I don't know why."

"I wanted to. It gave me pleasure, too."

At one time Sandi had yearned to be Mrs. David Begelman. But in recent weeks, as David had reached out to her more and more, she felt herself pulling back.

"Sandi, if there are any promises I ever made to you that I did not keep, i was because it was impossible, not inten tional. I want you to understand that."

"I know."

As he spoke, David kept pattin Sandi's hand.

"You'd better go," he told her. "You were working and I have work to do."

"Well, maybe I'll go and maybe won't," she said, toying with him.

"No, you can go," he said, refusin to play.

As she gathered her things to leave she noticed the small piece of paper o which she had written the name he hac used to register—Vann.

"Well, I don't need this any more, Mr. *Vann!*" she said, tear ing the note and tossing it into the trash.

"No, no, Sandi," he said reaching down and carefully picking the pieces out of the wastebasket, "take it and throw it away when you get home O.K.?"

He guided her to the door "God bless you, Sandi," he said.

"God bless you, too David."

He stood in the open door as she walked down the hall. "You have to re member that, Sandi," he called after her. "You *must* remember that I'm say ing 'God bless you.'"

He closed the door. It was 3:30. He dialed producer Freddie Fields, who wasn't in. At 4:30, he called his friend Danny Welkes, a talent manager whom he had known for 40 years, and said he was sending a pouch by messenger.

"There are some letters. Would you please see that they get to the proper people?"

"Sure, David. What is this about?"

"Will you be home tonight, Danny?"

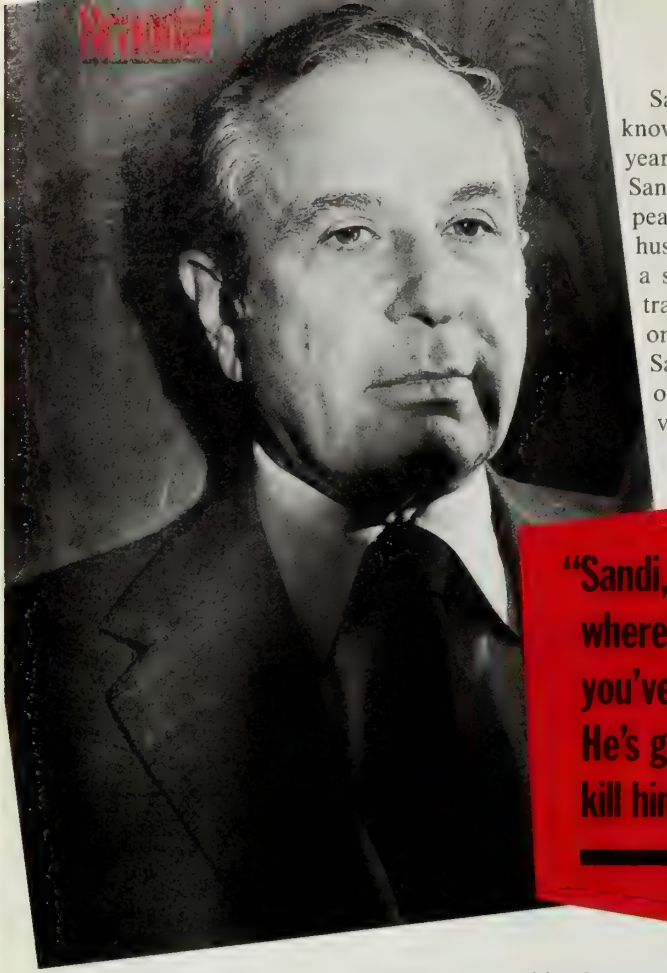
"Yes."

"I'll call you later."

Back at her desk, troubled by her time with David, Sandi Bennett found she couldn't concentrate on her writing. On impulse she drove across the hills to Sherman Oaks and dropped in on her sister and brother-in-law. She stayed for an early dinner.

Just after six o'clock, David Begelman summoned a bellman to Room 1081, gave him his bag, and instructed him to leave it at the concierge desk. A friend would pick it up the next day, Begelman said. He called Danny Welkes again at 8:30 and asked whether the pouch


IRGINIA SLIMS
U'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY
"Judge me on looks? You're just scratching he surface."
VIRGINIA SLIMS Light
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.



"Sandi, if you know where he is, you've got to tell me. He's going to kill himself."

Begelman as he appeared at the peak of his power, in Los Angeles in 1978.

he had spoken of earlier had arrived.

"No, it hasn't."

"Well, it will get there, and when it does, please see that the letters get to the appropriate people. I would appreciate that. And, most important, make sure that Annabelle gets her letter."

"Where are you, David? Are you O.K.?"

"Sure, everything's fine, Dan. Everything's fine."

"Where are you, David?" Welkes asked insistently. "I have to see you."

"I'm O.K. Everything's O.K. I just want you to know I love you very much."

Begelman hung up. In a panic, Welkes called Annabelle Begelman, who, it turned out, was also frantic because she had just found that David's gun was missing. Welkes summoned Suzanne Pleshette, who lives in the same building, and they hurried across town to Begelman's house.

Sandi Bennett's phone was ringing as she returned from Sherman Oaks.

"Sandi, it's Suzanne. Do you know where David is?" Sandi winced.

"Sandi, if you know where he is, you've got to tell me. He's going to kill himself."

Sandi and Suzanne had known each other for many years. On New Year's Day, Sandi had served black-eyed peas to Suzanne and her husband, Tommy Gallagher, a southerner who liked the traditional dish and was the only person in Hollywood Sandi knew who had heard of her hometown, Leesville, Louisiana.

"Don't tell me this, Suzanne," Sandi was saying on the phone. "You can't tell me this."

"I have to. I just took a shot. I thought you might know where he is."

"I know where he *was*—this afternoon. The Century Plaza."

"Danny Welkes will go and get him."

"Oh, God, I'll have to lead him there," Sandi said. "He's under a false name, and I don't remember the name or the room number." It was agreed that Welkes and Pleshette would come for Bennett and they would go together to the hotel.

First, however, Welkes and Pleshette waited as Annabelle Begelman dialed the Century Plaza. The switchboard operator routed her call to the hotel's security dispatcher. It was 9:56.

The dispatcher could hear her desperation. Her husband, David Begelman, was despondent, she said. He might have checked into the hotel under another name and be on the verge of suicide. Overcome by tears, Annabelle turned the phone over to Danny Welkes, who added that the man they were looking for had probably paid cash. Welkes offered two names which he said Begelman sometimes assumed. The hotel computer displayed neither name. Welkes described their man: six feet one, slender, with gray hair, gray suit. The dispatcher promised to inquire and call back. Hotels are cautious in such situations. People who pay cas for rooms usually have nonsuicidal m tives and do not want their privacy i vaded. But this call sounded authentic

Sandi Bennett waited for what seeme a long time in front of her apar ment on Beverly Glen. Welkes an Pleshette finally arrived in Welkes small Mercedes. The hotel was no mor than five minutes away.

Leaving the car at the Tower entranc with a Beefeater-costumed doorman, th three hurried to the elevators and rode t the 10th floor. Sandi Bennett bolted o the elevator, rushed down a corridor, an began pounding on a door, yelling "David, it's Sandi, please open th door!" The door opened to reveal a su prised woman. It was the wrong roon Sandi Bennett was hopelessly confuse She could remember neither the roo number nor the name Begelman ha used. She grabbed the house phone at th 10th-floor elevator and pleaded with th operator, "We're looking for a man wit the last name of Rapp or Mann or som name with a double last letter!" The op erator was unable to help.

Bennett hung up, retraced her steps and this time remembered that it wa Room 1081 where she had met Bege man earlier. She pounded on the doo and again shouted, "David, please ope the door, it's Sandi!" as Welkes an Pleshette stood by. There was no re sponse to her repeated cries. The DO NO DISTURB sign hung on the doorknob.

It was 10:20. Bennett, Welkes, an Pleshette took the elevator back to th lobby and hurried to the registratio desk. The assistant manager, who ha been informed of Annabelle Begelman' call, was conferring with the hotel securi ty supervisor and canvassing check-i records, as well as questioning des clerks who might recall registering a ma fitting the description Welkes had given.

David Begelman's three friends tol the assistant manager they had now es tablished that the man they were look ing for was, or at least had been, i Room 1081. None of the hotel staf knew the name David Begelman, bu they instantly recognized Suzanne Ple shette, whose celebrity added credibilit to her claim that Begelman was a pro ducer—an important man in the motion picture industry—and was despondent Peering at a computer screen, the assis tant manager printed out the record o Room 1081's use that day. Seeing the name Bruce Vann, the name Begelma had checked in under, the assistant man

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ger hesitated, and then told the three iends that the name of the man in the oom did not match any of the names egelman was known to have used. The ssistant manager did notice the cash ayment, however.

He dialed the room. No answer.

The security supervisor and an aide ent to the elevators.

The concierge escorted Welkes, Ple- iette, and Bennett into a private office nd made sure they were comfortable.

After banging on the door of Room 81, the security supervisor told the dis- atcher through his walkie-talkie, "We're ntering 1081."

Using his master key, the officer re- ased the lock. The door opened into a llway which led past the bathroom nd bar before widening into the room. he king-size bed was to the right.

A man, his head propped on pillows, as lying on the bed in a white hotel athrobe. He was bleeding from two ounds in his head—an entrance wound his right temple and an exit wound ove his left ear. An expended round om a .38-caliber pistol was lodged in e headboard to his left. The gun was his right hand. He was dead.

Beside him lay a sheet of paper, with expansive scrawl and the words "My al name is David Begelman."

Like the hotel staff, the L.A.P.D. de- ctives who showed up two hours later d not recognize the name David Be- lman. However, in the bag that Begel- an had entrusted to the concierge ey found his address book, a Who's ho of Hollywood for the last half of e 20th century. The detectives also und several letters—farewell notes to mily and friends—the contents of hich would be the subject of much eculation in Hollywood during the eeks to come.

"Bruce McNall is cutting me in half," egelman had written to Freddie Fields, uding to his fear that the F.B.I. and deral prosecutors might be building a iminal case against him with McNall's operation. In his note to Danny elkes, Begelman had asked that there no funeral or memorial service, and at his ashes be turned over to Elliott astner, a motion-picture producer with om Begelman had had a rocky rela- onship. "Just kidding," Begelman had ded, his sense of humor intact to the d. (Elliott Kastner owns the screen ghts to *Indecent Exposure,* which ex- ined the Begelman check-forgery andal and ensuing power struggle at olumbia Pictures.)

Arriving home by taxi from the Century Plaza after midnight, Sandi Bennett sat up the rest of the night, weeping and consumed by guilt. Broadcast reports of David Begelman's suicide and curiosity-seeking telephone calls to Sandi began around 5:30. The calls continued into the afternoon, when she drove to Sunset Plaza to have her nails done. Back home in the early evening, ignoring warnings from a Begelman intimate not to speak to the press, she chatted briefly with George Rush of the New York *Daily News,* denying rumors that she had been in Begelman's room before he died. "If I am the other woman in people's imagination, so be it," she said. "I can't say I didn't care about him. I did. I can't say we didn't get together. But I know this: He loved his wife very much. He wanted his marriage to be successful. I wanted that, too."

Sandi drove to La Jolla Tuesday night to be with another man. When she returned to Los Angeles late Thursday, she roamed her darkened apartment listening over and over and over to a CD of her ex-husband and the great jazz pianist Bill Evans: " . . . it's a heartache, either way, but beautiful . . . "

The Beverly Hills rumor mill worked overtime: David Begelman had showered before he shot himself; David Begelman had died owing $2 million to bookies and gangsters; the answering machine in Begelman's office contained a sexy message from Sandi Bennett. There were jarring incongruities. A friend paying her respects at the house on Linden Drive learned that there had been no money in the house for food in weeks. And yet a team of car "detailers" kept its regular appointment to polish the details on Begelman's Rolls with Q-Tips.

On Friday, despite Begelman's instructions, a memorial service was held at his home. Around 100 people attended—including Freddie and Corinna Fields, Suzanne Pleshette, Danny Welkes, Michael Chow, Victor Drai of Drai's, and Constance Danielson, who was David Begelman's secretary from the late 60s until 1989. It was an odd mixture of people—"neither here nor there," as one participant described it—and the tone was uneasy, with people reluctant to jump in and give David a last hurrah. The stories were mild—not the vintage classics of badness and brilliance that would have amused him.

He would have been amused, however, that *Variety* put his obituary above that of Jerry Garcia. □

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ANNIE HALL DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

Beneath the ditsy, eccentric camouflage, Diane Keaton has been doggedly pursuing a new career—directing music videos, after-school specials, and, now, a much-praised feature, *Unstrung Heroes*

BY NANCY COLLINS

"My mother was Mrs. Los Angeles in the Mrs. America contest," says Diane Keaton, eyes gleaming through her clunky horn-rims. "Oh, it was the biggest, most fantastic thing, particularly when she was crowned Mrs. Highland Park. Can you imagine seeing your mother standing up there onstage with all those *appliances?* It was like the most extraordinary dream, sitting in the audience, and suddenly there's your mother in the spotlight with the microphone, and a cornucopia of gifts. Oh, God, it was so amazing. I thought, I want to be on that stage, too."

In Diane Keaton's dreams, there are always appliances. Appliances, and spinning globes, and bowler hats, and tiny bride-and-groom statuettes from wedding cakes. Crazy things in technicolors, talismans in pastels. Not only does Diane Keaton collect things, she *loves* them. And not merely for the irony. Her attachment to her treasures is more sentimental. There's a wistfulness; it's as if she's trying to hold on to something.

Her imagination must closely resemble the relic-laden apartment where the crazy uncles live in *Unstrung Heroes,* her much-praised debut as a big-time movie director. You can picture those rooms: painted in Hopper colors, shelves stuffed with Annie Hall's castoffs, old gizmos, photographs in sepia tones, and souvenirs of California, where Diane Keaton was raised in "a typical tract house in suburban Santa Ana."

Most of the things you'd find in Diane Keaton's imagination are mementos of home. After her 1977 Academy Award–winning performance as Annie Hall, we thought home was Manhattan for this woman who epitomized West Side psychodramas and eccentric downtown chic. Her most memorable screen characters—vulnerable, Rorschached to the max—have been thoroughly modern, thoroughly screwed up. Who can forget Keaton's Mary Wilke in *Manhattan* breaking down over the unavailability of her analyst? ("Donny's in a coma. He had a very bad acid experience.") Or the moment in Alan Parker's *Shoot the Moon* when Keaton, as the abandoned wife, sits in the bathtub getting stoned



Photographs by BRIGITTE LACOMBE

All lit up: Diane Keaton, back in New York, where she is currently filming *Marvin's Room.*


We're such good friends, if I got invited to a big Hollywood party, I'd call you the minute I got home. Or if you had stuff on your face, I'd tell you, sooner or later.
Right, like now, sort of. But this is to tell more women to drink skim milk. It has all the calcium without all the fat. Well, isn't that what friends are for?
MILK
What a surprise!

and softly singing an old Beatles song as the tears fall? In the pauses punctuating Keaton's sentences, you heard the reservations of a generation of women. In her signature performances, she transformed self-doubt and high anxieties into gentle performance art. All by herself, she was a comedy of manners.

Before you could say "la-di-da," Keaton was an icon on-screen and off. What she wore, everyone else wanted, too. She reigned over Central Park from an all-white apartment in the San Remo, treetops away from Woody Allen, her director, onetime lover, longtime pal. But Annie Hall doesn't live there anymore. And Diane Keaton is older, wiser—different.

"The things they mythologized about me are over," says Keaton, who is 49. "But the residue remains . . . like wearing too many clothes, hiding out, being insecure, not finishing a sentence. It wasn't who I was then. Nor now. It was just easy for people to say, 'Oh, that's identifiable, and in her we like that.' Once in a while, it creeps in, but it's about the past."

> "I did not buy the fantasy of Prince Charming and all that garbage."

On a steamy Saturday, Diane Keaton—her face as beguiling as your grandmother's cameo—is sitting in my house in her shiny black loafers (size 10) and baggy blue jeans. Her white long-sleeved blouse is buttoned tightly at the neck; her leather jacket hangs almost to her knees. It's August; she's dressing light. She has arrived, a Chaplinesque vision in a black bowler hat, bearing teapot. It holds a brew of honey, lemon, and tea which she hopes will soothe her nagging cough by the next morning, when she begins shooting *Marvin's Room,* in which she'll co-star with Meryl Streep and Robert De Niro.

But she's not here to talk about acting. Today she's in her director's mode. Diane Keaton has made a movie about mothers and fathers and families and kids and dying—and the mystery of it all. The hero is a 12-year-old boy trying to survive while his mother fades away. As her days pass, he collects her things—a tube of lipstick, a spool of thread—and hoards them in a secret box. *Unstrung Heroes* is Diane Keaton's secret box, filled with objects of memory, replete with feelings. When Andie MacDowell, the terminally ill mother, wraps her hand around her son's fingers, kisses him, or smooths his hair, it is the essence of motherhood.

"Diane gave me more ideas than anybody I've worked with," says MacDowell. "She showed me these photos of this woman who was her neighbor in Santa Ana who always fascinated her, the shoes she wore, her jewelry. Diane suggested one piece of funky jewelry that really gave me an idea of who the character was—very sensual, sexy. The red lips, the nails. I love those. Those were Diane's ideas, too."

"I was attracted to *Unstrung Heroes,*" Keaton begins, "because of the mother. She was the heart of the piece. I have very strong feelings about my own mother, who is a very special person to me. I wanted to make Andie the kind of mother you want, somebody you just couldn't stand to see die."

Though Keaton's own 73-year-old mother, Dorothy, is still very much alive, her father, Jack Hall, a civil engineer, died five years ago from an inoperable brain tumor. It was his illness which took Keaton back home to Los Angeles, where she lives now in the Hollywood Hills, a latter-day Georg O'Keeffe with her dogs and Land Rover in the house once c cupied by the silent-screen star Ramon Novarro.

"I wanted to be closer to my mother, my sisters, n brother, all of whom—with one exception—live in Califc nia," Keaton says as she consumes a rather prodigious hel ing of chicken salad. "Time is precious. Important. Yc don't want to miss any moment you have with your family. don't. All my casual, fun time is spent with them. Son people may not want or need their families as much as But I have never quit on my family—being the daughter, tl sister, my relationship with my mother. My father, course, is not alive." She turns her head, embarrassed, her eyes fill with tears. "My father's death changed tl whole panorama of my life. Th movie is about how the loss of member of your family can bring yc closer to other members of the famil I think that's the theme in a way.

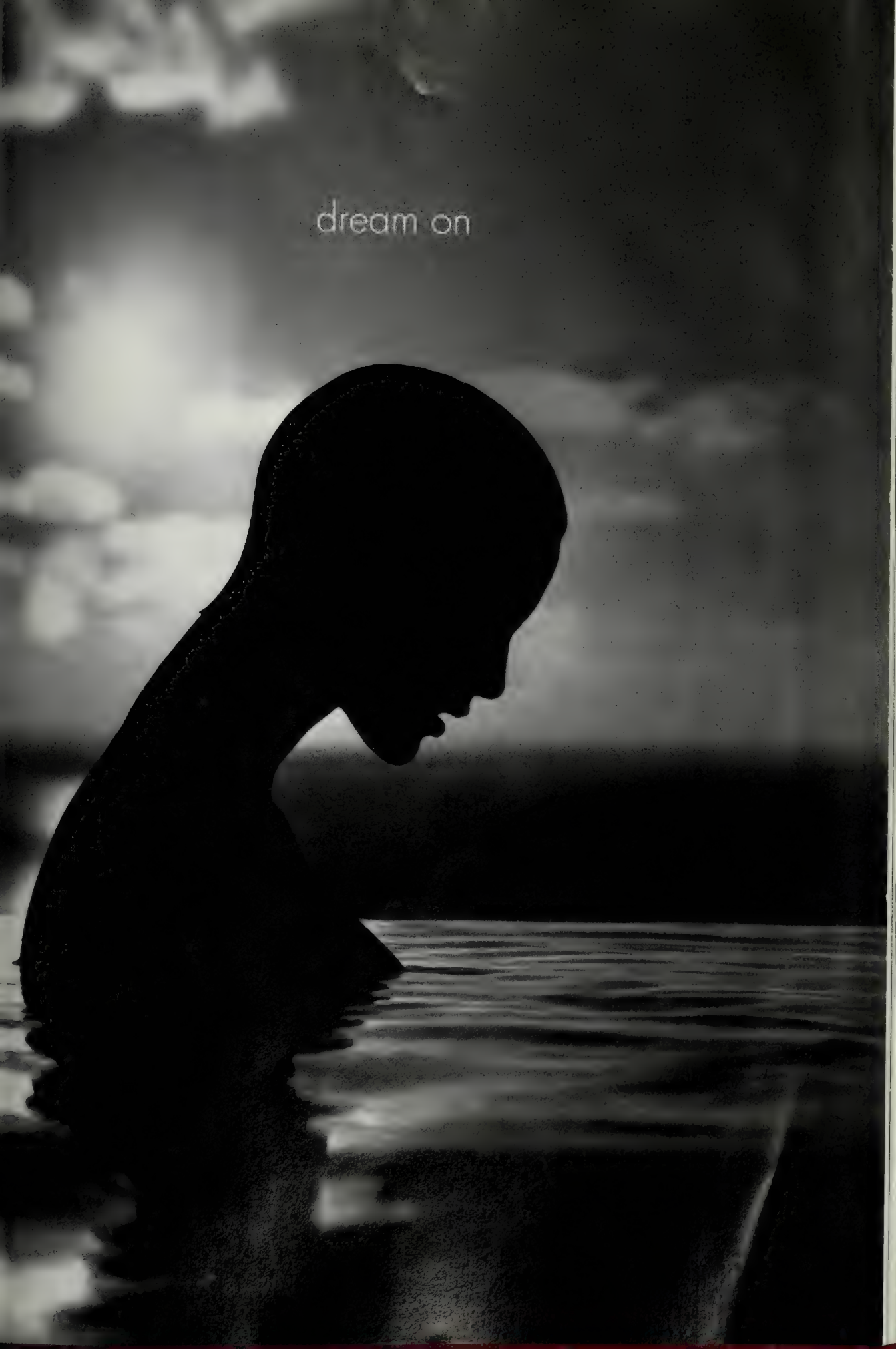
"I didn't know my dad nearly well as I know my mother," she say regretfully. "However, I felt a treme dous closeness to him regarding pe forming. My father was extraordinar like a light, when he would com backstage. I had his attention in, yea oh boy, a big way. I'll never forget tl first time—this is *so* stupid. I did *Litt Mary Sunshine* in high school. My f ther was radiant. I was shocked. didn't know what I had done th made him so excited.

"There was something sweet ar kind of innocent about my father in strange way," she adds.

When I suggest she has those qualities, her face contorts. "Ughhhhhhh!"

Time passes; things change. What once came easily to Dian Keaton no longer does. And she doesn't try to hide it. "I had to work harder," she says, quite frankly, of the last fe years, when her stardom dimmed a bit. "I've had to wo *much* harder to do what I've done," she tells me witho flinching. "After *Annie Hall,* things came to me much mor Now I'm much more aware of working hard to get to do wh I do." The acting roles, she says, have been difficult to com by. "Once in a while they aren't," she admits, seeming almo ashamed, and citing her latest acting vehicle, *Father of the Bri II* (in which she again co-stars with Steve Martin). "Well she concedes, "*that's* a sequel. I mean, *hello.* Yeah, wel everything else has been hard to get."

But then, Diane Keaton has never conformed. Behind h on-screen camouflage, there was always an artist, a woma quietly breaking the rules—mocking bosomy-movie-star sedu tion in whimsical high-necked wardrobes; subduing her allu under millinery fit for safari; hiding out like a recluse in th residential hotel called Hollywood. Keaton has always n belled. Quietly. She didn't *announce* her intention to direc She just started doing it, spurred on by her love of photogr phy. (Knopf published *Reservations,* a collection of her ph tos of decrepit hotel lobbies, in 1980.) She began with roc videos (Belinda Carlisle's "Heaven Is a Place on Earth") an an after-school special for children, working her way up t episodes of *China Beach* and *Twin Peaks.* Critics sent her fir


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ajor directorial project, a quirkly little documentary called *eaven,* to eternal purgatory. And Keaton—hardly the quinssential optimist—seems not to have been the least bit surised. "I was killed," she admits candidly, not looking for exuses. "It was just one of those things that was critically a disster." But she just kept auditioning. Just kept on going.

"I had to go in, do the work, and fight for it," she says, omping the floor with one of those big, shiny loafers. "Real- fight for it!"

Diane Keaton says she has always been ambitious. It just ook her a while to realize it. She calls herself "a late develop-," and concedes that "it took years and years before I ould even admit to myself that I was ambitious.

"But cumulatively, over time, it added up, and now I'm very ell aware of it. . . . In my family, I was the overblown personity, the loud one, the one who got carried away. I was overearing, probably because I was more driven than the rest. I m the *most* opinionated person. I know what I like *quick.*" he snaps her fingers.

Ambition, of course, complicates everything. "It can get in ie way of a lot of things," she contends. "It can get in the ay of a lot of other experiences because you're consumed. Vhich can eat up a lot of time."

"What I really am," she says happily, "is dogged. I'm a worker. I pursue things persistently." She laughs. "There's a lot to be said for just showing up."

"I don't . . . Nah, not for me. Not really. I don't *think* so." The question is whether Diane Keaton has ever wanted to get married. Or ever will. Certainly she's kept impressive male company: Woody, Warren Beatty, her director and co-star in *Reds,* and, a little more recently, Al Pacino. Yet, even so, she seems to indicate that marriage to any of them was never an issue.

"I was mad for Barbra Streisand," says Keaton, remembering her own early 20s. "When she first started singing, she sang a song called 'Never Will I Marry.' I remember singing that song and thinking, Mmmmm, gee, it would be a shame if in *some way* you didn't marry. But, on the other hand, there was always something that song said to me. I always think about it."

Yet, when you are 49, independence doesn't come easy or without regrets. "When you're feeling depressed or insecure," she says, "of course you say, 'Yeah, I should get married.' But when I was growing up, nobody said to me, 'My God, you *must* get married, dear.' My mother never did that. She also did not say, 'Have kids.' No, she did not! No! No! No!

"I do not have a family I've started on my own, but that doesn't make me strange, unusual, unhappy, miserable, sad, or missing some really important human values in love. I don't



"The things they mythologized about me are over," says Keaton.

Keaton doesn't like to talk about her old flames—Woody, Warren, and Pacino. "It's not right. I hope I can stick with it. I hope I don't sell out."

feel any of those things. When you're with somebody, those feelings are still there. When people say, 'Isn't it a shame?' because a woman is not married, it means nothing to me.

"I feel lonely sometimes, naturally. Everybody does. But I don't consider my life lonely. Honestly, I do not think I'm really a cozy type. I mean, I'm sorry. I don't ever cuddle up too much to anything, except my dogs. It's misplaced affection, but what can I say?

"I don't feel like I'm out there alone, exactly. Certainly when I was with men, I didn't feel buffered from every storm because I was with them. You can't get that from somebody else. I did not buy the fantasy of Prince Charming and all that garbage. Otherwise I wouldn't have had this kind of life. Somewhere I always knew that."

Diane Keaton lives alone with her two dogs—actually three, if you count her housekeeper's. Her life is a work in progress. "Diane has an appetite for the creative side of life," says her old friend Carol Kane. "She's a big learner, a big trier, a big liver. She never wastes a day. The sun comes up and she feels she ought to be up with it." Besides work (after *Marvin's Room* she starts *The First Wives Club,* with Bette Midler and Goldie Hawn), Keaton's got lots to do. "I'm always busy," she assures me firmly. "I can't *not* do things. That's like my mother. I have to be busy. I'm a collector of junk, and I have a library of photography books. I love to go to bookstores. I love to go to the swap meet, to go down to the beach. I have a house in Arizona and I drive there. I love to drive as long as I can listen to books on tape, which is really fun for me.

"And I have my dogs. I love them. I had cats, but when I was 39 I got asthma, so I had to let them go. So, I have two dogs, mongrels that people threw at me. I see my sister Dorrie all the time. We go to pottery shows. I'm a big fan of California pottery. I'm very interested in architecture. I like a lot of things related to looking and seeing. I go to movies all the time." She laughs. "I pay. I don't like the screenings, because I feel like it's much more fun just to go. I go by myself all the time. Sure, why not?"

> "I had to fight for it," Keaton says of her new directing career. "Really fight for it."

Though she assures me she's not in love now (No! No! No!—Keaton habitually demurs in exclamatory triplicate), she's still cursed with a romantic heart. Unlike some who have opted for art over love, Keaton still remains fascinated with the art of love.

"I heard Jeanne Moreau talking about love on television one night, the difference between being infatuated versus love that supports the kind of person you want to be. I believe in marriage. But I believe it has to come from that kind of love. That is unimaginable to me—in relation to men. I feel that way about my family—and some close friends, too. But I've not experienced that kind of love with a man yet—at least when the sexual thing is part of it. I don't think I've ever hit that kind of love on the mark."

I mention her array of flashy former paramours and ask if it's hard to navigate a relationship with a man of, shall we say, a certain *ego.* "Sometimes it's not easy for them to love me either," she says, "somebody who has a drive toward a lot of other things than that which is expected. I have plans, things that consume me, that might not make it so easy to be with me."

Suggest that Beatty or Pacino might come with his own basket of peccadilloes and Keaton reverts to the apologetic Annie Hall charm she still relies on in a jam. "I really can't talk about those guys. It's not right. I hope I can stick with it. I hope I don't sell out: every time I've said that about something, I've always done it."

She will say only that she has met Annette Bening, who is now married to Beatty. "Warren made a good choice. She seems great. And it's also great for him that he has children. Warren is such an emotional person, very emotional, so I think he would just love those kids. I *knew* he would be in love with his children."

Keaton's own decision about having children has been very conflicted. "Oh, God," she says at the mention of the subject. "That's a complicated matter. Let's definitely *not* talk about that one. 'The kids thing.' Is there another thing we could talk about, like getting older in films?"

Last May, as the final credits rolled on *Unstrung Heroes,* the Théâtre Claude Debussy at Cannes filled with the kind of applause directors die for. But Diane Keaton didn't hear it. "I wasn't there," she laughs ruefully. "I was supposed to introduce the movie, which, of course, I didn't. I didn't know how to, so I stood there and let Andie MacDowell do the talking. And then I left. You'd think a director might enjoy watching her movie with an audience. But I absolutely never want to do that again. No! No! No! I'm too sensitive about the response. I can't take it.

"It's been great to have the opportunity to make this movie, but if I could I would just put it away and never show it. That's the immature part of me. I love to do the work. But I don't want to go through the response part. I just want to walk away from it. There's nothing I can do about it anymore."

Unstrung Heroes may well make Keaton a sought-after director. But she's still got reservations. About herself. About Hollywood. About success. "I don't believe it . . . " She stops, fully aware that, at this point, the self-doubt thing might be a little cloying. "It is not attractive," she concedes. "It works better, actually, when you are younger. But it's an old friend. I think it came from insecurity and, you know, high expectations. But now I'm saddled with it. It's not something I can just slough off. It's so familiar, so homey. And, honestly, I can't lie about how I feel."

"Diane totally accepts herself and totally insists that others accept her as herself," says her buddy Steve Martin. "And yet she's vulnerable. One day she was complaining, just ranting and raving, when suddenly she just said, 'You know, I'm glad I'm an oddnick.' "

Packing up her teapot, Keaton gets ready to take off for an acting lesson. "This is my life," she tells me. "If someone says it's not the norm, that doesn't bother me. When you're younger, you think one way must be right. But I don't feel that way anymore." □

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BUSTER KEATO

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Buster Keaton edited his movies, working in a tiny next to his massive Italiana la in Beverly Hills. Amon most instinctive of filmm (and one of the greatest tors ever—*better* than Cha he didn't even use a Movic cut. Keaton just held the fo up to the light and figure where to make the splice.

Originally called Joseph Frank Ke Buster was a born star. He got his nick as an infant when Harry Houdini saw fall down a boardinghouse staircase an vive unharmed. When he was three yea he joined the family act, which was "the Three Keatons." (One of their ga quired that Buster be hurled offstage int wings.) By the time he was six, the ac been renamed "Buster, assisted by Joe Myra Keaton." By 1919, Keaton was helm of his own studio, and there he t out masterpieces: *The Battling Butler, Hospitality, Sherlock Jr., The General.* last was his favorite, *and* among his v received.) Then, in the 30s, drink—an studio system—knocked him flat, and h virtually lost in the flighty memory of H wood and the nation. Even some of his were missing, only to be recovered in rotting in the old editing shed.

To help commemorate Keaton's ce nial year, Marion Meade has writte authoritative biography with a very title—*Buster Keaton: Cut to the* (HarperCollins). —MATTHEW TYRN







Clockwise from top: **Keaton, circa 1930; in front of his home in Beverly Hills, circa 1930; with his parents, Myra and Joe Keaton, circa 1900; and with Joan Peers while filming *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath* in 1931.**

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THE YOUNG AND THE OVITZLESS

When superagent Michael Ovitz departed Creative Artists Agency for Disney, he left a host of dangling alliances—and hungry Young Turks vying to succeed him

BY CHARLES FLEMING

At four P.M. on the Friday afternoon of July 28, Walt Disney C.E.O. Michael Eisner called Creative Artists Agency chairman Michael Ovitz on the telephone. Eisner and Ovitz had planned to meet that night, after dinner, at Ovitz's beach house in Malibu. Now Eisner wanted to change the time and the venue. "Can you come to my house this afternoon?" Eisner asked. Ovitz was alarmed. Eisner, 53, had undergone quadruple-bypass surgery the previous summer. Ovitz had been one of the first non–family members to visit him in the hospital. He found Eisner understandably frightened and deeply worried about his future.

Ovitz's first thought was that Eisner's health had again failed. But Eisner reassured him. "Don't worry. It's nothing bad."

Two hours later Ovitz was at Eisner's home in Bel Air, the woodsy, moneyed enclave preferred by many Hollywood executives. There Eisner told him that on the following Monday he was going to announce that his company would acquire Capital Cities/ABC, the country's top TV network, and thereby become the largest entertainment-and-information corporation the world had ever seen. He wanted Ovitz to help him run it.

It was a tough call for the 48-year-old agent. Having thoroughly reinvented t business of talent representation duri his 20 years of running CAA, he was guably the most powerful man in t entertainment business. But he was g ting bored, and his power was erodir Just weeks before, the press had be galvanized by a protracted series of n gotiations between Ovitz and Seagra owner Edgar Bronfman Jr. Bronfm had wanted Ovitz to come to Univers City to run his newly acquired MC entertainment empire. The talks h gone public, gone slowly, and gone too long. Ovitz told a friend that he h felt powerless and embarrassed: "Eve one in America knows what I'm doi except me," he lamented. By the time was all over, the press reported th Ovitz had turned down an offer wor more than $250 million—making seem as if he'd overplayed his han He'd battled to bully Bronfman out the C.E.O. title, they said, and lost.

Leaving Eisner's house that Frid evening, Ovitz could not decide wh to do. Among the salient points considered: Disney was beginning look like the only game in town; had shown his hand by negotiati with Bronfman, and now it was cle that he aspired to be a studio executiv

By late su mer, Ovitz fou that his age cy had alrea changed. His lo time partner R Meyer took the j Ovitz had turn



Bryan Lourd, 34, southern, smooth, charming. Clients: Woody Harrelson, Ethan Hawke.

Richard Lovett, 35, ambitious, preternaturally cheerful. Clients: Tom Hanks, Hugh Grant, Robert De Niro.

Kevin Huvane, 35, good-looking, preppy. Clients: Keanu Reeves, Meryl Streep.

Jay Moloney, 30, tough, competitive, ex–Ovitz assistant. Clients: Scorsese, Spielberg, Chris O'Donnell.

David O'Connor, 37, nice guy, conscience of the group. Clients: Robert Redford, Michael Douglas.

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Carolina Herrera

Macy's

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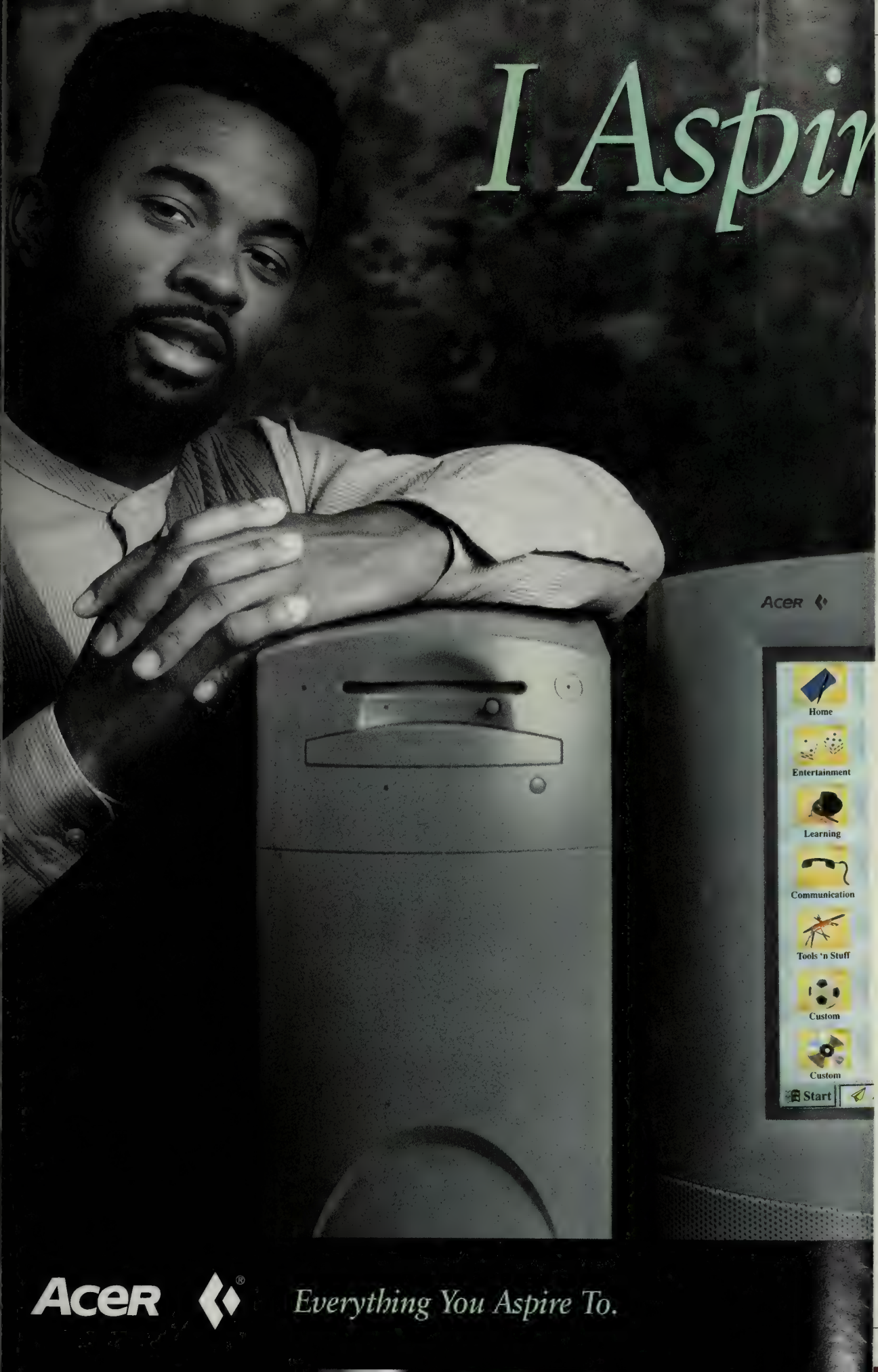
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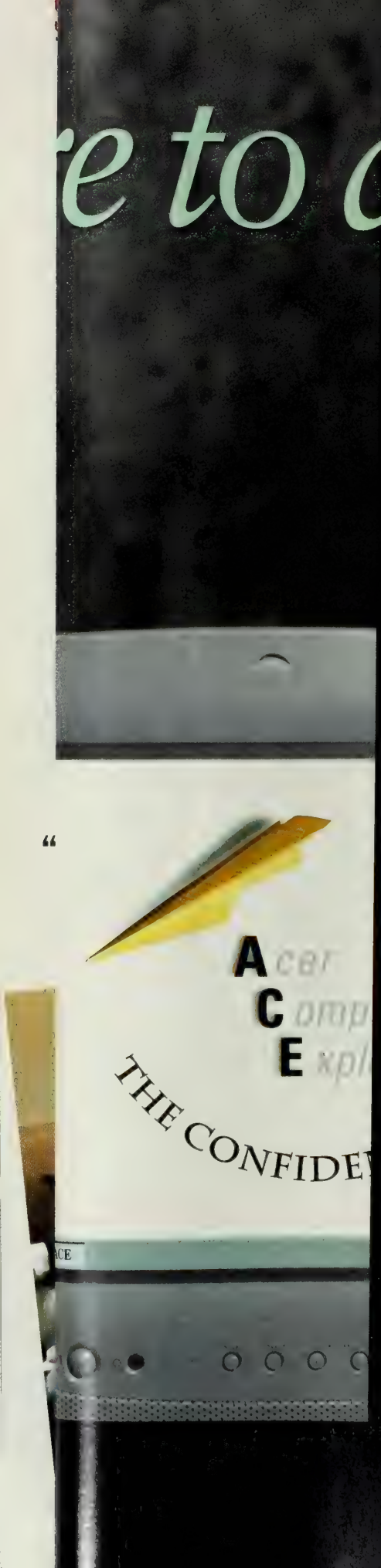
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SURE THING
Michael Ovitz, *far left*, and his new boss, Michael Eisner, at Disney in August 1995. Many say Ovitz has been promised the number-one spot.

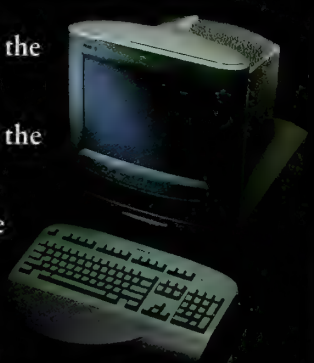

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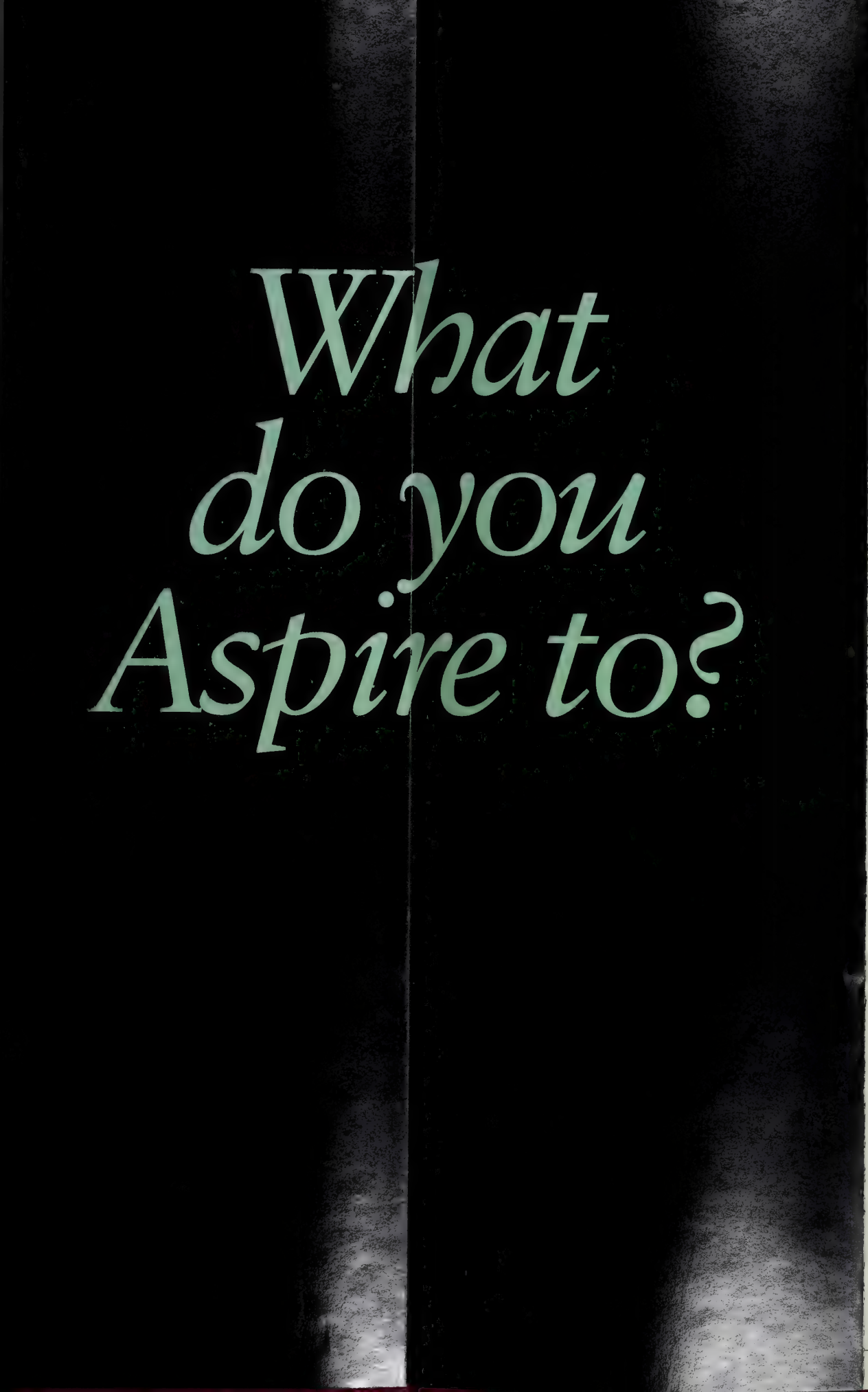
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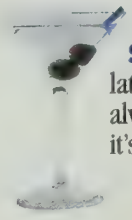
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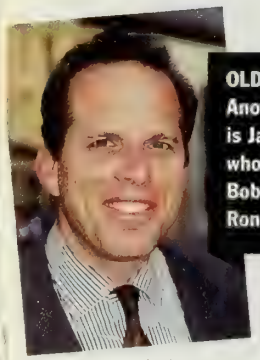
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Room. Says one person close to the agency, "Rapke is the man." Nicita, whose actor client list includes such names as Al Pacino, Val Kilmer, and Kurt Russell, is also a huge force in what some see as the new Hollywood power structure—with actors receiving up to $20 million a picture, agents with superstar connections are going to be the next decade's deal-makers.

But those who are betting on Rapke and Nicita may be missing the real game. Nicita and Rapke are Ovitz's peers. The five Young Turks are almost a generation younger—and that much hungrier and more ambitious than their elders. Also, they are very, very united in their hunger and ambition.

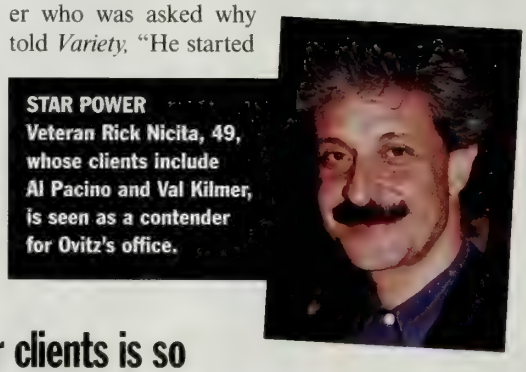
As their nickname suggests, the Turks are as colorful and flamboyant as Mike Ovitz (whose style some characterize as "crypto-Japanese warrior") is not. As a group, the Turks go male-bonding with some regularity, flying off to Hawaii for a weekend of "no girls allowed" golf, or to Texas for a weekend of macho horseback riding, or to the Grand Canyon for white-water rafting, or to the Bahamas to charter a sailboat. They can often be found in pairs power-breakfasting clients across the street at the Peninsula, power-lunching in Beverly Hills at the Grill, or power-sushiing at Matsuhisa. Their black BMWs and Mercedeses are lined up like prize stallions in the CAA underground garage.



OLD GUARD
Another likely candidate is Jack Rapke, 45, who represents directors Bob Zemeckis and Ron Howard.

Says one observer, "They're all like frat boys—but from the coolest frat house on campus." Says another, "It makes people crazy to see that much power concentrated in a group that is so ostentatiously young."

The rail-thin, bespectacled Richard Lovett, aged 35, is generally regarded as the most ambitious of the group. He is known for being preternaturally upbeat and cheerful; when he has to tell a client bad news, he puts a positive spin on it. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, he got his start at CAA as assistant to legendary agent Fred Specktor, whose clients include Glenn Close and Danny DeVito. Lovett represents Tom Hanks, Hugh Grant, and Robert De Niro. With Ovitz's departure he has been appointed president of CAA. One CAA staffer who was asked why told *Variety*, "He started doing it, and everyone just let him go with it." Another CAA source says, "He wanted to do it. No one else wanted it." Evidently the first thing Lovett did after getting officially anointed was rush to Barneys to buy several new suits.



STAR POWER
Veteran Rick Nicita, 49, whose clients include Al Pacino and Val Kilmer, is seen as a contender for Ovitz's office.

The competition for superstar clients is so intense that one agent climbed over a child in a wheelchair at a charity event to get to Tim Robbins.

At age 30, Jay Moloney is the youngest of the lot. He represents Scorsese and Spielberg as well as Bill Murray and Chris O'Donnell. Many Hollywood observers say that except for health problems Jay Moloney would be the frontrunner in the coming battle to fill the Ovitz void. He was hospitalized in July for surgery to correct a congenital heart defect. (One source reports that an agent from a rival company called director Joel Schumacher as Moloney lay recovering in the hospital. The agent told Schumacher that it was time to start thinking about getting new and better representation. Unfortunately, the agent didn't know that Schumacher was represented by Rapke, not Moloney. As one Hollywood insider who heard the story says, "It's bad enough to be a swine, let alone a stupid swine." The competition among agents for superstar clients is so intense that one source remembers an agent climbing over a child in a wheelchair at a charity event to get to Tim Robbins.) Still, no one should write Moloney off. He is very, very tough. Evidently unperturbed by his heart problems, he had a tattoo of a heart with a Band-Aid taped over it put on his arm after the operation.

Bryan Lourd, aged 34, and Kevin Huvane, aged 35, are best friends, sharing clients Brad Pitt and Ralph Fiennes. Huvane also represents Keanu Reeves and Meryl Streep, and Lourd represents Woody Harrelson and Ethan Hawke. Lourd hails from New Iberia, Louisiana. The well-groomed and socially polished former CBS page is not above resorting to a deep-southern-cracker accent when he's schmoozing a client or closing a deal. Huvane comes from a large Irish Catholic family in New York. After graduating from Fordham he started his working life as an elevator operator at the Wyndham Hotel in New York City before going into William Morris's famed mailroom—the launching pad of many of Hollywood's biggest executives. Soft-spoken and preppy, Huvane is the best-looking of the Turks. Along with Lourd he was brought to CAA by Ovitz as a sort of package from William Morris, and the two are sometimes jokingly referred to as a "pen-and-pencil set." They appear together in public, glued to their star clients in order to prevent anyone else—especially competing agents from ICM or William Morris—from getting close to them.

Only the balding, red-haired David O'Connor seems like a steady guy (especially since he stopped dating CAA client Helen Hunt), but at 37 he's the eldest of the bunch. He represents Sean Connery, Robert Redford, and Michael Douglas.

The Turks seem unable to turn down any opportunity to augment their happy-go-lucky image. Just a week before being named president of CAA, Lovett let himself get involved in the kind of stunt that must make Ovitz's hair stand on end. A bachelorette party at a Hollywood restaurant followed dinner with a good old-fashioned scavenger hunt. Three limousines carrying eight women each were used, and the list of things to be scavenged included such items as "Get a picture of yourself with Kurt Russell," "Perform onstage at the House of Blues," and "Take a photo of a naked agent." Lovett was bagged by two bachelorettes and he willingly got naked for the needed photo of an agent and several women. (A CAA source scoffs that one of the "bachelorettes" was "Tom Hanks's wife, and the other was Ron Meyer's wife. Lovett would have done anything they asked.")

In their romantic pursuits, the Turks

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don't automatically put pleasure before business. Jay Moloney has dated CAA agent Lisa Wong, whom he met when they were both in the CAA mailroom. Richard Lovett has lived with CAA client Kristy Swanson, the star of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* and is often seen out and about with "actresses." Bryan Lourd is divorced from CAA client Carrie Fisher. Huvane is married to CAA agent Ruth Ann Huvane but seems to be out with the boys and best friend Lourd as often as he's home. (The joke going around Hollywood these days is that to succeed under Ovitz, whose personal ethic was "high suburban," everyone at CAA had to get married. Now they have to dump their wives so they can party all night with the Turks.)

They may be wild, but the Turks are great agents. Lovett is credited with pulling Tom Hanks away from William Morris and Hugh Grant away from ICM. He's an expert at what one source calls "the pillow-talk poach": if you can't get to the star, get to the star's love interest. Lovett reportedly signed Grant after signing Grant's less-than-stellar girlfriend, Elizabeth Hurley. The same technique is currently being applied to Jim Carrey. He's too hot to liberate from his current representation at UTA, but his girlfriend, Lauren Holly, isn't, so she's being avidly courted.

It is evident that, structure aside, the center will not hold at CAA. Collectively, the Turks are a powerful cadre. Before and after Ovitz's negotiations with Bronfman, and again now that he has decided on Disney, gossip has run hot about their plans. Just as Ovitz and four associates left William Morris in 1975 to form CAA, so have the Turks been expected to make a similar move for independence or further control of CAA. But the breakaway idea is risky, and expensive, and would incur the wrath of Ovitz, who has very strong feelings about his legacy and his agency remaining intact.

Perhaps just as Ovitz emerged over two decades as CAA's undisputed leader and largest shareholder, so will his successor emerge from this pack of men. "It's a question of what will happen to [Ovitz's] office, not who will get it," says relative veteran Nicita. "Leadership evolves," says the younger Lovett, downplaying his new title. "Appointments are made, but leadership evolves." In th short term, Moloney may be the man t watch. He got his start at CAA as an i tern and became Ovitz's assistant whe "Doc" O'Connor was promoted to fu agentry. (One who knows CAA sai being Ovitz's assistant meant workin in "the Michael torture chamber," an likened Moloney and O'Connor t "Auschwitz survivors.") Moloney know where the bodies are buried, and as th sorcerer's apprentice he has seen the ma ter at work. With Ovitz taking his magi to Disney, Moloney may either assum the mantle of the master or, as Micke did when he played the sorcerer's appren tice in *Fantasia,* make a mockery of th magic. The magic is called packaging.

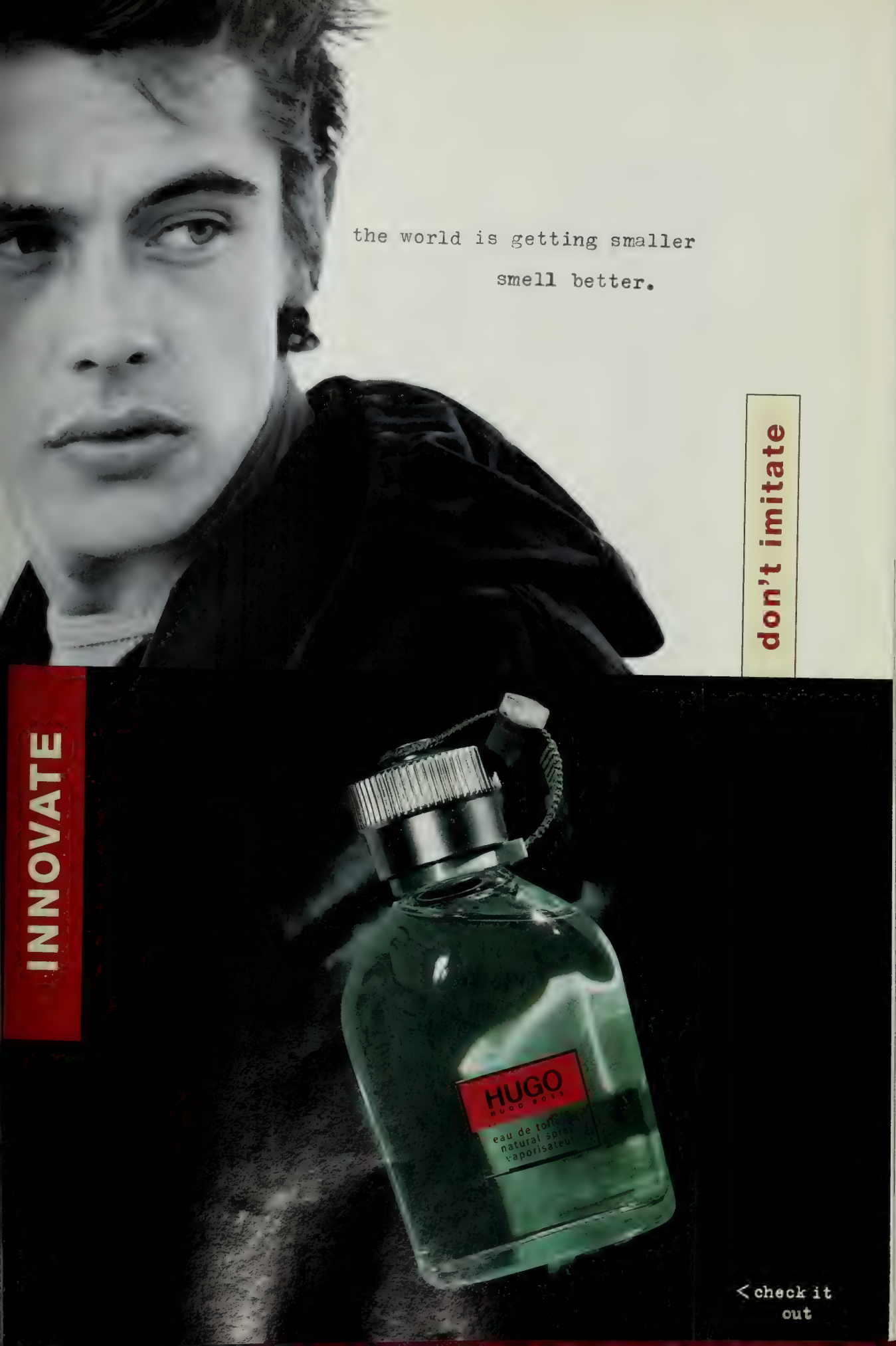
"Packaging" is a CAA byword. I means, in short, making a top CAA ac tor client available for a movie projec not only but especially if the writer, d rector, producer, and co-stars are als CAA clients. Viz. *Indecent Proposa.* Stars Demi Moore, Robert Redford and Woody Harrelson are CAA clients So is director Adrian Lyne. Viz. *Forres Gump.* CAA represents Tom Hanks Robin Wright, Gary Sinise, and Sall Field, as well as director Robert Ze meckis, as well as producer Wendy F nerman, as well as screenwriter Eri Roth. Viz. the just-completed-filmin *Mission: Impossible.* The producer i Paula Wagner, a former CAA agent wh is married to Rick Nicita. The star i CAA power client Tom Cruise, whose productio company is run by Wagne and who also gets a pro ducer's credit and fee. Th director is Brian DePal ma. The screenwriters ar Willard Huyck, Gloria Katz, and David Koepp All the above-the-line tal ent except Koepp is rep resented by CAA.

There is no reason t assume that, in Ovitz'

Under Ovitz everyone at CAA had to get married. Now they have to dump their wives so they can party all night with the Turks.



FIVE GUYS NAMED MO' MONEY The five CAA agents known as "the Young Turks" (four of whom are pictured here in 1995 at the Academy Awards) work and play together, cultivating an image as cool frat boys. *From far left,* they are Bryan Lourd, Jay Moloney, David O'Connor, and Richard Lovett. Not present is Kevin Huvane.


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ıce, the packaging will end, but the ıge that could be caused by his de- ɔn makes for interesting speculation. : is the man who made it his busi- to know everybody else's business. negotiated the contract when Joe , now head of Disney's film units, hired by that studio. He negotiated y Lansing's contract when she be- head of Paramount's film units. ormer CAA colleague Mike Marcus runs MGM, the company Crédit nais hired CAA to put back into e. Ovitz's former partner Ron Mey- ɔw runs MCA/Universal and, in his act of major business upon arriving from CAA, made an unprecedent- 60 million, three-picture deal with . client Sylvester Stallone. (An ad- ıg competitor said, "It's amazing. nade the deal at one end and ap- ed it at the other.") Those kinds of are complicated, because Ovitz and er, as well as expected-to-leave part- Bill Haber, are reportedly not selling shares in CAA—they have set up an t-out" arrangement whereby the new ıers will become the new owners in- entally over time. (That means the owners will be paying back Ovitz, er, and Haber over five years from ngs. How much is CAA, with about gents and a reported $150 million in al revenues, worth? No one knows. for comparison's sake, *Variety* re- d, ICM, with 150 agents and an es- ted $100 million in annual revenues, owed $63 million in a management ut in 1988.)

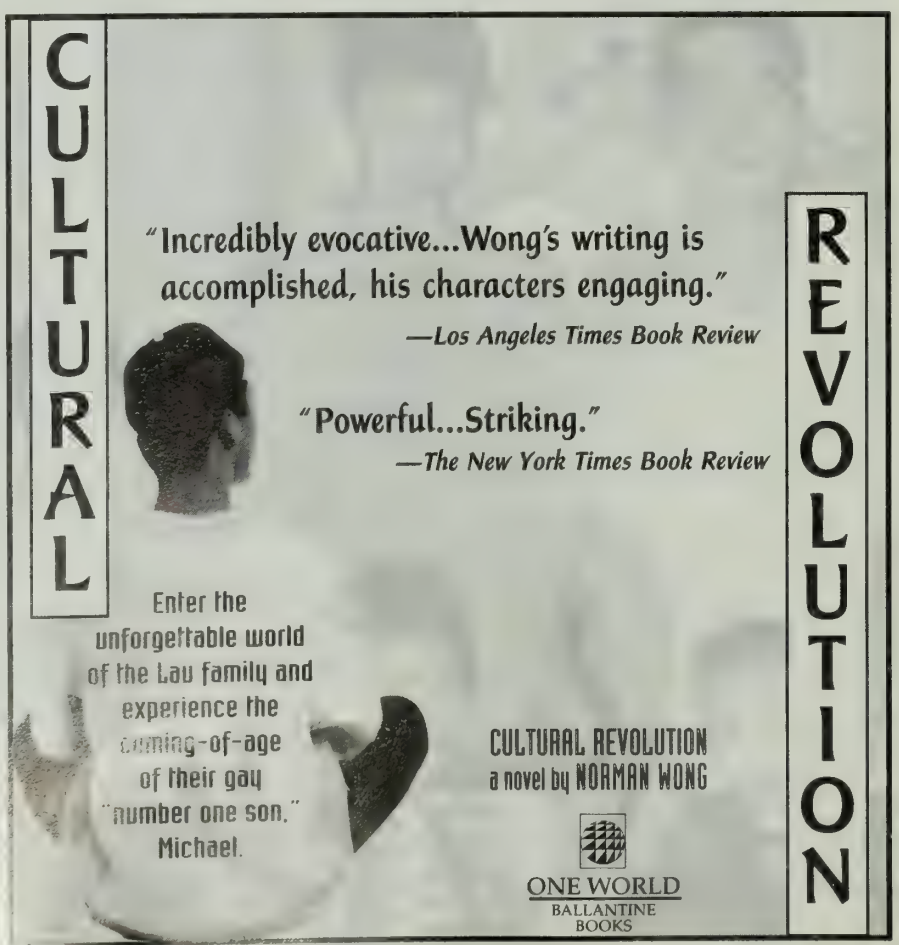
itz's move also upsets business in the naking. Because Disney has itself orged an alliance with telecommuni- ns companies—in its case, with ritech, BellSouth, Southwestern Bell, GTE—Ovitz's former Tele-TV part- will have to reconfigure their entire e plan: Ovitz knows every play in playbook. Because he advised Edgar fman Jr. on Seagram's 14.9 percent investment in Time Warner, and be- e he helped broker Seagram's $5.7 n purchase of 80 percent of Mat- ta's MCA, Ovitz knows more about nner workings of those companies any competitor would like him to. everyone, now, is a competitor.

hen Jeffrey Katzenberg left the Disney Company in August of and subsequently unveiled Dream- ks with David Geffen and Steven berg, he was the man on the way u Eisner was the man on the n. Eisner had lost Frank Wells, longtime second-in-command, to a freak helicopter crash; he himself had undergone emergency heart surgery; and now Katzenberg, the only man who could keep Disney alive, was gone. Katzenberg was so bullish on his own future that he deeply offended Eisner and the man who, during the darkest hours of his hospital stay, had become Eisner's best friend. While Eisner lay critically ill and the press was rife with reports that Katzenberg would leave the company unless he was given the president and C.O.O. titles he coveted, Katzenberg never came forward to deny the rumors or to voice support for or loyalty to his boss.

Katzenberg's behavior was customarily cocky. In his final meeting with Eisner before boldly setting forth solo, he told the man who had been his boss for 19 years, "I'll start a company and later you'll buy it. Then I'll end up working for you." Well, Disney didn't buy DreamWorks, but it bought ABC, with which DreamWorks had just signed a seven-year television-distribution agreement. Katzenberg's TV division makes money only if ABC puts its shows on the air.

During September, Ovitz was splitting his time between CAA and Disney—and was joking to acquaintances, "I'd like to keep it that way, be a seller in the morning and a buyer in the afternoon and do all my own deals." Already he had stopped looking like an agent, wearing slacks and a polo shirt, instead of Armani suits, and seeming more at ease than he had in years.

Not everyone at Disney is so casual, though, about his arrival there. Even before he took the job, in fact, there were ruffled feathers. According to a studio source, Ovitz had forgotten to seek the counsel of his new boss when he extended tentative job offers to Sandy Climan and to his CAA press aide, Anna Perez. Eisner, the source says, said no to both offers. Further, there was a sense at the studio that if Ovitz came in as a heavy, executives would flee. "The minute he tells Joe Roth that he's having dinner with Robert Redford and wants to know if there's a picture for him at Disney, Joe is history," said a source. The most immediate battle, though, will be for office space. Chief of corporate operations Sanford Litvack moved into the office once occupied by the late Frank Wells. Now he or someone else may have to be evicted from his office on the sixth floor of Disney's executive building—to make way for Ovitz. □



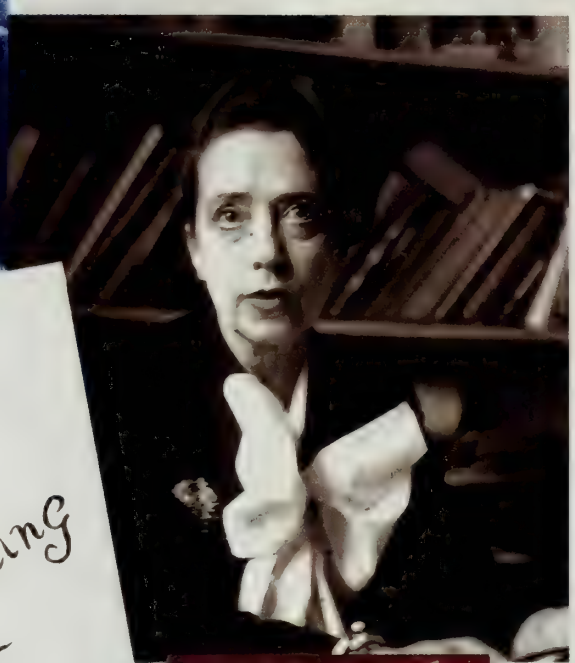
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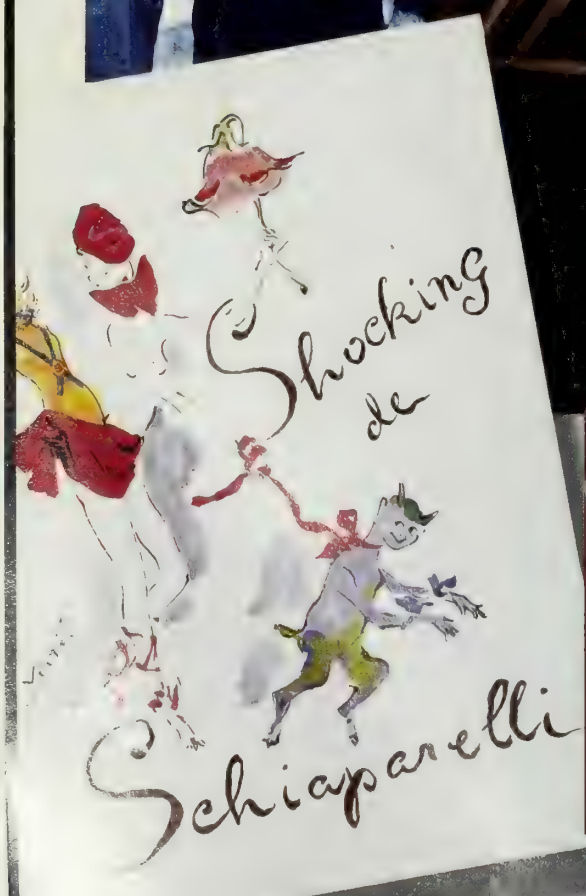
In the 1930s, all Paris wanted in to Elsa Schiaparelli's collections—now re-created at the Brooklyn Museum

BY LAURA JACOBS











Today's fashion flash acts—scrim or no scrim, Naomi bust—have nothing on those parties for clothes El Schiaparelli was throwing in the 30s. Everybody want in to Schiap's collections, where the cocktail mix of a and street smarts, the heady collaborations wi Cocteau, Dalí, and Bérard, were cultural comment of high order—salon surrealism. Where other designers f cused on a look or a line, Schiaparelli trapezed fro theme to theme: Circus, Zodiac, Military, Music. Spring 19 was quintessential, dedicated to "the things all around us And *things,* like escapees from a séance—faces, furniture, han mirrors, acrobats, aspirin—were fore er landing on Schiap's signature di ner suits and jackets. For if her ey were open to every influence, El was born blind to boundaries. As girl in Rome she planted seeds in h mouth and ears, hoping to bloo beautiful, and as a novice designer s was told she'd do better planting po toes (there is some question as whether she could sew). Her first l was pure sleight of hand: she had butterfly bow knitted into a sweat trompe l'oeil.

Like all good modernists, Schi parelli drew inspiration from the hi (Botticelli's *Primavera,* for instanc the low (a lamb chop was copied as hat), and the lurid (shown a shrunk head, she said, "How very, very pretty Animal, vegetable, mineral—Schia could turn it into couture: she wou wear the material world! Hence the s fi experiments, dresses made of "treebark," c lophane, and the amazing glasslike fabr Rhodophane. "She knows how to go too fa Cocteau explained. No doubt, she could sho us a thing or two—and will, at the Brookl Museum's "A Slice of Schiaparelli" (throu March 24). In 1954, she saw through t Rhodophane darkly, and closed up shop. □

Clockwise from top: **a model in Schiaparelli's De Suit; Schiaparelli in 1950; a 1938 ad for her Shocki Radiance lipstick; a 1937 ad for Shocking, her first sce Schiaparelli wearing her Great Bear–constellation good-lu piece at a garden party with Salvador Dalí, 194**



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AN AFFAIR TO FORGET
Peter Beard's per... photos of Jackie ... Ari aboard the *Christi...* off the coast of G... in 1971. Friends now say that after Ari died Jackie went into denial concerning her relationship with hi...

THE PRIVATE JACKIE

A year after Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis's death, her intimate possessions have been made public, and her friends have begun to lift the veil of secrecy that surrounded her

BY FRANCESCA STANFILL

Chartres boasts the Virgin's veil; Vézelay the bones of Mary Magdalene. New York, next spring, will serve as the setting for relics of a modern sort, when the possessions of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis are sold at auction.

Both the sale and its contents are dictated by the terms of Onassis's will, signed in March of last year.

It seems strange that the will of one so famous, yet so private, should be available to anyone who asks for it; stranger still that it should be found in a setting as seedy and cramped as the fourth-floor records room of New York's Surrogate Court. There, sitting at a dilapidated, graffiti-etched table, an ancient fan whirring near a broken-down copy machine, one can (by edict of New York State law, which declares that all wills be made public) leaf through the last instructions of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, arguably the most famous woman of this century. The 36 pages of legal-size paper are contained in a long manila folder an... are already well worn by rifling finger...

Although the value of the estate i... not given in the will, it has been est... mated that she left a fortune of betwee... $100 and $200 million. (An informe... source, however, claims it is much les... than most people assume.) The wil... drawn up by Alexander Forger of Mi... bank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, is a... sophisticated as one would expect—an... has been cited by *Fortune* magazine as... model of elegant estate planning. It i... notable for the absence of gifts to char...



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table foundations, although a charitable lead trust is set up to be administered by her children, Forger, and Jackie's last companion, Maurice Tempelsman, for causes that make "a significant difference in the cultural or social betterment of mankind or the relief of human suffering." According to *Fortune,* "Charitable lead trusts are a great way to give money to family members and charities and save on estate taxes, provided your heirs don't need income right away." John and Caroline are left $250,000 apiece outright and the revenue from the sale of her real estate (the Fifth Avenue apartment, which has already been sold to billionaire David Koch for $9.5 million, and the Martha's Vineyard estate, estimated to be worth $5 million) and of her personal effects—enough money to ensure they live well but not so much as to stifle motivation. William D. Zabel, a leading expert in the field of trusts and estates, says, "The failure to provide any precise guideline for spending huge amounts of money from her newly created foundation makes one wonder what causes Jackie was devoted to other than maintaining her own image and privacy." It is also unusual, says Zabel, "to leave so few bequests of personal property."

Among the subsidiary papers is a sheet, written in her rounded, cerebral hand, specifying only three bequests to close friends: two 18th-century Indian miniatures to philanthropist and garden expert Bunny Mellon, a copy of J.F.K.'s inaugural address to Forger, and an alabaster Greek head of a woman to Tempelsman.

Another lengthy document, required to be filed within nine months of her death, lists those personal possessions disclaimed by her children. As directed by her will, White House and J.F.K. memorabilia will be donated to the Kennedy Library. The rest will be sold at auction by Sotheby's.

Many find it curious that the family should have chosen this route, with all its voyeuristic ramifications. Even those inured to the commercial theater of the celebrity auction find it bizarre, even "unseemly," that the public be invited to paw through the personal belongings of the former First Lady. "It could have been done discreetly, through private dealers," says one grande dame and former resident of Mrs. Onassis's Fifth Avenue apartment building. "There are many, many other ways to do these things." (In the late 60s, in fact, after Jackie moved to New York, she sold a fair number of objects and furniture anonymously through Sotheby's. One New York collector has 100 wineglasses from the Kennedy White House to prove it.) Most people assume that the motive is money, that the publicity of an auction will generate sky-high prices. "They're going to pay for the paper napkins," says an art and auction observer. "Americans *love* provenance."

"You must understand," says one Kennedy-family friend, "it isn't publicity they mind—it's only publicity *they can't control.*" This contradiction is reflected in the way the auction is being handled. No one at Sotheby's will speak publicly about it—not even of its projected date, let alone its contents or the availability of a catalogue. Inquiries to Diana Brooks, the head of the firm, are met with a tense "No comment," as are those to the publicity department; other experts at Sotheby's seem too terrified to speak. Privately, however, there has been whispering in the gossipy auction world throughout the summer; a confidential source believes that the sale is set for next April. Tickets, no doubt, will be issued, as they were for the sale of the Duchess of Windsor's jewelry in 1987, for instance.

Many find it "unseemly" that the public be invited to paw through the personal belongings of the former First Lady.

The secrecy has only fueled interest in the sale; as a result of the public filing of the will, a list of the probable auction contents was obtained and published last July. Jackie's former White House social secretary, Letitia Baldrige, scoffs that "none of the good stuff is on that list. It's only the residue."

But many New York connoisseurs argue that few of the possessions were "good" in the first place. "People will be surprised at how un-good the things are," says one who knew Jackie's apartment well. That observation may startle those who remember the famous televised tour of the White House (CBS, 1962), in which Jackie assumed the role of the nation's most exalted housekeeper, connoisseur, and scavenger of fine and historic furnishings.

Even if Jackie had a limited amount of money to spend when she moved to New York in 1964, New Yorkers more accustomed to lavish displays of freshly milled chintz and newly quarried marble didn't understand her classic American style, which values comfort and continuity over the whims of fashion. They seem disconcerted that she never traded up: her library carpet was threadbare, the fabric on the dining-room walls (originally bought for a dollar a yard on Orchard Street on New York's Lower East Side) faded, and her kitchen, in the words of one friend, "deplorable." They find it peculiar that she engaged a succession of decorators over the years—notably Albert Hadley, the late Harrison Cultra, the late Vincent Fourcade, Georgina Fairholme, Mark Hampton, and Richard Keith Langham—but the look never changed. (The last refurbishing was done, eerily, in the bedroom where she was to die. Only months before she became ill, Langham replaced the bed hangings with Scalamandré glazed cotton in "Tuileries," a lavender-and-salmon pattern of undulating vines and small flowers. Says Langham, "It's almost as if she knew what was going to happen.")

One friend with an expert eye recalls that one of the few important pieces of furniture in the apartment was a subtly painted Louis XV table with a marble top, on loan from Bunny Mellon. The rest was French and Italian decorative painted furniture, souvenirs from Jackie's travels (an obsidian sphinx said to have been given by Anwar Sadat, Greek worry beads of blue glass), stacks of books, her collection of drawings of animals dating from the 17th century onward, and overstuffed sofas and chairs. A drawing table where she painted was set up in the living room.

"Jackie's taste wasn't chic," says one arbiter of taste, who adds, "Lee [Radziwill]'s taste was chic—and always changing."

Those with refined sensibilities found it admirable that Jackie seemed to have remained immune to the décor mania of the late 70s and 80s and that she preferred to spend her time working as a book editor, riding, and playing with her grandchildren, rather than pondering species of fringe or the intricacies of upholstery with a decorator. They see in it a reflection of the upper-crust values of another era (benign neglect) and a reflection, as well, of her private self, as

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(Allora: Vincenzo and Gianna left the club and headed for an intimate little villa in Fregene. There, Gianna took off her glasses.)

Frangelico. Translated directly from the Italian.

opposed to the immaculate public image. "Her tastes were very French," says art critic and lecturer Rosamond Bernier, who adds, "I think of a warm place, with a fire burning." "It was," says designer Carolina Herrera, "an apartment of someone who comes from an old family. Not a showplace full of marble like the homes of all these new people. It was her taste."

Her private role models were neither queens nor goddesses but adventuresses: Mme. de Pompadour and Isak Dinesen.

The rarefied New York critics will hardly influence the relic seekers who flock to Sotheby's next spring; they will imbue each object with the romance of the owner's life and myth. Each thud of the auctioneer's gavel will open a Pandora's box of memories: the Van Cleef & Arpels gold ruby-and-diamond necklace with matching ring given to her by Aristotle Onassis as wedding presents in the fall of 1968; a wedding dress that many speculate is the gown she wore to marry J.F.K.; the Franchetti portrait of Jackie with Lee; the 19th-century book *Costume of the Russian Empire,* which Jackie undoubtedly used for her research with Diana Vreeland for the Russian-costume exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum; the gold snake-form bracelet that may have been her 10th-anniversary gift from J.F.K.; much "un-good" furniture (a painted screen, candelabras, urns, commodes) from the apartment; plus bric-a-brac that will no doubt be invested with history by the creative experts at Sotheby's—an ashtray, a cigarette box, two large tortoise shells, a shovel . . .

What history and what private life did these things witness? Who was the real woman who wore this necklace, this ring?

"You know how it is," Mrs. Onassis once told me when I was a reporter for *The New York Times.* "When you look back on your life, you hardly recognize the person you once were. Like a snake shedding skins."

She had shed several.

"You must remember that success and power can transform someone, even physically," says Benno Graziani, former editor in chief of *Paris Match,* who first met Jackie in Paris at a dinner given by Paul de Ganay. "The little brunette I remember—she was then about 20—was shy, reserved, a little bit lost at this dinner, where there were many other women much prettier, more elegant than she. She hardly spoke! . . .



BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
Jackie's wonderful sense of humor, her "little cocked eye on the world," was displayed only in private, say friends. Here she relaxes in London in 1962.

"Jackie Bouvier has nothing to do with Jackie Kennedy," he continues, "and Jackie Kennedy has nothing to do with Jackie Onassis. For those who knew her well, these were three different people."

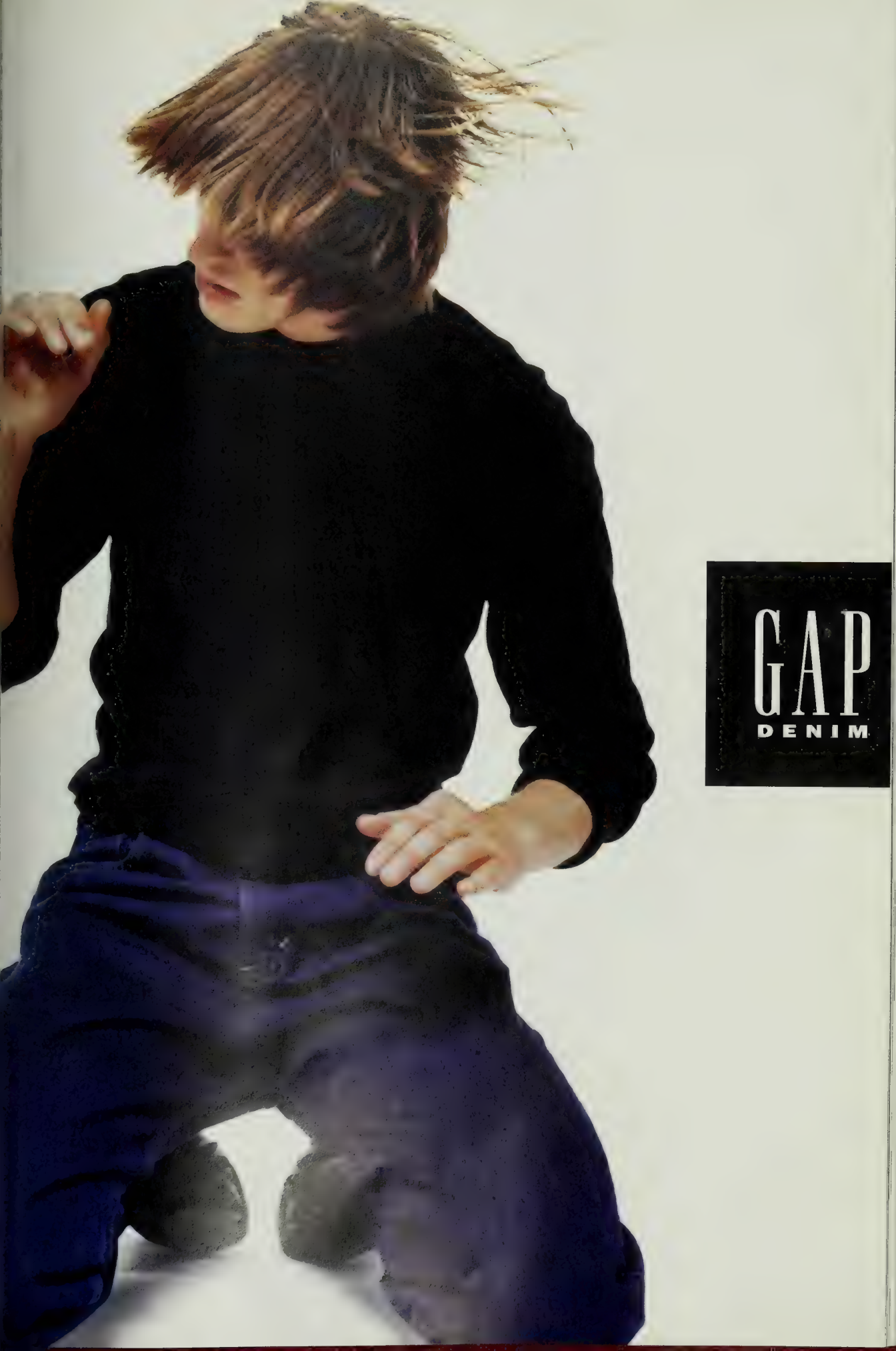
As the young married Jackie Kennedy, she was "a Beaux Arts type of girl," as Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* once described her, "merry, arch, satirical, terribly democratic, and, yes, brilliant."

With the 1960 campaign the sprightly senator's wife became the serene, self-effacing Madonna, often with child, of Joe Kennedy's myth machine. "Joe was careful how he treated Jackie," recalls Rob Duke, the widow of Angier Bido Duke, chief of protocol in the Kenne administration. "He knew that the ma riage was Jack's whole future." The i ages from that era would remain t public's favorites—Jackie elegantly rob in white with three chaste strands pearls, astoundingly poised, and (cr cial for maintaining the Kennedy i age) as untainted by suggestions of i propriety and sex as her husband w not. Even so, she never abandon the Bouvier tas for high fashio and luxury. Sl commissioned Ol Cassini to desig some 300 outfits f her as First Lady for day, chic, ta lored suits; for ev ning, strapless ar one-shoulder go dess-like dresse Cassini remember "She wanted hau couture but wi dignity. She wante to look regal . . . e tremely elegant b detached."

After her husband assassination the r gal figure in whi became the tragic, dignified figure i black, who had cradled the shattered hea of her husband. That image, more tha any other, would forge her role in histor

With marriage to Onassis—her "pr vacy marriage," as photographe Peter Beard calls it—she, lik Persephone, descended to a dark, pa gan world of compulsive spending, ba baric appetites, and gaudy jewels. Th American public was repulsed by Ari totle Onassis, whose dark, pirate look compared unfavorably with those o her dead husband.

Much about Onassis was tinged wit the erotic. His yacht, for instance, ha barstools made of whale testicles Even Onassis's sea—the warm, sapphir Aegean—was at odds with the bracin Atlantic of the Kennedys' Hyannisport Recalls Peter Beard, who spent sum mers with them aboard the *Christina* "Ari was obsessed by mermaids"; Jacki became his sea creature. She was pho tographed diving from boats, water-ski ing in bikinis, dripping with jewels a fashionable nightclubs, strolling throug the narrow streets *(Continued on page 127*


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etter from New York

(Continued from page 122) of faraway ands in cinch-waisted Gypsy skirts or ans—costumes wildly different from r ladylike White House clothes.

The barrage of bad publicity hurt her eply—it was the first and only misstep ith her image. She emerged from the reek underworld richer and wiser. She went through two terrible times," ys Letitia Baldrige. "Once by the agedy [of the assassination], once by e criticism following the Onassis mar- ge. . . . She didn't understand why the merican public descended on her."

With the death of Onassis, she aban- oned jet-set freneticism and returned New York to lead the quiet, con- olled life we came to associate with r. Some friends now admit that she derwent psychotherapy and credit it ith helping her to center her life. She ve no interviews and made only a w, carefully orchestrated public ap- earances. She remained mostly aloof om New York society, wore simple, steful clothes and jewelry, and took a b as a book editor. In New York, she assumed the immaculate public mask the White House era.

The world has always been eager to see her as queen, goddess, mythical figure. Oleg Cassini compared her to efertiti when he designed her "Egyp- an A-line" silhouette; during her 1961 ip to Paris, the French said, "She is ore royal than a queen"; she was alled "Durga, Goddess of Power" hen she traveled to India in 1962. amille Paglia memorialized her as Mona Lisa in motion." Norman Mai- r wrote, "Jackie Kennedy Onassis . . . not merely a celebrity, but a legend; pt a legend, but a myth—no, more than myth; she is now a historic archetype, rtually a demiurge." Yale professor Vayne Koestenbaum recently published e 291-page *Jackie Under My Skin: In- rpreting an Icon,* which treats Jackie as n idea, not a person." The author orried, "I risk sacrilege."

It is generally thought that she was a assive observer to her own myth: shy, tiring, apolitical—the earnest, egoless usewife of the Kennedy campaign ots. In fact, she was the most brilliant chestrator of image—perhaps the rewdest politician this century has er seen.

"Joe Kennedy had no use for women all," remembers a prominent wom ho knew the family well. But as more than merely useful for h tions, and his son's; she was a

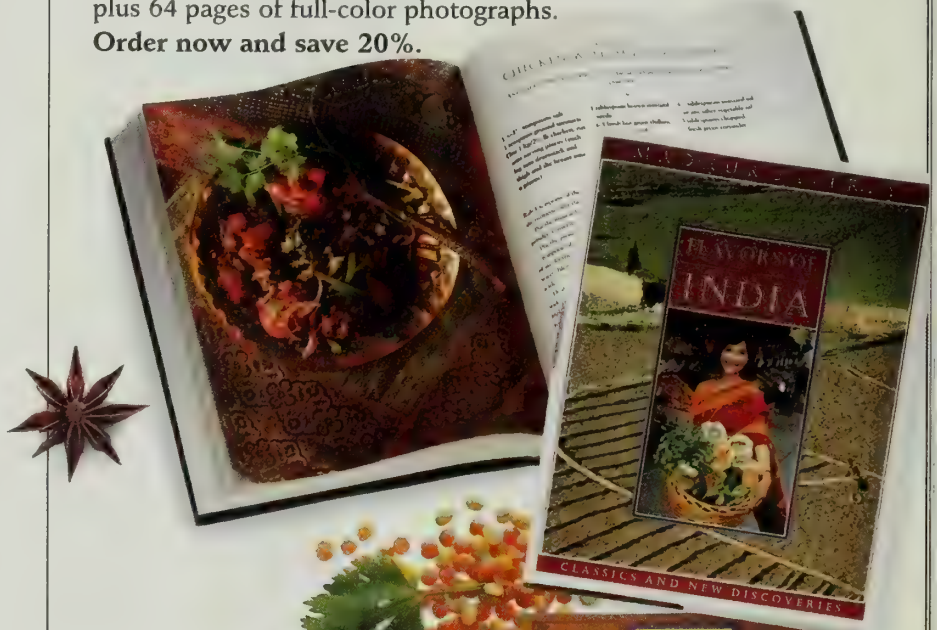
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spirit. Joe had learned from his exposure to Hollywood what his gifted daughter-in-law knew intuitively: that the public might identify with the middle class, but what it craved was royalty. Throughout her life she was a key participant in shaping the Kennedy myth and securing her place in it.

"Please put me in the Queen's Room," she told chief White House usher J. B. West a week before the inauguration. She had already begun to write her life story months before, while preparing for her son's birth. It would emphasize her "noble" French background, and would first appear in *Ladies' Home Journal* under the byline of Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer.

In the White House, West observed in his memoirs, "every magazine, every newspaper, every television news show carried pictures of Caroline and John. What the public didn't realize was that Mrs. Kennedy carefully planned and directed all the publicity that the children received. . . . And she also learned to exercise control over her children's exposure to the news media in a very subtle way. . . . As long as she was the director, it was all right."

After the assassination, she staged the funeral as a public ritual of eternal symbols; little more than a week later it was she who appropriated the myth of Camelot as a metaphor for the Kennedy administration, even going so far as to edit journalist Theodore White as he called in the story, late at night, to his editors at *Life*.

Even later in her life, when she made only rare public appearances, she prepared for them as carefully as an actress, as one always aware of the power of beauty. Pablo Manzoni, the New York makeup expert, saw Jackie twice in the spring of 1993, and applied her makeup for one of her last gala events, the opening of the American Ballet Theatre on May 17. He saw her first on May 6—she had insisted upon a "dress rehearsal" before the ABT gala.

He remembers first seeing Jackie in a red robe at the end of a long foyer. "She had a very small waistline, and this lovely walk," he recalls, "a voluptuous walk, very feline, but not affected." The color of her robe was no accident: she was to wear red that evening, and wanted to make certain her makeup complemented the dress. (For Manzoni's second visit, she wore a white robe, presaging the white crêpe Carolina Herrera evening dress she would wear that night.) It was the first time in his career of 30 years, says Manzoni, that a client had thought to coordinate such things.

They were introduced; Manzoni was led into her bedroom, with its large baldachino bed and "millions of books," and from there into the bathroom, which he remembers as being "huge, with an old-fashioned porcelain sink on a pedestal, and windows galore." He set up his brushes and equipment.

Jackie sat at a dressing table before the window, facing straight into the strong late-afternoon sun, a pitiless light that showed the sun spots she professed being concerned about. It was very warm; the room had no air-conditioning. Manzoni asked if she would permit him to take off his jacket.

Jackie sat at a dressing table before the window, facing straight into the strong late-afternoon sun, a pitiless light. . . . She did not look well.

He recalls that she did not look well—her hair was rather sparse, and she was exceedingly thin.

"I'd like to watch everything, if I may," she said, and she proved observant to the point that he sometimes had to position himself quite gingerly in order to work. Finally they "negotiated an agreement" whereby she would hold her own mirror as she watched. "I would do a touch, she would check," he says. "I would do another stroke, she would watch. She would watch the adding up of the touches, one at a time." No detail escaped her attention: the soft makeup sponge he used; the way he drew the eye pencil ("Aha, you didn't go all the way to the corners," she said); his technique of curling her thick, straight lashes; but most of all the way he successfully camouflaged her sun spots with Flawless Finish foundation—a product by Elizabeth Arden she habitually used, but, according to Manzoni, in a color he thought was too light.

"She was a perfectionist who knew exactly who she was, and what she wanted." He sensed she had a "good hand" with her own makeup, but, at 64, she was still keen to learn.

On the second visit, the process was repeated. This time, as he worked, she went as far as to list each step, by number, on a long yellow notepad. At one point Maurice Tempelsman came in and said, "Il ne faut pas faire une poupée." ("Don't make her look like a doll.")

Her private role models were neither queens nor goddesses but adventuresses. She admired the 18th- and early 19th-century French *salonistes*—Mme de Pompadour, Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. Récamier. These were women who derived their power from the kings and statesmen who loved them but who eventually exercised power in their own right.

She also revered Danish author Isak Dinesen, and wrote tellingly of her in an afterword for Peter Beard's *Longing for Darkness:* "She felt that the noble spirit was the true aristocrat. She said aristocrats were not more virtuous than other people—'what they had above all was courage, and after that, taste and responsibility—and endurance.'"

Few lives are better documented, yet remain so elusive. With Jackie's death, and the passage of time, the question is still unanswered: Who is the real woman behind the myth?

She left maddeningly few traces of her real self. The tapes of her interviews with William Manchester, entrusted to the J.F.K. Library, are locked up until 2067. Columnist David Patrick Columbia reports that she burned much of her private correspondence in the weeks before her death, an act that seems, to those who knew her, in keeping with her character. "I would imagine it's probably true," says Robert McNamara. "Not out of any sinister motive, but because she was a very private person."

For the moment we are left with the recollections of her friends. While she was alive, few dared talk. (She made members of her staff and those who worked for her—massage therapists, hairdressers, et al.—swear never to reveal anything about her to anyone. Interior designer Georgina Fairholme recalls that Jackie fired a young woman who helped with the horses for taking pictures of the country house in New Jersey.) She banished friends who broke the silence: writer William Manchester, for failing to adhere to her edits for *Death of a President;* Norman Mailer, an early renegade who, in an


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LE PARFUM POUR D'ISSEY MIYAKE
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Esquire essay, criticized her performance in the CBS White House tour; Ben Bradlee, for describing private dinners and scenes in *Conversations with Kennedy;* her cousin John Davis for writing *Kennedys: Dynasty and Disaster;* Truman Capote, for his catty portrait of her and her sister in *Answered Prayers,* and for regaling others with intimate details; and even actor Anthony Quinn, for his portrayal of the Onassis character in the movie *The Greek Tycoon* (with Jacqueline Bisset an unsatisfactory Jackie figure, wooden and prim, and much being made of the "10 nights a month" prenuptial agreement).

Friends who have never spoken of her will now do so, saying, "I've never discussed this before."



MADONNA AND CHILD
The public's favorite photos of Jackie were those of her in virginal white, with her children. Many did not realize she herself carefully orchestrated such images. *Above,* she is on the beach at Hyannisport with John-John in the summer of 1964.

She was so wary that she had few close friends. "I doubt Jackie really exposed herself to anyone," said one who knew her.

She tended to compartmentalize her friends into four groups: social, kindred spirits, publishing, and those from the Kennedy years, or "the Murphia," as she called them. Publishing friends would be met at breakfast or lunch but were rarely invited to dinner or to Martha's Vineyard. The kindred spirits included Mike Nichols, Carly Simon, and publisher Joe Armstrong. "She loved them because they were free spirits, unguarded and spontaneous—what she couldn't be," says an observer. For most of her life, she preferred the company of men. During the J.F.K. administration, and in the aftermath of the assassination, wives of Cabinet members and Kennedy cronies were infuriated by Jackie's habit of issuing invitations to their husbands: "Come alone," she would say. It was only in the last third of her life that she seemed to develop friendships with women.

In the wake of her death, some friends remain silent ("Jackier than thou," so to speak): among them collector Jayne Wrightsman, Bunny Mellon, longtime confidante and secretary Nancy Tuckerman, writer Jane Stanton Hitchcock, and editor Lisa Drew, a publishing friend. "Jackie demanded so little from her friends—it seems only right to respect her privacy," says Drew.

Others who have never spoken of her will now do so, often prefacing their recollections with "I've never discussed this before" or "I've waited 20-odd years to tell this story." Says Joan Ganz Cooney, a founder of the Children's Television Workshop, "Jackie belongs to history. People who knew her *ought* to write memoirs—otherwise biographers grappling with her life will have to rely on gossip. It's wrong, all this protection of her now." Adds Cooney, laughing, "*Everyone* was terrified of talking—I don't know how she conned us!"

Rarely if ever did Jackie abandon her regal bearing and serene mask in public. Paraphrasing Eleanor Roosevelt, she once told Robert McNamara, "[illegible]body can humiliate you without y[illegible] permission."

But friends remember that she lo[illegible] to laugh in private, and was a gi[illegible] mimic. (Pete Hamill, Louis Auchincl[illegible] and Pamela Harriman were among [illegible] specialties.) "She had this little coc[illegible] eye on the world," says Cooney. And [illegible] had an amusing way of putting thi[illegible] "Do you want to go out, or do you [illegible] want to plop?" she wo[illegible] say to a houseguest. [illegible] called her rented cott[illegible] in Virginia horse cour[illegible] her "mouse house." [illegible] would characterize [illegible] Kennedy clan as "[illegible] vanilla-chocolate-a[illegible] strawberry Kennedy[illegible] referring to their ur[illegible] phisticated Yankee tas[illegible]

Jackie had a com[illegible] cated attitude tow[illegible] money. Extravagan[illegible] even profligacy beca[illegible] part of her legend, [illegible] she was shrewd ab[illegible] money. A friend sa[illegible] "She spent other p[illegible] ple's money but hoard[illegible] away her own like [illegible] squirrel." In the peri[illegible] right after her divo[illegible] from Onassis, the st[illegible] at Halston Couture [illegible] members, "she was ve[illegible] careful. She knew [illegible] had a limited amount to spend." H[illegible] White House personal secretary, Ma[illegible] Gallagher, remembers her swappi[illegible] aquamarines and other jewels to b[illegible] an antique starburst pin from the Lo[illegible] don dealer Wartski. Interior desig[illegible] Albert Hadley recalls meeting her [illegible] the local florist. She whispered to h[illegible] at one point, "You really ought to [illegible] the new place around the corner. Th[illegible] have pretty things and they're much l[illegible] expensive."

While Jackie was not known for h[illegible] donations to charities and public caus[illegible] she could be extremely generous p[illegible] vately. Timothy Vreeland recalls h[illegible] help to his mother, Diana, at the e[illegible] of her life. When asked what kind [illegible] help, he replies without a momen[illegible] hesitation, "Money. The thing is s[illegible] did it in very sensitive ways. I'm n[illegible] sure Diana ever knew." How? "By su[illegible] plementing Mom's salary at the M[illegible] It was a godsend."

Jackie seldom *(Continued on page 13*

(Continued from page 130) slipped up n public, but when she did, her re-ponse could be ruthless. Over coffee, ormer Viking Press president Thomas Guinzburg is eager to tell the story he as waited for Jackie's death to reveal. n 1977 in a highly publicized move, ackie resigned from her first book-ublishing job, as a consulting editor t Viking, supposedly because Guinz-urg had surprised her by publishing effrey Archer's novel *Shall We Tell he President?* The book, a fictionalized ccount of a plot to assassinate "Presi-lent" Teddy Kennedy, was excoriated n the press, and particularly by *New York Times* critic John Leonard, who nded his review, "Anyone associat-d with the publication of this book hould be ashamed of herself."

Guinzburg says now that Jackie had nown of the book from the start; she lso knew that Guinzburg had passed n many other books about the Kennedys, out of deference to her. When he told her about Archer's book, he winced, but upon reflection told im, "Maybe the time has come when ou ought to make a little money. Why hould someone else always make the noney?"

When the Kennedy family learned of he book, however, and of Leonard's eview, Guinzburg said they exerted all heir pressure on Jackie to resign, mak-ng it appear as if she had been am-ushed by its publication.

She never discussed it with Guinzburg ace-to-face, but rather through an "ex-hange of letters." "She put up those alls—Nancy Tuckerman and her front eople."

Says Guinzburg, "It drives me crazy hat people think I would be naïve nough—stupid is the only word—to sac-ifice a personal and professional riendship for a book." He waited to ell the truth, he says, to avoid calling Jackie "a liar."

Throughout her life, Jackie had often avoided unpleasantness and emotion-al confrontations, sometimes through eeming passivity, sometimes by ex-pressing in letters what she could not ay in person. Peter Beard recalls her eaction to Onassis's rages: "She would ust stand there and take it." When her ather was too drunk to attend her edding to J.F.K., she wrote him a oignant, understanding letter [illegible] oneymoon. (Jackie's stepbrother [illegible] Auchincloss III, known as Yusha [illegible] mates that only he and Bobby K[illegible] knew the real story behind her father not attending the wedding.) After she lost her infant son Patrick in the summer of 1963, she fled to the *Christina*—and wrote long, emotional letters to J.F.K. Yusha Auchincloss says he has "hundreds of letters from Jackie" written since her girlhood, and that the style and handwriting never changed.

She also had an ability to transform unseemliness by imaginatively re-creating the past into her version of the truth. One close friend tells how she would never speak of things she found disagreeable; months after Onassis died she reminisced warmly about her marriage to him, describing "a marriage that did not exist and an affection that was not there," says the friend. Jackie herself once spoke revealingly of Isak Dinesen's ability to let "the imagination take over. . . . [When she] wrote *Out of Africa,* she left out how badly her husband had treated her. She created a new past, in effect."

Several biographies report that Jackie claimed that she herself had arranged for Grace Kelly to cheer up J.F.K. in the hospital in 1954 by pretending to be the night nurse. But one of the two friends who actually arranged the prank says that, in fact, Jackie found out about it only afterward and was "furious." It forever affected her relationship with Kelly.

Jackie seldom slipped up in public, but when she did, her response could be ruthless.

In a recent conversation, Robert McNamara agreed that Jackie "didn't reveal her feelings easily or often." However, in the memoirs he published earlier this year, *In Retrospect,* he describes a private dinner with Jackie, at her apartment, in 1966. At one point she launched into an impassioned plea to "stop the slaughter" in Vietnam, beating his chest with her fists. However, at least one person who knew Jackie finds it hard to believe that she behaved in this histrionic way and suspects that McNamara merely remembered it this way.

Many friends now dare speculate that the key to Jackie's character—her mania for control, her ability to deny unpleasantness—was her relationship with her alcoholic father, Black Jack Bouvier. (Pearl Buck described him as "dramatic and self-absorbed.") A friend from the White House years says, "She adored her father but could never depend on him. She was the product of a great deal of abuse—neglect being a form of abuse." In his book on the Bouviers, Jackie's cousin John Davis describes how Jack Bouvier would call his favorite, eldest daughter his best girl, advising her on how to be alluring to men. Someone who knew her in later years says, "Jackie was a case study of the child of an alcoholic. I always sensed there were large portions of her life that were cemented over, rooms that were locked, rooms that no one ever entered, to which she had thrown away the key."

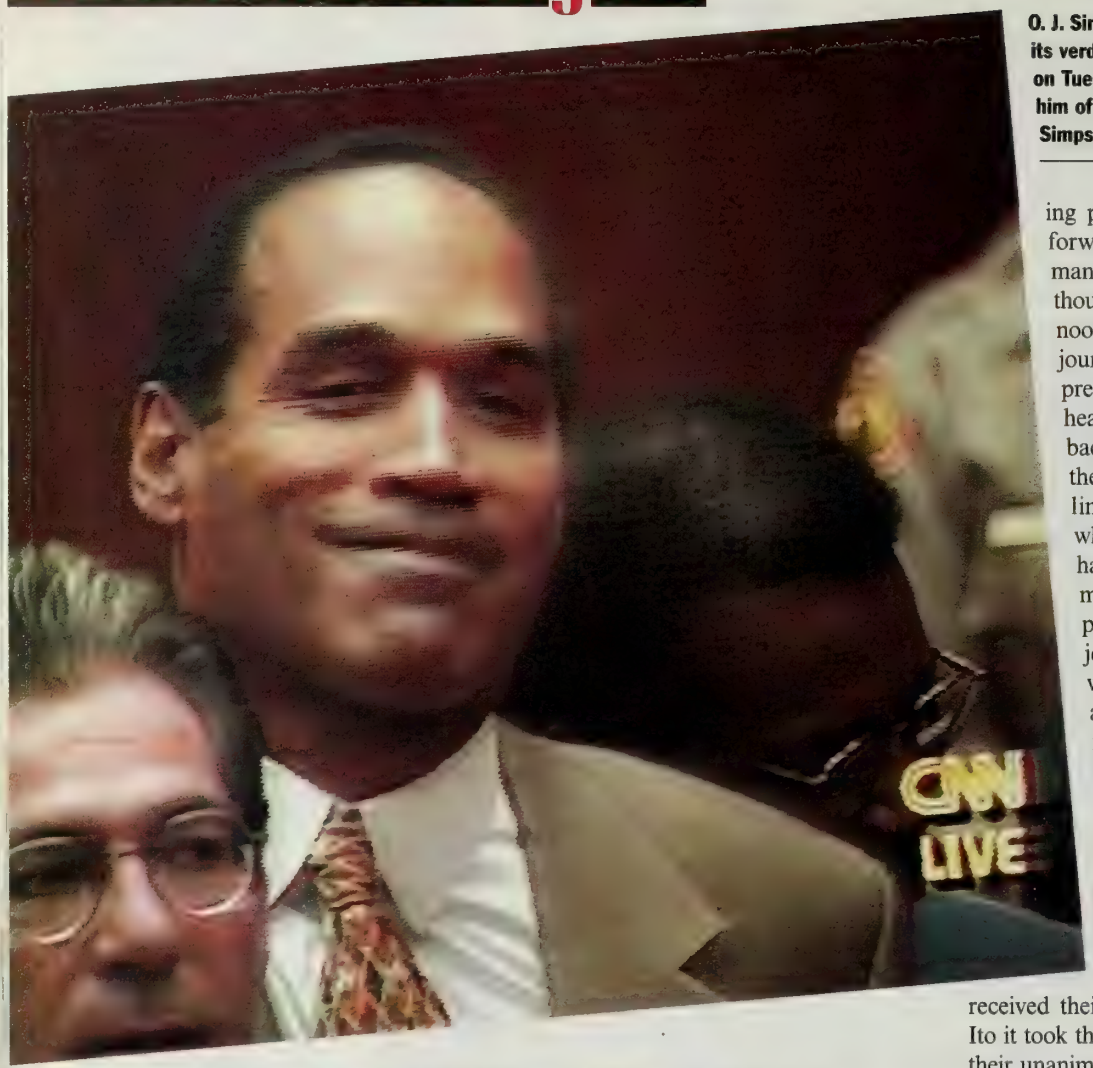
It was this quality—of intensely shielded pain—that those who knew her respected and never dared intrude upon. They also realized the burden of her fame, of being always the center of attention. Jackie herself developed extremely effective tactics to keep strangers at bay. Those in the publishing world recall how, when she lunched at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York, she would focus completely on her guest, never once looking to the left or right. In that way, she would be absorbed completely in a private conversation and leave no opportunity for others to approach. One time a young man came up to her at a cocktail party, mentioning that a mutual friend had told him to introduce himself. "And I'm so glad you did," she said, as she smiled and walked away briskly.

Sometimes, however, it amused Jackie to observe the effect of her fame. Marilyn Brant Chandler, a population activist and former wife of *Los Angeles Times* publisher Otis Chandler, recalls having Jackie as a houseguest in the winter of 1977. One afternoon, while the two were shopping in Beverly Hills, Jackie said with a mischievous look, "Missy, let's stop at the Polo Club and see what happens." They did, and Chandler recalls, "Mouths dropped open. . . . We laughed and giggled."

Still another friend recalls telling Jackie that he had asked a gossip columnist not to mention that he had been a weekend guest at her house on Martha's Vineyard.

Jackie laughingly protested, "After all, I'm *not* Greta Garbo!"

Exactly. Garbo *talked.* □



O. J. Simpson smiles as the jury return its verdict to a stunned courtroom on Tuesday, October 3, 1995, acquit him of murdering Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman.

THE 'N' WORD: NOT GUILTY

Thanks to his Dream Team's histrionics—and to Mark Fuhrman—O. J. Simpson is a free man and the "race card" is trump

BY DOMINICK DUNNE

A reporter I know who's a friend of a deputy who's a friend of another deputy who's connected to the jury of the Simpson trial called me early on the morning of October 2, the first day of deliberation, to tell me that some of the jurors had already packed their bags in the Hotel Inter-continental, where they had been sequestered for so long, before leaving for court. At that time, that bit of information seemed too improbable to pay attention to. I had told both Dan Rather and Larry King on television that I believed there would be a hung jury. But some of the jurors *had* packed their bags. They had also apparently already made up their minds. The deputy who told the deputy who told my friend said some of them had made plans for the weekend. The night before, a person I know had visited O.J. in the county jail. He reported him to be upbeat, making plans for his future, lookin forward to being with his kids, man "with not a negati thought on his mind." That afte noon, in the courthouse, anoth journalist went up to turn in h press badge to Deputy Jex, aft hearing a court reporter rea back to the jury a section the transcript dealing with t limousine driver Allan Par who had testified that had seen an African-Americ man of six feet and 2 pounds enter the house. T journalist assumed the d was over. "You better sti around for another hou replied Deputy Jex.

In a trial of stunning su prises, nothing was mo stunning than the news th the jury had arrived at verdict in less than fo hours of deliberation. A other deputy reported th from the time the jur received their verdict forms from Jud Ito it took them eight minutes to arrive their unanimous decision: NOT GUILTY.

What happened happened just as t letter was going to press. Next time, I tell you about the closing argumen the deep dissension in the ranks of t defense team, the three heartbrok families, the plans for the future. A the aftermath. What follows is from r notebooks of the events leading up O. J. Simpson's walk to freedom anc new life.

"I want all of the citizens of Los Ange to remain calm," said an enraged Jol nie Cochran in a sentence that said o thing but that could be interpreted meaning another, during a press conf ence in which he blasted Judge Ito ruling that only 2 of the 42 uses of word "nigger" on the Fuhrman ta could be presented to the jury. "The c er-up continues," said Cochran, sugg ing that Judge Ito himself could be p of a conspiracy against Simpson. Ma people were shocked by Cochran's st ments. Later, in a sidebar in the judg chambers, Ito told Cochran that he v going to overlook his public outbu


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Letter from Los Angeles

For a brief time, the anticipation of Mark Fuhrman's second appearance as a witness and then his courtroom presence eclipsed O. J. Simpson at his own trial—a temporary abdication of the spotlight that was probably very welcome to Simpson. Judge Ito interrupted Marcia Clark right in the middle of a sentence when Fuhrman entered the courtroom, surrounded by four tough-guy bodyguards who stayed by the door. You may hate this man with every fiber in you, but he has an aura about him. He knew how to make that entrance. People twisted in their seats to look at him, and for a second he scanned the crowd as if looking for a friendly face. In the back row sat Art Harris of CNN, who—long before the discovery of the Fuhrman tapes—had written and produced a television segment in which Fuhrman was portrayed by two African-American women as a compassionate man in cases in which they had been involved. Passing behind Harris on his way to the stand, Fuhrman squeezed his shoulder. His step was still decisive, as it had been six months earlier, and his TV-star face was still haughty, but there was a deadness in his eyes, as if he knew that people were staring at him with loathing. I kept thinking of his kids. What's it going to be like for them?

> "This is *not* the Fuhrman trial. This is a trial about the man who murdered my son."

The prosecution looked upon him as a betrayer for not having informed them of the infamous tapes before he professed under oath on the stand that he had not said the word "nigger" in 10 years. At the time, I was critical of F. Lee Bailey's cross-examination of Fuhrman, but I watched that segment again recently and in hindsight I see how good Bailey was at entrapping him. It made me wonder if Bailey knew about Laura Hart McKinny's tapes at that time, and was setting Fuhrman up for his eventual fall. Chris Darden shunned Fuhrman by leaving the courtroom before he entered. Marcia Clark did not look at him. Kim Goldman, Ron Goldman's sister, who was sitting next to me, turned her head away.

For the defense, Fuhrman was manna from heaven. Outside the courthouse, an angry throng chanted, "Give us Fuhrman! Give us Fuhrman!" There was an ominous feeling in the air. No one talked of conviction anymore. For people of the pro-prosecution persuasion, like me, who believe Simpson is guilty of the crimes with which he was charged, a hung jury would have seemed like a triumph at that point. An acquittal seemed more than a possibility. The jury wanted this to be over. They were sick of it. I thought they could arrive at a verdict quickly. In the greatest irony of the many ironies of the trial, Mark Fuhrman, who detests blacks, could end up being responsible for the black defendant's being acquitted of two counts of murder by the mostly black jury. With a victorious air, the entire defense team held a press conference on the first floor of the courthouse in time for the evening news, decrying the scumbag Fuhrman and expressing indignation that their innocent client, as Johnnie Cochran called Simpson, had been in jail for 15 months. They then made their way out the front door and up the courthouse stairs to their cars. The triumphant cheers of the African-American crowd outside could be heard for blocks. The underpinning of this whole case—what was propelling it, what it was really about—was race. It was not about the slit throats of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman.

This is a trial where neither side can hold their serve.

—David Begelman, film producer and former head of Columbia Pictures, during lunch at the Regent Beverly Wilshire hotel shortly before his suicide.

Anthony Pellicano, the renowned Los Angeles private detective, who has been acting as Mark Fuhrman's adviser and spokesperson, continues to defend him, although he has admitted in the press that he was as shocked as everyone else by the excessive use of the word "nigger" on Laura Hart McKinny's tapes. About the rest of the material on the tapes, he said, "He was trying to impress this McKinny woman. He was trying to be Macho Man and Super cop. At that time of his life—'85, '86—he hated everybody. He was an equal opportunity hater."

I tracked Pellicano down in Chicago where he was attending a niece's wedding. I've known him for years. I once hired him to follow John Sweeney, the man who killed my daughter, when he was released from prison after serving only two and a half years. "Fuhrman's had more death threats than anyone in the history of L.A.," he said. "The guy's afraid for his life."

Fuhrman's transportation from Idaho, where he now lives with his third wife, Caroline, and their two small children, was paid for by O. J. Simpson, as were his hotel bills. Whatever it cost O.J., it was worth it. Fuhrman reportedly spent the first night at the Biltmore in downtown Los Angeles, the second at the New Otani in the same location. He changed hotels every night, managing to escape detection by the media, although Drew Griffin, a reporter from KCBS, acting on a tip from a guest at a Holiday Inn in Burbank, thought he had spotted him there.

"Did Fuhrman have an affair with McKinny?" I asked Pellicano. (McKinny denied this on the stand.)

"Six months. He broke off with her and then married Caroline."

"Chris Darden said in a sidebar something about love letters."

"There are love letters. She sent them to Fuhrman."

I bought a large box of 64 Crayolas so I could identify the colors of Johnnie Cochran's suits.

—David Margolick of *The New York Times,* at a barbecue given for the media by Larry Schiller, co-author with Simpson of *I Want to Tell You*

For all her Botticelli hairdo and matryred expression, there was nothing noble in the motive of Laura Hart McKinny, who is now described in the media as screenwriter Laura Hart McKinny, although she has never sold a script. In an open letter to McKinny in *Daily Variety,* the editor, Peter Bart, who knows a thing or two about screenwriting, having been the number-two man at Paramount in Hollywood for years, wrote, "The bottom line, Laura, is that you spent 10 years researching and writing a screenplay that understandably no one wants to finance. . . . Judging from your script, Laura, your principal talent lies not in writing but rather in getti


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ANNETTE BENING
A ROB REINER FILM
THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT
MARTIN SHEEN
MICHAEL J. FOX
CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT
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into trouble. And for that, we are all paying a price. . . . Perhaps instead of teaching a course on screenwriting, you could actually take one."

When McKinny heard Mark Fuhrman say under oath on the witness stand that he had not used the word "nigger" in the last 10 years, she didn't make any attempt to turn over her mother lode of theretofore worthless tapes—with 42 sound bites of Fuhrman saying exactly what he swore he had not said—to the prosecution, or even to the defense. Instead, she hired a Los Angeles lawyer, Matthew Schwartz, who had been recommended to her by a teacher at the North Carolina School of the Arts who had gone to U.C.L.A. film school with Schwartz. Schwartz's law partner, Ron Regwan, admitted they had checked the tabloids to see what the market value of the hate-filled tapes was. McKinny—who in 1993 had left California under a bit of a cloud after filing for bankruptcy to escape $80,000 in debts she and her husband had accumulated—reportedly asked for a half-million dollars from Dove Books for transcripts of the tapes, but when Chris Darden put the question to her in court she denied that money was her motive. Personally, I'm sick of people coming out of the woodwork and trying to get rich on the mutilated bodies of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, the forgotten victims of the Simpson trial.

Pat McKenna, O. J. Simpson's colorful, outspoken private investigator—who performed in the same capacity for William Kennedy Smith at his rape trial in Palm Beach, Florida—acting on a telephone tip, discovered the tapes, and the defense pounced on them. There was jubilation in the defense camp. "This is a blockbuster. This is a bombshell," Johnnie Cochran cried out to Judge Ito, with a prance in his step and excitement in his voice. "This is perhaps the biggest thing that's happened in any case in this country in this decade."

At that moment the Simpson trial turned into the Mark Fuhrman trial. The fact that the family of one of the victims was in the courtroom made no difference. Fred, Patti, and Kim Goldman were sitting next to me, and I could feel their fury building as the defense team gloated, for the subtext of their remarks was "Acquittal is in the bag." That evening, Fred and Kim called a press conference, and the cry of rage emanating from them dominated every newscast. "This is *not* the Fuhrman trial," Fred Goldman said. "This is a trial about the man who murdered my son."

When Gretchen Stockdale walked off the stand, the defense table rose by six inches.

—Dan Abrams of Court TV, repeating a courtroom joke about the model O. J. Simpson left a romantic message for a few hours before the murders, at Larry Schiller's barbecue for the media.



During his victorious summation Johnnie Cochran compared Mark Fuhrman to Hitler and, on September 27, put on a knit cap to rebut the charge that O. J. Simpson wore one as a disguise.

From the very beginning, a reporter from *The Philadelphia Inquirer* named Robin Clark won his way into the hearts of all the rest of us covering the trial with his reporting talent, his writing style, and, most of all, his wit. He could do an off-the-top-of-his-head one-liner about any of the players—from Judge Ito to Deputy Jex and all the lawyers in between—that would rock the media room with laughter. One Friday, when we were breaking for the weekend, Robin introduced me to a cousin of his who was visiting from New York with a friend of hers, and said he was going to take them for a spin up the Pacific Coast Highway. An hour and a half later, all three were killed in a collision. Andrea Ford of the *Los Angeles Times* was the first to get the word. She called Shirley Perlman of *New York Newsday,* who called me, as did Joseph Bosco, who's writing a book about the case. For the first time in th long months of this trial, we heard on another cry as word passed from one hc tel room to another. It made me realiz how close we have all become, sharin this extraordinary experience that the tr al has been. The following Monday i court, Judge Ito kept Robin's seat in th courtroom empty, and a deputy hun Robin's press pass on the back of th seat. I missed Robin Clark's memori service, which was held at the Beverl Hills house that author Joe McGinnis who is also writing a book about th case, has rented for the length of the tr al. My son Alex had been reported mis ing in the Santa Rita Mountains of Ar zona, and I had left for the Nogal home of my former wif where, with our son Griff and our granddaughter, Ha nah, we waited out the agoni ing, nerve-racking days. A the end of day four, I ga up. I said to Griffin, "He dead." Griffin didn't think s From hanging out at murd trials, as I do, I have grov despondent about the goo ness of people. Truth h taken an ignominious d cline in importance. Truth what you get the jury to b lieve. But I saw and f goodness again in Nogal There were volunteers from two cou ties, K-9 patrols, police, a sheriff, he copters, and a plane. The telephon never stopped ringing. People fr everywhere called to say that they we praying. All those prayers were hea My son reappeared, having fallen do a ravine and having survived. We expe enced joy. Back at the trial the followi Monday, Judge Ito began the day by s ing, "Welcome back, Mr. Dunne."

I don't want to hear one word *about the O. J. Simpson trial.*

—Mrs. Billy Wilder, hands over h ears, issuing a command as she seat her guests at Mr. Ch

It seems to me that almost everyone this town has some input into Simpson case. One night a husba and-wife private-detective team who h heard me lecture on the case at the L Angeles Public Library took me fo ride through the backstreets and all ways of Brentwood in order to show that it is possible to make the run tween Nicole's condominium on Bur and O.J.'s mansion on Rockingham



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four minutes. If there happens to be no traffic on Sunset—and there probably wasn't at that late hour on the night of the murders—it's quite possible. We did it several times. I hadn't been out to the area for months. There's no prettier part of Los Angeles than Brentwood north of Sunset. The houses are spacious and beautiful. The gardens are impeccably tended. The cars in the driveways are sleek. It's not the flashy-rich part of town; it's the part that has the look of old money. When I drove past the rather stately house where O.J. and Nicole Simpson had lived when the going was good between them, I couldn't help thinking of how perfect it must have looked then to anyone peeking over the wall: the handsome superstar, the beautiful blonde wife, the magnificent kids, the pool, the tennis court, the red brick mansion. What is amazing is that even now, nearly a year and a half after the murders, crowds of people still come to stare, despite blockades erected to discourage them. The night I was there, gawking just like the sightseers, the cars driving by were old and rattly. Some held six to eight people, a few of them standing on the roofs of the vehicles, trying to see over the wall and focus cameras at the same time. There are guards on duty, and a sound system that starts to blast when anyone gets too close to the wall. "The longer this goes on, the lower the class of people who come here," one of the guards said to me. He had other opinions: "The police did a lousy job. They had a search warrant to look for a sweat suit, a cap, gloves, and a stiletto-type knife. They didn't even search the whole house. They never looked in the wine cellar."

A week or so later, I found myself back in the same neighborhood. A chance telephone call from the screenwriter Ernest Lehman, who had had dinner with friends of mine the night before, led me to meet Wolfgang and Marta Salinger, O. J. Simpson's next-door neighbors, who are equally well known in the case as the former employers of Rosa Lopez, the maid who provided Simpson with an alibi on the night of the murders but who was subsequently discredited when she lied on the stand and who then flew off to El Salvador. The Salingers have erected a temporary wire fence in front of their property to keep the sightseers off their lawn. It was a Sunday morning. We drank lemonade in a sun-filled book room overlooking a rose garden. Cultivated and shy of publicity, they were amazingly forthright in their conversation. They remembered their one-time neighbor with great affection. "We liked the man," said Marta Salinger. "For 17 years I had only pleasure from him. He was a wonderful neighbor. We always played on his tennis court."

Wolfgang Salinger concurred. "We were at his wedding, and he was at my 70th birthday. We were at his 40th birthday. We asked him to my 75th. He came for a few minutes. He charmed everybody."

"Justin was a darling boy, and O.J. was wonderful to him," said Marta. "He taught him how to play baseball when he was two and a half. His patience was unbelievable."

We talked about the day they had been in court, when Rosa was on the stand. "O.J. smiled and waved at us across the courtroom," said Marta. "He knew we weren't against him. We are neither for nor against him. When I heard the news, I said a prayer that he had an alibi."

"O.J. loved the good life," said Wolfgang. "That house is what he achieved. Neither wife got it in the divorce. You should have seen him at the Riviera Country Club." He struck a king-of-the-roost pose.

"I never saw his wife when she was beaten up, but I saw the maid, Michelle, who was beaten up by Nicole," said Marta. "That was last year in February. Michelle told me when the Simpsons had this fight and Nicole was injured, Nicole said to Michelle, 'I want you to testify for me,' but Michelle said, 'No, I work for both of you. I didn't see anything.' That was when Nicole fired her. Michelle was a friend of Rosa's. I think Rosa wanted to help O.J. because Michelle had been hit by Nicole."

The conversation turned to Rosa Lopez. "I was amused when you quoted someone in *Vanity Fair* as saying, 'If Rosa Lopez is as lousy a housekeeper as she is a liar, I'd hate to see the inside of the Salingers' house,'" said Marta. "So many people sent that to me. Rosa was honest. Nothing was ever missing. But she wasn't a good housekeeper. I never fired her, as she said on the stan

"Did Rosa lie?" I asked.

"Of course she lied," said Mar "I've always taken that for granted."

Her husband said, "She was here th years. I never was sure if she understo what I said, either in English or Spani and I speak Spanish very well. When spoke, she didn't know the difference tween past and present tense."

"She wanted to be part of it," s Marta about Rosa's involvement in case. "Cochran told her not to t about it, and she never told us she in any way connected to the wh thing. The only thing she had ever t us was that Detective Fuhrman ca over here to talk to her but that he n er came back. I think she went out O.J.'s office to tape what she said to

> "Remember, the conjugal visits are five hours. That leaves four hours and 45 minutes for pillow talk."

investigator. We didn't know anyth because she didn't tell us. They usu can't keep their mouths shut. They ally tell you everything."

"Do you think she was really walking the dog that night?" I asl

"Our dog has a bad allergy," Wolfgang, "and I made it a rule that dog never go out on the street."

"Rosa adored Mr. Johnnie. She a new dress every day," said Marta.

A fence covered by hedges separ the Salinger property from the Simp property. The Salingers believe that it der for Simpson not to have been see the limousine driver that night he w have had to get to his house by cor onto their property and going down driveway. We walked along the lengt the fence. "My husband thought the way for him to get over the fence wa this tree," said Marta. Indeed, there tree on the Salinger property branches that create a ladder w would have made it easy to hop ove fence and come down in the area the air conditioner outside the r where Kato Kaelin was staying.

They didn't have much time for lin. "He parked his lousy car ou our house," *(Continued on page 5)*



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MacKinnon's Tenderloin

1 tenderloin of beef, approximately 3 1/2 pounds
1 tablespoon vegetable oil
Salt
Ground pepper
2 tablespoons minced shallot or scallion
1/2 cup Drambuie
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 cups beef broth

Preheat oven to 475°F. Rub beef with oil and season with salt and pepper. Place beef in flame-proof roasting pan. Reduce oven to 400°F. Roast beef for about 30 minutes or until meat thermometer registers 125°F. for rare; add 5 to 10 minutes more (130°F. to 145°F.) for medium-rare to medium.

Remove beef from oven; add shallot to roasting pan. In a small saucepan over low flame, heat Drambuie until warmed. Pour Drambuie over beef and ignite, using a long match. When flame goes out, transfer beef to serving platter and keep warm. Add flour to pan juice; cook over medium heat, stirring for about 1 minute. Whisk in remaining ingredients; stir until sauce comes to a boil and is smooth. Slice beef and serve with sauce. Serves 6 to 8.



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1 oz. Scotch
On ice

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1 oz. Drambuie
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Drambuie Chocolate Cheeseca
(No Bake)

1 1/4 cups chocolate cookie crumb
1/4 cup butter or margarine, melte
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/3 cup Drambuie
Two 8-oz. packages cream chees
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup cocoa
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Dash of salt
1 1/2 cups heavy cream, whipped, or 3
whipped topping
2/3 cup chocolate curls or miniatur
semi-sweet chocolate morsels

Combine crumbs and butter. Mi
Press onto bottom of 9-inch springform
Soften gelatin in Drambuie (dissol
hot water). Combine softened cream c
sugar, cocoa, vanilla and salt, mixing at m
speed on electric mixer until well-blende
gelatin/Drambuie mixture. Fold in w
cream or whipped topping. Spoon n
evenly over crumbs. Sprinkle chocola
or morsels over top. Chill.

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Audrey Hepburn, autumn 1957





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tinued from page 140) said Wolf- "When I complained, he said, 'I'm Simpson's houseguest.'" They both ed.

Did you ever see O.J. play?" asked a.

No," I replied.

e clapped her hands at the memory m. "He was a beautiful runner. He like a deer." She shook her head. last time I saw him, I said, 'I'm ly sorry, O.J., that you're splitting He said, 'Oh, don't take it seriously. hot-tempered. She'll come back.'"

eaking of Rosa Lopez, here's the test on her. A few months back, wrote that she had become en- l to a 28-year-old ventriloquist Baltimore named Mike Gabriel, or sei" Mike Gabriel, as he calls him- who saw Rosa testifying on televi- became smitten, and followed her Salvador, where she agreed to ac- his hand in marriage. That be- al has bitten the dust. Gabriel, who imarily a teacher of cat yoga, re- y wrote me a long, chatty letter in h he said that Rosa was allergic to and that that had ended the ro- ce. Not to worry. Gabriel's old girl- d took him back, and they are "en- l to be engaged." Her name is ntha, and she acts in porn. She has filmed her first anal-sex scene, her é informed me.

matter where you go, you can't get way from the trial. One night at Drai's, I saw Faye Resnick, Robert iro, and Michael Viner, all at sepa- tables. Another night I stopped to nello to a friend and, by accident, ped into a man seated at the next . When I turned to apologize, I saw it was Kato Kaelin. We had seen other in court but had never spoken. e written about him several times in s than flattering way, because I felt he was keeping secrets that are vital e story. I have often wondered if he frightened by someone into withhold- what he knew. We stared at each oth- r an instant, unsure how to play the ent. "I'm so glad they found your ' he said, which wasn't at all what I expecting. "Would you ever talk to ' I asked him. He said, "Sure. Where reach you?" I gave him the name of otel, but so far I haven't heard from There's so much I would like to ask about the night of the murders. Not I think he would give me any an- s, but I'd still like to ask.

How many people do you know who wear cashmere-lined leather gloves and a knit cap on a June night in Los Angeles?

—A stranger who came up to me during dinner at the Bistro Garden in Beverly Hills.

Driving down Hollywood Boulevard in the back of a limousine on the way to the premiere of *Waterworld,* a beautiful woman, who must be nameless, told me she knew a man who had been to visit O.J. in jail the day before. She said that her friend, who had once been very friendly with O.J., asked him if he had done it, and that O.J. replied, "No way, man. I loved her. Anybody who knows me knows I could never have done it." Her enactment of her friend's enactment of O.J.'s avowal of his love for Nicole was so convincing that I could visualize him saying it.

"Maybe that's what he'll say if he takes the stand," I replied.

"My friend's not going back," she answered.

I don't do windows and I don't do retrials.

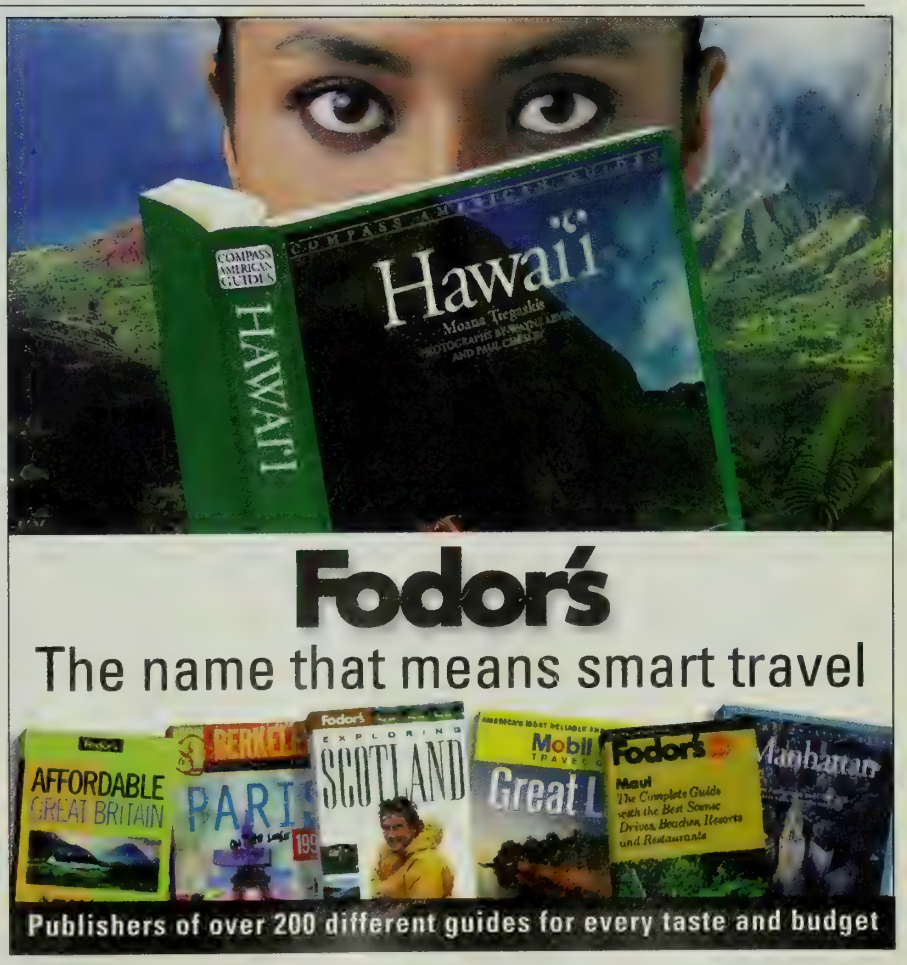
—Famed trial reporter Theo Wilson, now retired, during a media discussion of a possible Simpson retrial.

A source close to Simpson tells me that he is still paying $10,900 a month for Sydney and Justin, his children by Nicole, which is the same amount he used to give Nicole. The money is paid to the Brown family. Hertz cut him off its payroll after his arrest. A source tells me that NBC continued to pay him for four months and then stopped, although NBC denies this. Money is still coming in, however. Every noon during the lunch break, he sits in the lockup room and signs autographs on football jerseys, football cards, deflated footballs, and photographs—all hot items for collectors, all for sale. So far he has earned $1.3 million, and that's not including what he made on his best-selling book.

He couldn't find a mick in Dublin.

—Pat McKenna, defense-team investigator, refuting District Attorney Gil Garcetti's claim that the prosecution had discovered the Fuhrman tapes.

A member of the defense team who doesn't get much credit these days, and should, is Robert Shapiro, who was the lead lawyer of Simpson's dream team before, in football jargon, an end run was made around him by the former



running-back defendant, who put Johnnie Cochran in charge. Some believe Shapiro was brought on at the recommendation of Simpson's first lawyer, Howard Weitzman, because of his expertise in plea bargaining, which may have been a factor sometime early in the case. At any rate, within days of the murders, Shapiro brought in two expert witnesses worth their weight in gold who later performed brilliantly on the stand. One was Michael Baden, the former New York City coroner, and the other was Dr. Henry Lee from Connecticut, who is invariably referred to in the press as America's foremost forensic scientist. Both were present in Robert Kardashian's house that Friday five days after the murders when Simpson—instead of turning himself in to the L.A.P.D., as planned—took off with his friend Al Cowlings in the white Bronco for the famous freeway chase, leaving Shapiro and Kardashian behind to read his "suicide" note to 95 million viewers. I had not realized that expert witnesses can be participants in a murder case before the arrest until I was provided with a photograph of Dr. Lee kneeling in front of a stripped-down Simpson with camera in hand.

Also in the Kardashian house at the time O.J. left for the freeway chase were Shapiro's doctor, Robert Huizenga—who later became a defense witness and suggested on the stand that Simpson was too crippled by arthritis to have committed the crimes—two nurses, psychiatrist Saul Faerstein, and perhaps more. All of them were present in the Kardashian residence because of their professional relationship with O.J., but none of them seems to have seen Simpson and Cowlings leave in the white Bronco. O.J.'s girlfriend Paula Barbieri, who had spent Wednesday and Thursday nights there, and Kardashian's then fiancée, Denice Halicki, left the house before O.J.'s departure.

The mystery of why the prosecution did not bring the freeway chase into the trial is beginning to seep out. Robert Shapiro said to Shirley Perlman of *Newsday,* "If the prosecution brings in witnesses to the freeway chase, they will regret it." The story is—and it sounds right to me—that the helicopters hovering over the Bronco picked up and taped O.J.'s many cellular-phone calls. Parts of the transcript of one of them—to his mother, who urges him to turn himself in—have been published in the *National Enquirer.* In other calls, Simpson apparently proclaims that he is innocent and that he is being framed. One could interpret that as meaning that the defense had already come up with its conspiracy theory, before the arrest. For the jury to hear that in O.J.'s voice, probably crying, would be devastating for the prosecution.



O. J. Simpson is examined with a camera by Dr. Henry Lee—forensic scientist and later expert witness for the defense—in Robert Kardashian's house shortly before taking off in the white Bronco for the freeway chase.

Since Shapiro had fostered Lee's involvement in the case, it was considered a slap in Shapiro's face when Barry Scheck was assigned to take Lee through his direct examination. Although some will tell you it was Cochran's decision to give the gig to Scheck instead of to Shapiro—a source of embarrassment and anger for Shapiro—a person close to the defense told me that it was Simpson's decision and that Cochran was merely the messenger. As of now, Barry Scheck is Simpson's favorite lawyer on the case, and will deliver the closing argument with Cochran. Simpson, by the way, is no passive defendant, complying with everything his lawyers tell him to. During night strategy sessions in Cochran's office, Simpson, from jail, participates actively by speakerphone.

The infinite charm of Dr. Lee is legendary, especially when he talks to juries—beguiling them, amusing them, instructing them, making them feel like mini-authorities on blood spatter and shoe prints. If he suggests to them that there might have been a second set of shoe prints at the crime scene, that's probably what they're going to believe. I have never been eager to contribute to the hagiography of Dr. Lee, having seen him give a quite sinister courtroom performance when he was



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expert witness for the defense at the William Kennedy Smith rape trial.

Lee's wit filled the Simpson courtroom with laughter when he misidentified one of the defense lawyers and quipped, "You people all look alike." I had a feeling it wasn't the first time he had used that joke, so I called someone I knew in the district attorney's office in Hartford, Connecticut, who laughed and told me it was a staple in Lee's repertoire. Lee said on the stand that 95 percent of the time he is a prosecution witness. The other 5 percent, when he appears for the defense, is usually in high-profile cases. "I don't know what his motivations are in the Simpson case. He *believes* in DNA," said the person in the Hartford office.

When Dr. Lee finished testifying, he wanted to have his picture taken with prosecutors Marcia Clark and Chris Darden. A person who witnessed this event told me that Hank Goldberg, who had conducted Lee's cross-examination, felt left out, so Barry Scheck turned to Lee and said, "Don't you want your picture taken with Hank?" A bailiff took the first picture. One of the lawyers took the second.

I don't take that seriously, about Denise. Denise is just a hugging girl. She hugged the wrong man.

—Juditha Brown, mother of Nicole, after the defense said in court that her daughter Denise had had an affair with mobster and F.B.I. informant Craig "Tony the Animal" Fiato.

Weariness has set in. The trial has gone on too long. People have cabin fever. Everyone who has been in the courtroom all these months, day in, day out, feels the same claustrophobia. But then we think about the jurors, and they have it worse. We regulars all know one another by now, including the Goldman, Brown, and Simpson families, the judge, the lawyers, the clerks, the court reporters, the deputies, and the media. To my knowledge, no one in the media has spoken with O. J. Simpson, but I understand that O.J. knows who certain reporters are and how we stand on his guilt or innocence. The jury is in a fragile state. They are sick of the trial. This is the longest sequestration of a jury in the history of California law. Some of them are glassy-eyed. They send complaints to the judge, who has been their champion, and many no longer laugh at his jokes. I believe jurors No. 8 and No. 9, two African-American females, have already made up their minds. I think it is possible that No. 3, a Caucasian female of 61, could hang the jury. In mid-September she had financial problems, needed $3,000, and wanted to leave. To keep her, Judge Ito said that he would ask the court for the money. Cochran, speaking for the defense, vehemently objected, arguing that No. 3 would then be beholden to the judge. The defense would love to lose her, fearing that O.J. will never get his acquittal with her on the jury. Subsequently we were told that the problem had been solved, and that L.A. County funds had not been used.

I think all the jurors know a great deal more about what is going on than they are supposed to know. When Laura Hart McKinny took the stand, I felt that the jurors knew who she was, although they had not heard her name in court before. More goes on during conjugal visits than conjugal things. Cynthia McFadden of ABC said to me at a dinner given by constitutional lawyer Floyd Abrams at Eclipse, "Remember, the conjugal visits are five hours. That leaves four hours and 45 minutes for pillow talk." Even if jurors are openly discussing the case among themselves now, there is little the deputies can do about it. The trial needs the jurors more than the jurors need the trial.

Although the defense had not yet rested its case in chief, Marcia Clark got the prosecution's rebuttal under way on a triumphant note, with glove expert Richard Rubin, who said he was 100 percent sure that the gloves Simpson was wearing in videos from his days as a sportscaster were the same style as the bloody pair of gloves found at the crime scene on Bundy and outside Kato Kaelin's room on the Simpson estate. Then F.B.I. special agent William Bodziak, who analyzes shoe prints for the agency's crime lab, attacked the findings of Dr. Lee, who had suggested that an imprint found at the crime scene could have belonged to a second killer. Bodziak, with total confidence, said that the imprint was actually tool marks left by workmen who had poured the original concrete on the walkway, thereby boosting the prosecution's claim that there was only one set of shoe prints at the scene, prints made by size-12 Bruno Magli shoes. In his cross-examination of Bodziak, the rarely subdued Barry Scheck expressed dismay at the effrontery of Bodziak to question the findings of the great Dr. Lee, but Scheck had finally met his match; Bodziak was not intimidated by him, and held his own, claiming that he was more of an authority on shoe prin than Dr. Lee. Meanwhile, back in Co necticut, Lee was so upset by the ch lenge to his testimony that he called press conference at the police crime l in Meriden. He fiercely defended his fi ings like a man fighting to preserve reputation, at the same time distanci himself from the defense and praising t F.B.I. When asked if he would return the trial for surrebuttal, he replied in t negative. He also said, "One trial expe ence is enough. I am not going back retrial."

"Are you sorry you got involved this case?" asked a reporter.

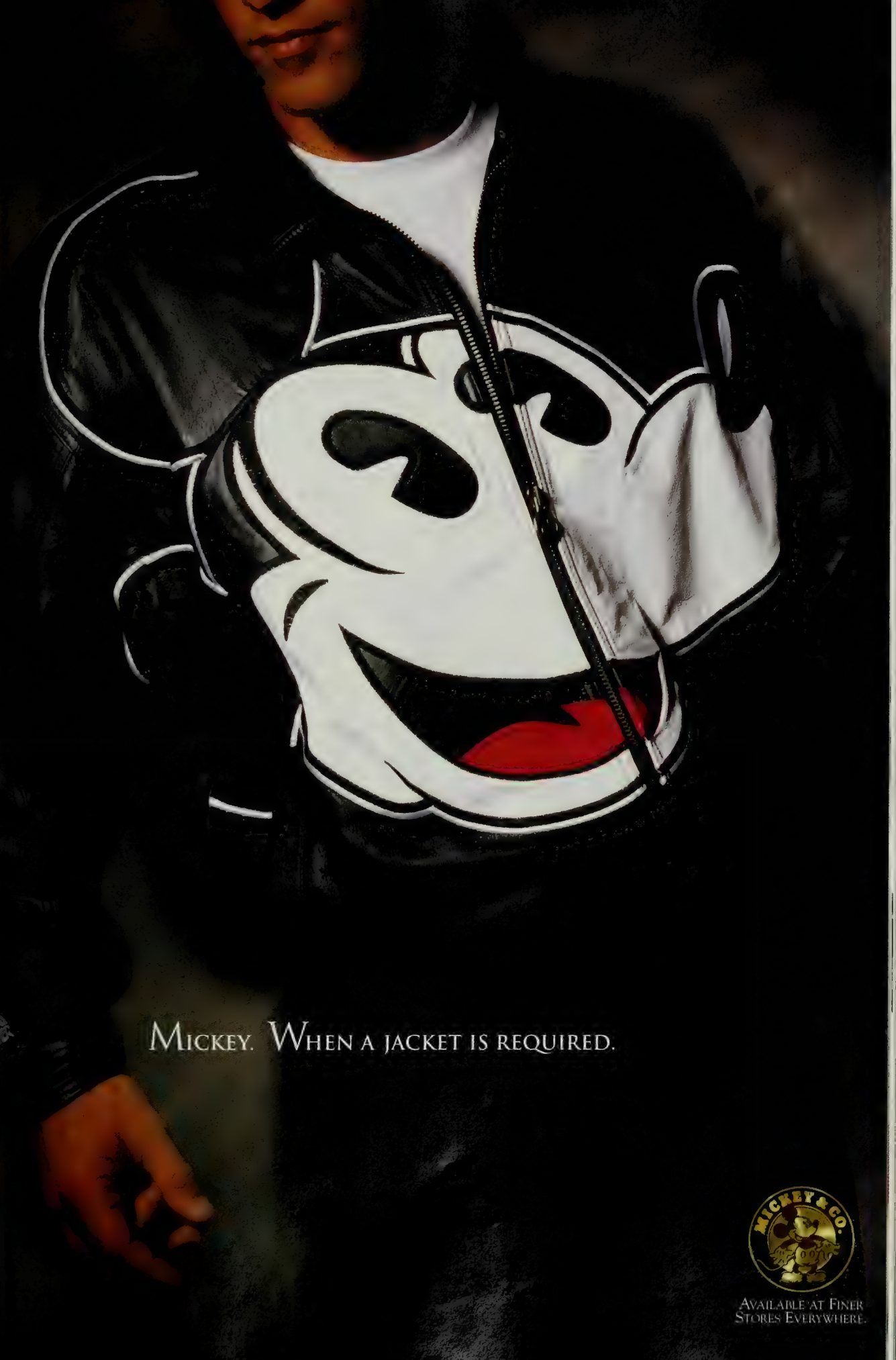
"Yes," replied Dr. Lee.

I don't know how many different ways you can get fucked!

—Barry Scheck, enraged, after stormed out of the courtroom follow Judge Ito's jury-instruction rulin

Never underestimate the power of lebrity in Los Angeles. In a dazzl display of showmanship and ch pah, a carefully rehearsed O. J. Simp rose to his feet to waive his right to te fy and then electrified the courtro with an unprecedented speech, stat that he had faith in the jury's integ and knew they would find he "did could not, and would not have com ted this crime," and that he missed kids. It was hard to know where to l in the shocked courtroom. Judge who would have cut off any other de dant in mid-sentence, merely sta knowing he had been outfoxed. Ma Clark fumed. To my left, Simpso daughter Arnelle sobbed. To my ri Fred Goldman hissed "murderer, m derer" under his breath. Although jury was not present, everyone know now that the jurors hear what is going when they're not there. That, of cou was the point. Simpson could say piece and not be cross-examined. La at a press conference, "coward" was of the words used by Fred Goldma describe Simpson.

Nicole Brown Simpson told e friend she had that O. J. Simp was going to kill her and get a with it. "He's going to start his lif over again," said a joyous Johnnie C ran in a news conference after the guilty verdict. "I will pursue as my mary goal in life the killer or killers slaughtered Nicole and Mr. Goldm Jason Simpson read from a prep statement by his father. □


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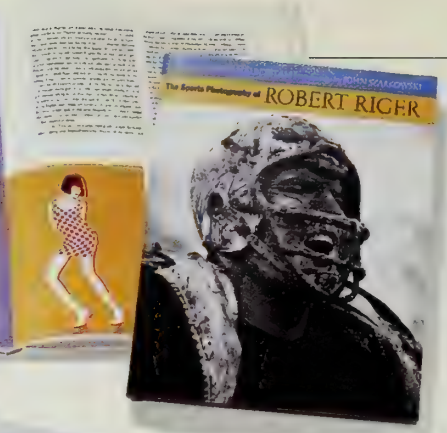
Swain in Love

Every Hollywood starlet under 40 auditioned to play the lead in Adrian Lyne's remake of *Lolita*, but 15-year-old Malibu High sophomore **DOMINIQUE SWAIN** nabbed the part. And Swain wants everyone to know that she's not really like that. "Lolita has a very hard family life, so she has to learn to cope," says the neophyte actress. "But I have a very good relationship with my mom." And she still does even now that she's in this movie. Lyne's version aims to be more faithful to the novel and more outrageously sexual than the '62 Kubrick film. Swain doesn't see Lo as a flirt, preferring to call her "experimental." And Swain herself? Having done only school plays and stunt doubling in *The Good Son*, she got the role over 2,500 other hopefuls. "Up until now," she exclaims, "I've had a very normal life." —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by EIKA AOSHIMA

Vanities





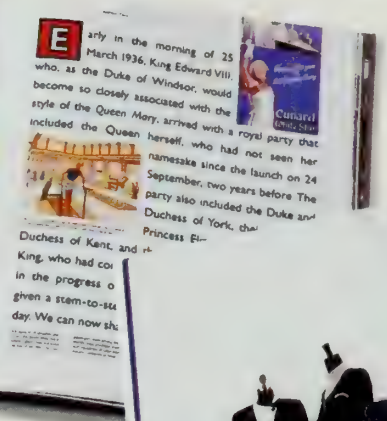
From far left: *"The Legend of the Batman" (1939), from Les Daniels's* DC Com *model Meghan Douglas she appears in* Hair Styl *by Amy Fine Collins; Green Bay Packer tackl Forrest Gregg in 1960, on the cover of* The Sports Photography of Robert Riger.



Fall Leaves

New autumn art books from many worlds





Looking for a rabbit hole to drop into? Try or of these fine fall books, each a world unto self. For mystery, there's *Man Ray, 1890–197* (Abrams), a sumptuous display of work by th experimental photographer (and painter ar filmmaker and writer) who turned silhouette into unheard melodies, whose irradiated ir agery was a scary clairvoyance. For muscl there's *The Sports Photography of Robert Rig* (Random House), master of the mud-covere Adonis, chronicler of rugged grace—catch W ma Rudolph winding down, her face angle like a Leonardo. As for angels circa 1995, sure they've traded those Renaissance robes for clothir by Beene, the couturier who mixes flight, mind, a matter in equal parts. For clues to how he does it, e plore *Geoffrey Beene* (Abrams) by Brenda Cullerton, high-ceilinged study of one man's abiding aeroc namics. Zooming in on the world's top hairstylists, Ar Fine Collins's *Hair Style* (HarperCollins) is a collecti of fairy-tale dos spun from locks, bangs, and brai Les Daniels's *DC Comics* (Bulfinch) celebrates 60 yea of iconically coiffed (hence, rarely "offed") superhero Finally, James Steele's *Queen Mary* (Phaidon) cruis in color through her glam and glory days. Launch 1936; interiors, Art Deco; she was Wonderland the worldly. —LAURA JACOBS



From above: *Man Ray photographs on the cover of* Man Ray; *a spread from James Steele's* Queen Mary *features cabin boys assembled for inspection on the ship's promenade deck in 1936; mannequins dressed to the nines from Brenda Cullerton's* Geoffrey Beene.

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Part of the *Art to Swatch Retrospective*,
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The Chicago Athenaeum:
Museum of Architecture and Design

Vanities



Top to bottom: *the Empire State Building, April 11, 1946;* The Unconsoled *author Kazuo Ishiguro; Djuna Barnes on the SS* La Lorraine, *1922; Faye Dunaway writes* Looking fo Gatsby: My Life



Hot Type

Ah, November . . . There's a bite in the air, the sound of wishbones' being snapped, the acrid smell of burning—it could be leaves or copies of *To Renew America.* This month, it's a parade of biographies rife with raging libidos and bad attitudes. *Lewis Carroll: A Biography* (Knopf) is **MORTON N. COHEN'S** salacious sashay through the looking glass of this genius wit and fancier of wee lassies' lives. **LYLE LEVERICH'S** *Tom: The Unknown Tennessee Williams* (Crown) explores the enigmatic and eternally troubled playwright's early years. **HARRISON KINNEY'S** *James Thurber* (Holt) recalls the tumultuous life and times of the pride of the Buckeye State. Pansexual romps and bouts with alcoholism permeate **PHILLIP HERRING'S** daring *Djuna: The Life and Work of Djuna Barnes* (Viking).

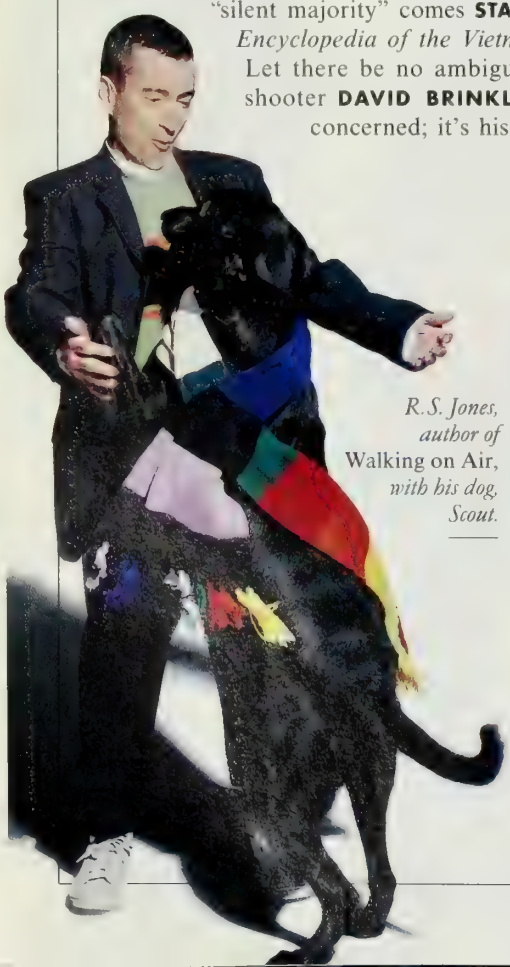




Lost men on psychic journeys star in two of the best new novels: a bewildered pianist tries to recollect his past in **KAZUO ISHIGURO'S** *The Unconsoled* (Knopf), and a philosophical romantic finds himself shipwrecked in **UMBERTO ECO'S** latest, *The Island of the Day Before* (Harcourt Brace). From the war that gave us terms such as "credibility gap" and "silent majority" comes **STANLEY I. KUTLER'S** *Encyclopedia of the Vietnam War* (Scribner). Let there be no ambiguity where straight shooter **DAVID BRINKLEY'S** new book is concerned; it's his *Memoirs* (Knopf).

FAYE DUNAWAY makes sense of her istence in *Looking for Gatsby: My Life* mon & Schuster). **BARRY UNSWORT** bewitching *Morality Play* (Doubleday set in 14th-century England. From lenciaga to Beene, **LAURA JACOBS** plores the fine art of high fashion in *Art of Haute Couture* (Abbevil **DMITRI NABOKOV** edits *The Storie Vladimir Nabokov* (Knopf), a collectio his beloved papa's short fiction. Ahoy, all seamen-loving landlubbers, pipe aboard an er sailor story, **PATRICK O'BRIAN'S** *The known Shore* (Norton). **JOHN TAURAN** celebrates King Kong's favorite jungle gyr *The Empire State Building: A History* (Scribn **ROBERT WOOLLEY,** Sotheby's pre-eminent auction takes us behind the scenes of the world's most famous tion house in *Going Once* (Simon & Schuster). And it' ficial: **CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS** secures his place in with *The Missionary Position: The Ideology of Mother Te* (Verso). Thank heaven somebody *finally* put that we in her place.

—ELISSA SCHAPI



R.S. Jones, author of Walking on Air, *with his dog, Scout.*

Mister Jones

He was supposed to be a writer "since the first grade," but R. S. Jones got sidetracked along the way, teaching 19th-century Symbolist art to murderers at Attica and raising wild boars in the Carmel Valley before establishing himself as both a highly acclaimed novelist and an editor at HarperCollins. Jones's first novel, *Force of Gravity,* won him a prestigious Whiting Writers' Award, and this month, Houghton Mifflin will publish his second novel, *Walking on Air.*

Written between midnight and four A.M. while its author was sugared up on doughnuts and iced mochas, *Walking on Air* is a transcendent meditation on death so unflinchingly clear that one wonders how it could have been written by someone so blazingly alive. "Well," Jones says dryly, "you don't have to be sick to write about disease, but just an incredible hypochondriac." When asked about what comes next, Jones shrugs and says, "I only ever had two ideas: one was to write a book about anxiety and the other to write a book about death, so now I think I've run out." —A. M. HOMES

Johnny Handsome

Central Park West's fresh prince

In his role as Peter Fairchild on *Central Park West,* John Barrowman is the pretty boy with a heart of gold. But offscreen, as GEORGE WAYNE discovers, anything goes.

George Wayne: *Darling, I have a little present for you . . . some photos I took the last time we met.*

John Barrowman: These are great—I appreciate it.

G.W. *So why don't you loosen your tie?*

J.B. Oh, O.K.

G.W. *Aren't you hot?*

J.B. No, not at all.

G.W. *What gets you hot and bothered?*

J.B. If you're talking hot and bothered, like angry hot and bothered, I don't like nasty people. I don't like people who are evil.

G.W. *I meant sexually!*

J.B. Fantasies, dressing up . . .

G.W. *In garter belts?*

J.B. No, not that kind of stuff. Role-playing, I like role-playing.

G.W. *And dressing up in what?*

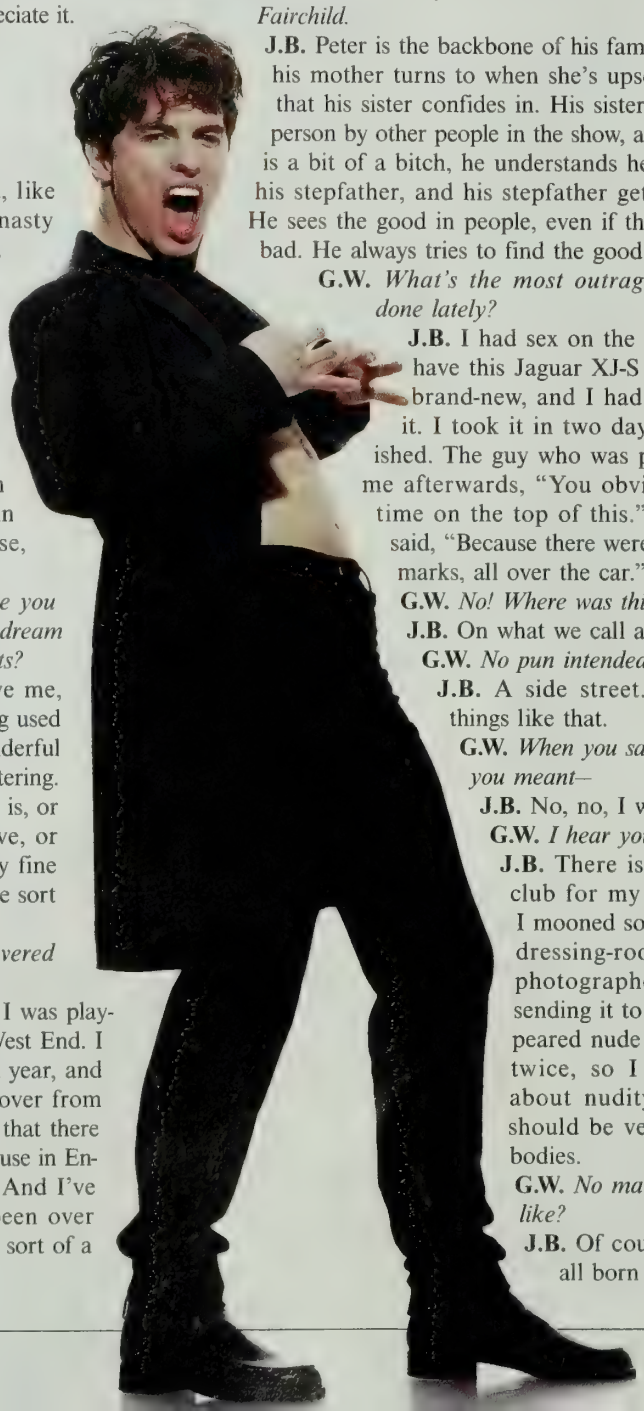
J.B. Say someone wanted to fantasize . . . I would dress up as a construction worker, or we could pretend we were in a hospital. Someone could be the nurse, someone could be the doctor. . . .

G.W. *With your enlarging fame, how are you going to deal with lascivious people who dream of nothing more than getting in your pants?*

J.B. I'm still getting used to it. Believe me, George . . . Stop laughing. I'm still getting used to this enlarging fame. (You have a wonderful way with words.) I think that's really flattering. I find it very flattering, no matter who it is, or what they are. If they find me attractive, or want to get in my pants, that's perfectly fine with me. As long as I'm giving them some sort of escapism.

G.W. *The* C.P.W. *casting directors discovered you in London.*

J.B. Yes, they did. What happened was, I was playing the lead in *Sunset Boulevard* on the West End. I had been doing that for approximately a year, and one of the CBS casting directors came over from L.A., and he saw in his niece's bedroom that there were posters of me all over the place, because in England I am on two teenage TV shows. And I've done seven West End musicals—I've been over here since 1989. I guess you can say I'm sort of a household name in Britain.



G.W. *So you've worked with Betty Buckley. I hear she's a man-eater.*

J.B. A man-eater? She hasn't eaten me. I loved working with her. I have the greatest respect for Betty. She's one of the best Norma Desmonds around.

G.W. *Tell me how you see the character you play, Peter Fairchild.*

J.B. Peter is the backbone of his family. He's somebody his mother turns to when she's upset. He's somebody that his sister confides in. His sister is not a well-liked person by other people in the show, and even though she is a bit of a bitch, he understands her. He understands his stepfather, and his stepfather gets along with him. He sees the good in people, even if there is any sense of bad. He always tries to find the good and the positive.

G.W. *What's the most outrageous thing you've done lately?*

J.B. I had sex on the hood of my Jag. I have this Jaguar XJ-S in London. It was brand-new, and I had sex on the top of it. I took it in two days later to get polished. The guy who was polishing it said to me afterwards, "You obviously had a good time on the top of this." I said, Why? He said, "Because there were handprints, cheek marks, all over the car."

G.W. *No! Where was this?*

J.B. On what we call a lay-by . . .

G.W. *No pun intended.*

J.B. A side street. Everybody does things like that.

G.W. *When you said marks, I thought you meant—*

J.B. No, no, I was protected.

G.W. *I hear you have a firm rear.*

J.B. There is apparently a fan club for my bum in the U.K. I mooned somebody out of my dressing-room window. They photographed it and started sending it to people. I have appeared nude onstage in Britain twice, so I have no qualms about nudity. I think people should be very proud of their bodies.

G.W. *No matter what they look like?*

J.B. Of course. Hey, we were all born naked.

Vanities



Oral fixations: Kate Moss and Johnny Depp at the book party for *Kate: The Kate Moss Book*, the autobiography of a former waif.



A Gutfreund to have: Susan Gutfreund and Veronica Webb at Karl Lagerfeld photo exhibition.

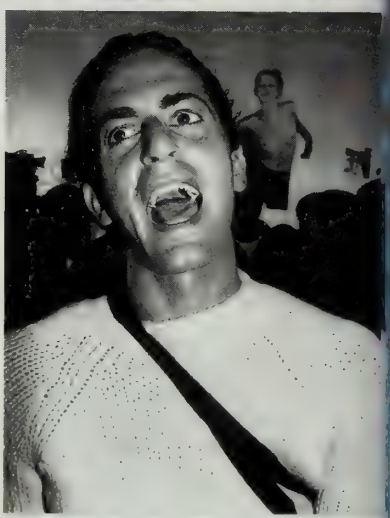


Monkeys and midriffs: Party girl Sophie McDowall with a primate friend captivates outside the Moss party.

V.F. Camera

Artists and models

The oft pictured were showing off their own pictures in New York this fall. Richard Gere took his first photo as a Boy Scout ("Probably [of] mountains—isn't that funny?" he laughs). Now he's a Buddhist, exhibiting photos of Tibet at the Robert Miller Gallery. Karl Lagerfeld, Chanel's Kaiser of Couture, is just another clicker when he wields a camera, judging by the textbook artiness of his "Visages et Paysages." Professional glamour shots—blowups from *Kate: The Kate Moss Book*, by Kate Moss—lined the walls of the James Danziger Gallery. The 21-year-old ex-waif contributed a 450-word introduction to her "autobiography," thanking the pros she's been "lucky enough to work with." Pro beau Johnny Depp attended the opening and sheepishly admitted that he also gets behind the camera. "Yeah, I take pictures," he said. "I take Polaroids of my dog." Does he ever focus on Kate? "No, it's just the dog," laughs Kate. "We're obsessed with the dog." —DEBORAH MITCHELL



A gasping good time: Designer Marc Jacobs is momentarily overcome at the Moss book party.



Fellow author Photographer Arthur Elgort, known for his fashion photography and his book, *Model Manual*, attends Kate Moss's party.



Have wind machine, will travel: Naomi Campbell, quite possibly styled in homage to Kate, at Moss's party.





One good reason to wear sunglasses at night: Karl Lagerfeld meets the press outside his photo exhibition, "Visages et Paysages," at Industria Superstudio. *Left:* Claudia Schiffer subjects Kaiser Karl's work to an inspection.



Supporting her colleague: Model Trish Goff and friend Damon Fourie at Kate's bash

Photographs by DAFYDD JONES

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e fact that professional photographers use the Olympus® inity SuperZoom 3500 as their personal snapshot camera has en a source of confusion lately. People are making the erroneous sumption that anyone carrying an Olympus SuperZoom is a ofessional, and this leads to potentially awkward situations. ing mistaken for a member of the press can mean offers of tel or airline discounts, preferential treatment at restaurants d even free admission to cultural events. Finding yourself ongfully whisked into a VIP lounge, or cornered by some fame-dicted celebrity can be a disorienting experience – but luckily it avoidable. In the event that you are mistaken for a professional cause of your SuperZoom, simply explain that the only reason many professionals are attached to it in the first place is that s easy to use and takes great snapshots. Point out that the ajority of SuperZoom owners are, fact, just amateurs like yourself.* e at Olympus believe *we'll all t through this difficult time,* F WE JUST USE A ITTLE COMMON ENSE.



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a precaution, avoid using words like 'ciao' or 'babe' since this might only aggravate the situation.

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so far away (though very far out) there exists a place called BAM. Where fairy tales don't come true. come to life. But beware! For you might not recognize these characters from the dusty pages of hood, but you will never forget them. Listen as the raspy-voiced minstrel, Tom Waits, takes "Alice in derland" to places she's never been. And it's no tea party. Visit other distant worlds in "The ion of Joan of Arc," "Salome" and "The Duchess of Malfi" by entering this enchanted land. And e you know it you'll be able to say (and here's the storybook ending): "Once upon a time I went to BAM."

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Elmore Leonard, *author:* The Last Worthless Evening, *by Andre Dubus (Godine). "I love his attitude, his deceptively simple style, and his flesh-and-blood people."*



Drew Barrymore, *actress:* Roget's Twenty-First Century Thesaurus *(Dell). "So no matter what I am reading, I won't miss a thing."*



Michael White, *producer:* Kings, *by Christopher Logue (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). "A brilliantly clear and understandable version of Homer's* Iliad, *books 1 and 2, written in crisp and poetic language."*



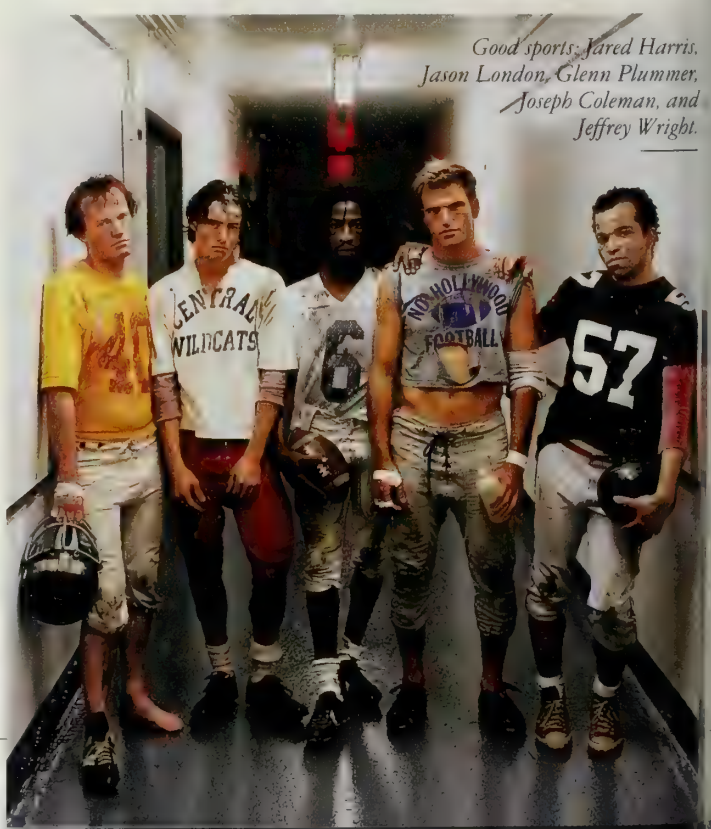
Vivienne Tam, *designer:* The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying, *by Sogyal Rinpoche (HarperSanFrancisco). "It emphasizes the importance of caring for both worlds."*

Dream Team

Young actors in a league of their own

There's nothing like a hot young actor to take the chill out of a No vember evening. Fortunately, the screens are full of them thes days. **JEFFREY WRIGHT** grew up in Washington, D.C., graduate from Amherst College, and promptly made a beeline for th boards, where he's been seen in such important works as *Angels in Ame ica* and *Perestroika* (for which he won a Tony). Wright breaks throug on the big screen in Julian Schnabel's forthcoming *Build a Fort, Set . on Fire,* in which he stars as artist Jean-Michel Basquiat. California-bor **GLENN PLUMMER** hit the ground acting—in such films as *Menace Society, South Central,* and *Speed*—and "velocity" has been his caree byword ever since. With roles in two new films—including a turn as political activist/rapper in Kathryn Bigelow's *Strange Days* and a mal lead in Paul Verhoeven's steamy Joe Eszterhas–scripted *Showgirls*—h won't be slowing down anytime soon, and gets *Up Close and Persona* with Robert Redford and Michelle Pfeiffer next spring. As the prog ny of actor Richard Harris, **JARED HARRIS** knows what it takes t play the offspring of a famous dad, key to his performance as the so of Dracula in Michael Almereyda's *Nadja.* Harris the Younger, seen i *Smoke* and its sequel, *Blue in the Face,* stars next in *Dead Man,* wit Johnny Depp, and *I Shot Andy Warhol,* as the artist himself. **JASO LONDON** went from a *Dazed and Confused* high-school stoner to a st pupil in *Learning Curves,* to be released next spring. London then tra ed in the schoolboy duds to pal around with a trio of drag queens in th recent release *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newma* **JOSEPH COLEMAN'S** first movie role is as a porn star in Wood Allen's *Mighty Aphrodite.* The six-foot, blond, blue-gray-eyed Bruc Weber model has a look the lens loves to love, which is a good thin given that he has turned heads as a guest stud on the soap *Loving.*

Love 'em or leave 'em. —JAN BRESLAUE



Good sports: Jared Harris, Jason London, Glenn Plummer, Joseph Coleman, and Jeffrey Wright.



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Vanities

What if...

Suppose for a minute that Connie Chung and Maury Povich engaged in dangerous nuclear-fusion experiments at home . . . or that the U.N. were converted into a nightclub. How might the world be changed? HENRY ALFORD dares to ponder.

What if professional sports were run like the fashion industry?

JANUARY College recruiter spots new talent in Bowery Bar bathroom.

FEBRUARY *Sports Illustrated* runs lavish articles about each of its advertisers.

MARCH Drew Bledsoe's lucrative new contract names him the first *super*-quarterback.

APRIL Boston Red Sox manager delays announcement of starting lineup to better cross-promote with new fragrance.

MAY Lou Holtz bases new Notre Dame scrimmages on migration patterns of Bedouins and Shakers.

JUNE Mark Messier spends day before decisive Stanley Cup game vomiting up small meals of rice cakes.

JULY Heavyweight Riddick Bowe starts rumor that George Foreman has had "work" done.

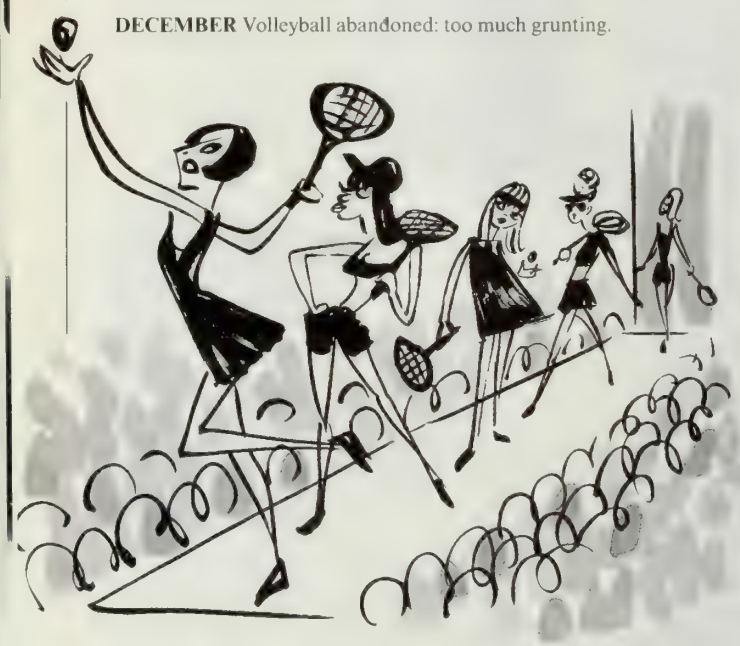
AUGUST Team owner interrupts coach during scrimmage chalk talk with desperate reminder to do *less*.

SEPTEMBER The Knicks' hiring of a 5-foot-2-inch point guard results in media frenzy about "the new length."

OCTOBER Tennis abandoned: white is unslimming.

NOVEMBER Football abandoned: shoulder padding too retro.

DECEMBER Volleyball abandoned: too much grunting.





What if Noël Coward were your local weatherman?

1929 Noël underreports temperature of heat wave in attempt to "jolly up" forecast.

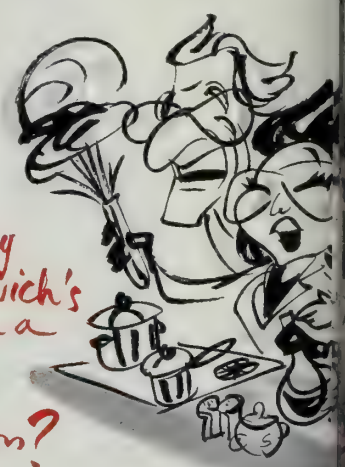
1930 Noël predicts that upcoming hail will be 22-carat.

1934 Noël dons Tyrolean costume for coverage of first blizzard.

1941 Sports reporter blushes during broadcast when Noël calls him "darling."

1963 Noël writes plaintive ballad that rhymes "low near 70" with "beau so heavenly."

1965 Station manager tells Noël to lose the Capri pants.



What if Connie Chung and Maury Povich's apartment were a laboratory devoted to nuclear fusion?

7:32 A.M. Connie and Maury argue over the difference between a quark and a lepton.

10:20 A.M. Maury asks camera crew to bring in drinking straws and Ping-Pong balls for his sculptural model of boron.

11:35 A.M. CBS fires Connie; Connie's agent borrows laboratory's laser in attempt to fuse Connie to new desk.

1:12 P.M. Connie turns apartment's ceiling fan on High to simulate forces of repulsion.

2:45 P.M. Maury ignores call from tabloid reporter in bold act of gossip "containment."

3:37 P.M. Connie creates electromagnetic field using electrical outlet and Maury's tie tacks.

5:10 P.M. Connie preheats oven to 1 million degrees Kelvin.

(Continued on page 181)

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER



LONDON'S CALLING

Much Ado About Something

rles and Diana don't have the monopoly on drama in Great Britain. In fact, London's current Theatre on is one of the most brilliant ever. A record number of musicals—twenty-two—are currently playing on don stages. And in a year when only eight new dramas opened on Broadway, a new play opens almost e a week in London. Right now, some of the biggest stars, most spectacular musicals, best revivals and latest works by the most important playwrights are playing at a theatre closer than you might think. a free listing of current and upcoming stage productions and other cultural events in and around don, contact the British Tourist Authority at (800) 824-8471.

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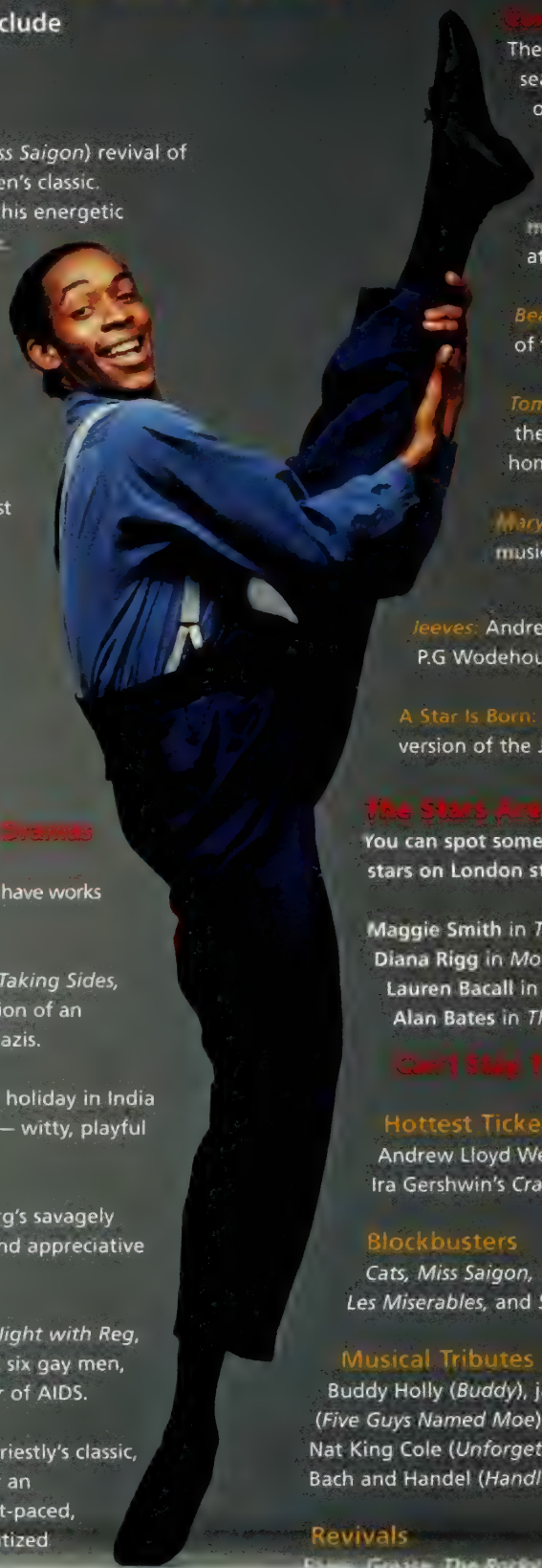
Some of the most coveted tickets include these hot new shows:

Oliver!: Cameron Mackintosh's (creator of *Miss Saigon*) revival of the Oscar-winning musical based on the Dicken's classic. The Buzz: SRO since it opened late last year, this energetic spectacle is bound to run for seasons to come.

Passion: The latest Stephen Sondheim/ James Lapine collaboration. The Buzz: A hit on Broadway, it recently opened in London to rave reviews and full houses.

Mack & Mabel: A musical about silent-movie director Mack Sennett's bitter-sweet love affair with star Mabel Normand, set against the backdrop of 1920s Hollywood. The Buzz: It looks like another hit for Oscar-winning composer Jerry Herman (Hello, Dolly!).

Jolson: Brand-new musical about the first talking-picture star, with songs by George Gershwin and Irving Berlin. The Buzz: Like the original, Jolson is stealing the show.



The Play's The Thing: The Best New Dramas

Some of Britain's most renowned playwrights have works currently in production.

Harold Pinter directs the thought-provoking *Taking Sides*, about an American military officer's investigation of an orchestra conductor's collaboration with the Nazis.

Indian Ink, the story of an English poetess on holiday in India in the 1930s, is quintessential Tom Stoppard — witty, playful and affecting.

Classics like *The Father*, and August Stringberg's savagely funny *Scenes from a Marriage*, have also found appreciative audiences in the West End.

One of the surprise hits of the season is *My Night with Reg*, an award-winning comedy of manners about six gay men, who meet à la the Big Chill under the specter of AIDS.

Thriller fans will want to get tickets for J.B. Priestly's classic, *An Inspector Calls*, returning to London after an international tour. *Dead Guilty* is another fast-paced, melodramatic thriller about a woman traumatized after a car accident.

Coming Attractions

The many new productions planne season ahead promise to keep au on the edge of their seats:

Martin Guerre: Cameron Ma production of the classic tale man who returns to his family a at war only to find himself forgo

Beauty And The Beast: The stage of the blockbuster Disney movie.

Tommy: Pete Townshend's rock op the deaf, dumb, and blind boy pl home crowd.

Mary Poppins: A revival of the popu musical about the supercalifragilisti

Jeeves: Andrew Lloyd Webber stages the P.G Wodehouse inspired musical.

A Star Is Born: A Webber-produced stage version of the Judy Garland/Barbra Streisand

The Stars Are Out

You can spot some of Britain's biggest stars on London stages this season:

Maggie Smith in *Three Tall Women*.
Diana Rigg in *Mother Courage and Her Children*.
Lauren Bacall in *The Visit*.
Alan Bates in *The Master Builder*.

Can't Stay The Musical!

Hottest Tickets

Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Sunset Boulevard*; Geor Ira Gershwin's *Crazy for You*.

Blockbusters

Cats, Miss Saigon, The Phantom of the Opera, Les Miserables, and *Starlight Express.*

Musical Tributes

Buddy Holly (*Buddy*), jazz legend Louis Jordan (*Five Guys Named Moe*), Fats Waller (*Ain't Misbehavi*n Nat King Cole (*Unforgettable*), Roy Orbison (*Only the L*y Bach and Handel (*Handling Bach*).

Revivals

Grease, The Rocky Horror Picture Show



What Goes Around Comes Around: The Globe Theatre

What It Is: A faithful re-creation of the original theatre where many of Shakespeare's masterpieces were first staged. (The original burned down four hundred years ago.) **Behind The Scenes:** The Globe is the brainchild of the late American actor Sam Wanamaker, who was astounded to find only a plaque marking the theatre's original site on London's South Bank.
To Get Tickets: Call 011.44.171.928.6406



The Cheap Seats

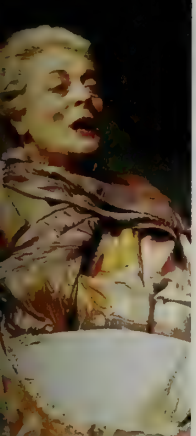
In general, London ticket prices are somewhat cheaper than Broadway; they range from $18 to $50. Tickets for Fringe shows (London's equivalent of Off-off Broadway, where you can see experimental pieces as well as plays by up-and-comers) are even cheaper.

Budget-minded theatre buffs can also buy half-price tickets on the day of the show on the south side of Leicester Square. Hours: Monday through Saturday, 2:30 to 6:30 P.M.; on matinee days, the booth opens at noon. The easiest way to get tickets is to call the theatre box office directly. For the best seats, book well in advance.



You can also book through the following theatre ticket agencies:

Edwards and Edwards	(212) 944-0290 or (800) 223-6108
Keith Prowse & Co.	(212) 398-1430 or (800) 669-8687
London Theatre & More	(214) 369-1962 or (800) 683-0799
Showline Inc.	(212) 661-2621 or (800) 962-9246
Sterling Tours	(619) 299-3010 or (800) 727-4359
TicketMaster	(800) 775-2525



l Jolson inside *Five Guys Named Moe.*
to bottom the new Globe Theatre,
four of London's new and established
Miserables, Oliver!, Miss Saigon, Three

London Arts Season

While London's Arts scene is alive year-round, February and March mark a cultural crescendo: the London Arts Season. With the London Arts Season Card, you'll be entitled to discounts and special offers at venues around London.

For More Information

For a complete listing of current and upcoming stage productions and other cultural events in and around London, contact the British Tourist Authority at (800) 824-8471. They will send you a free copy of their London Planner, London Arts Season Information, London Map, Regional Theatre Guide and London Nightlife Guide.

TA
ourist Authority

virgin vacations

West End Weekend

In celebration of this British Theatre issue, you're invited to visit London's West End this season with Virgin Vacations.

This special package includes:

- Round-trip air fare on Virgin Atlantic Airways
- Meet-and-greet service upon arrival
- Round-trip London airport to hotel transfers
- Three nights in a first-class hotel (including service charges and taxes)
- Continental breakfast daily
- Deluxe Theatre pass
- Backstage Theatre tour
- Museum pass
- Special travel gift (while supplies last)
- London Arts Season Card from the BTA for February - March departures offers discounts and special offers at venues around London, including: two-for-one tickets to a West End show; discounted tickets for classical concert; free poster at art exhibitions; restaurant discounts

[illegible] Vacations at (800) 364-6466 for reservations and information.

$649 from New York or Boston based upon double occupancy. Ask about prices from Newark, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami, Orlando, Milwaukee, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, Burlington, and Portland, ME. Some restrictions apply. Additional nights available. Customs and departure taxes extra. Holiday surcharges between December 16-24, 1995. Senior citizens and child discounts available. London theatres closed Sundays.



Economy



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At Virgin Atlantic Airways, we feel your vacation should start the moment you board th plane. That's why on every flight to London, you'll not only experience our renowned Brit hospitality, you'll also be entertained by a personal video screen right at your seat. Complete with a wide selection of first run movies, music videos, news, sports and eve video games. No other airline offers economy passengers anything like it. Perhaps that's because when it comes to comfort, we believe no passenger should take a back sea

For more information or reservations, call your travel agent or Virgin at 800-862-8621

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Virgin Atlantic Airways offers all non-smoking flights to London's Heathrow from JFK, Newark, Los Angeles and San Francisco. To Gatwick from Boston, Miami, Orlando and Milwaukee (via Boston on Midwest Express).

Vanities

What if . . .

(Continued from page 176)



What if Quentin Tarantino had written "The Tale of Peter Rabbit"?

Page 10 Peter's mother warns him not to enter garden of Mr. McGregor, local drug lord.

Page 18 Peter enters garden, encounters gooseberries and Christopher Walken.

Page 22 Peter hears *ackety-ackety-ackety-ack* of Mr. McGregor's submachine gun.

Page 23 Peter jumps into wheelbarrow, hides under Harvey Keitel's bloody gardening clogs.

Page 36 Peter gets tangled in thimbleberry net, loses left ear.

Page 41 Peter is revivified by shot of heroin administered by Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle and Squirrel Nutkin.

Page 50 Peter's mother scolds him and says he must eat dinner with Amanda Plummer.

Page 52 Peter's siblings sup on currant buns while Peter hemorrhages in bathroom.



What if the United Nations were turned into a nightclub?

11:00 P.M. Muscle shirts from all nations are raised up flagpole to indicate that club is "in session."

11:05 P.M. Susanne Bartsch hands each patron a UNICEF box filled with ecstasy and poppers.

11:20 P.M. European playboy sidles up to Madeleine K. Albright and asks, "Are you a model?"

12:05 A.M. General Assembly passes resolution in emergency session: no fellatio on catwalk.

1:00 A.M. Madonna throws party in the Most-Favored-Nations Lounge.

1:23 A.M. Male prostitute emerges from ill-lit lounge looking for any of the five "big powers."

2:50 A.M. Wayward model skitters out to Dag Hammarskjöld Plaza to exhibit symptoms of bulimia, ingest Valiums.

3:20 A.M. Go-go boy hands Javier Pérez de Cuéllar a tambourine and exhorts, "You *go,* girl."

3:22 A.M. Man pleads with bouncer, "I'm sure they put my name on the list. It's W-A-L-D-H . . . "

4:00 A.M. Isaac Mizrahi and Sandra Bernhard arrive, ignore Jeane Kirkpatrick.

4:13 A.M. Club throws nightly Boutros Boutros-Gala.

What if Edward Gorey were a writer for the "Today" show?

4 A.M. Katie watches Martha Stewart prepare a tainted gingerbread man.

20 A.M. Willard does weather forecast from small town, Listing Ostrich.

24 A.M. Willard lures 103-year-old into vine-choked grotto.

30 A.M. Bryant tries to feed Katie an odious lozenge.

47 A.M. Gene Shalit interviews actress Acacia Tendril.

15 A.M. Matt Lauer suffocates Katie with moss-covered microphone.

30 A.M. Willard falls prey to an ominous pudding.



Hey, wait a second, weren't we supposed to be out of business by now

A few years ago, if you'd gone around and asked people what does this country need most right now, the last thing anyone would have said was, gee, we sure could use another car company.

And yet, that's exactly what we at Saturn set out to create. Although we all knew this would be anything but another car company, the hard part would be convincing everyone else. And thus did the grand endeavor begin: one car, one customer at a time. Now, six years later, with over a million Saturns out on the road, it would appear as though we've been pretty convincing. Bolstered by this fact, we figured it would be okay with everyone if we went ahead and built the next generation of Saturns. So that even more people can discov Saturn difference. Which, when you think ab isn't just about building a good car. There are good cars out there. It's not just about creating cessful business, either. That's done all the The Saturn difference really lies in the ability things other companies only dreamed of. Thin changing the way labor and m ment interact, or the way a cust treated when she walks into a room. Small things really; seer insignificant. Until you add th up. Which is exactly what owner Kenneth Marzik did. His conclusion: "I companies were like Saturn, this country would be in a heckuva lot better shape." Guess we are not lacking in the enthusiasm department, huh?



Eight of the original Saturn owners, about to unveil the new 1996 Saturn SL1.

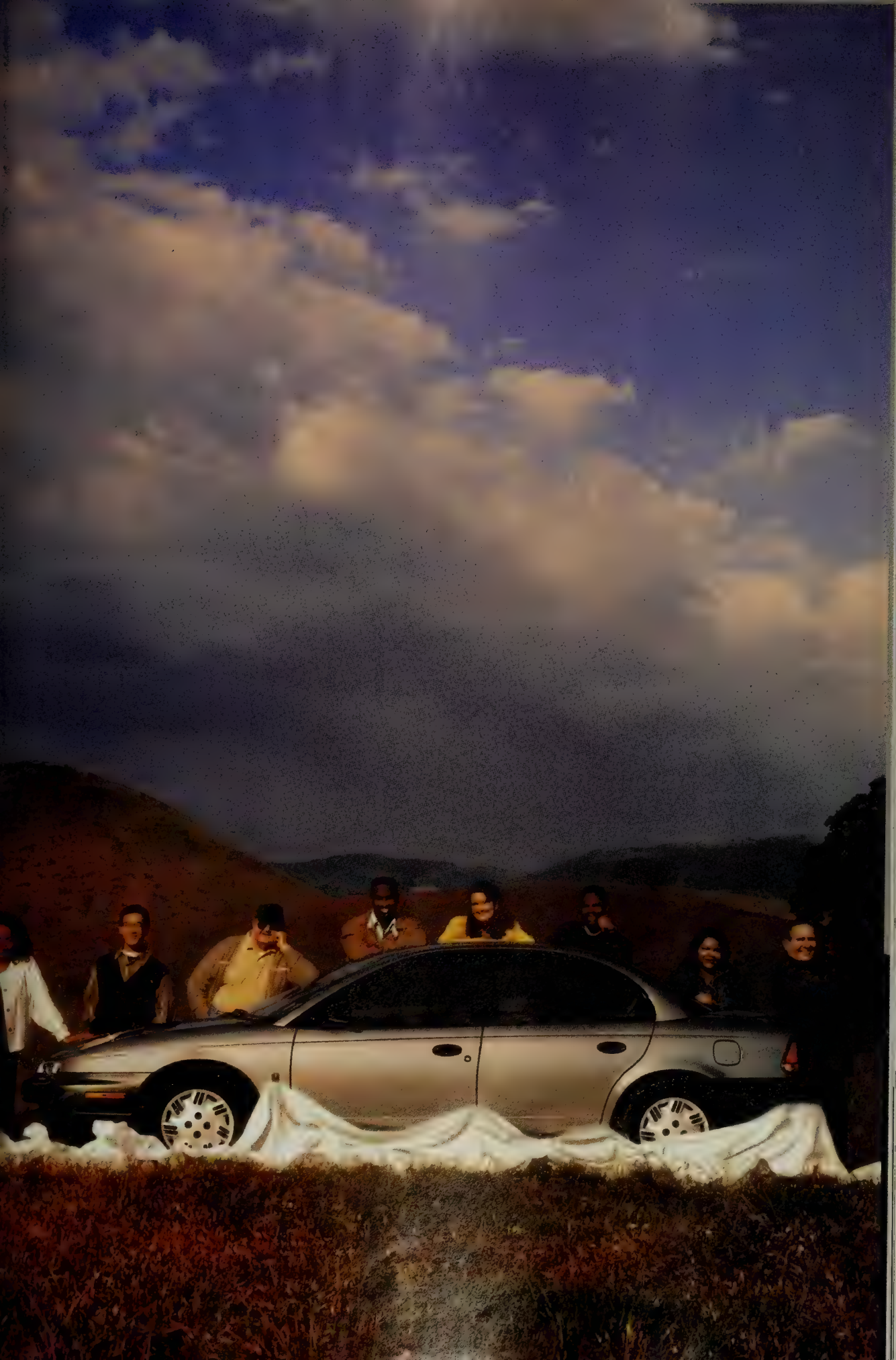


One million cars in Guess we wound up more ground tha imagined. Except 8,000 people who

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This 1996 Saturn SL1 has an M.S.R.P. of $11,785, including retailer prep and transportation. Of course, the total cost will vary seeing how options are ex things like tax and license. We'd be happy to provide more detail at 1-800-522-5000 or look for us on the Internet at http://www.saturncars.com. ©1995 Saturn C



A FIENNES MADNESS

After packing theaters with his brooding, electric Hamlet, Ralph Fiennes is now the high-tech hero of *Strange Days*. LESLIE BENNETTS talks to the fiercely private star and his family about the darkness beneath his aristocratic exterior and the legacy of a powerful and unpredictable mother

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

—Hamlet to Guildenstern in *Hamlet*, Act Three, Scene Two.

Photographs by SNOWDON • Styled by KIM MEEHAN



VANITY FAIR

NOVEMBER 1995

STRANGE GAZE

One journalist compared Fiennes's lips to "rolled silk stockings." Steven Spielberg has spoken of his "sexual evil." But Barbra Streisand, eager to cast him in her new film, sees "sensitivity and beauty."

He is elusive as smoke. Pale and haggard, he drifts around the stifling loft like a wraith; he is tall but so gaunt and wan he seems fragile as a hothouse bloom. Finally he settles into an armchair and remains motionless, staring straight ahead, his noble John Barrymore profile tilted ever so slightly upward, as if he were listening for ethereal music coarser mortals cannot hear.

He manages to spend the next two hours talking to me without ever looking at me. His voice is scarcely audible, even from three feet away; he makes so faint an imprint on his surroundings, I keep fighting the uneasy sensation that he might dematerialize before my eyes. FAMOUS ACTOR VAPORIZES INTO THIN AIR; WITNESS HELD FOR QUESTIONING. It's most disconcerting.

I shouldn't be surprised, of course. Was it mere coincidence that when Fiennes opened on Broadway in *Hamlet* last spring, he chose to play much of the first scene standing motionless with his back to the audience? "Ralph Fiennes is a man who does not want to be seen," observed one critic.

No kidding. On my second visit, we flee the suffocating tropical swelter of Fiennes's rented warehouse for a restaurant around the corner. He's still as pale as death, his chiseled chin shadowed with stubble. Sitting across from me at a tiny bistro table, Fiennes fixes me with those piercing green eyes, the color of the Atlantic Ocean on a stormy winter day; his gaze is cold and unforgiving.

Not that one expected a teddy bear. Maybe an infinitesimal bit of charm, perhaps—would that be too much to ask? But all it takes is a look at Fiennes's film roles to understand that this guy is not going to be a barrel of laughs. When he burst upon the public consciousness as Amon Goeth in *Schindler's List,* Fiennes was a respected classical actor in Britain, but largely unknown to the rest of the world. *Schindler's List* changed everything, with international acclaim and an Academy Award nomination for best supporting actor to reward his unforgettable portrait of the Nazi commandant whose idea of casual recreation was to lounge on the balcony of his mansion and pick off a few Jews with his rifle before getting dressed in the morning.

Then came *Quiz Show,* in which the oily, porcine Goeth had been astonishingly transformed into the Wasp prince Charles Van Doren, fine-boned and silk-threaded, the quintessence of ruling-class entitlement. But underneath that elegant exterior lurked the fatal character flaw that wrecks a life, and Fiennes was mesmerizing as Van Doren went down in flames. He didn't break your heart—the portrait was too chilly and remote for that—but in a role where almost everything important had to be conveyed without words, Fiennes filled you with awe at the prodigiousness of his gifts.

Then came *Hamlet,* first in London and then, triumphantly, in New York, where the sold-out 15-week run became the hottest ticket in town. Celebrities thronged the audience—Keanu Reeves, Barbra Streisand, Tom Hanks, Demi Moore, Bruce Willis, Steven Spielberg, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, Cher, Kirk Douglas, Bette Midler, Lauren Bacall, Hugh Grant—and desperate would-be theatergoers camped out on lawn chairs overnight, hoping for standing-room admissions. The reviews were respectful if not reverential, but box-office sales swelled to 102.3 percent of capacity, and Fiennes snagged the Tony Award. If he could supercharge Shakespeare—never an easy sell on Broadway—so explosively, what couldn't he do?

What he worries about is which plum to pick next. Everyone wants him, it seems: Barbra Streisand has her heart set on Fiennes for *The Normal Heart,* Fox is chasing him for *Anna Karenina,* Paramount is just itching to throw big bucks at him to re-create Simon Templar, the Saint. Streisand, who compares Fiennes to James Dean and the young Marlon Brando, is positively gushy on the subject of his charisma. "Ralph Fiennes has a magical charm which appeals to both men and women," she effuses. "His sensitivity and beauty, and rich acting talent, would enable audiences of any sexual orientation to comprehend the emotions which bond the characters in *The Normal Heart.*"

Fiennes is already turning up his nose at most of the opportunities being offered. "There's a lot of stu don't want to do," he says loftily, " that seems formulaic. It's very you find something interesting."

But at least he can pick and cho Indeed, at the age of 32, Fiennes tainly seems to be sitting in the bird seat. After *Hamlet,* he sta shooting the film version of Mic Ondaatje's *The English Patient.* movie, co-starring Juliette Binoch being shot in Italy—scarcely hard duty, after all. (Is it simply anc coincidence that Fiennes plays a ly burned victim of World War II w swathed in bandages—conceals identity until the end?)

And October brought the releas *Strange Days,* which Fiennes desc as "a hybrid of old *film noir* with basic thriller." Set in the last two of the millennium, in an apocaly version of Los Angeles, this projec tually elicits visible enthusiasm. "I really thrilled to be offered *Str Days,*" Fiennes says, showing some characteristic animation. "It's not a someone would necessarily thin me for."

To the contrary, de director Kathryn l low, "given the traordinary range talents." After se Fiennes in *Quiz* and *Schindler's Lis* was stunned by incredibly diverse characterizations were." *Strange* which co-stars Juliette Lewis and gela Bassett, will now present R Fiennes as low-life sleazeball. He a corrupt ex-cop who has been ki off the vice squad, only to beco black-market hustler trafficking in a of virtual reality. "He sells a techno that enables you to experience people's experiences," Bigelow expl "He's the Santa Claus of the conscious."

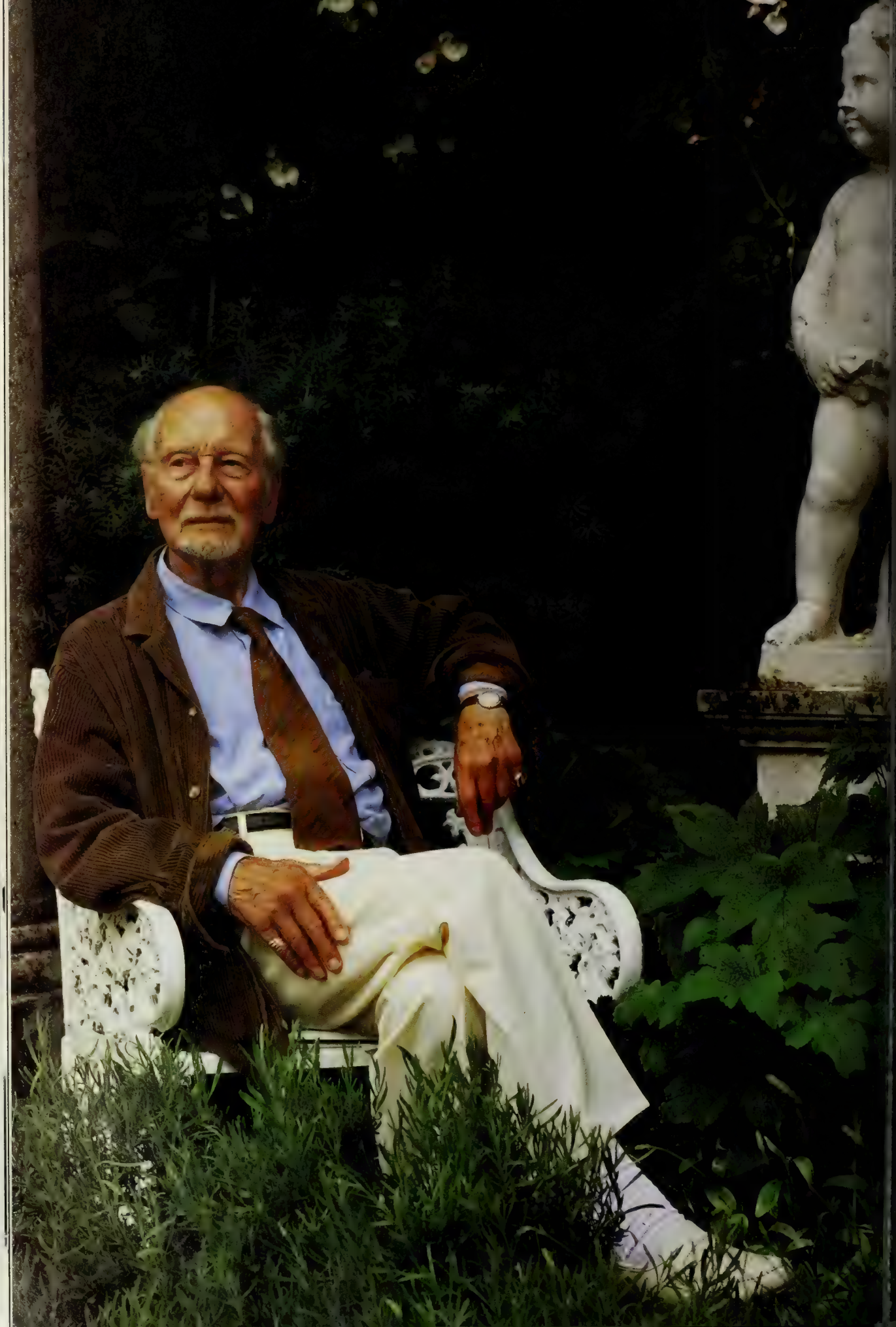
"He's a form of drug dealer," Fie offers, a knowing smile lifting thin lips (which one journalist desc as having "the sheen of rolled silk s ings"—an observation that, wher plied to this particular actor, s distinctly sinister).

It was the character's ambi that most appealed to Fiennes. "I it when a *(Continued on page*



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From London's footlights, the monarchs of British theater rule the cultural seas. Broadway and Hollywood bow before their talents; JOHN HEILPERN explores their method and their madness

EMPIRE OF THE STAGE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SNOWDON



The rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, his pink, kind face almost unlined though he's 80, peered at me hopefully. "Excuse me," he asked, "are you Alan Bates?"

Now, what was doubly sweet about this is that I'm afraid I look nothing like Alan Bates. I *wish.* "Oh dear," the stagestruck Reverend Gordon Taylor sighed. "I was longing to meet him."

The rehearsal for the memorial service of John Osborne, which would take place the next day, was under way. Osborne, glorious voice of protest and un-English passion, had revolutionized British theater in 1956 with his *Look Back in Anger* at the Royal Court Theatre. (Alan Bates was in the original production.) "I have been blessed with God's two greatest gifts—to be born English and heterosexual," the famous dramatist declared in outrageous mischief. He aimed his Swiftian fusillades, John Mortimer wrote admiringly in *The New York Times,*

Produced by Aimée Bell with Krista Smith, assisted by Holly Ross and Riza Cruz. Snowdon assisted by Graham Piggott.

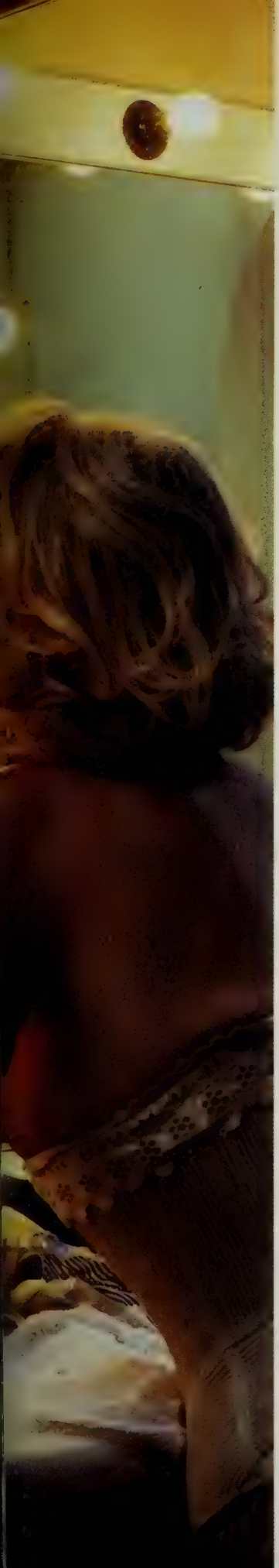
Helen Mirren

Actress. Twenty-seven plays (Antony and Cleopatra, A Month in the Country); *23 films* (Excalibur, The Madness of King George); *27 television roles* (Prime Suspect); *three major awards.*

Photographed July 7, 1995, in a studio dressing room.

Coming up in: *Prime Suspect IV* and the film *Some Mother's Son.*





at "all those who would turn the world gray in the name of political correctness." And now we had come to celebrate his turbulent, memorable life in the little church that was founded in the 12th century.

At the memorial rehearsal, the rector was the director. Peter Brook, arguably the greatest theater director that England has produced, once defined the mysterious art of directing as "getting people on- and offstage." The rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields understood this in his bones. "You need to be out of your pew *before* the Elgar music has stopped. Otherwise it doesn't flow," he was saying to Dame Maggie Smith. "Then it's back to your pew for the hymn."

She nodded respectfully. She would be reading "Mr. Valiant-for-Truth" from John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress.* A born worrier, she makes you laugh on sight. She can fill any theater on either side of the Atlantic. She's a peculiarly English mix of the suburban and the glamorous.

Dirk Bogarde, another of Osborne's friends, was at the rehearsal, looking dapper. He would be reading a moving passage from *Holy Dying,* by Jeremy Taylor. "Oooh," said Maggie Smith when Sir Dirk told her that she could park her car in the churchyard. "I don't think I want to park there *yet.*"

Not everyone at the rehearsal was a knight or a dame. They'll just have to wait their turn. Michael Ball, the young star of Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Aspects of Love,* strolled into the church. He would be singing "If You Were the Only Girl in the World," for Osborne loved the romance and sentiment of the Edwardian music hall. There seemed no urgency. Flippancy under pressure—*very* British. And no one troubled to rehearse his piece—actorly one-upmanship that grew collective.

David Hare, one of the foremost playwrights in England, would give the address. "Of course," said Bogarde, "you'll have to give the address from the pulpit." "I'm too terrified," Hare replied, and looked it. "Oh, I *couldn't.* I would have to be ordained." "Frightful coward," said Bogarde.

"Is it getting ugly?" Helen Osborne asked, giggling. She was John's fifth wife. It was a happy, 17-year marriage. She used to be a drama critic.

Trumpeters from the English Chamber Orchestra could be heard rehearsing in the church balcony. "Good luck!" they wished one another. "Good luck tomorrow."

I had gone to London—"This earth, this realm, this *England,*" as the United Airlines commercial goes—to celebrate British theater itself. England may soldier on stoically, but its theater still rules the English-speaking world like the last colonial outpost of an Anglophile empire. Few would deny, at least, that the American War of Independence has been lost on that oldest established, permanent floating crap game in New York known as Broadway. How come "little" England still rules the waves—but *only* in theater? Who are they? Come to think of it, how dare they?

Shakespeare, like God, is an Englishman. Therefore, the English believe, all theater began in England. They tend to overlook the Greeks. But classical Greek dramatists didn't write in English. The historical continuity of England's theater tradition accounts for the national pride (and prejudice). "We have been doing it longer than anyone else," I was often told. Too often! But, after all, Shakespeare has been continuously performed in England for 300 years.

Prestigious British imports dominate the long since Lloyd Webberized Broadway. Look at just a few facts from the contemporary scene:

There were 141 productions in the West End last season. There were 52 on Broadway—and a quarter of those were British. Those massive nonprofit theater corporations and power bases the Royal National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company between them produced 53 plays. There were a mere 8 new plays on Broadway last season; the Royal Court Theatre (George Bernard Shaw's old theater) alone premiered 19 plays, and has more than 30 new dramatists under commission. The nonprofit theaters of England are the formidable tributaries to the commercial West End and Broadway. Four recent transfers to Broadway were from the National Theatre—*Arcadia, Carousel, Les Parents Terribles* (renamed *Indiscretions*), and *An Inspector Calls.* Two more were

via the tiny Almeida in North London—*Medea,* starring Diana Rigg, and *Hamlet,* starring Ralph Fiennes. Each star walked off in successive years with a Tony Award, for best actress and best actor.

The common language that unites and divides us, the ambivalent sentimental ties that bind us, make for the complex "special relationship" between America and Britain. We're like a split personality of cultural opposites. In acting terms and style, you could list some of the differing aspects of our national identities in parallel columns as the late Kenneth Tynan listed the qualities of Laurence Olivier (Burgundy wine) versus those of John Gielgud (claret):

U.K.	U.S.A.
Theater	*Film*
Olivier	*Brando*
Shakespeare	—
Lyricism	*Method*
Tea	*Psychology*
Rhetoric	*Emotion*
Anthony Hopkins	*Dustin Hoffman*
Jeremy Irons	*John Malkovich*
Emma Thompson	*Meryl Streep*
Lloyd Webber	*Lloyd Webber*

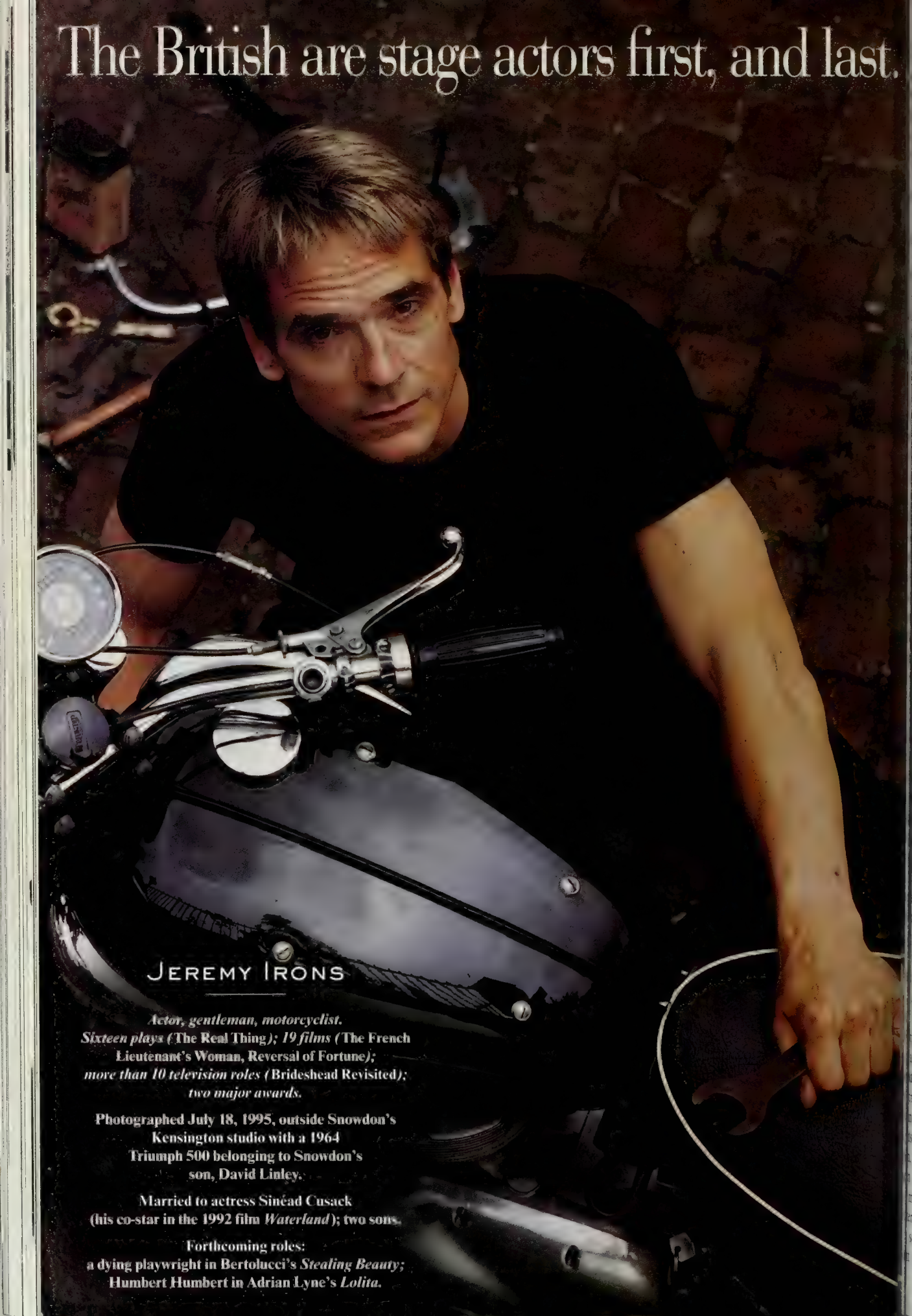
The differences blur—no young British stage actor in his right mind isn't influenced by the film naturalism and awesome Method of, say, Pacino—but the division is in the heritage. England is built on a theater culture; America, though it has its great theater, is a film culture. "Theater is our primary way of self-definition, like movies in America," said Stephen Daldry, the punk theater evangelist who runs "the chorus of dissent" at the Royal Court Theatre. Daldry's Hitchcockian production of J. B. Priestley's 1946 warhorse, *An Inspector Calls,* won him a Tony Award on Broadway. "But every time I went through customs, I was stopped," he told me amusedly. "I'd tell them I worked in theater. They'd search my bags as if I were involved in some illicit pornographic activity. I've given up now. I say I work in movies. No problem! 'Welcome to the U.S.A.! Good luck!' "

There is no real British film industry, least of all in the Hollywood




There were 141 productions in
the West End last season.
There were 52 on Broadway—and a
quarter of those were British.

The British are stage actors first, and last.



JEREMY IRONS

Actor, gentleman, motorcyclist.
*Sixteen plays (*The Real Thing*); 19 films (*The French Lieutenant's Woman, Reversal of Fortune*); more than 10 television roles (*Brideshead Revisited*); two major awards.*

Photographed July 18, 1995, outside Snowdon's Kensington studio with a 1964 Triumph 500 belonging to Snowdon's son, David Linley.

Married to actress Sinéad Cusack (his co-star in the 1992 film *Waterland*); two sons.

Forthcoming roles:
a dying playwright in Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty*;
Humbert Humbert in Adrian Lyne's *Lolita*.

The biggest annual film budget
ain would scarcely make a sin-
llywood movie. TV's Channel
5 budget of £16 million helps
nce 18 small films: among its
roductions are *Four Weddings*
Funeral, The Crying Game,
ds End, and *The Madness of King*
. The successful producer be-
hem, David Aukin, worked in
for 20 years and was the Na-
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or later in Britain, everything
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are in the theater—from Ken-
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and Em," as they're known in
d, cozily curdling the crème
rème) to Anthony Hopkins,
ngsley, Jeremy Irons, Miranda
lson, Daniel Day-Lewis, Gary
, Ralph Fiennes, et al.
n the British stage actor looks
mirror, he is likely to see a
er actor; his American coun-
sees a hero, or antihero (or
t Tom Hanks). At center the
British are great character actors—transferring with effortless superiority from stage to screen. In addition to the native *Room with a View* genre, they have a useful sideline supplying Hollywood with, for example, its school of beguilingly charming, sometimes camp villains: Anthony Hopkins's cannibalistic Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs* and his Richard Nixon in Oliver Stone's forthcoming movie; Alan Rickman's Sheriff of Nottingham in *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* and terrorist-aesthete in *Die Hard;* Jeremy Irons's pseudo-cultivated alleged wife murderer Claus von Bülow, his treacherously languid Scar in *The Lion King,* and his own terrorist-aesthete in *Die Hard with a Vengeance.* They earn these born stage actors an honest mil or three.

The reserved and witty British need their theater like oxygen—or a fix—to loosen up, to understand who they really are behind the masks. I went to meet Michael Gambon, in his 50s perhaps the finest actor in England, though virtually unknown in America (he was last seen here on PBS in the dark, brilliant mini-series *The Singing Detective*)—a dangerous actor, "the Great Gambon," as Sir Ralph Richardson dubbed him. Albert Finney calls acting "farting about in makeup"; Gambon calls it "shouting in the evenings." He was taking a break from rehearsing his Volpone at the National, looking like a tall, podgy Everyman and smoking like a chimney. I asked him why theater is so essential here.

"I suppose it's because we're so fucked up, really," he replied. "We're a complex people, putting on disguises and fronts, sidestepping. It's just my instinctive response. But that's why we have a real need for theater."

Or as Declan Donnellan, co-director of the internationally known Cheek by Jowl company (whose *The Duchess of Malfi* comes to New York this fall), put it, "Sex, murder, betrayal, politics, poison, kings, damnation, and salvation—all the things we really love! A good night out!"

The English also love pomp and circumstance. They own the copyright. It was Alan Bennett, an unapologetic monarchist, who neverthe-



Sir Peter Ustinov

Actor, broadcaster, playwright, producer, director, set designer, costume designer, raconteur. Twenty-three plays (Romanoff and Juliet)*; 42 films* (Topkapi, Billy Budd)*; more than 28 television roles; six major awards. Knighted in 1990.*

Photographed July 3, 1995, in an 18th-century Bath chair outside the Theatre Royal Bath.



Fiona Shaw

Actress. Twenty-one plays; nine films (Three Men and a Little Lady); eight television roles; three major awards.

Photographed July 6, 1995, at the National Theatre in costume for her sensational *Richard II*, which she has been starring in since June.

"Being called the next Vanessa Redgrave drives me bananas."

less showed how the royals are really actors. "Wave! Smile at the people!" the king commands his wayward family in Bennett's *The Madness of King George,* the film version of his original play. "Let them see that we're happy! That is why we're here!"

I met Alan Bennett for tea amid the faux-Versailles splendor of the Palm Court in the Ritz Hotel in London. Bennett is one of England's national treasures—along with, of course, the Queen Mother. He is nicely idiosyncratic, wry, unpretentious, and among the funniest writers in England. He was recognized almost immediately. A representative of the National Summer Fruits Association wanted him to join its annual strawberry tea party in the adjoining room. "Oh, no. I couldn't, I couldn't," he apologized, turning pink. "Thank you very much, though."

It was as if we were in one of his plays. What does he appreciate more than anything? "*Silliness,*" he replied, and began to laugh. "It's the saving grace. That's why Mrs. Thatcher is so un-English. There's not an ounce of silliness in her. Americans have got much more *gravity.* They get things *done* more than we do. But they aren't silly. It's not to be confused with foolishness. But I couldn't live without a silly streak."

It was silly, really: even the Osborne memorial made scandalous front-page news. Unknown to the rector—naughty!—a notice by the church steps had barred entrance to four public figures. "The undermentioned will NOT be admitted," the notice read, like a Lutheran pronouncement. The banned were listed as "Fu Manchu," Osborne's nickname for Sir Peter Hall, the former director of both the Royal Shakespeare Company and the National Theatre; "The Bard of Hay on Wye," who is playwright Arnold Wesker (who lives in Hay on Wye); Albert Finney, with whom Osborne had feuded over royalties for the movie *Tom Jones,* which he scripted; and Nicholas de Jongh, an extremely self-important drama critic.

The *fuss!* "As to the note on the door excluding four people," Lord Gowrie, chairman of the Arts Council (the equivalent of the National Endowment for the Arts, without the death warrant), wrote in the letters pages of *The Times* in reply to those who found the incident un-Christian, "who says the Almighty has no sense of humor?"



Vanessa Redgrave

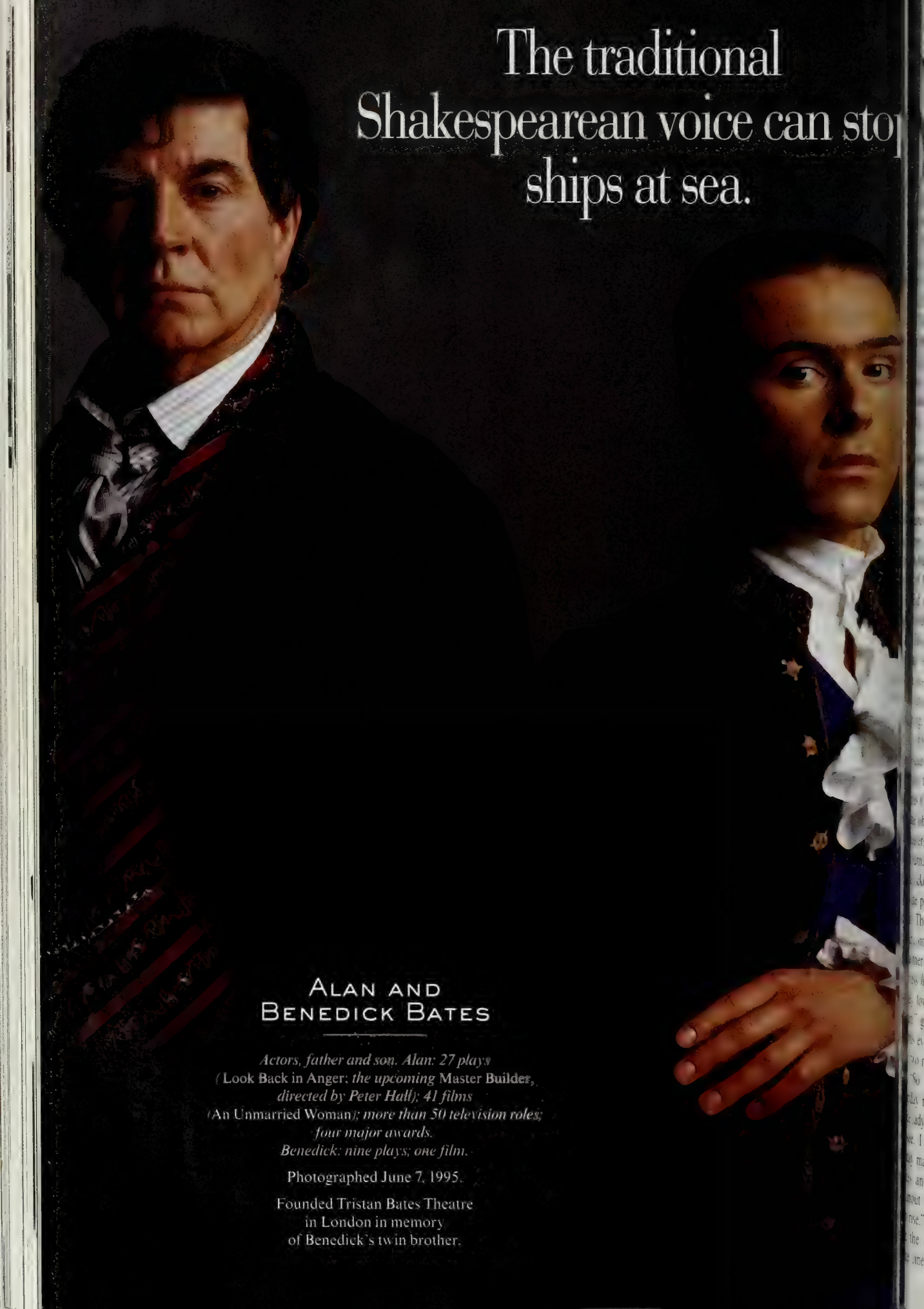
Actress, former card-carry[ing] member of the Workers Revolutionary Pa[rty], special representative for UN[ESCO]. Sixty-one plays (Vita and Virginia); 40 fil[ms] (Howards End); 13 television roles (Playing for [Time]); eight major awards.

Photographed July 6, 19[95] at Eto[n] College, near Windso[r] river Thames on the set [of] *The Wind in the Willo[ws]*.

Defining role: defender of Yass[er Arafat]

Forthcoming projects: co-starring with Tom Cruise in [*Mission: Impossible*]; will star with [her] brother, Corin, in *Antony and C[leopatra]*, which will come to the U[nited States] this February.


The best of
English life is a play,
a show,
a pageant even
before God.



Alan and Benedick Bates

Actors, father and son. Alan: 27 plays
(Look Back in Anger; *the upcoming* Master Builder, *directed by Peter Hall); 41 films*
(An Unmarried Woman)*; more than 50 television roles; four major awards.*
Benedick: nine plays; one film.

Photographed June 7, 1995.

Founded Tristan Bates Theatre
in London in memory
of Benedick's twin brother.

ign in Hyde Park: "Please refrain from any leisure activity on this site until new grass has established itself."

Sign in theater lobby: "Due to the indisposition Stacy Francis the role of Doris will be played by Miss Priscil- Jones."

c-hall expression: "Don't clap d–it's a very old building."

verbal felicities—"Please refrain "Due to the indisposition of"— appearances the way, the old-fash- ay, like West End managers in eve- ess. The theaters

West End theater began in the 17th on the site of atre Royal, Drury now home to the n Mackintosh pro- of *Miss Saigon*). End theaters are y Victorian, unless Edwardian. Any- ater is considered e air-conditioning them could melt berg, but never t's for show. The esque culture clash with the different ches to waiting on the lobbies of New heaters, there's a f tumult and rush e tickets that only the pre-show ex- t. The English wait on line, uncomplaining, obedient—even nother box office which is open iness *has no line.* They join the ey love the line. "Ladies and en," goes the polite announce- this evening's performance will two minutes." We are waiting . "So that will be two tickets rday night, will it, dear?" the ce lady is saying. "Let me have see. I think you'll do better day matinee . . . "

ies and gentlemen, the cur- about to rise. The curtain is rise." No rush. We'll all get the end. But one night I he line—it seemed reasonable at the time—going to a queueless box office. "You can't do that! There's a *queue*," protested an indignant gentleman waiting on line.

We in America see the best of British theater. During my monthlong visit to London so pleasant, I saw 15 productions, for which I shall be receiving an honorary knighthood shortly. The reality of the West End is rather like a pupu platter—unlike Broadway, there's a little bit of everything for everyone. Some of the marquees might convince you that time stopped in London circa 1949. One half expects to see Shaftesbury Avenue shrouded in fog. There's the revival (or re-evaluation) of the shabby gentility and class-ridden British reticence of the Terence Rattigan oeuvre that Osborne and the new playwrights of social realism were thought to have swept away. There's the ritual fare, such as *Don't Dress for Dinner,* the jolly farce about double adultery and gourmet cooking; the *Murder, She Wrote* thriller genre; and the trusty old *Mousetrap,* now in its 43rd glorious year. The oldest theater joke actually happened to me. As the cabdriver dropped me outside the St. Martin's theater to see *The Mousetrap,* he called after me cheerfully, "Enjoy the show, guv! The butler done it!" I'm not saying the butler done it, but that's what the cabdriver said.

As always, appearances are deceptive. If there's more pabulum in the West End than on Broadway, there's also more choice. Among many new and classic dramas to see were Tom Stoppard's memory play of the empire, *Indian Ink;* young Patrick Marber's poker-playing morality play, *Dealer's Choice;* Arthur Miller's *A View from the Bridge;* Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars;* John Webster's Jacobean favorite, *The Duchess of Malfi;* and Ronald Harwood's *Taking Sides,* his conscience drama of the life of the Berlin Philharmonic's genius conductor Wilhelm Fürtwangler, directed by Harold Pinter.



Maggie Smith and Sons

Dame Maggie Smith and her sons, Toby Stephens and Chris Larkin, whose father is Sir Robert Stephens.

Actors. Smith: more than 50 plays (Three Tall Women)*; 30 films* (The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie, A Room with a View)*; 16 television roles; 13 major awards. Made a dame in 1989 Stephens: eight plays* (A Midsummer Night's Dream, Coriolanus)*; one film; two television roles. Larkin: five plays; two films; two television roles.*

Photographed June 20, 1995.

There's the Andrew Lloyd Webber empire and the Cameron Mackintosh empire—and there's the rest. Mackintosh's personal fortune is estimated at half a billion dollars. The global earnings of Lloyd Webber's production company, the Really Useful Group, now approach $3 billion.

Lloyd Webber holds court at his 4,000-plus-acre *(Continued on page 207)*

The Highbrows

Adrian Noble, artistic director of the Royal Shakespeare Company (21 productions for 1995–96 season); Richard Eyre, director of the Royal National Theatre (23 productions in 1995).

Photographed June 12, 1995, in the paint room of the National Theatre in front of the backdrop for *La Grande Magia.*

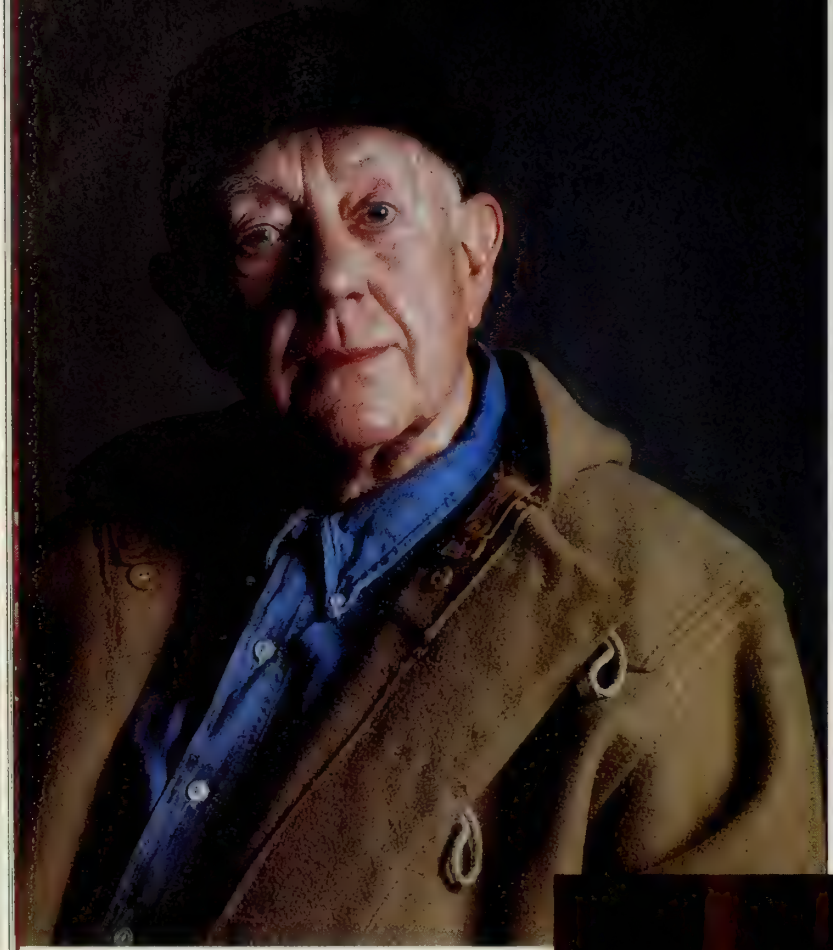




THE MIDDLEBROWS

The People Who Brought You Cats *(and, in various partnerships and collaborations,* Jesus Christ Superstar, Evita, Les Misérables, The Phantom of the Opera, Miss Saigon, Starlight Express, *and* Sunset Boulevard*).*
Left to right: producer Cameron Mackintosh, choreographer Gillian Lynne, composer Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber, director Trevor Nunn, and production designer John Napier.

Photographed June 22, 1995, at the New London Theatre.



Paul Scofield

Actor. Aged 73; 76 plays (including the acclaimed 1962 Peter Brook production of King Lear*); 17 films (*King Lear, Quiz Show*); seven major awards, including an Oscar for* A Man for All Seasons. *Only British actor to turn down a knighthood.*

Currently shooting *The Crucible,* in which he plays Governor Danforth opposite Daniel Day-Lewis.

Sir Alec Guinness

Actor, master of disguise. Aged 81; 66 plays (John Mortimer's A Voyage Round My Father*); 48 films (*Kind Hearts and Coronets, Star Wars*); eight television roles (*Smiley's People*); one memoir; 10 major awards. Knighted in 1959.*

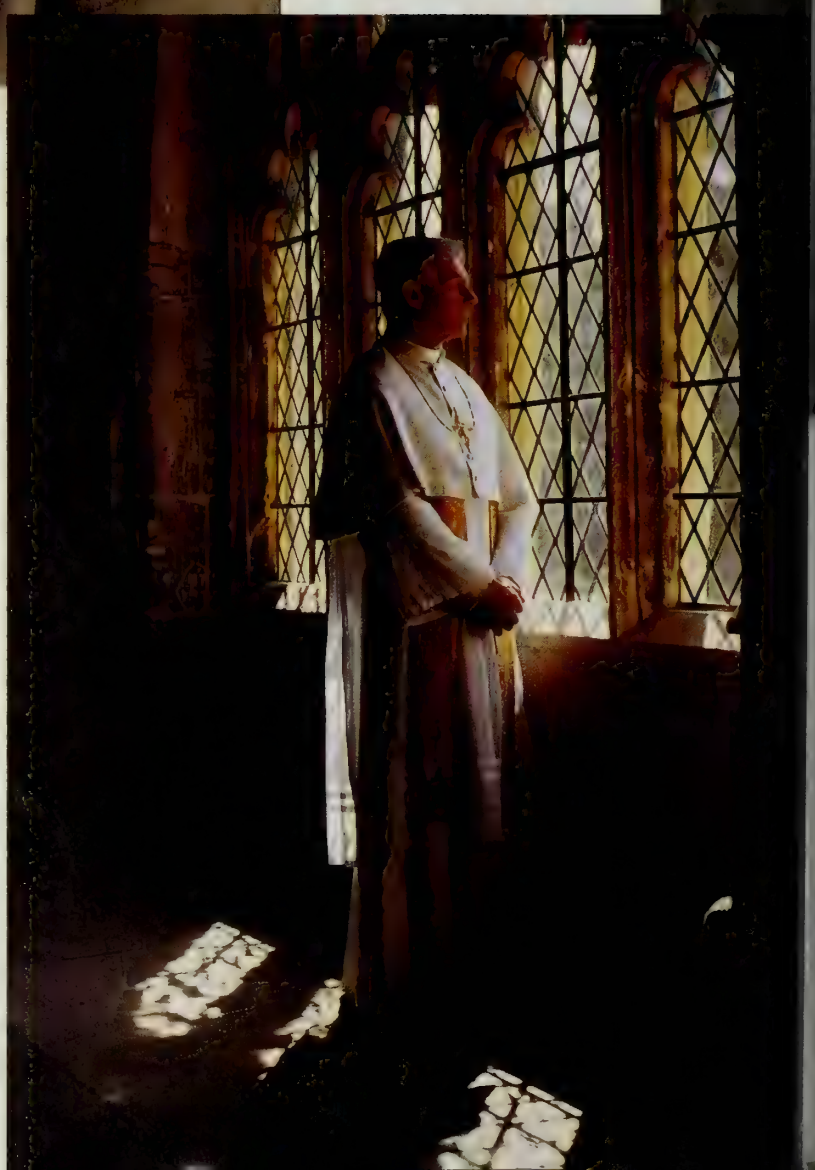
"There are three ways, I suggest, for a determined actor to deal with critics. The first, most sensational, slightly dangerous but highly successful if carried out with sincerity, is to hit them."

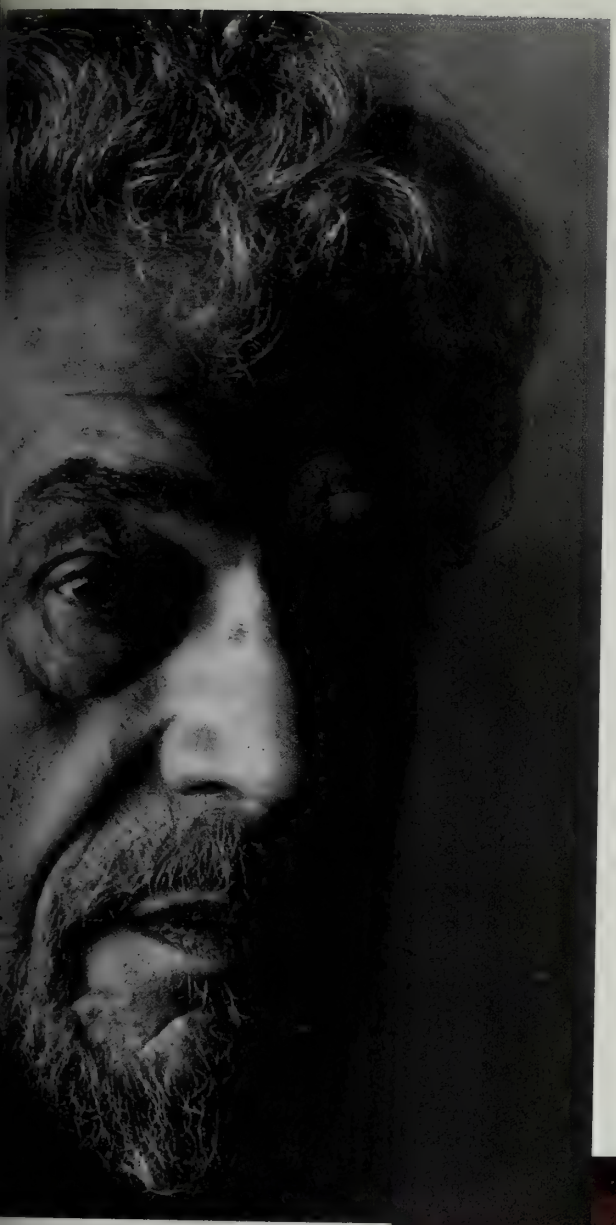
Sir Derek Jacobi

Actor, artistic director of the Chichester Festival Theatre. More than 22 plays; 16 films; 15 television roles; four major awards. Knighted in 1993.

Photographed July 24, 1995, in the cloisters of Chichester Cathedral in costume for *Hadrian VII.*

" 'Stage fright' is too mild a word for it; it is absolute stark terror."





Sir Anthony Hopkins

*Actor, director, reformed wild man, self-described "Amerophile." Twenty-five plays (*Pravda*); 32 films* e Silence of the Lambs, The Remains of e Day*); 40 television roles; seven major awards. Knighted in 1993.*

Photographed at the Richmond Theatre in London.

For his National Theatre audition, he performed a scene from *Othello* for Olivier, who said, "You've got a bloody nerve."

Catch him in: the title role of *Nixon,* opening next month, and as Picasso in Merchant Ivory's *Surviving Picasso.*



Sir Ian McKellen

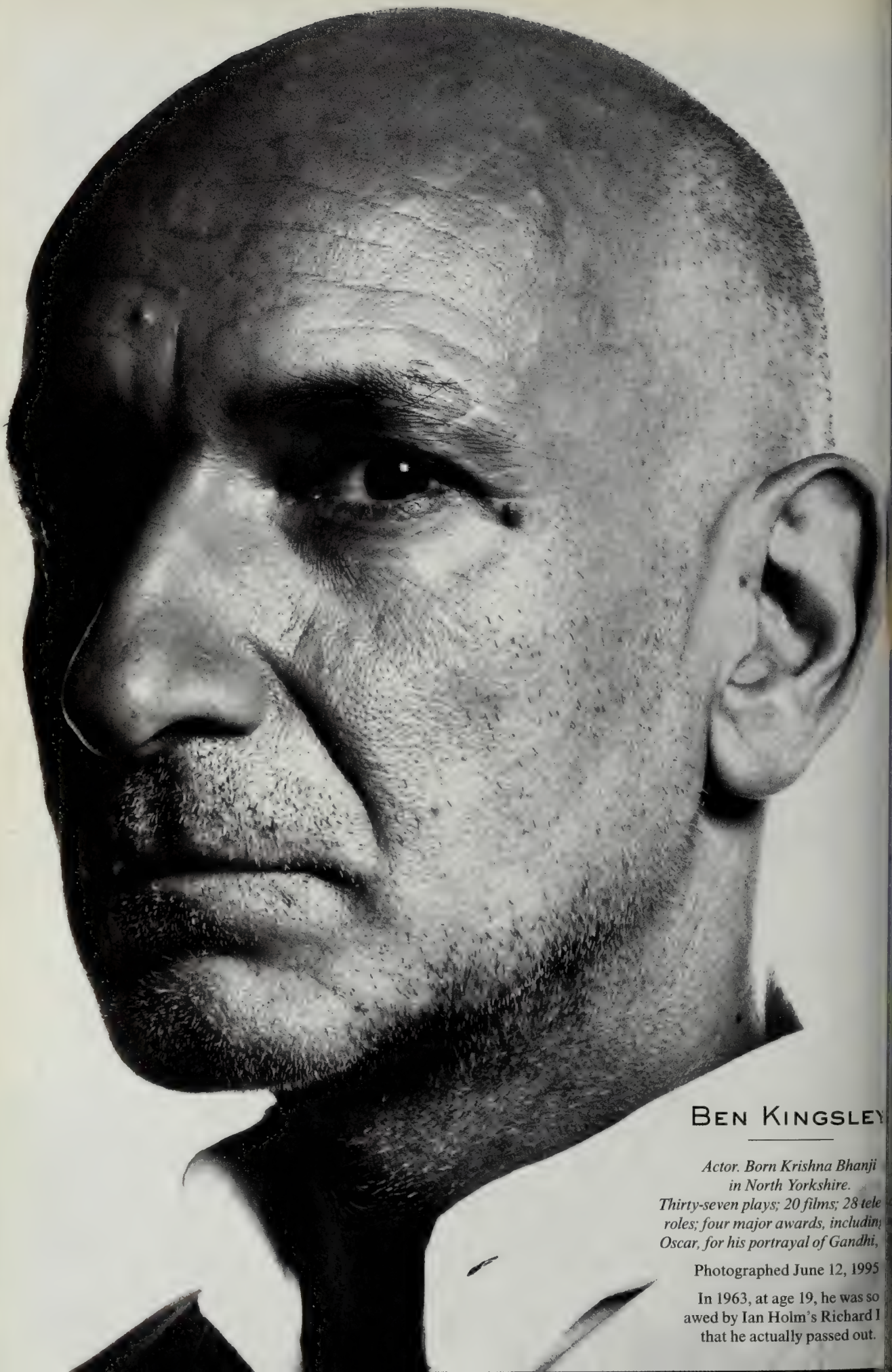
Actor. One hundred two plays; 16 films; 28 television roles; eight major awards. Knighted in 1991.

Photographed August 17, 1995, at Syon House with a statue of Bacchus.

Coming soon to a multiplex near you: *Restoration, Jack & Sarah, Richard III.*

"I've no fear of standing up in front of 3,000 people and showing off and taking my clothes off. . . . But could I tell anyone I was gay? No."





Ben Kingsley

Actor. Born Krishna Bhanji in North Yorkshire. Thirty-seven plays; 20 films; 28 tele roles; four major awards, includin Oscar, for his portrayal of Gandhi,

Photographed June 12, 1995

In 1963, at age 19, he was so awed by Ian Holm's Richard I that he actually passed out.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Fairies surround Titania and Bottom (played by Stella Gonet and Desmond Barrit). Alex Jennings, as Oberon, is in the foreground.

Photographed May 13, 1995, on the stage of the Barbican Theatre in London, where it has been running since April 25.

The Royal Shakespeare Company production, directed by Adrian Noble, with sets by Anthony Ward, will tour this January, and opens at the Nederlander Theatre on Broadway in March.




At
center
the British
are
great
character
actors.

RADA Class of '85

*Actors and Royal Academy of Dramatic Art graduates ane Horrocks (*The Rise and Fall of Little Voice, *directed her former beau Sam Mendes; TV,* Absolutely Fabulous*); Iain Glen (*Macbeth; *film,* Silent Scream; *ried to actress Susannah Harker); and Imogen Stubbs (*Othello; *film,* Jack & Sarah; *arried to director Trevor Nunn). Not pictured: classmate Ralph Fiennes.*

Photographed July 12, 1995.

There's this thing that teachers at RADA and directors lways say to you. 'Be yourself, darling.' And I want to say: look, the whole reason I'm here is so I don't have to be me for a while."
—Imogen Stubbs



(Continued from page 199) Hampshire estate, Sydmonton Court, with its private chapel (where his mega-musicals are previewed before a select audience). Andrew Lloyds Bank, as he's known, irritates some. "Easy come, easy go," Paul Johnson wrote in *The Spectator* when Lloyd Webber paid $29 million for Picasso's portrait *Angel Fernandez de Soto.* The British tradition known as the Tall Poppy Syndrome likes to cut uppity success down to size. "At least you know where you *are,*" explained Kenneth Branagh, who is judged as being too ambitious, not a gentlemanly thing—too pushy, in a sense too American.

The egos were always big; it's the theater world that got small. As the world turns and spins, cats and phantoms and trains and helicopters and miserable French people are circling the globe, now and wherever. And it all began there, in the land of Shakespeare. Lloyd Webber and Cameron Mackintosh, in partnership, then separately, beat America at its own game. They invented a new popular culture as powerfully pervasive in its way as Disney—the global musical.

Broadway traditionalists may not care for Lloyd Webber, but he seized the lightning at a time when Broadway was declining into remembered dreams, backstage stories, and uncommercial Sondheimian disenchantment. Look at his early choices: Jesus (*Jesus Christ Superstar*), the wife of an Argentinean dictator (*Evita*), cats (and T. S. Eliot's cats, at that).

"People hated even the name *Cats,*" Cameron Mackintosh, its producer, pointed out. "Everyone turned it down. I was probably the last person Lloyd Webber played it to." (Mackintosh boldly chose a director who had never staged a major musical before—Trevor Nunn, then the boss of the Royal Shakespeare Company.) "Global hits didn't exist at that time. Nobody thought about it, including me. I promise you."

But he saw the opportunity. And when the aging ruling elites of Broadway woke up, it was too late. Mackintosh, the young British impresario, hyped, marketed, and merchandised his musicals in ways that had never been seen before. *Cats* invented the universal musical logo—a neutral symbol, a semiotic sign, a figure dancing in the eyes of a cat, like the mask (*Phantom*), the waif (*Les Miz*), the helicopter (*Miss Saigon*). The logos transcend language barriers; they're instantly recognized everywhere; they go very nicely on souvenir T-shirts and mugs. When was there ever a Cameron Mackintosh (or a Lloyd Webber) musical that didn't have the biggest advance ticket sale in history? It's a *spectacle!* It's a *special effect!* It's an *event!* Barnum Mackintosh created Event Theater.

Yet, to meet him is to be surprised. His headquarters in North London is an 18th-century house. He comes into town two days a week from his Somerset home, a restored 12th-century priory. One has the impression he has always been a happy man. Ruling the musical world is a bonus. (Fifty-one Mackintosh productions are currently playing round the world.) He's a likable man, now 49, unflamboyant, uncomplicated, clear. He possesses the more traditionally American enthusiasm and buoyancy—the vivid, confident *belief* in what he does—that were the territory of Broadway. "I'm no good at all at coming up with an original idea. I can recognize it. That's my talent. Anyone who thinks they know what the public wants is an idiot. I'm still surprised and delighted the public likes what I like. I produce absolutely for myself."

Although the global musical was born in England, it has taken on the force of a multinational superpower. The unique identity of English theater resides in its celebrated tradition of great classical acting.

"In England, acting is a heritage passed on through the ages," noted a 1991 *New Yorker* profile of Michael Gambon. "From Burbage to Garrick, from Garrick to Kean and Macready, from them to Irving, and on to Olivier, Gielgud, and Richardson—and Gambon and McKellen. As is also true of great clowns, actors learn and borrow from their predecessors, who borrowed from those who came before them."

As befits a king, Laurence Olivier's ashes lie close *(Continued on page 213)*

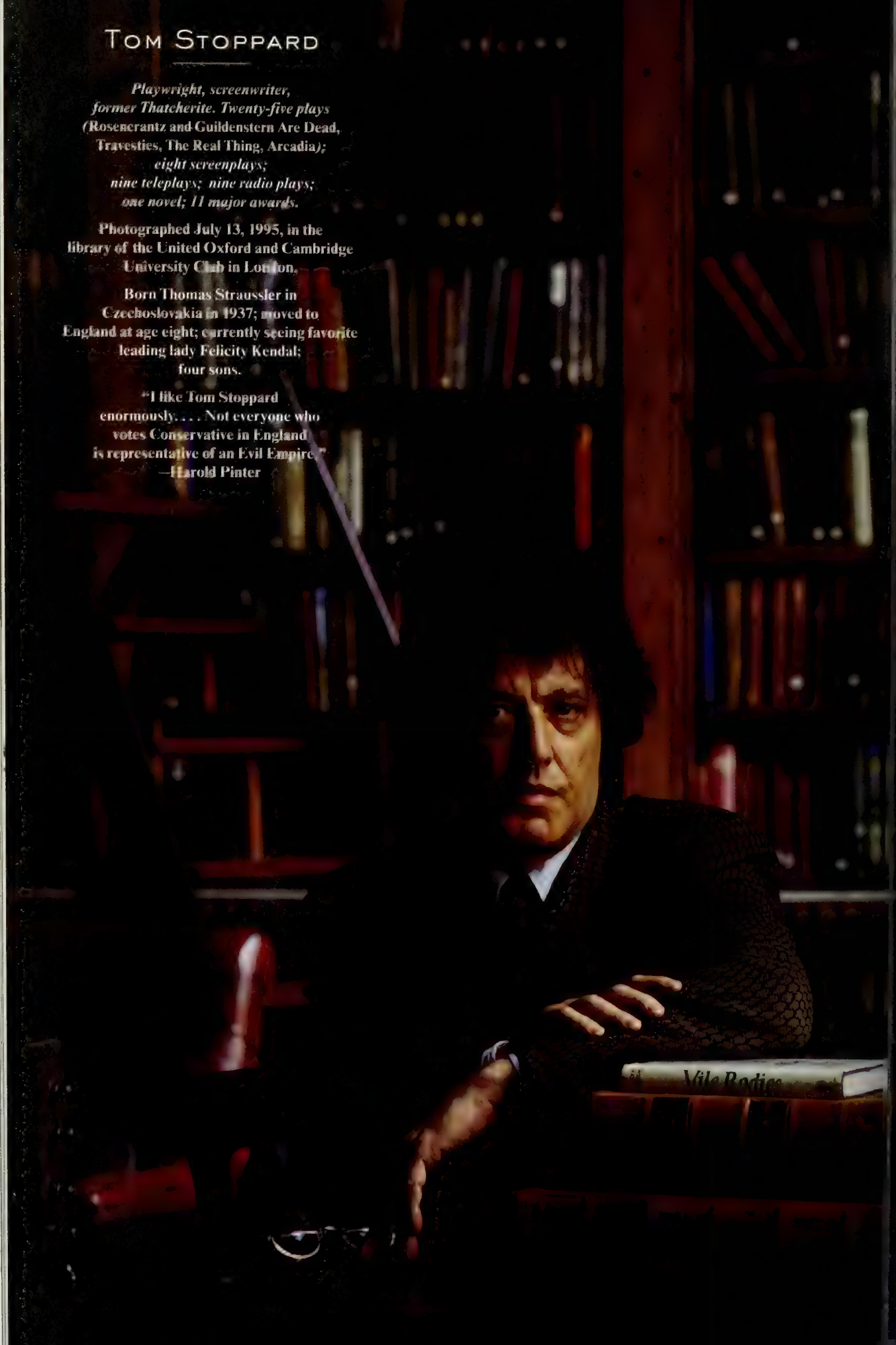
Tom Stoppard

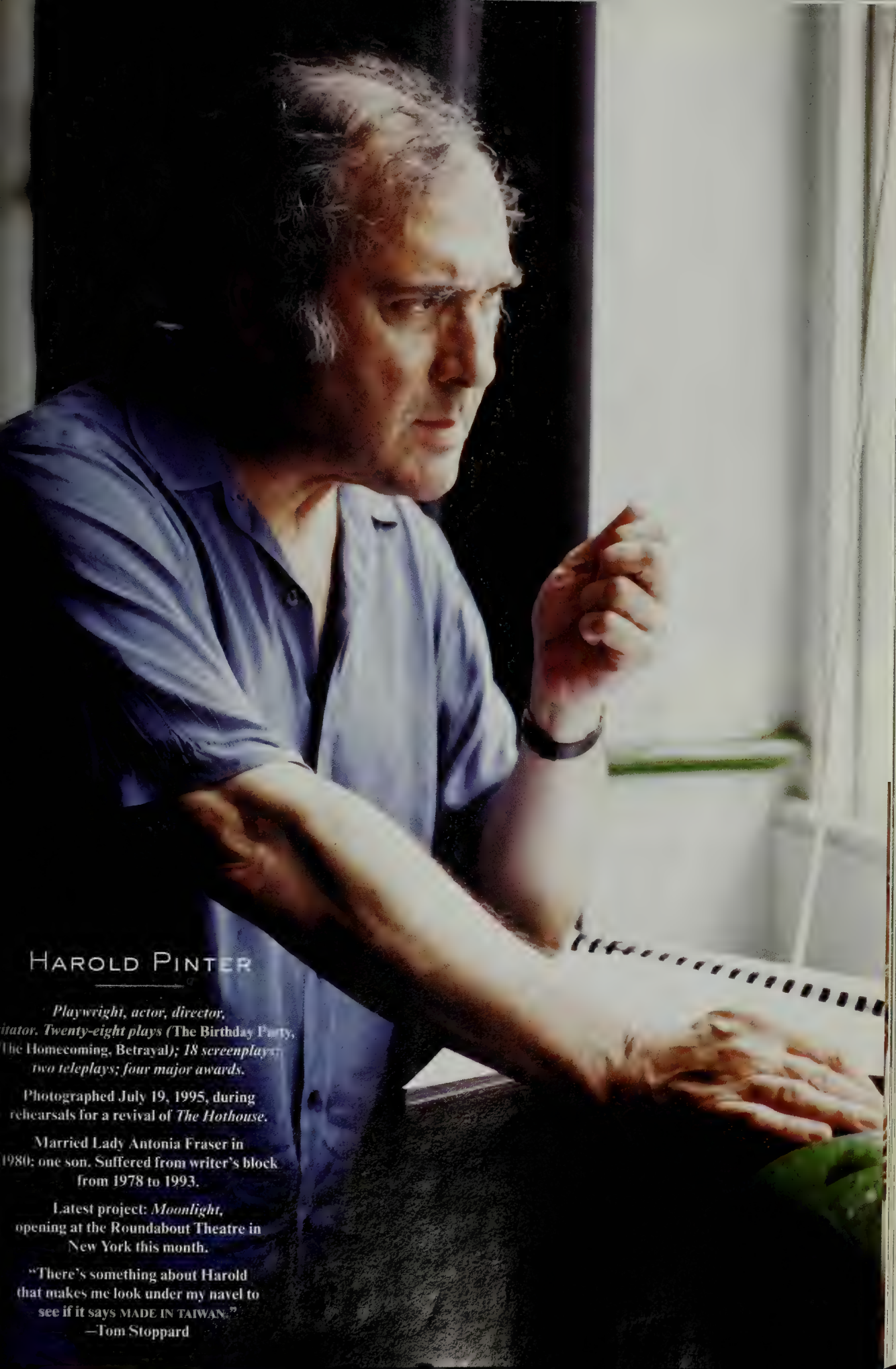
*Playwright, screenwriter, former Thatcherite. Twenty-five plays (*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead, Travesties, The Real Thing, Arcadia*); eight screenplays; nine teleplays; nine radio plays; one novel; 11 major awards.*

Photographed July 13, 1995, in the library of the United Oxford and Cambridge University Club in London.

Born Thomas Straussler in Czechoslovakia in 1937; moved to England at age eight; currently seeing favorite leading lady Felicity Kendal; four sons.

"I like Tom Stoppard enormously. . . . Not everyone who votes Conservative in England is representative of an Evil Empire."
—Harold Pinter





HAROLD PINTER

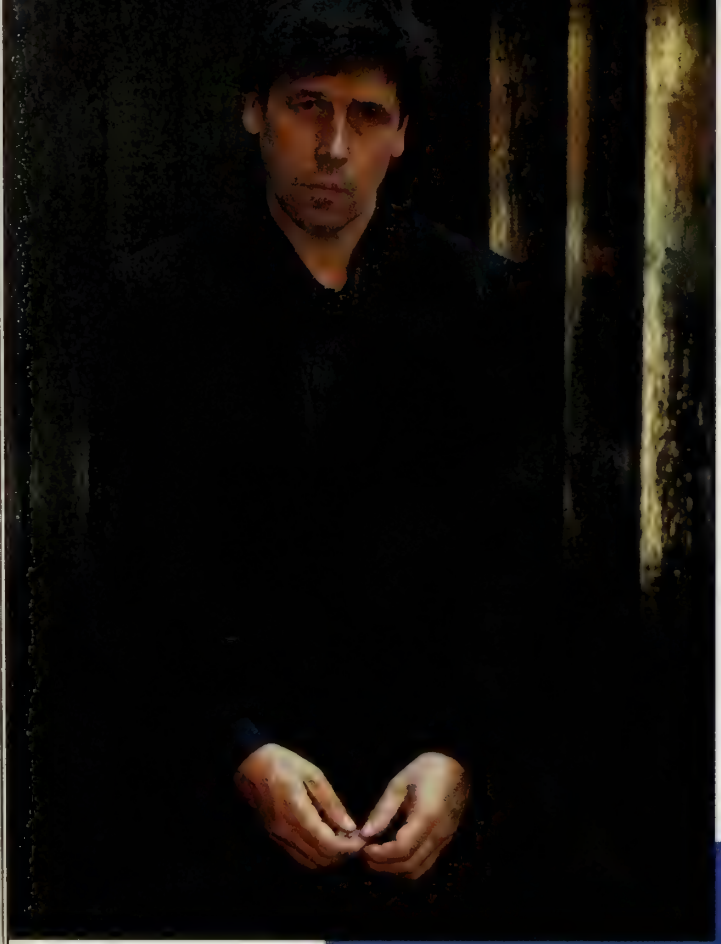
*Playwright, actor, director, ...iator. Twenty-eight plays (*The Birthday Party, The Homecoming, Betrayal*); 18 screenplays; two teleplays; four major awards.*

Photographed July 19, 1995, during rehearsals for a revival of *The Hothouse.*

Married Lady Antonia Fraser in 1980; one son. Suffered from writer's block from 1978 to 1993.

Latest project: *Moonlight,* opening at the Roundabout Theatre in New York this month.

"There's something about Harold that makes me look under my navel to see if it says MADE IN TAIWAN."
—Tom Stoppard



Stephen Rea

*Actor. Forty-six plays (*Someone Who'll Watch over Me*); 16 films (*The Crying Game*); 26 television roles.*

Photographed August 13, 1995.

Forthcoming films: *All Men Are Mortal, The Last of the High Kings, A Further Gesture,* and Neil Jordan's latest, *Michael Collins.*

"To me, theater and film are like hurling and football—different sports, but both equally great."

Jude Law

*Actor, wild child. Aged 22; nine plays; three films (*Shopping*); two television roles.*

Photographed June 25, 1995, in New York City.

His nude scene in *Indiscretions* caused an increase in usage of opera glasses on Broadway.

Alan Rickman

*Actor, director, scenery eater, Labour Party fund-raiser. Twenty-seven plays (*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*); 11 films (*Die Hard, Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*); nine television roles; two major awards.*

Photographed August 3, 1995, at the Albert Memorial, wearing a clan-Macdonald kilt in honor of the Sharman Macdonald play *The Winter Guest,* which he recently directed at the Almeida Theatre in London.

Forthcoming films: *Sense and Sensibility, Michael Collins.*







Patrick Stewart

Actor, Trekkie idol. One hundred four plays (including The Tempest *on Broadway this fall); 20 films; 52 television roles; three major awards.*

Photographed August 7, 1995, at Heathrow Airport.

"Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant . . . "
—Prospero, *The Tempest,* Epilogue.

"Make it so."
—Captain Picard,
Star Trek: The Next Generation.



Richard E. Grant

*Actor, diarist, no relation to Hugh. Four plays (*The Importance of Being Earnest*); 12 films (*Withnail and I*); four television roles.*

Photographed August 8, 1995, in Snowdon's hall.

Born and raised in Mbabane, Swaziland; married to voice coach JoanWashington; one daughter. Nonsmoker, nondrinker, non–caffeine imbiber, non–meat eater; loves shoes.

His *Four Weddings: Jack & Sarah,* opening February 2, 1996.

JOHN HURT

*Actor, voice-over master. Twenty-three plays; 58 films (*The Elephant Man, Scandal*); 30 television roles; five major awards.*

Photographed June 30, 1995, as a traditional pantomime Dame.

Soon to appear in: the film *Wild Bill,* opening in December.



The reserv
and wi
Briti
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theater li
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nued from page 207) to where Henry V is buried in Westminbbey. He knew him well. Olivilaque is found on the stone of Poets' Corner—as popular a attraction as Hollywood Boulevplaced alongside the plaques of ther great actors: David Garrom the 18th century, and Henving, from the 19th. They face atue of Shakespeare, national right.

vier (the son of a priest) continue sanctified theatrical cycle when onishing, regal orial service lace in Wester Abbey in attended by and rivaling ttle of Agin- in patriotic . It was quite duction. The echoed to Sir m Walton's music for r's film ver- of *Henry V* Hamlet. Paul ld, Ian Mc-, Derek Jac- Maggie Smith, hy Tutin, "and arring" walked ely procession altar, carryat *The Times* London de- d as "Olivier's ry": his in- of the Order rit; a model of ational Theatre and another of nichester Theatre, both of which unded; his Oscar (for *Hamlet*); own from the film version of *rd III;* his laurel wreath from ratford production of *Coriolanus;* *ear* crown from the television ction that brought him out of ment; and his most meaningful Edmund Kean's Richard III , handed on to Olivier by Sir Gielgud.

hard Olivier, one of Olivier's children, at 33 now making his s a well-regarded theater direcas 27 when his father died in rly 80s after a long battle with . "There was a strange awareness that I'd seen him die a lot of times," this gentle man told me. "In *King Lear,* in *Brideshead Revisited.* . . . Unlike other children, I saw my dad acting dying. He once told me, 'I've played more than 200 parts, and I know them better than I know myself. I don't know who I am when I'm not acting.' And when I was young, I would cry at his death scenes. But when his death was real, I couldn't cry."

Almost crushed by the legacy of his father, he loved him. "I feel very grateful and proud to have spent that time with him," he said.

Sir John Gielgud is the last of that glittering triumvirate—Olivier, Gielgud, and Ralph Richardson—who, with Dame Peggy Ashcroft, led British theater into its golden age. Gielgud's acting lineage alone stretches back into the 19th century: his grandmother was a well-known actress; her sister (and Irving's acting partner) was the legendary Ellen Terry—"the most adorable woman ever created by God or man," said a swooning Swinburne.

Ninety-one and still active, Sir John is invariably sunny, talkative, and slyly modest. He lives on a 17th-century estate deep in Buckinghamshire, where, he told me, he likes to watch any old rubbish on TV. "I can't keep away from the Simpson trial," he said, laughing. "It's rather bad theater. Too many *interruptions.* Still, I can't keep away! I'm sure he did it, aren't you?" He said he acts in "little bits" of films —"quite pleasant, not taxing"—and in radio plays, which he enjoys, meeting new people. He was too diffident to mention that one radio play, which celebrated his 90th birthday, was *King Lear*—the fifth *Lear* in his magnificent career.



Dame Diana Rigg

Actress, lecturer, diva.
*Twenty-three plays (*Medea*);*
10 films; 14 television roles (including host of PBS's Mystery! *series);*
three major awards.
Made a dame in 1994.

Photographed July 27, 1995, as a traditional pantomime Principal Boy.

Best known for portrayal of cat-suit-wearing secret agent Emma Peel in *The Avengers.*

Currently starring in *Mother Courage and Her Children* at the National Theatre, directed by Jonathan Kent.

The entire London picture changes with the power and creative volume of those nonprofit empires the Royal National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company. "Do the English people want a national theatre?" George Bernard Shaw asked 50 years ago. "Of course they do not. . . . They have got the British Museum, the National Gallery and Westminster Abbey, but they never

wanted them." They got used to them.

The spine of London theater—the reason it flourishes and is the envy of America—is government subsidy. It has survived cutbacks and assault, and nuclear attack through the 1980s from Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, the slash-and-burn Newt Gingrich of the arts. "When can we stop giving money to awful people like Peter Hall?" she pleaded, enraged that the man who was then running the National should lead the battle against Tory philistinism and mean minds, as he saw it.

No one has done more to keep alive the heritage of British theater than the workaholic director-producer Sir Peter Hall, and few powerful figures in England fascinate more. He could be Machiavelli, Iago, Coriolanus, Don Juan, or, of late, Falstaff.

He's the master builder of British theater. At 30, he founded the Royal Shakespeare Company; then, succeeding Olivier, he led the National for more than a decade, into its new South Bank empire. And for good measure Hall ran the Glyndebourne Festival Opera. There's practically nothing left for him to run. Yet this impresario is close to an academic scholar in the privacy of the rehearsal room, tapping out the beat of the Shakespearean verse on a lectern like a conductor.

"What we're all bleating about, as usual," Hall told me, "is fighting against decline. In the 1960s, a young actor would have been marinated in Shakespeare. The easy solution now is the convention of the real—gritty underplaying, as on TV. It's affected

Leo McKern

*Actor, bon vivant, ham. More than 200 plays; more than 40 films (*Ryan's Daughter*); more than 100 television roles.*

Photographed June 9, 1995, at the Chichester Festival Theatre on the set of *Hobson's Choice*.

Of course, known to millions as Rumpole, the title character in the television series he starred in from 1977 till 1992. "I consider that my best performance ever was as Peer Gynt. But if I get an obit in the London *Times*, they will say, '. . . of course, known to millions as Rumpole.'"



Alan Bennet

Playwright, actor, screenw… diarist, monarchist. Fourtee… (the revue* Beyond the Fri… Kafka's Dick*); five screen… 20 television works; 11 major…

Photographed July 10, 1… on the Long Walk at Windso… "The Copper Horse" stat… George III in the backgrou… reference to his opus *The Madness of George… The butcher's bicycle is a… his father's trade. The royal co… his play *A Question of Attrib…* featured Queen Elizabeth II and… her signature dog…





the whole ecology. But Shakespeare's a *verse* dramatist. The reason Shakespeare got longer is because actors play the words, not the *line*. You preserve the sanctity of the line. I reckon there are only about 50 actors left in the country who can do it."

Hall, a railwayman's son, came out of Cambridge University. So did many of the newer generation—Richard Eyre, Nicholas Hytner, Sam Mendes, Emma Thompson, Declan Donnellan, Nick Ormerod, and Simon McBurney and Annabel Arden of London's Theatre de Complicite. The Marlowe Society at Cambridge, under the direction of George "Dadie" Rylands, shaped the undergrad Peter Hall. The heritage was passed on when Hall handed over the Royal Shakespeare Company to Trevor Nunn (who was also at Cambridge), and continued through Hall's years at the National, where the Marlowe torch is now carried by former society president Sir Ian McKellen.

Surprisingly, perhaps, Hall at 64 looks more hopefully to America than to Britain. I had put it to him that for too long Americans have been going down on one knee before the god of Shakespeare, when they possess all the skills of dynamic language and physicality—speed, wit, naturalism, daring—to burst through the conventions and make new. "If they could be trained to observe the form and breathe at the right places," said Hall, "they'd knock the shit out of us."

It is extraordinary that Arthur Miller—the dramatist of *Death of a Salesman* and founding father of modern American drama with Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams—is now produced and celebrated more in England than in his own land.

Whereas his 1994 play, *Broken Glass,* closed early on Broadway, in London it was taken under the protective umbrella of the National Theatre, transferred to the West End, and went on to win the Olivier Award for best play. The spiraling cost of producing



Sir Peter Hall

Director, producer, dia éminence gris Knighted in 1

Photographe July 26, 1995 on the Chelse Embankmen

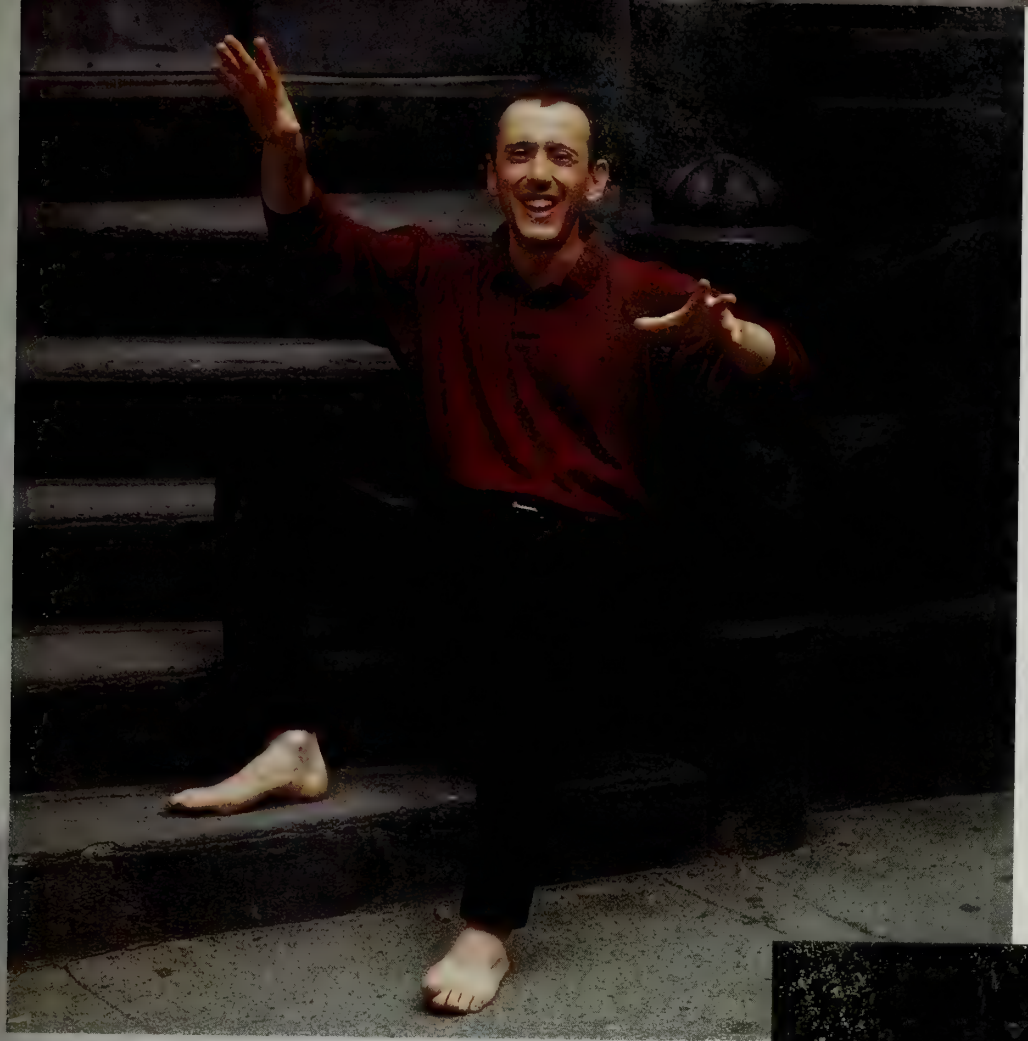
Founder and managing dir of the Royal Shakespeare Company, 19 director of th National The 1973–88.

The Next Generation

Theater directors, top left to right, Simon McBurney (The Street of Crocodiles), *Stephen Daldry* (An Inspector Calls), *Richard Olivier* (Shirley Valentine), *Jonathan Kent* (*Ralph Fiennes's* Hamlet), *Roger Michell* (My Night with Reg), *Sean Mathias* (Indiscretions), *Katie Mitchell* (Women of Troy), *Sam "Wunderkind" Mendes* (The Rise and Fall of Little Voice), *and Matthew Warchus* (Volpone).

Photographed July 11, 1995.





Nicholas Hytner

*Director, rising star. Sixteen plays (*Miss Saigon, Carousel*); one film (*The Madness of King George*); nine operas; five major awards.*

Photographed June 24, 1995, in Greenwich Village, New York City.

Currently filming *The Crucible,* starring Paul Scofield, Daniel Day-Lewis, and Winona Ryder, on location in Massachusetts.





Cheek by Jowl

Designer Nick Ormerod and director Declan Donnellan, co-artistic directors of the internationally celebrated theater troupe.

Photographed August 4, 1995, in the gardens of mannequin-maker Adel Rootstein.

Their production of *The Duchess of Malfi* will be performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this December.

plays on Broadway is at least twice as high as in London, making the more commercial work the safer bet. But Arthur Miller goes further:

"*Broken Glass* wasn't *Cats,*" he points out in his deep, deceptively calm American voice. "On Broadway, it's purely business. But a West End theater doesn't regard a few empty seats as a disgrace. The American system is a commercial, cockeyed, historically determined process where success is everything. Even profit isn't enough. It has to be a *big* profit."

Look briefly at the route to New York of Tom Stoppard's latest success, *Arcadia.* It was first produced at the National Theatre. Then it transferred to the commercial West End. Four New York producers wanted it for commercial Broadway. Stoppard, the playwright of scintillating ideas, chose the nonprofit Lincoln Center Theater instead. "I wanted an axis in New York that would do my plays without picking and choosing the ones that might make money and might not," he explained. "The experience of having a play produced in New York is still unequaled. If you could smoke there, it would be perfect." He has made the nonprofit theater in New York his base, and his uncommercial *Hapgood*—which no Broadway producer wanted—could therefore be produced at Lincoln Center alongside *Arcadia.*



Nigel Hawthorne

*Actor, director, late bloomer. Fifty-two plays (*Shadowlands*); 24 films (*The Madness of King George*); 37 television roles (*Mapp and Lucia, Yes Minister*); nine major awards.*

Photographed July 28, 1995, at the *antiquaire* Crowther of Syon Lodge, London, with a glass of wine—a clue to the undoing of the Duke of Clarence, whom he plays in Richard Loncraine's forthcoming film, *Richard III.*

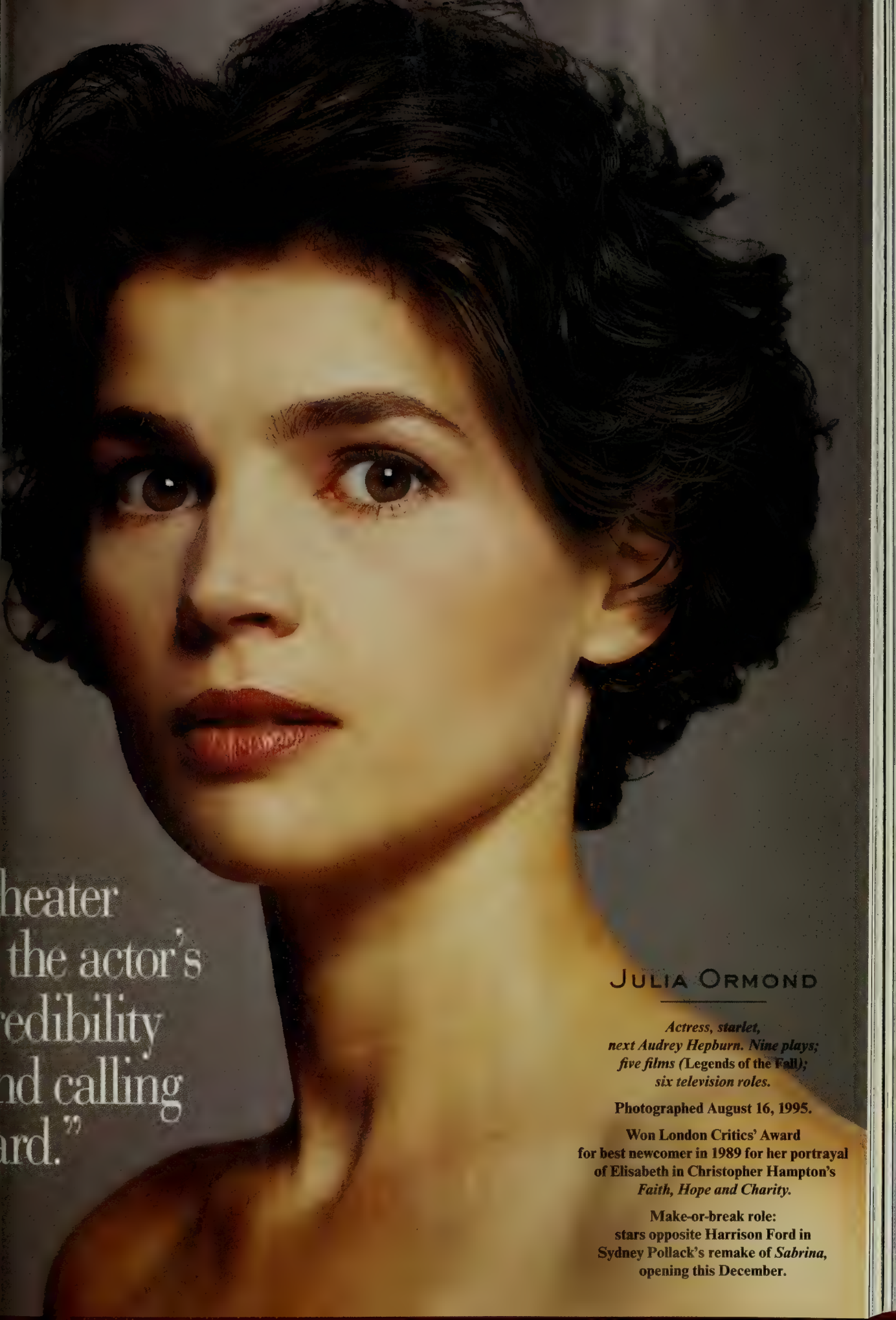
The golden boy of British theater, 38-year-old director Nicholas Hytner, now lives in London and New York, enjoying the best of both worlds. Hytner understands popular taste, but he functions outside the mainstream. After directing the blockbuster *Miss Saigon,* he returned to the National to direct the stage version of *The Madness of King George.* In New York, he has become an associate director of the Lincoln Center Theater, site of his beautiful production of *Carousel,* and after all the acclaim for his film version of *King George,* when Hollywood was at his feet, he chose the route of modestly budgeted films for adults.

It is his way of keeping control, of "doing good work" unfettered by too blatant commercial compromise. His new film is Arthur Miller's *The Crucible,* with Daniel Day-Lewis, Winona Ryder, and Paul Scofield. It c
ues Hytner's system of alternati
tween films and the theater, i
well-founded belief that there
sufficient millions of movie- an
atergoers who take pleasure i
artfully "uncommercial."

The keepers of the nonprofit f
Adrian Noble, boss of the R
and Richard Eyre of the Nat
have this deeply in common:
are both insomniacs. Eyre, desc
by Frank Rich of *The New*
Times as "the most successful
ducer in the English-speaking the
wears it well.
words "commu
"group," "soc
pepper his con
tion like a
science—words
said, "people
don't like the th
recoil from, as if
rabid dogs."

Now 52, he h
cided to leave th
tional in two
after more than
ade of success
helm. "Let som
else have the
less nights!" he
and laughed. Ey
worked in the
profit theater a
life, and it's dif
to imagine him
ing anywhere els
turned down th
portunity to dire
Misérables, whi
like misplacing
winning lottery
et. "I don't regret it," he expl
phlegmatically. "I believe the I
ian contract is a reality. The c
can do musicals like *Les Misé*
in good faith. But it just won't
out for me if I do things in bad
I know that sounds like a sanc
nious prick, but that's what I fe

Eyre's counterpart at the I
Shakespeare Company is the
Adrian Noble. "Terrible, appa
appalling!" he said when I asked
about his insomnia. What does I
all night? I wondered. "*Worry,*
answered. His body behind his
in Stratford bent into the shape
question mark, *(Continued on page*



JULIA ORMOND

Actress, starlet, next Audrey Hepburn. Nine plays; five films* (Legends of the Fall); *six television roles.

Photographed August 16, 1995.

Won London Critics' Award for best newcomer in 1989 for her portrayal of Elisabeth in Christopher Hampton's *Faith, Hope and Charity.*

Make-or-break role: stars opposite Harrison Ford in Sydney Pollack's remake of *Sabrina,* opening this December.



Kenneth Branagh

Actor, director, playwright, overachiever, husband of Emma Thompson. Twenty-one plays; nine films; 16 television roles; four major awards.

Photographed June 5, 1995, on a tanning bed at Shepperton Studios during a rehearsal for the forthcoming film version of *Othello,* in which he plays Iago.

Frequently compared to: Laurence Olivier; fingernails on a chalkboard. Score points: his *Henry V* reduced Prince Charles to tears. Sore points: being more popular in America than in his home country; *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein.*

The Next Wave

Actors Phil Daniels (Dealer's Choice), *Alan Cumming* (Cabaret; *film,* Goldeneye, Circle of Friends), *Paul Rhys* (Design for Living; *film,* Chaplin), *Joseph Fiennes* (A View from the Bridge), *Rupert Graves* (Design for Living; *film,* The Madness of King George), *and Simon Russell Beale* (Richard III).

Photographed August 14, 1995, in the Virgin Upper Class departure lounge at Heathrow Airport.





Rupert Everett

Actor, writer, singer, novelist, Vanity Fair *contributing editor. Ten plays; 16 films (*The Madness of King George*); seven television roles.*

Photographed August 1, 1995.

Debuted as Guy Bennett, the character based on Guy Burgess, in the acclaimed 1982 production of Julian Mitchell's *Another Country.*

Forthcoming film: *Dunston Checks In.*





Rachel Weisz

*Actress, starlet. Four plays (*Design for Living*); four films; four television roles.*

Photographed June 10, 1995.

Appearing as Miranda in the film *Stealing Beauty,* directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, to be released in spring 1996.



Julie Christie

*Actress, animal-rights activist, enigma. Three plays (*Old Times*); 30 films (*Doctor Zhivago, Shampoo*); five television roles; two major awards. Lived on and off for seven years with Warren Beatty in the Escondido Suite of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.*

Photographed August 2, 1995, on the Serpentine in Hyde Park, London.



Michael Gambo

Actor, mechanic.
*Forty plays (*Volpone*); 17 films;*
13 television roles
*(*The Singing Detective*); five major aw*

Photographed August 2, 1995,
at Poets' Corner in Westminster Abb

Joined National Theatre in
1963 under Laurence Olivier, who pers
selected him to be a spear-carrier

"Role for role, pound for pound,
Michael Gambon is, arguably, the fi
actor in the English theater."
—*The New York Times*, August 23, 19



Natasha Richardson

Actress, theater royalty.
*even plays (*High Society, Anna Christie*);*
*11 films (*Nell*);*
six television roles; one major award.

Photographed September 5, 1995.

Elder daughter of
Vanessa Redgrave and the late director
Tony Richardson;
granddaughter of Sir Michael Redgrave;
Mrs. Liam Neeson; one son.

(Continued from page 218) as if weighed down by the wearying burden of the classical world.

"It's a *living* heritage," he said. "For me the English national identity isn't invested in the text of Shakespeare's plays, but in the people who *hear* them. Hamlet said, 'We'll hear a play.' For Shakespeare it was the *ear.* He made pictures through language. I believe the living heritage contains stories and myth that resonate in life, poetry that can enrich us, an experience that can renew us." It's as if Shakespeare were alive, looking over his shoulder, whispering, "Keep going. I'm better than the movies. Find the present in the past and you understand the world."

Today, whispered—and not so whispered—sacrileges are being heard against the heritage of Olivier and Gielgud, as if that tradition belonged more to a pinnacle of 19th-century acting. It's an overthrowing, too, of the watered-down legacy of the stiffly rhetorical, the emotionally dead, the British style and voice—the traditional Shakespearean *voice,* which can rip through the back of the stalls and stop ships at sea.

And some of those new voices come from within. "I never *saw* Olivier, Gielgud, and Richardson," the successful young West End director Sam Mendes of the Donmar Warehouse Theatre told me. "In fact, my generation grew up with John Cleese."

Another of the new generation of international directors is Jonathan Kent, co-director of the fringe, 300-seat Almeida Theatre in North London. He took Ralph Fiennes and Diana Rigg to Broadway. "I didn't want *Hamlet* produced in a high-art ghetto," he explained. "I don't want to exhume museum pieces as a cultural duty or a kind of medicine. The only point of doing these plays is because they're terrifically *popular* plays. So it was marvelous that *Hamlet* was on Broadway down the road from *Beauty and the Beast.*"

So, the barricades went up outside the Belasco Theater on West 44th Street. *Hamlet* had Ralph Fiennes, of course, which helped. But Kent had talked to him about taking on the un-





STYLED BY CHARLOTTE PILCHER. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

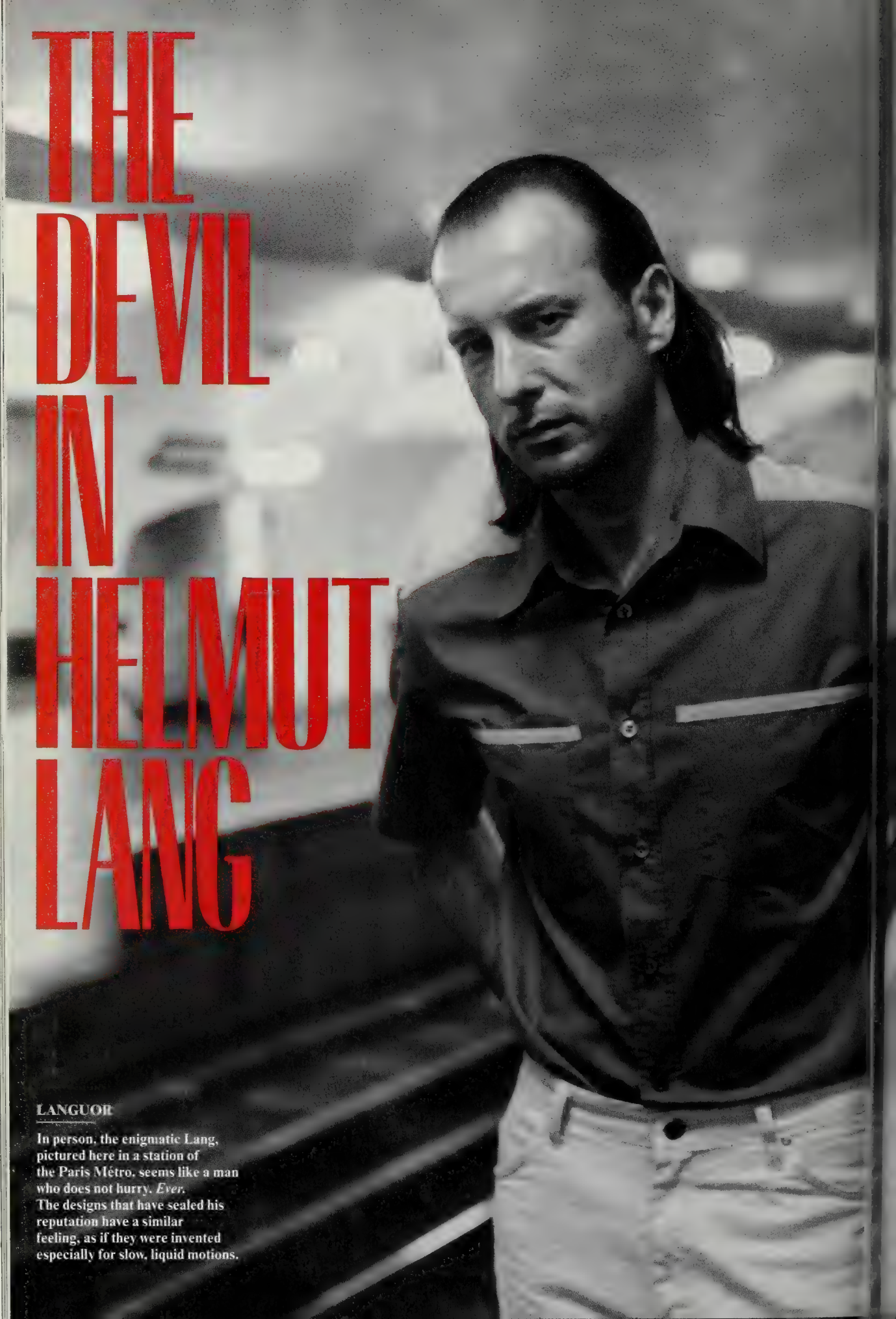
solvable mystery two years before he became Ralph Fiennes. And the actor, now a movie star, had spent four seasons with the Royal Shakespeare Company. No recent performance on Broadway had been more excitedly anticipated than the Fiennes Hamlet—a modern Hamlet for "rotten" times. Our first sight of the star was of a tragic antihero alone, his back turned on us.

Fiennes was a Hamlet without the princeliness: unregal, unshaven, unkempt, a dark, contemporary grunge Hamlet on the precipice. In isolation, he might have been a rock star about to explode in klieg lights and smoke, hurling his black topcoat aside to turn and shout to his fans, "Love ya, Cleveland!"

John Osborne's memorial was a crowded gathering. There were England's dramatists—among them Harold Pinter, Christopher Hampton, and John Mortimer. And there were its actors—among them that patrician, carved, enigmatic face of Paul Scofield, the only actor in England to have turned down a knighthood. And there was the ghost of Olivier, the only great actor in English history to have been made a lord. A recording of Laurence Olivier singing and dancing as Archie Rice in *The Entertainer,* Osborne's music-hall metaphor of crumbling postcolonial England, was played during the service, bringing sighs and affectionate laughter. For the most celebrated actor of the century could scarcely sing a note.

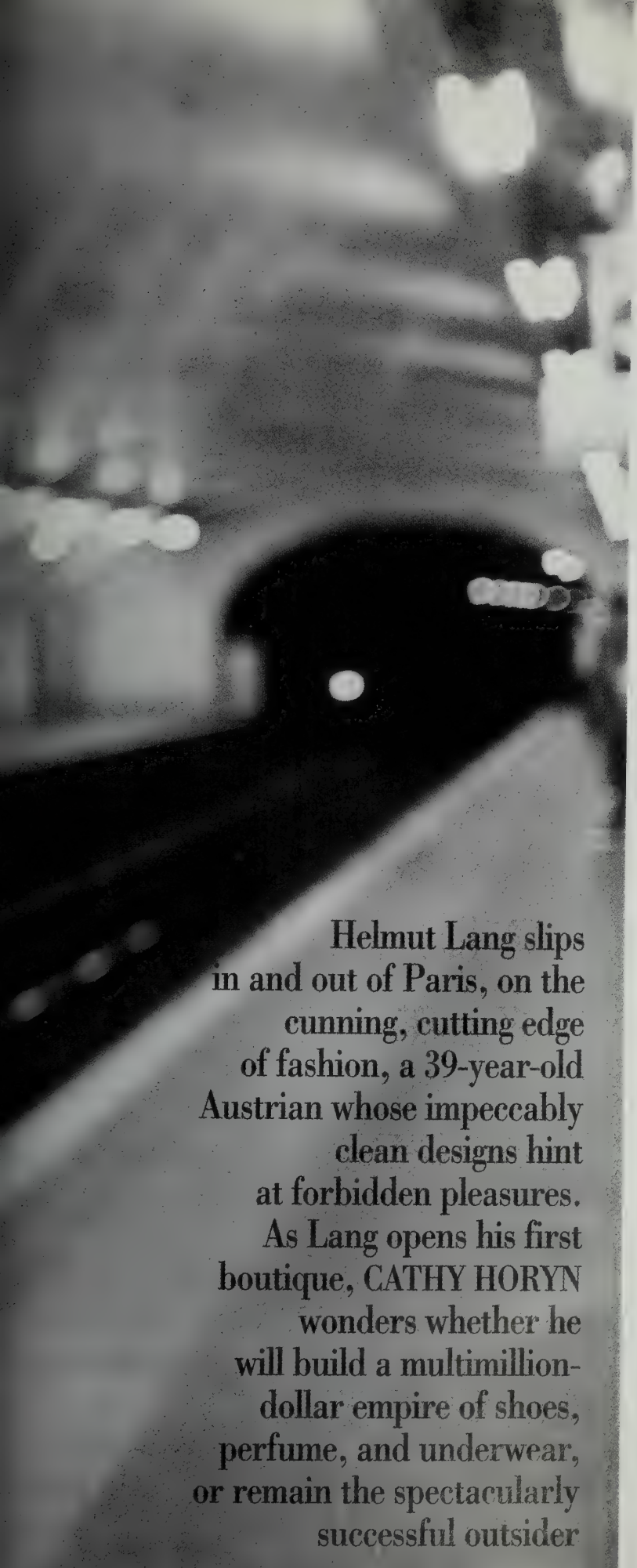
And perhaps it was all there in the secluded chapel that morning earlier this year—in the timeless, formal, expert English ceremony of it all, in those restrained, reedy English voices singing lusty hymns, in the prayers and English music and flawless readings from great actors—the inescapable impression that the best of English life is a play, a show, a pageant even before God. "It is impossible to speak of John Osborne without using the word 'England,'" said David Hare in his fine and surprisingly emotional tribute. So it is impossible to imagine England without its theater. □

THE DEVIL IN HELMUT LANG



LANGUOR

In person, the enigmatic Lang, pictured here in a station of the Paris Métro, seems like a man who does not hurry. *Ever.* The designs that have sealed his reputation have a similar feeling, as if they were invented especially for slow, liquid motions.



Helmut Lang slips in and out of Paris, on the cunning, cutting edge of fashion, a 39-year-old Austrian whose impeccably clean designs hint at forbidden pleasures. As Lang opens his first boutique, CATHY HORYN wonders whether he will build a multimillion-dollar empire of shoes, perfume, and underwear, or remain the spectacularly successful outsider

In the mid-80s, before her brooding beauty made her famous as a model, Cordula Reyer met the Austrian designer Helmut Lang through a series of exchanged glances in coffeehouses around Vienna. There was, even then, a compelling vagueness about Lang. He seemed both shy and self-aware, an accomplished loner (Reyer imagined), with blue-white skin, a calm gaze, and long, very dark hair. Reyer remembers, "We just looked at each other." Lang was not yet the success he has become. He had not yet shown his clothes in Paris; just a few years before, in fact, he had been earning his living as a shoe salesman and bartender. Even so, says Reyer, anyone would have noticed him. "He used to wear this old trench coat," she says with a dry laugh. "Nobody in Vienna was wearing old trench coats but old people."

The coat, with its flash of innuendo, was simply a taste of things to come. In the nine years since Lang slipped into Paris, he has emerged as one of fashion's most cunning guides, a minimalist whose powers of suggestion are often reserved for the most impure thoughts. His clothes may look clean—free, that is, of glitter, kitsch, and other fashion dandruff. But at some level a sleeveless lace sheath with an underlayer of red rubber is *not* clean.

Lang knows that minimalism without a rush of sin is just parochial. There's always a hot wind blowing through Lang country, a whiff of something you shouldn't do—but will. A dress of flesh-tone nylon, a wet-looking pair of vinyl trousers—sometimes you get the feeling that even the designer has to avert his eyes. I've never been able to get through a Helmut Lang show without thinking of Charlotte Rampling in *The Night Porter,* particularly the moment when she encounters the odiously irresistible Dirk Bogarde and realizes there is no turning back. The erotic torpor of Lang's male models—some of them friends he brings along from Vienna—suffuses everything. "Helmut always says he likes them to look a little broken," remarks his friend William Mullen, creative director of *Details.*

Broken?

My notion of Lang's supreme cool-

Photograph by GLEN LUCHFORD

ness is momentarily shattered when I walk into his chrome-and-leather office in Vienna and he announces—gleefully for him—"Veruschka is coming at five o'clock." The 60s icon, it seems, is appearing in a play in Vienna. "Veruschka's great," says Lang. "She called me up a while ago and asked if I would make something for her. Of course, I said yes." But he has never actually met her. "We have this incredible relationship," he says with a wry smile, "but right now it's only for the telephone."

Lang is wearing a pair of black Levi's with a white polo shirt. He speaks slowly, carefully, and a little lazily, like someone who is never hurried for anything. Although Lang often comes across in photographs as rather stern and humorless, he is actually quite funny—with a wolfish laugh. But there are times when a spate of muffled giggles makes you wonder if the 39-year-old designer isn't a closet prude. At one point Lang tells me, "A woman in Europe will sometimes wear things a bit too tight around . . . here." He fluffs the air in front of his chest. "How do you say it?"

"I would say 'boobs.'"

"Boobs. Yeah. Around the boobs." He nods his head and laughs. "Yeah! Why not! It should be O.K. You write the right word."

Later, though, when I ask Lang if he will show me his apartment (he lives directly over his design studio in a turn-of-the-century building not far from the Danube), he makes it clear, politely, that his rooftop lair is off-limits. I make a pitiful attempt at wheedling.

"Don't push it."

Because of the way he looks—part faun, part biker—it is widely assumed that Lang is on intimate terms with the netherworld his clothes project. If this is the case, then the devil in Lang is beautifully disguised. "He's the most influential designer out there—no question," says Mullen, who owns 16 variations of the same Lang jacket (all in black), and argues, "When you know what you want to look like, why bother with anything else? You're either on the boat with Helmut or you're not." Mullen, who frequently joins Lang and a small group of intimates for dinner when they're in Paris, thinks that what separates Lang from other minimalists, notably Prada and Jil Sander, is the "idiosyncrasies of his fit." A Lang jacket cups you under the arms and squeezes you from the back. It almost makes you feel a little brazen, as if you were wearing a terribly naughty leather-shop harness instead of a designer jacket. It is hard to think of another designer with this capacity for arousal.

"It does something to you," admits Cordula Reyer. "Whether it's sexy or perverse, it doesn't matter. He's not too much in his head, Helmut, you know." And Elfie Semotan, a photographer in her early 50s who is one of Lang's closest friends, confesses, "You have to be sure of yourself when you wear his clothes, because they expose you somehow. And sometimes"—Semotan catches her breath and gives a nervous laugh—"one doesn't feel quite up to it."



The question now is whether the world is up to it. Clearly, Lang's beyond the point of being considered fashion's favorite misfit. His two 1995 collections, produced under a new licensing agreement with Gibo in Italy, were spectacularly successful. Lang, in fact, says his volume has doubled since last fall. In September he opened his first boutique, in Munich, with German hotelier Erika Volkhardt, who also owns shops with Calvin Klein and Valentino. "She knows the business," says Lang. "I felt very confident with her, so I said, 'Let's do it.' I think now it's the right moment." This summ Helmut Lang shoes and Helmut La derwear (for men) were launc European stores. And by early ne he will open a second boutiqu Milan's Via della Spiga. Despite Lang says he feels no press grow any faster than he has. " always say, This is your momer have to take this moment. If yc this moment, you'll miss yo ment . . . " He grins.

"Obviously, you don't believe

"No," he replies with a shrug. "I know from experience that things just get better. Waiting has never been a mist

"Helmut is not a decided b man," admits Elfie Semotan, with Lang spends long weekends at he try house near the Slovenian-H an border, "but I think he has to lead his life beside his w spite of his work."

Much of Lang's current ha comes, one suspects, from havin a way around the obstacles in l

"You have to be sure of yourself to wear Lang's clot

Although he was born in Vien-
ang was sent by his parents at
e of two to live with his grand-
ts in an Alpine village near
urg. "My parents were strug-
with their own lives, so I was
by my grandparents," says Lang,
n was fantastic."
grandfather made hiking boots
mountain shoes, and Lang
in his house until he was 10,
—against
ishes—he
ent back
enna to
vith his



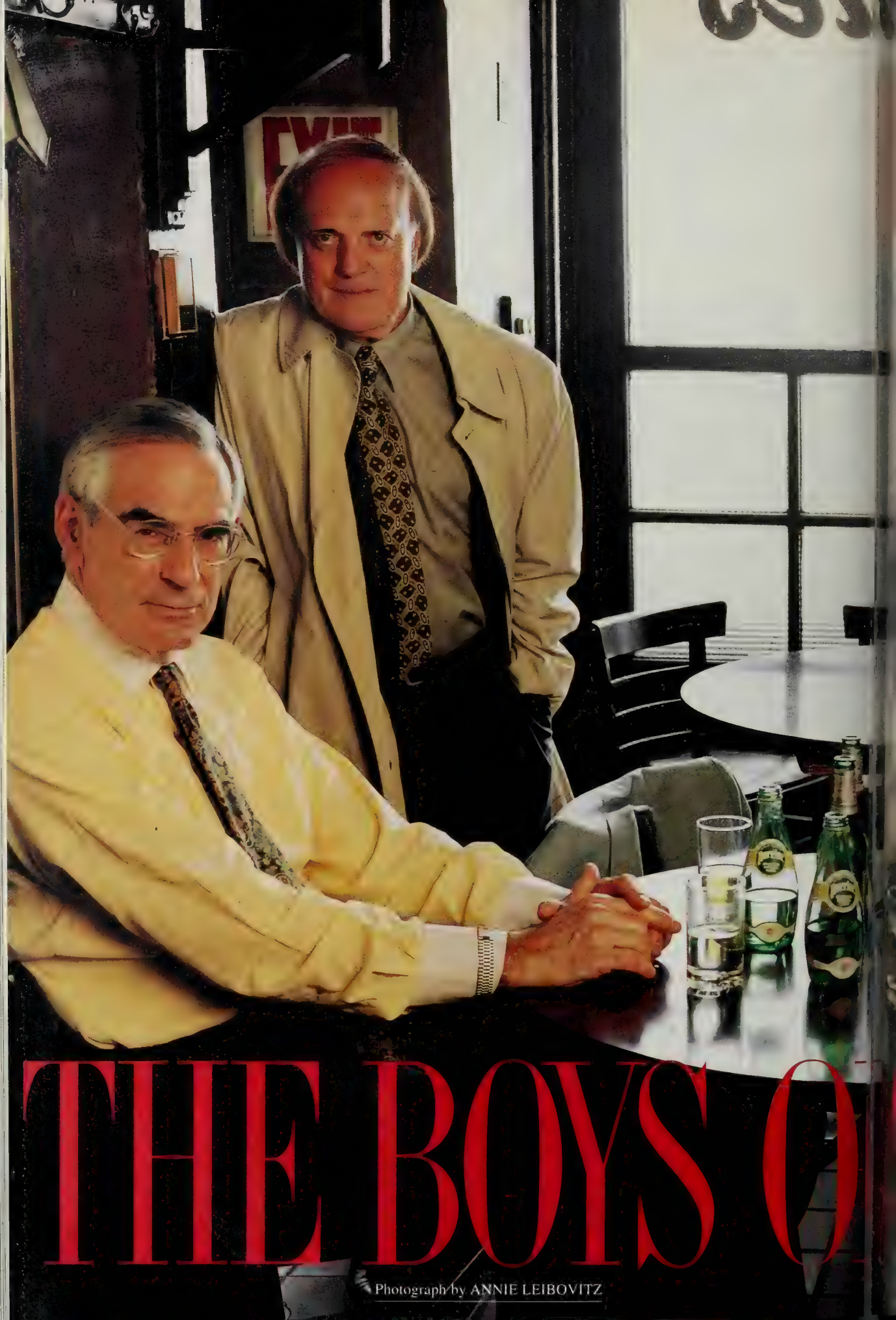
father and his new wife. But things never worked out, Lang says. "When I was 18, I moved out of me with two banana boxes, one y books and the other with my , and I started my own life." I ng if he's been in touch with nily since, and he replies, "My was my grandparents and then ied and there was practically nily left, because it has never ."

feeling of displacement—and of e willfulness—runs through Lang's . Many *(Continued on page 250)*

LANGUISH

Helmut gets smooched at the debut of his fall-1995 collection in Paris last March. The designs at left were presented at that show.

expose you. And sometimes one doesn't feel up to it."



THE BOYS O

Photograph by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



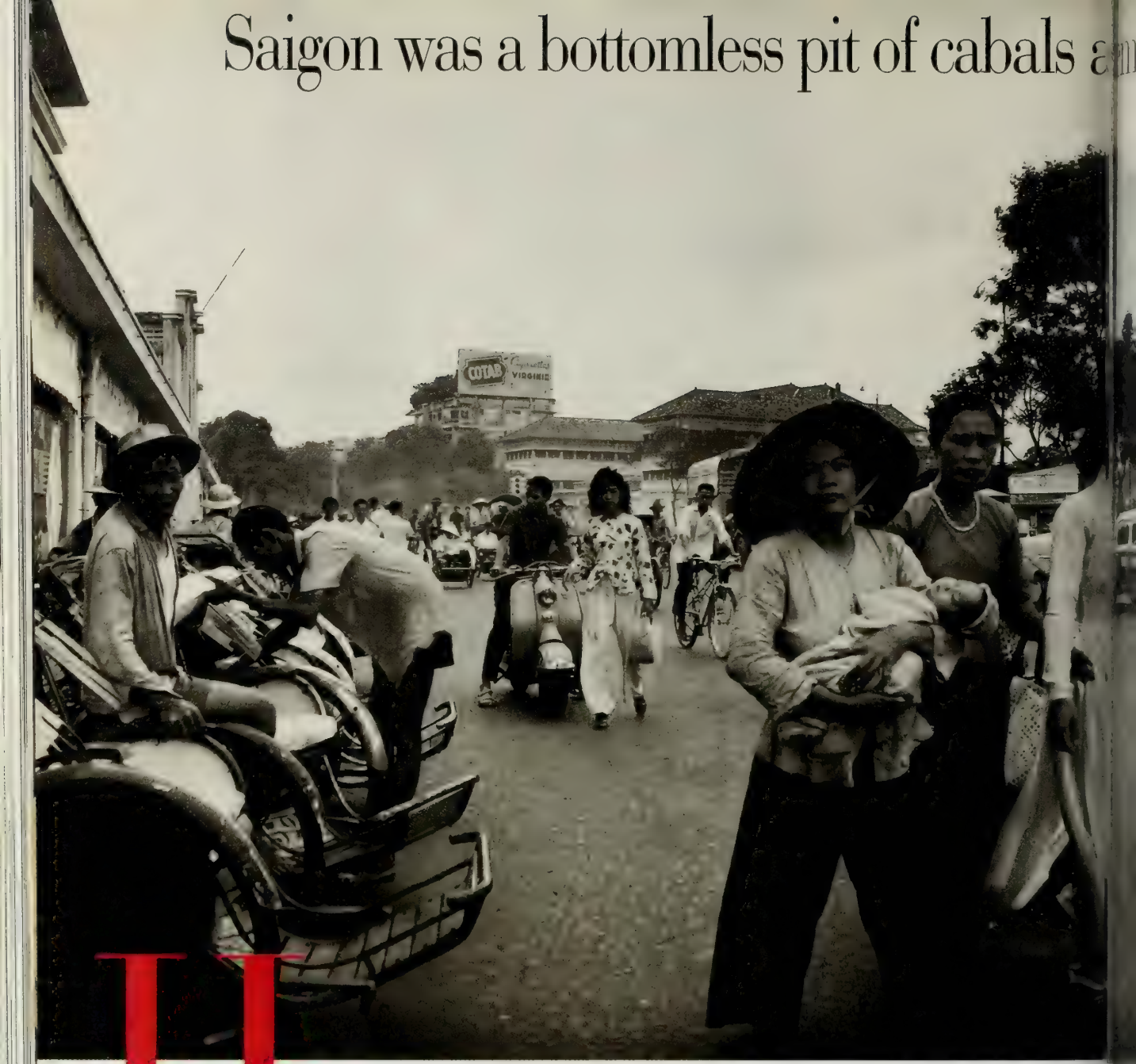
AU REVOIR, SAIGON

They were young men who changed everything. All have received Pulitzer Prizes for their work on Vietnam. *From far left:* David Halberstam, whose best-selling books include *The Best and the Brightest* and *The Powers That Be;* Peter Arnett, whose three decades of war reporting is recounted in *Live from the Battlefield;* Malcolm Browne is currently a science correspondent for *The New York Times;* Horst Faas is now European photo editor for the Associated Press; Neil Sheehan, who told the story of Lieutenant Colonel John Paul Vann in *A Bright Shining Lie,* is now reporting a new book on the Cold War. They were photographed in a rare reunion at Elaine's in New York City.

SAIGON

In this excerpt from his brilliant, already acclaimed epic, *Once upon a Distant War,* WILLIAM PROCHNAU recaptures the Vietnam War's last moments of innocence and the adventures of five legendary journalists—Peter Arnett, Malcolm Browne, Horst Faas, David Halberstam, and Neil Sheehan—who fought to tell the truth

Saigon was a bottomless pit of cabals a



He arrived on a very hot day. The monsoons had a month to run, and the heavy air off the South China Sea collected a gray fullness as it passed over the flooded delta each morning before settling over the city. But a quick, venting downpour had turned the September evening soft with tropical balm, ideal for an outdoor party.

John Mecklin, the U.S. Embassy's press attaché, had met him earlier at the airport, a rare hint of embassy recognition that a 28-year-old sent to Saigon by *The New York Times* might have an impact on American policy. But now as David Halberstam looked around at the partygoers clustered in the tropical courtyard, moving in and out of the stucco bungalow, he saw no one from the embassy, no one in American uniform, no one with the self-certain look of official Washington.

So that's the way it will be, he mused. Just like the South.

Ambition loomed large in the New Yorker. It drove him to live the history of his time, up close, positioning himself at its turning points and watching, sometimes even tinkering to mold it to his view. Nothing but journalism could offer such wide-ranging a to all he wanted. So, seven year lier, in 1955, Halberstam had gr its free ticket and started the ri took him straight from Harvar the Deep South, long before m his peers and only a year aft Supreme Court's historic 1954 rights decision. Now it was and he was in Vietnam. Early

Looking around at the farewel ty for François Sully, a flamb *Newsweek* stringer who was bei pelled by South Vietnam for "insu America's ally, the controversial Ma Nhu, Halberstam nursed the feeli déjà vu: Mississippi all over agai in Saigon it would be the va Kennedy liberals, not the redneck

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Excerpted from *Once upon a Distant War,* by William Prochnau, to be published by Times Books, a division of Random House, Inc.; © 1995 by William Prochnau.

mes. The Asians called it "the forest of tigers."



RUE VIEW

Saigon, 1962: it was a romantic beat where reporters found tips at a collection of bars and restaurants along thriving thoroughfares. They included Brodard's, a French bistro; Givral's, a noisy café on the Rue Catinat, which is pictured here; La Cigale, a garish nightclub run by a tough Corsican; and Don Khanh's, renowned for lemongrass soup and Ba Moui Ba beer.

ere reluctant to be caught so- with the "outside agitators." t that, he was right. Not once his 15-month tour would the cor- dent from America's leading per be invited into the home of erican ambassador, Frederick . The Kennedys of Camelot attack his patriotism, his brav- youth. They would try to have lled home. Their Vietnamese ould go farther, following him the streets, assaulting him, hing him with Mob hits by gangsters. Those, of course, were it badges of his trade.

how he leaned against a wall Horst Faas, an Associated Press apher, inspecting the other guests. Peter Arnett, the number-two at A.P., emerged through an archway splashed with the pink of cascading coralvine, wearing a crooked grin on his bulldog face. Halberstam liked him immediately. Neil Sheehan of United Press International came up, Harvard to Harvard, and said hello. Groomed on a U.P.I. budget, Sheehan looked downright seedy in scuffed shoes, crumpled black trousers, a $1.98 short-sleeved white shirt. But he wore exotica on his arm—a stunning *saigonnaise* named Blue Lotus, whose every curve seemed sewn tightly into her expensive Parisian dress. Halberstam whistled softly. Faas let out a rumbling laugh.

Faas was big, 220 pounds, with arms like huge sausages and a reputation for finding Beaujolais in cans for his forays into the jungle. Both he and Halberstam had worked the past year in the Congo, and Faas assured the newcomer that Saigon was, in every sense, a different story. "You vill love zis place, David. It iss VUN-derful!"

In Vietnam, Faas and Halberstam would become Saigon's odd couple, continually perplexing some of the Old Guard—the German and the Jew. The German's stock-in-trade was trouble, but he had no interest in dying. One day, a few weeks hence, he would baffle Halberstam by refusing to leave Saigon for the scene of a nearby battle. Halberstam, who thought Faas fearless, chided him until his friend finally wagged a disapproving finger and

said, "*Ach,* Dave! I don't get myself killed on a day when I can't get my pictures in the paper." Then Halberstam understood: the outside world was consumed that week with the Cuban missile crisis, making any risk in Vietnam pointless. They drank beer.

Faas inevitably found his share of trouble anyway. He was later seriously wounded, the barrel telescopic lens of his Leica deflecting a shrapnel burst from his vitals, his *very* vitals: "I looked down and a big gush of blood was coming out of that area and I thought, Oh my God, the jewels are gone."

At the party, Halberstam felt dog-tired. But he couldn't disguise his exuberance over simply being there. He would forever display a redeeming boyish enthusiasm that would soothe some of the scratches inflicted by his quick temper. Now he felt as if he had been elevated to a cloud just shy of heaven.

This has everything, he told himself. "A war, a highly dramatic and emotional story, great food, a beautiful setting, and lovely women." It was a young reporter's dream.

Halberstam followed the flow of the crowd, the usual motley mix of French expatriates, a few Vietnamese, and the other reporters—including the cock of the walk, Malcolm Browne. The A.P. man had been in town almost a year now, building himself an imposing bureau and reputation. With the departure of Homer Bigart, the *Times*'s legendary war correspondent and Halberstam's predecessor, Browne had clearly become the story's driving force. His conversation was open, friendly—and brief. He didn't stay long at the party. Browne was the group's loner—an odd-looking duck, Halberstam thought, with his redhead's translucent skin, bobbing Adam's apple, red socks, and a prominent ring mounted with a golden death's-head.

While Halberstam scrutinized, the others took their measure of him. Within the tiny Saigon press corps, a foreign correspondent from *The New York Times* cast an imposing shadow. But this new recruit also had seven years of impressive work behind him, and his reportage from the Congo had received wide acclaim. Watching him, the others saw a big man, six feet three and 185 pounds, with close-cropped hair as black as the heavy frames of his glasses, and long arms that flew as he talked, and swooped as he made a point. He had many points to make. He was gregarious, full of opinions, full of himself. He was bright and talked bright, and his eyes told everything, flashing the first sign that he had discarded you as a fool or accepted you as a worthy. The need for camaraderie, the single-mindedness, the anger, the humor, the ego, the generosity—all the forever conflicting parts of David Halberstam spilled into the dark pools of those eyes that hid nothing.

François Sully would leave the next day. As his party ended, the Frenchman, a huge Gallic grin splitting his face, told the new man that he was entrusting him with a most important duty.

Halberstam looked at him in anticipation.

Sully then said he was counting on him to see to it that Ambassador Nolting continued to be reminded of "the hole in the doughnut."

The mirth started behind the huge glasses, then rumbled slowly up out of the gut. Halberstam had heard about the exchange. In frustration over Sully's nagging questions, Nolting had asked why the Frenchman persisted in seeing the hole in the doughnut.

"Because, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," Sully had responded, "there is a hole in the doughnut."

Halberstam assured Sully that he would take the obligation as a matter of honor.

In the beginning it was such a nice little war.

"A dapper, debonair little war in a land of tigers and elephants," enthused the C.I.A. man in one of the dark novels written later by Ward Just. Saigon was a place of endless Oriental intrigue, a bottomless pit of plots and cabals and schemes. The Asians, who understood it, called it "the forest of tigers." The Westerners gave it a different nickname: the Paris of Southeast Asia. The place captivated the newcomers as they began arriving in increasing numbers late in 1961. It was not simply exotic. It was erotic. And narcotic.

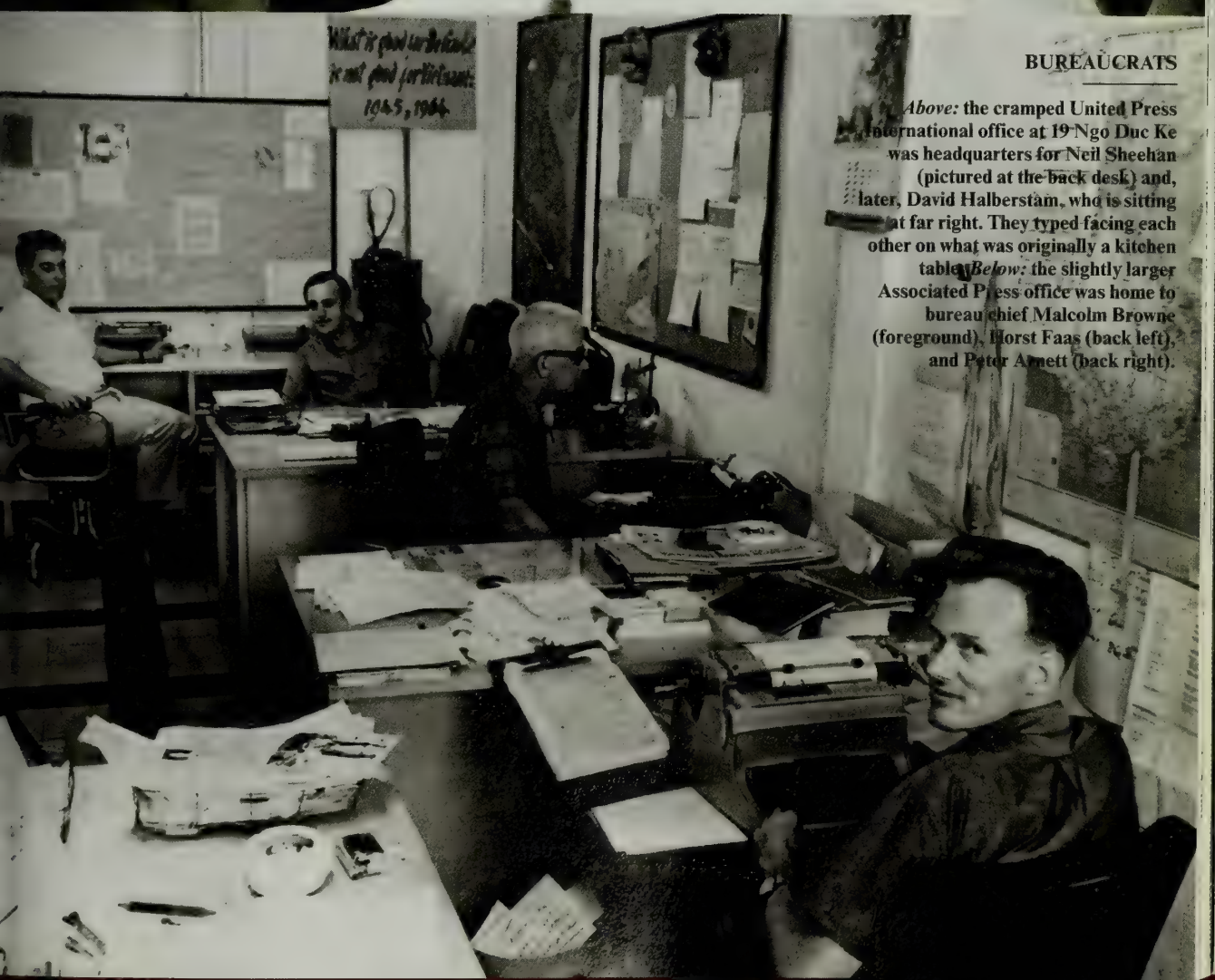
Women of exceptional Asian beauty—tiny, porcelain, ephemeral of perfect grace—glided past, ol to the Western faces swiveling low the silken trails of their rav Buddhist monks, heads shav lithe bodies cloaked in saffron moved silently through a babel du money changers. Down narro alleyways expatriate Chinese wit strand beards and opaque eye duced visitors to the ancient pl of the poppy. Graceful tamarin lined broad avenues. Stucc splashed with flowering mimosa liant bougainvillea hid the fadi tels of old French villas. In bustli markets wrinkled peasants hawke thousand-year eggs, fresh tiger-li and the everyday fare of fre choy in an endless Asian cacop

To the south, in the country the broad delta of the Mekong ageless peasants toiled in endles seas of rice. To the north, sinewy gnard tribesmen carried spears, had in the Stone Age, the men loincloths, the women bare-bre

The little war flared intermitt brutal attacks. Wispy figures a suddenly in the black-pajama garb ants, did their violence, and then suddenly, melded with jungle s There were stories of little m fought with coconut hand grena poisoned spears. An occasional w

"We w
the cente
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We didn't wo
about sh
for the kids
wives.



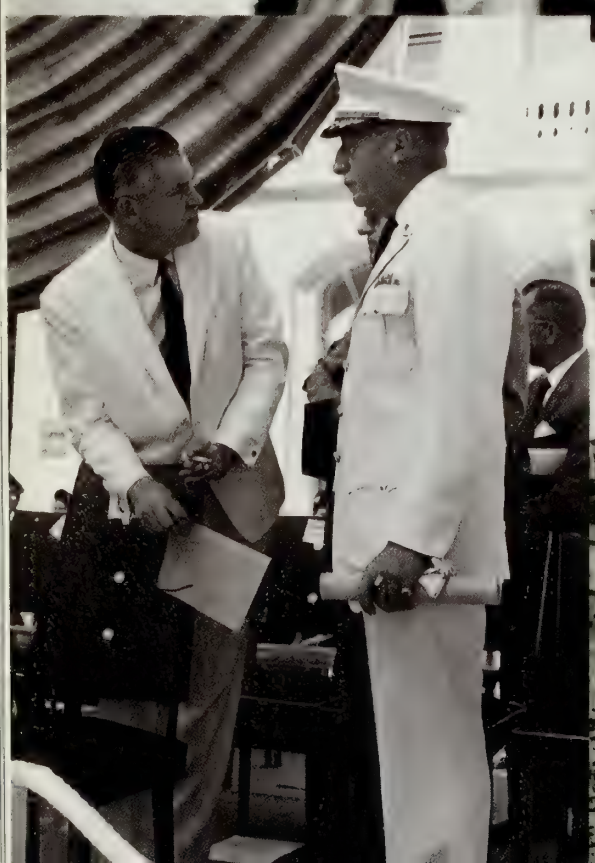


BUREAUCRATS

Above: **the cramped United Press International office at 19 Ngo Duc Ke was headquarters for Neil Sheehan (pictured at the back desk) and, later, David Halberstam, who is sitting at far right. They typed facing each other on what was originally a kitchen table.** ***Below:*** **the slightly larger Associated Press office was home to bureau chief Malcolm Browne (foreground), Horst Faas (back left), and Peter Arnett (back right).**

Top: in 1962, the reporters bid farewell to *Newsweek*'s François Sully (who is being embraced by Peter Arnett). David Halberstam is barely visible at back. *Bottom left:* U.S. ambassador Frederick Nolting (left) chats with General Paul Harkins, who headed the U.S. Military Assistance Command. *Bottom right:* Horst Faas photographs a car-bombing outside the U.S. Embassy.







h, Dave!"
ed Horst
as, "I don't
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my pictures
he paper."

World War–vintage, U.S.-make, return with an arrow jutting metallic hide. Soon there would s from the desolate Plain of vhere the enemy conducted silent ractice without ammunition, us-dboard models of the Shawnee ey helicopters, which the Amer-rought in as the war escalated. rillas attached the models to bam-es and moved them to emulate ppers' flight characteristics.

in the beginning, the war gave sider, as Graham Greene had d it while the French still fought hat feeling of exhilaration which ire of danger brings to the visi-a return ticket." In the begin-ere was no sense of impending Vietnam remained a place where rers could roam and unwary as well as unwary men, fell hope-nd dangerously in love. They ptivated, sucked up, as Michael ould put it long after it was too an irresistible Venus flytrap un-in seductive mist.

President John F. Kennedy and -warrior lieutenants had already the makings of disaster. They sen to fight a secret war, a war nterinsurgency" in which they defeat the Communists on their own terms. To do so, Kennedy had to align himself with one of the most bizarre ruling families of the 20th century. Charles Mohr, a war correspondent whose bosses at *Time* supported the family regime even more passionately than the U.S. government did and thus had unusual access to the palace, summed up his impressions this way: "They were the most neurotic family I've ever known about, *even in history*. They simply were a bunch of dingbats."

The family was headed by Ngo Dinh Diem, a round little man with a soft baby face who was given to long, soporific monologues. As his troubles grew, he withdrew further into his Roman Catholic devotions, handing off many duties to his brother. It was a fateful handoff. Ngo Dinh Nhu, his hawk's face sharpened further by an unnerving smile, looked and acted the embodiment of evil. He was rigid, scheming, double-dealing, highly intelligent, and rapidly declining into the erratic behavior of a heroin addict. But it was Brother Nhu's wife, who acted as First Lady for the unmarried Diem, who personified the sense of sheer wickedness. Madame Nhu's capacity for intrigue was boundless. A fiery and starkly beautiful woman with lacquered hairdos, scalpel-like scarlet fingernails, and wild tantrums, she quickly lived up to the nickname given to her by the Americans. They called her the Dragon Lady.

By the time of Halberstam's arrival, 10 months after Kennedy began what he called Project Beef-Up, the contingent of American military advisers had grown to 10,000. But the full-time reporters covering the little "nonwar" numbered no more than half a dozen. They were a handful of young second- and third-stringers, a few far-off so-whats who couldn't call their publishers by their first names. They were single, and carefree. Browne, the oldest, was 31. Faas was 29, Halberstam 28, Arnett 27, and Sheehan a mere 25 years old. They were all but on their own. Hell, the newspapers in Washington, where the decisions were made, hadn't even bothered to station *anyone* in Saigon. Then there was the fact that the American government told them nothing or told them lies. By the end of his first six months Mal Browne had stopped talking to the U.S. Embassy. The Vietnamese called the reporters "scabby sheep" and "fleas who came in with the American dog." Diem barred them from the helicopters and banned them from battles, ferrying them in later only to selected "victories."

So the correspondents had to find the war on their own. Information, good and bad, acquired by almost any means, was everything, and it came from strange places. They frequented a collection of cafés and bistros, making their rounds just as a reporter back home might do his daily check of the offices at city hall. It became a romantic beat: there was Brodard's, a sassy little French bistro famed for its ice cream and hot rumors; Givral's, the noisy café across Saigon's famed Rue Catinat from the Continental Palace Hotel; Cheap Charlie's, a neon-lit Chinese restaurant where lunch went for 20 cents and information for less; La Cigale, a garish nightclub run by a tough Corsican in the teeming Chinese district of Cholon; and Don Khanh's, a hangout for the always conniving Vietnamese military, a place to learn of the latest plot against Diem over lemongrass soup and Ba Moui Ba beer.

The rumor mill became such a Saigon fixture that the correspondents gave it a name: Radio Catinat. Picking up word, maybe a few whispers from a wizened waiter at Cheap Charlie's, the correspondents would bolt into the street, hail a beat-up little Renault taxi, and race to a nearby jungle battlefield. That was the way it worked: a tip, a dash, and take a cab to war.

Peter Arnett added a twist, buying his own white Karmann Ghia and chasing the helicopters to battle. "It wasn't as if they were going far," he said. "It was a little war. We were young and stupid. So, you know, we could do it, and you could live forever."

Back home the strange new hypnotic power of the tube would soon deliver the living-room war, spilling blood on the rugs in millions of suddenly not-so-comfortable American homes. Eventually, shrewd generals would learn to manipulate television's images to their advantage. The result, three decades later, would become the controlled, false-sterile Orwellian visions projected from the Persian Gulf. But in the early 60s, on the battle-


BROWNE





ROUGH EDIT

ise from top: Halberstam, Browne, and Sheehan compare notes in the ng Delta. Lieutenant Colonel John Vann, one of the reporters' sources, Huynh Van Cao, who commanded forces at Ap Bac on January 2, the battle, even as the bodies were ing cleared, it was obvious that the f the war had permanently shifted.



BOTTOM LEFT, BY NEIL SHEEHAN

Against the pewter-gray dawn sky, the choppers swarmed like noisy locusts.

field, television was still inventing itself.

In this brief period this handful of young print correspondents would establish the skeptical standards for a new generation of war correspondents—and for television as well. These were provocative, adversarial standards that broke from the old and would be used to chronicle America's disaster in Vietnam and events long after. In so doing this small group of young men would bring down upon themselves the wrath of every power structure they confronted—the White House, the Pentagon, the South Vietnamese government, the Old Guard of the press itself, even their own bosses. It would be one of the last times such a small group of journalists would wield such influence. Their adventure would mark the beginning of the era of the modern media—and, ironically, the beginning of the end of the golden age of print.

No one was better positioned, nor more determined, to lead the small group than David Halberstam, who had both the brash ambition and the institutional power.

The New York Times, with its 50 correspondents across the globe, considered itself the best newspaper in the country, perhaps the world. In Vietnam, the newspaper would be more aggressive and thorough than any other. But the keepers of the flame at 43rd and Broadway did not have to feel comfortable about it, and they would come to feel most uncomfortable, indeed. All of this only made the paper's choice of its first two Vietnam correspondents all the more remarkable. Homer Bigart and Halberstam were both powder kegs, fiercely independent, strongly opinionated, fearless of powerful forces, including their own newspaper. Bigart ranked on any list of the best reporters in the history of the *Times.* Halberstam was clawing his way onto the lists and would be on most by the time he left Vietnam. Bigart had seemed devoid of ambition that would carry him beyond the confines of an eight-column page. Halberstam's ambition and ego towered over everything. An overwhelming need to leave his mark drove him, and his favorite expression best described the drive: *fire in the belly,* a man had to have *fire in the belly.* Throughout his life he would make enemies over the power of that need. Neil Sheehan once asked him about a ruthless college-days battle with a friend about the managing-editorship of *The Harvard Crimson.* How did he let it get so out of hand? "I guess I'm a killer," Halberstam replied.

Like the others before him, Halberstam immediately got caught up in the flytrap. He fell under Vietnam's spell and watched the G.I.'s fall, too. "There is a swagger to the American walk," he wrote in an early story, comparing the U.S. military advisers to the heroes of the time, the Mercury astronauts. The final paragraph described an enrapt American soldier as he watched a lovely Vietnamese singer purr "Lonesome Me" in newly acquired English. The Yank suddenly pounded the bar and exclaimed, "My God, we *can't* let this go over to the Communists." The reader could be excused if he heard Halberstam in the exclamation, too.

Born into a first-generation immigrant family's straightforward patriotism, reared during the easy certainties of the Second World War, coming of age during the Cold War, Halberstam saw his country not only as America the Great but America the Good. Like his country, he had a strong moralistic bent—he was too much the self-certain sermonizer, his critics would say. It wasn't the wisdom of America's presence in Vietnam that he began to question: "I thought Vietnam was worth saving. I thought that long after I left."

It was the lying that got him—the lies, self-deception, and ineptitude.

The lines had been drawn tautly between the Saigon press corps and the government well before his arrival. Now they would snap: relations would disintegrate into a standoff of cold fury and hot shouts—Liar! Traitor! Scoundrel! Fool!—with an American foreign policy teetering precariously in the void between. Many forces played a role in the breakdown. But when admirers and critics alike sought to personify the first great Vietnam crisis, one that by 1963 had left the United States with both feet at the edge of the dismal swamp of a lost decade in Vietnam, they zeroed in on one man: David Halberstam.

It was Halberstam whom Madame Nhu said she would happily barbecue. It was Halberstam who thumped a fist down on a checked tablecloth in a Saigon bistro, loudly demanding that Paul Harkins, commander of the American military forces, be court-martialed and shot. It was Halberstam whom Ambassador Nolting angrily kicked out of his office during their first and only meeting.

He was such an explosive character, such a camouflaged man, his insecurities erupting as fire-breathing self-certainties, his doubts and losses raging as monumental ego, his inner mysteries surfacing in great generosities, sharing, and kindnesses. The thought of loneliness consumed him. It was so *lonely* in Mississippi, he confessed, so *lonely* in his other postings, Washington and the Congo. It would not be lonely in Vietnam because he would create the group, his band of brothers, his buddies. It would be them against the world, them against the corruption and lying of Saigon, them against the haughtiness and compromise of Washington, them against the restrictions and the small-mindedness of the home offices in New York and Tokyo. The tighter the world closed in, the heavier the incoming fire, the more he thrived. He exulted in it. "Oh, what a bunch of shit!" he would thunder. "Isn't it wonderful?!"

"We were the center of our own universe," he would remember. "Nothing else mattered. We didn't worry about shoes for the kids, or wives, or the insurance man. We didn't worry about Kennedy. What happened in America wasn't real. When I heard John Kennedy was trying to get rid of me, my response was: 'Well, fuck him.' What did John Kennedy know about this world, our universe? Nothing in America had any reality for us. It was just something that happened in the Land of the Big PX."

Everything about Halberstam became outsize. In the books that later made him famous—*big* books—he painted his heroes and villains as Prince Valiants in white, Prince Valiants in black, large, so they would rise farther and fall harder, making huge indentations in the sprawling landscapes of his works. The press, for Halberstam, had that kind of power, too. *Big* power, the power to create images and myths, to tilt history, drive large forces.

The stories from his universe would become so important, and so threatened by the whims of an unreliable communications system, that he would cable the same words off in three or four different directions—via Paris, via Tokyo, via Singapore—to ensure the treasure's arrival in New York. The *Times*'s foreign desk found itself buried under a mound of an inexplicably duplicated, triplicated, quadruplicated 23-cents-a-word Halberstam epic. The editors seethed and fired back: Slow down, knock it off, STOP!

The cable traffic back and forth between Halberstam and his bosses read like exchanges between two countries preparing for war.

Others of Halberstam's Harvard generation had made safer moves toward the Establishment through economics, international relations, government, or the law. But Halberstam was drawn to a more electric profession, one "covered with no boredom," as he put it. At Harvard, he spent 50 or 60 hours a week at the college newspaper. He wore a trench coat and drooped a cigarette out of the side of his mouth, not in the tradition of Harvard men but in the tradition of the old hard-drinking, underpaid, socially marginal news reporters of the past. Graduating in 1955, he took a $46-a-week reporting job on Mississippi's smallest daily newspaper, the West Point *Daily Times Leader,* certain that he could plunge headlong and influentially into the South's racial problems. He remained five years in the
moving up to the *Nashville Ten*
before James Reston, the chief
New York Times's Washington b
called. Reston had an eye for
and didn't mind boat rockers. E
Halberstam had a difficult start
lace Carroll, the bureau news
became the first *Times* editor
cover that Halberstam's writing
always match his trenchant rep
Carroll made the new recruit
his first story five times. But that
the real problem. Halberstam had
in 1961, the week of John F. Ker
inauguration, and he quickly pick
a downright distrust of the Wash
press corps. They were a kept gr
a company town, he decided, a
arrival of the glamorous Kenned
made the arrangement more onerc
saw the Kennedys as infiltrato
was as if they had a plant in eve
reau, an agent in every office." A
ten, he thought, the agent was t
sitting next to him in the sanct
the *Times*'s Washington bureau.

Reston watched his bright 2
old recruit founder. Finally, the
chief pulled the young reporter asi
softened the news with a charac
Times sideslip. "Dave, maybe yo
a hotter climate and darker peo

Halberstam landed in the Cong
his trench coat, a stylish collec
Abercrombie & Fitch bush cloth
a variety of anti-dysentery potion
ry Tanner, the exhausted *Time*
respondent who had been co
the newly independent country's
ic tribal war for most of a yea
one weary look at his eager yo
placement and dryly observe
Times man to another, that th
clothes were an ingeniously
idea in a country where Eur
mercenaries were favored target
berstam changed outfits—and t

In Saigon, Halberstam
temporarily into the n
story Caravelle Hotel
Rue Catinat. It was
tel of Vietnam's futur
orated in garishly
French Moderne, an
an instant favorite
technocratic Americ
had a telephone in every room,
toilet with a bidet, too. In a few
visiting American V.I.P.'s—junketi

It was Halberstam whom Madame Nhu said she could happily barbecue.

n, Pentagon generals, big-bylined
gton journalists—would gather
r a nightly ritual. They would
ir martinis up to the 10th-floor
d, so wonderfully above it all,
he fire-and-light show of their
war tightening around Saigon.
professional soldiers sent into
during these early "advisory"
vere members of the Sinatra
ion. Elvis swiveled elsewhere.
ng that played longest in the
gled jukeboxes invading Vietnam
y Bennett's "I Left My Heart
Francisco." Except in Halber-
oom. He had taken to country
n Nashville, picking up spare
writing album notes for Chet
Now he and Charley Mohr, as
a pair of country boys as Saigon
ver see, stayed up late into the
ending the mournful twangs of
es flooding into the hallways.
nally, they would put on Mar-
ins's "Gunfighter Ballads" and
cously about how many K.I.A.'s,
, and M.I.A.'s—how many killed,
d, and missing in action—Rob-
l in the lyrics.

erstam spent most of his first
mmersing himself in the byzan-
ys of Saigon, trying to break
to American officials. Trying
through to Mal Browne, too.
mer chemist and son of a Green-
lage Quaker, Browne was a true
r. He cultivated an idiosyncratic



WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

The central highlands of South Vietnam, 1963. David Halberstam of *The New York Times* was 28 when he went to Saigon. He replaced Homer Bigart, the legendary *Times* correspondent who became known as The Professor for the lessons he taught the young correspondents.

image; he liked to provoke. Peter Arnett almost turned on his heel and walked out the first day he entered the A.P. office. Hanging near Browne's desk was a withered human hand. It took Arnett a while to figure out that the hand was more than a trophy, more than a wry joke. It was his new boss's way of protesting the inhumanity of war.

Browne was the lone wolf who went home to his tiny apartment every night to listen to booming Wagnerian operas instead of joining his buddies as they cavorted through Saigon's nightlife. A friend once asked what he did at home and he replied, "Make paper airplanes." The telling thing about Mal Browne is that the friend believed him, envisioning an intent man laboring over a fleet of intricately designed foolscap flying machines.

So when Halberstam made moves toward sharing office space at the A.P. bureau—a common practice—Browne flatly rebuffed him. He was right on two counts. These powerfully different egos could never have survived in such close quarters. And another body was pushing the limit, too. The office was so cramped that when Faas moved in he planted the photo enlarger on the toilet seat. On busy days, no one in the office of America's leading news service could take a pee.

Halberstam gravitated toward his fellow Harvard man, Neil Sheehan, a youngster with wry Irish humor and dark Irish moods. Once, when Defense Secretary Robert McNamara bounded out of his plane for another of his endlessly optimistic inspection tours, Sheehan turned to his buddies and said in a perfect stage-whisper mimic of Charlie Chan, "Ah so, another foolish Westerner come to lose reputation to Ho Chi Minh."

Halberstam liked the kid. He had balls, and Halberstam had never seen anyone work so hard. U.P.I., the wire-service underdog whose miserly reputation was notorious, picked up Sheehan for $75 a week. He was forever running and forever broke, his checks bouncing so regularly that his buddies joked he had them printed at the nearby Michelin rubber plantation. U.P.I. pushed him grotesquely. After one all-night work session too many, Sheehan—to Halberstam's great amusement—fell asleep while taking a story over the telephone. Halberstam found him with his head down on the desk, a voice screaming from the other end of the phone. Sheehan was out cold.

Sheehan had learned his first major lesson about Vietnam by following Halberstam's legendary predecessor, Homer Bigart, into the Mekong Delta, south of Saigon. For two days with hardly a shot fired, they stayed with a South Vietnamese outfit chasing Vietcong guerrillas. Afterward, Bigart lingered on, grilling the American adviser about the unproductive mission. Sheehan grew impatient to go home, complaining there was no story to write.

At 54, Bigart, who had seen the failure of America's strategy from the beginning, remained one of the great war correspondents. He had been shot at in combat in each of the preceding 20 years. He suffered from one trademark quirk. He stuttered.

"No story, kid?" Bigart said, leveling the young newcomer with a withering stare.

"No. Nothing happened. Let's get out of here."

"It doesn't work," Bigart growled. "That's the story, k-k-kid. *It doesn't work.*"

Now, after Halberstam's first round of almost gung-ho stories, Sheehan urged the new *Times* man to also head south into the delta to learn the lesson that Bigart had taught him: It wasn't working. There was an adviser down there who would find Halberstam some action, the way Harkins and the Saigon command never would, and talk openly about it as well. It was a fateful push. The officer would help make Halberstam famous and haunt Sheehan for almost 30 years.

A month after he arrived, Halberstam found himself motoring down Highway 4 alone, through the rich flatlands now turning golden for harvest, remembering how Faas had marveled over it: "So beautiful, it is like a page out of the Bible." With the rainy season now ending, everyone expected a new Vietcong offensive. He drove beneath the flamboyant trees and made the left turn to a guarded grillwork gate in front of the place they called the Seminary.

Inside the building, an old religious retreat, now converted to a milita
Halberstam was greeted by a m
American officer whose half-sr
through a rawboned face burn
red by the delta sun. If there w
luctance to help reporters in
there seemed none here. Halberst
heard all the legends about th
and the answer to his first que
those tales: "A combat patrol?
Paul Vann repeated. "Hell, y
can go out first thing in the mo
Then the half-smile turned wr
quickly assessed the South Viet
soldiers whom he and the other
icans were advising. "Well, Halbe
he added, "the first thing you'
is that these people may be the
greatest lovers, but they're not the
greatest fighters."

The next evening Halberstam r
to the Seminary exhausted fr
patrol. His soaked feet were sl
to a wrinkled white. He had n
fore felt like such a rookie.
host wanted to talk, the openi
in a use-and-be-used game. Bo
were world-class players. Vann
different mission from the one w
by Halberstam, had been shot do
day, a significant moment in the
war. The Vietcong, Vann said,
their fear of the helicopters. Th
learned how to wait them out a
bush them when they were m
nerable, as they landed. Just
months ago they had run.

He kicked at the floor in disg
gravelly poor-boy voice rasping li
paper now. The Old Guard in
he complained, went for the sa
stipated, conventional meth
French had used, the outdate
ods of wars past. "You're a sm
Halberstam. What do you hear u
They're still fighting World W
Vann sarcastically echoed a
had heard in too many Americ
cers' clubs: Grab 'em by the b
their hearts and minds will follow
wouldn't work in this war," he

"This is a political war, and
for the utmost discrimination
ing," Vann continued. "The best
for killing is a knife. . . . The n
is a rifle. The worst is an a
and after that the worst is a
You have to know *who* you are

Halberstam watched the coc
soldier's ruddy fingers jab the
guy is a real red-ass, he thou

niserable
nn
formance,
t like
ays," Vann
rted.

fect. After that long night in
, Halberstam's stories swiftly
n his first Sunday "blockbuster"
s new posting, on October 21,
alberstam abbreviated the les-
m his new mentor. But the
as clear: "It should be report-
wrote, "that there is consider-
s optimism out in the field
Washington or in Saigon and
closer one gets to the actual
level of this war, the farther
from official optimism."
s the beginning of the drum-

Americans marveled at the dark plots and scheming of the Vietnamese. But in the realm of intrigue, the American military held its Occidental own. Reporters love in-
nd rivalry. They open mouths.
eed stories. In the field, how-
e reporters found what would
their most powerful asset:
uld develop a high degree of
lerie with the new American
man. To be initiated into the
y of the fighting men took
tree-skimming landing under
Shawnee helicopter, one pa-
ging through the mud and leech-
the delta, one overnight
ded by a handful of Green
nd Montagnard tribesmen in
ntains.

When a buddy shipped out for home, the reporters would tender small gifts, maybe a cigarette lighter engraved with all their names and a raw, men-among-men greeting—"Ivan: number-fucking-one!" The reporters showed up for the other departures, too—the quiet little ceremonies on the blazing tarmac at Tan Son Nhut airport when friends began going home dead. In his recollections, an unfinished diary of sorts, Neil Sheehan described the difference between the later, *Heart of Darkness* days and the innocence of the early times. By 1967, he wrote, "death overwhelmed us." It had become impersonal. But, at the start, there were no mass ceremonies, no endless rows of body bags. "Death was almost romantic then because it came in small doses."

Most of the correspondents asked themselves later if the closeness had helped them miss the biggest story of all—the possibility that these well-meaning, we've-got-the-answer, do-good Americans had no business in Vietnam anyway, that the entire enterprise was an invitation to disaster. But that was an impossible story in 1962. Everything militated against it: the times the reporters lived in; the constricted nature of the institutions they represented; their own Cold-War-with-Mom's-apple-pie backgrounds; and the absolute incredibility of the thought that their government might be stumbling into committing hundreds of thousands of troops to this place.

On November 15, 1962, Ambassador Nolting declared, "The most determined pessimist must now concede that the tide is turning against the Communists." Some of the top field advisers were not so sanguine. The guerrillas learned fast. Despite the efforts of the American advisers, the government troops—the Army of the Republic of Vietnam (ARVN)—did not. The South Vietnamese demanded three-hour midday breaks for lunch and siestas, usually after stealing chickens or ducks from the villagers they were supposed to win over. They headed home at the first sign of darkness. Their commanders, fearing the wrath of Diem, avoided casualties and rarely pursued the guerrillas.

The endless stream of positive reports, often directly contradicting the view from the field, began to seriously trouble some of the ambitious young American officers. On one of his forays Halberstam found the young officers and advisers singing this ditty to the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star":

> We are winning, this we know.
> General Harkins tells us so.
> In the delta, things are rough,
> In the mountains, mighty tough.
> But we're winning, this we know.
> General Harkins tells us so.
> If you doubt that this is true,
> McNamara says so too.

The longer the correspondents spent outside Saigon, the less they needed the stonewalling of General Paul Harkins and the no-comments of his public-information officers. "We couldn't get anything out of the official sources," Sheehan told researcher Deborah Kalb, "and therefore they lost control of us. Entirely. Each reporter had to go out and build his own intelligence system."

Sheehan developed one source, an American captain, who never told him a thing. He would call and say, "Get cracking." Signaled, Sheehan would race to the captain's office at Camp Le Van Duyet, an old French cavalry post on the boulevard to Cholon, and ask a friendly Vietnamese colonel for the reports. When they appeared, often marked "Top Secret," the colonel would walk away while Sheehan read them. Eventually, the Vietnamese colonel would become one of the best sources of the war.

Another was a mysterious "colonel" who operated in the ramshackle outskirts of Saigon from a strange office with an encoded buzzer that opened the door. The colonel issued warnings, guidances. When Harkins announced that the ARVN had killed 21,000 Vietcong in 1962, Sheehan got a caution: the numbers are nonsense, the logic worse. If you are killing more people, there are more people to kill. That means guerrilla strength is growing. Become optimistic, the colonel instructed, when body counts go down.

At the American Embassy, John Mecklin saw all this coming special delivery. Within months the handful of reporters often knew more about what was going on than the government itself. They had better sources than Harkins

and Nolting, or better sources than the general and the ambassador would listen to.

At the White House, President Kennedy began getting his news from *The New York Times* before it arrived in his intelligence reports. His aides remember the president's slapping the paper down on his Oval Office desk one day and barking in exasperation, "Why can I get this stuff from Halberstam when I can't get it from my own people?" The White House, like the bumbling Harkins, began to demand sweeping, but equally ineffective, security investigations to plug the leaks.

The situation accelerated after Thanksgiving morning 1962, when an American colonel named Wilbur "Coal Bin Willie" Wilson rattle-assed off on the largest assault in the history of helicopter warfare into the great forest redoubt known as Zone D. Virtually every working H-21 in the Saigon area was in the air. Against the pewter-gray dawn sky, the choppers swarmed like noisy locusts as they fanned out toward the north, then banked northeast. General Harkins did not bother to alert the American correspondents, ignoring a courtesy between press and military that dated back a century. Unfortunately for Harkins, the roar of the helicopters awakened one of the reporters, who counted them himself as he watched from his apartment roof.

When reports filtered back that the massive assault had produced almost no results, Harkins's information officers stonewalled. At a briefing, Sheehan asked for Harkins's reaction to the operation.

"Uncle Paul," the military briefer had replied in a good-old-boy tone, "doesn't want his name used."

Sheehan's Irish flared.

"You tell *Uncle Paul,*" he shot back in a brogue that burned, "that he is the American commander here, that he releases the American helicopters and American men, and he puts their lives at risk, and that Uncle Paul's name goes in my stories."

A few hours later, Halberstam charged through John Mecklin's door in his usual aggressive gait, slapped a letter to Ambassador Nolting onto his desk, and sat down, waiting in a rage.

The letter angrily charged that Harkins had denied information to the American public when 200 of their young men had risked their lives:

> The reason given is security. This is, of course, stupid, naive and indeed insulting to the patriotism and intelligence of every American newspaperman and every American newspaper represented here. Let me point out that we . . . are fully prepared to observe the problems of security [and] to withhold printing classified information. . . .
>
> Let me also point out that from the moment that fifty helicopters landed at a given point in Zone D, certain aspects of the operation lost all classified status. You can bet the VC knew what was happening; you can bet Hanoi knew what was happening. Only American reporters and American readers were kept ignorant.

Halberstam wrote that the incident had changed him "from a neutral bystander into an angry man."

Mecklin promised he would give the letter to the ambassador, who—during his last meeting with Halberstam—had kicked the young correspondent out of his office. Meanwhile, Harkins launched a three-day, all-out search for the "leak," leaving, as Mecklin put it later, "gumshoe marks all over town."

At about this time the army brought in a new helicopter. The HU-1A seemed a godsend—faster, more powerful and maneuverable, far better armed than the dilapidated old H-21 Shawnees. The new ships were called Iroquois. But everyone used the technical designation, HU-1A, and verbalized it as Huey, a name that stuck throughout the long war, modification after modification. The original Huey carried four 7.62-millimeter machine guns and two rocket pads, each with eight rockets, all mounted outside the helicopter just above the skids. It was an awesome array of firepower, more than that carried by Second World War fighter planes, and the rockets screamed low with a terrifying roar before exploding in a cascade of orange flame. The Huey's primary problem was its size—it could carry no more than six or seven troopers, half that of the old H-21. So the first heavily armored Hueys came in as what they were—gunships—and flew cover for the increasingly vulnerable flying-banana trooper carriers, the Shawnees. They seemed untouchable, as did every new American weapon introduced during the war.

But Hueys were not on the agenda on the last day of 1962 when Paul Harkins called in the correspondents of the three leading news organizations for a round of peace feelers. A handsome former polo player, the general inhaled deeply from his ivory cigarette holder. Sheehan and Halberstam smoked in the newsman's hard-bitten fashion, and Mal Browne lit cigarettes in his usual unbroken chain. The office quickly filled with the blue haze of the battlefield.

Sheehan was the angriest. Thr December, the general's count gence operatives had continued h his sources about Zone D. To S it was a heavy-handed effort t everybody clam up. The 58-year-o star general peered down his ha as Sheehan seethed. Finally, snapped, coming close to accusin porter of giving information to my. "A lot of intelligence went thundered, "and it made me mad

Most crucial, however, was wh kins didn't say. As usual, he failed the correspondents to a major op Burning Arrow, scheduled to occ hours. Nor did he advise them of rate event that would become story: the assignment he had John Paul Vann that same day. orders seemed routine—take out cong radio transmitter near the hamlet of Ap Bac, 30 miles south Saigon. But the battle that grew this assignment was the kind o wars turn, and in its aftermath th ican experience in Vietnam wou be the same again.

The day broke badly. At first the second of January, gro clung low to the delta, drapi over the tree-line hideaways, ol thatch roofs and canals, hugging and paddies like a great, fluff forter. Vann needed 30 troop ca move an airborne battalion an any element of surprise. He meaning that he had to shuttle into position in three trips, one c at a time. In another ominous p turned out that his intelligence h wrong. Instead of a reinforce company of 120 men, a main-fo talion of 340 guerrillas awaited h into trenches deep enough to s hidden by cover so thick they w invisible even after the fog burne

Still, Vann had the Vietcong bered more than four to one. He them greatly outgunned with the t ror weapons he so often censu palm, artillery, iron bombs, and a try, a virtually indestructible 10 mored personnel carrier, the M-11 the Vietcong called the "green dr

The days of coconut hand were gone. The Vietcong unit wa Vann, the 261st Vietcong Battal mortars, .30-caliber machine Browning automatic rifles, semia M1 rifles, and other weapons.

delta terrain provided the hamlets
tural defensive positions behind
trees that grew like typhoon wind-
n the flat, exposed expanse of the
plain. At Ap Bac the trees curved
west in a crescent around muddy
ddies, which from the air looked
gray lagoon. The northern rim of
cent ran just behind a neighboring
that was further shielded to the
y another line of trees. A thin,
n line also ran well out into the
. Ap Bac sat in the center of the
, protected from an approach
the paddies by a man-made dike
ng heavy tree cover. The dike pro-
e only "high ground"—a scant few
t invaluable in such flat terrain. To
, behind the crescent, lay a "back
o open rice lands which gave way
ps and eventually to the bleak and
ess Vietcong haven, a virtually un-
place, poisoned with massive de-
f alum, called the Plain of Reeds.
's plan of attack was straightfor-
During the night two battalions of
Vietnamese civil guards, 600
ial troops, marched up from the
nd approached the southern tree
rom the west, facing the muddy
inside the crescent, a company of
13s with about 200 Vietnamese
ew Americans stood off about a
ann would begin the attack from
th with a battalion of heliborne
egulars sent in shortly after dawn.
d two companies of airborne in re-
The back door to the east was left
f the Vietcong could be driven
e flat rice lands in daylight, ar-
nd air strikes would destroy them.
ise, they would be surrounded and
to stand and fight.
plan began unraveling immediately.
Fog broke just long enough to make
t lift at seven A.M. Then it rolled
, leaving the first company dug in
iting at the north end of the battle-
The fog held for two and a half
causing one of the civil-guard battal-
e least trained of the government
to make first contact. At 7:45 a pa-
roaching the southern tree line was
in a brutal cross fire. For the next
urs, the battalion toyed with an as-
n the lightly held line. At 10
with eight dead, most from the
of the first patrol, the civil-guard
nder did, as Neil Sheehan would
"what was normal for a Saigon
nder: he asked someone else to
s war." He asked for the reserves,
ing a landing inside the muddy
t. It was a recipe for disaster.

In Saigon, on that Wednesday morning, the correspondents went about their business unawares. David Halberstam spent part of the morning fighting one of his never-ending private wars with New York, this one over money. The *Times* charged its fully-expense-accounted overseas correspondents a $12-a-day reverse living allowance to make up for room and board they no longer had to pay at home. Halberstam, who was paid a relatively modest $195 weekly salary, saw this as a bureaucrat's grotesquerie and busied himself writing his customary thousand words of protest.

As U.P.I. bureau chief, Neil Sheehan had managerial tasks, which he hated. Expense accounts. Shipping schedules. Running freelancers. Keeping books. None of this fit his romantic image of a war correspondent.

U.P.I.'s Tokyo headquarters left Sheehan outnumbered by A.P.—three reporters to one. But not only did it expect him to beat Mal Browne's team on news, it expected its man to *Sell!* and *Collect!* Sheehan's boss, Earnest Hoberecht, bombarded him with beseechments to sell the news service to the American Embassy, out of which he couldn't get a straight news story, to local newspapers, which branded him a Communist, and even to Vietnam Press, Diem's government-controlled and wildly propagandistic news agency. Asia Earnie was a wire-service legend, and his endless stream of memos had a comic-opera air about them. Between bombardments on selling came fusillades on collecting. U.P.I. seemed to have more deadbeats than a used-car dealer. At one point, Sheehan's biggest deadline headache was collecting from Saigon's pro-Diem English-language newspaper, the *Times of Vietnam.* The *Times,* run by an expatriate American couple of checkered background, was stiffing U.P.I. on a long list of back bills. The most aggravating to Hoberecht was the tab for two of his favorite comic strips, "Peanuts" and "Bugs Bunny."

Collect for Bugs Bunny? It drove Sheehan wild.

Vann, flying in a small spotter plane, learned of the skirmishing to the south and the request for the reserves while watching the last of his heliborne companies maneuver into position on the northern line. Whether he would have chosen to bring in the reserves at this point is moot. He was an adviser in actual command of almost no one. The war belonged to the Vietnamese, and, after a year of growing tensions, the hosts were increasingly eager to impress this on the guests. As the day wore on, ARVN officers who had been trained at Fort Benning, Georgia, and who spoke English without difficulty, suddenly became unilingual.

The American loosed his fury; the Vietnamese stood by sullenly. Nothing would be the same after this.

Banking his spotter south over Ap Bac, Vann flew low, skimming treetops, probing, provoking. He would have been dead in seconds if the hiding guerrillas had wanted him. But he saw not a gun barrel's glint, not a nervous man's twitch. They didn't want him. They wanted the helicopters.

By now the reserve units approached in 10 Shawnee troop carriers, with five of the new Hueys flying shotgun. Vann radioed them a landing site 300 yards from the center and southern tree lines.

Instead, the helicopters swept low into the paddies toward a landing 200 yards from the center line. The deadly dike exploded with gunfire. Fourteen of the 15 helicopters were struck, many riddled with bullets. Within minutes four were downed, including one of the supposedly untouchable Hueys.

In those minutes the small war changed. Ap Bac instantly became the turning point, the start of a different war. It marked, as Sheehan wrote, the end of the "short era of innocence when the war was still an adventure." Frantically, Vann acted on his first priority, getting the survivors out of harm's way, calling for the M-113 A.P.C.'s to move. "I don't take or-

ders from Americans," the commander said. And he did not.

In the mud near the broken helicopters a surviving American urged the reserves to fight. Instead, they burrowed facedown into the featureless mud, and, with the men on the dike shooting at them, began dying with bullet wounds in their backs and rumps. When artillery support fell short, the trapped unit's forward observer refused to raise his head to adjust the fire. Nor would he let the American use the radio to do it, fearing it would bring orders to move.

Desperately, Vann planned another helicopter rescue to extract his wounded. Again, the dike exploded in withering fire, and the rescue ship was crippled, limping away to a forced landing nearby, a fifth helicopter down.

And so the day continued. Four long and bloody hours passed before the first of the bulky M-113s finally reached the reserve unit. Of the 102 men in the paddy, half were dead or wounded.

The firepower of the M-113 consisted of a squad of riflemen and a powerful .50-caliber machine gun mounted on top. The gunner stood in the open hatch, unprotected by armor, the gun thought to be so potent that the enemy would be dead or pinned down before he could fire back effectively. But what if the gunner couldn't see his enemy? What if his enemy was dug into a dike above his normal line of fire, and hidden by greenery so thick it wouldn't reveal even a muzzle flash?

As the once terrifying M-113s approached the trees, the guerrillas concentrated fire on the gunners. Some went down dead. Others just went down, disappearing into the hatch. The first M-113s turned. Then one wavering assault of eight drew within 15 yards of the dike. Suddenly men leapt out of the foliage, crazily bombarding the fearsome dragons with grenades, which exploded harmlessly against the armor. It was the first and final time that anyone actually saw the Vietcong that day, but the machines turned and ran.

General Cao, the commander of the ARVN forces, added a bizarre coda to the battle, calling for a late-day paratroop drop into the paddies. Vann, beside himself, begged him to make the drop to the east, where the paratroops might be able to keep the Vietcong penned up till morning. The general would have none of it. He wanted the Vietcong gone, not trapped.

The paratroops missed their mark, coming in at dusk so close to the tree line that the guerrillas picked them off in the air, and so out of position on the ground that they skirmished with their own troops. Nineteen were killed, 33 wounded.

At 10 P.M. the Vietcong commander marched his battalion out the back door. He had his men home in the Plain of Reeds before sunup. Saigon would play wild games with the numbers. But the VC had lost only 18 men, while more than 80 of the government soldiers had been killed. Three Americans died.

The war turned that day. The war with the press would turn the next.

Sheehan got the first tip. U.P.I.'s ground-level office at 19 Ngo Duc Ke was a testament to holding down expenses. The walls were covered with charts, clipboards, and a six-by-eight-foot plastic-overlay map of Indochina on which Sheehan tracked battles in grease pencil. A kitchen table, buried under a mountain of paper, doubled as Sheehan's desk. His Vietnamese aide, Nguyen Ngoc Rao, sat at a second desk. A plastic-covered sofa and two shiny chairs completed the décor. Sheehan slept in a windowless bedroom. The office had no back door.

The call came in midafternoon, about the time the M-113s had turned tail.

"Get cracking," came the coded tip.

An adrenaline surge jolted Sheehan into action. In the battle between the wires, he knew that falling behind by mere minutes could mean that his story would languish on editors' desks while typesetters pounded Browne's into the permanence of hot lead. Sheehan shot out the door.

By now, Radio Catinat was running full tilt with coffeehouse rumors. A.P. also moved quickly. Bulletins began flying. Like a confident general, Mal Browne deployed his troops, jockeying Vietnamese stringers and aides into pivotal positions and dispatching Peter Arnett to the airport to interview the Huey crews as they returned from the scene. Halberstam also went to Tan Son Nhut. Despite his rivalry with Browne, he worked easily with Arnett, another edge for Rox, as U.P.I.'s troops called their giant rival.

By sundown, A.P.'s manpower began to show, and Browne's forces pulled ahead. Overnight, U.P.I. would tabulate the results: Who used A.P.? Who used U.P.I.? Sheehan already knew he was losing.

But Ap Bac was destined to belong to him. Shortly after dark he took the first risky step, gathering up Rao and recruiting the Reuters man, Nick Turner, for a perilous night run down Highway 4.

As they raced through the night, the moon glinted off the paddies, eerie shadows to dance among nana fronds. Sheehan craned h searching for flickers of car "They put up No. 10 cans—olc cans, bean cans—on the other si road with candles in them. You see them when you drove down but they would clock your car went by the candles. And the n the specialist, would detonate the you went over it."

They drove recklessly fast, pus green English-built Hillman Mi 70 miles an hour, dropping bac to 50, then accelerating again, off the specialist's candle timings they lurched into a hard right up the narrow dirt road to Van quarters at Tan Hiep.

Outside the command tent, in yellow glow of weak light spilli within, Sheehan first saw Gene The Vietnamese general was in "a nervous crisis," pacing up an speaking incoherently, compulsi ning both hands through his h and over again. Vann drew Shee the darkness near the landing s filled him in, not fully, not entire fully. (In Vietnam even Vann truth sparingly and only to his tage.) Vann seemed shell-shocked

Sheehan would make two mor racking runs on Highway 4 th back to his office to write the st he had, and then back again to T to take the first helicopter out at the battle scene. His story becam Vietnam classic, the most complete b count from the early years. Unfo ly, it also went virtually unseen American public. Journalism's d are unyielding. First will always and Browne was first.

Without sleeping, Sheehan an arrived back at Tan Hiep just afte on January 3. Both Cao and Van like new men. Spit-polish slick night at his luxurious home in ne Tho, Cao smartly snapped his stick at the white-helmeted hono Although his enemy had slipped a tually with his connivance, he s man with a plan.

Vann was steaming, and Shee stincts told him to grab that mo talk to him. But Vann directed ward two H-21 Shawnees, their b ready rotating. The reporters li abruptly for a body-collection ru battlefield. Minutes later they over the still-smoldering hamle

ɜassination
s began showing
everywhere.
eehan and
lberstam were
most
lnerable, and
most hated.



Saigon, July 7, 1963: at the height of the Buddhist crisis, David Halberstam pulls the secret police off his bloodied friend, Peter Arnett. The photo was taken by Malcolm Browne.

e choppers put down to the west, e passengers set off across the , passing the bodies of the ARVN they went. Most had been dead 24 hours now, their booted toes g up, their bodies ripening and ng to bloat in the morning sun, d insects invading them, flies as- them.

han's stomach wrenched violently. one cluster of bodies the corre- nts met three M-113s carrying an an adviser and a group of be- d Vietnamese troopers. Suddenly, ne turned bizarre: The spooked oldiers refused to help gather up dies. The American exploded, ng at them, shoving them off the es, pushing and jerking them the mud toward the bodies. Dur- r first year in Vietnam, American s had been scrupulously polite to tnamese foot soldiers—too pater- , perhaps. Now the veneer was d away. The American loosed his e Vietnamese stood by sullenly. To n this scene alone certified what already written. Nothing would be ıe after this.

han became angry, too: these men not help take their buddies home ial. He pitched in, grabbing twist- ts and tiny arms to hoist the bod- ard the A.P.C.'s. Then, ever the ed young man from Holyoke, husetts, just one generation re- moved from Ireland's County Kerry, he crossed himself, turned, and vomited into the delta mud.

Meanwhile, the other correspondents began heading in. Halberstam and Arnett had left Saigon at dawn, when the early-morning traffic of old Asia clogged Highway 4. Water buffalo pulled wooden-wheeled carts to market. Stooped old men trotted slowly in front of the impatient Americans, bamboo-pole carriers bending over bowed shoulders.

There was another problem. By day, the ARVN could be almost as difficult to get past as the Vietcong were at night. Their high command did not want pesky American journalists in the area after a disaster. So Halberstam and Arnett had tried a ruse, commandeering a car kept in Saigon by the military newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. They also commandeered a young marine combat correspondent, a sergeant named Steve Stibbens. It made for a journey with all the look of "don't touch" priority. The car was a 1961 black Ford Falcon with the logo of the newspaper—two crossed flags—on its doors. Stibbens, in full uniform, drove.

The drive to Tan Hiep was uneventful. They found Vann pacing the grounds.

"What the hell happened?" Halberstam asked.

"A miserable damn performance, just like always," Vann snorted, kicking a high-laced boot into the dry red clay.

It was a remarkably candid statement, and, while the newsmen would not use Vann's name, Harkins would not need one of his Keystone Kops investigations to identify the source.

Meanwhile, a flurry of activity had begun around Cao's tent, with bold talk about a counterattack. Confused, Halberstam asked Vann where they thought the Vietcong were. The lieutenant colonel rolled his eyes. Everyone in the camp knew the Vietcong had left in the night, especially that damned fool Cao, who had dropped the paratroops in the wrong place. Cao was covering his ass.

Vann shuffled Halberstam and Arnett off on a surveillance flight over the battlefield. The carcasses of the helicopters lay broken where they had fallen. Bodies, some still tangled in white parachute shrouds, remained sprawled in the mud. Only later did Halberstam learn that Sheehan was on the ground as he flew over.

After their return, to the base camp, the first person Halberstam and Arnett saw was Harkins, dressed, like Cao, in his parade-ground finest. Neither he nor Cao had

been to the battlefield. Neither would ever go to the battlefield. He was not that kind of general, Harkins had told Horst Faas.

What did he think of the battle? Halberstam asked.

It was going well, Harkins replied. General Cao's forces now had the enemy surrounded. "We've got them in a trap," he said, "and we're going to spring it in half an hour."

Flabbergasted, the correspondents were at a loss for further questions. Common sense and a single flight over the battlefield told them that the ARVN had had their tails whipped and that the Vietcong were long gone. Did Harkins believe the things he said, or did he believe he had to say them?

Meanwhile, on the battlefield, Sheehan and Turner had explored the now deserted dike from which the Vietcong had done so much damage. They found three bodies, the only bodies the Vietcong had left behind. The reporters had picked up an escort, Brigadier General Robert York, one of the 12 American generals in Vietnam at the time. He was the only one to ever visit Ap Bac.

Sheehan asked York what had happened.

"What the hell's it look like?" York snapped impatiently. "They got away."

By now Sheehan and Turner were eager to make another run up the highway to dispatch their stories. York offered them a ride on his helicopter. Walking out along the dike, they watched a fresh battalion from Cao's Seventh Division march back in. Suddenly, a howitzer thundered once from the south, then twice more, the shells whistling in among the nearby troops. Several were hit by shrapnel and fell screaming into the paddies. The rest dove in.

"Hey, that's pretty damned close!" York's aide exclaimed.

Another boom sounded, followed by the horrible, whining rush of an incoming shell. The explosion sent a mud gusher up from the paddies just 30 yards away. Then the explosions began marching quickly down the dike toward them.

"Let's get the hell out of here!" York yelled. But they made it only a few yards before an explosion rocked them. "Get down!" the general shouted, and they plunged into the mud.

Gone from Sheehan was that feeling of the immortality of youth, of his own immunity to fear and death. In his first firefight, just months earlier, he had felt a deep, almost sensual thrill. "Some people got killed around me," he had written. "Not too many dead. Small-arms fire. The ARVN got scared. I looked at them and said to myself, 'Look how fearful they are.' I wasn't afraid."

Now all the exhilaration left him instantly. He dug frantically into the mud, terror-stricken, a little desperate man like the little desperate men he had watched from high above, zigzagging in fear across the paddies. He was going to die. He knew it.

Dimly, he realized that this was friendly fire. Later he would discover it was Cao's "counterattack," but now he believed he was going to die.

During a brief lull, the men dashed a few more yards down the narrow dike. "Run for your life, boy!" the general's aide prodded. York heard the whistle—"Here comes another!"—and they dove again. Sheehan skidded off the dike into the dark-gray mud of the paddy below. Clambering back up he found a softball-size chunk of shrapnel dug in a few feet from Turner's head and a crater where they had burrowed in the first time. Sheehan wormed in deeper, barely able to breathe. The men in the foxholes had taken 600 rounds of this yesterday. He was certain it would have driven him screaming mad. An overwhelming rush of fear flooded through him. He began praying aloud and then cursed himself for showing his weakness to the others.

Suddenly, the shelling stopped and an eerie silence spread across the battleground, bloodied anew. Four ARVN soldiers were dead, 12 wounded. Then, once again, Sheehan was loading the dead, crossing himself, and fighting his tortured stomach.

Nothing was the same for Sheehan after that day. "I never saw glory in war again," he said later.

Back at Tan Hiep, Sheehan spoke briefly with Vann, now driven far beyond caution. Then the young correspondent looked across the grounds and spotted Harkins, unflustered in his spotless uniform, his parade hat heavy with gold braid, his collar tabs glinting with four silver stars, his pants perfectly pressed, his street shoes polished to a high-buff black. One hand held the long, white cigarette holder he had flourished four days earlier.

Sheehan was covered with mud and slime. Suddenly, he felt violently angry. Harkins had not gone to the battlefield to see where, or learn why, his own men had died. He would never go to the battlefield, even when it became, as it soon did, the scene of the greatest controversy of the little war.

A week later, Admiral Har commander in chief, Pacif in for two days of meetings and sieged at the airport by a greatly ed press corps. Sheehan elbowed to the front and asked the only c a pointed request for Felt's evalu

"I'd like to say that I don't what I've been reading in the pap admiral replied. "As I understan was a Vietnamese victory, not a c

Felt turned to Harkins and the took his cue quickly. "Yes, that' he said. "It was a Vietnamese vi certainly was."

As the officers began to leave, told Felt who the offensive qu had been. The admiral spun on h

"So you're Sheehan," he saic grinding in his voice. "You ough to some people who've got the fa

"That's right," Sheehan sho "That's why I went down there eve Then he added, eyeing Harkin might try sending your own people

The reporters pounced on th to show that they had been along. No one could pounce lik Halberstam.

"What made this defeat par galling to the Americans and t namese alike," he wrote, "was t was a battle initiated by gov forces in a place of their choice, perior forces and with troops of enth Vietnamese Division, which ally considered an outstanding or country. Today the government got the sort of battle they wan they lost."

The story remained front-pag for days, and not only the *Tim* noise. *The Detroit Free Press* r Harkins's mindless optimism as " unconvincing whitewash."

John Paul Vann's not too ano words "a miserable damn perfo were printed in virtually every ne in the country, so angering Paul that he decided to fire his freev colonel on the spot. He was talke it only when at least one other to threatened to quit if Vann we within the army, Vann was finis many complicated reasons that b saga of their own.

Harkins set the Vietcong casu ure at 101 dead, a number even r tached from reality than the usu count fictions. Only three Vietco ies were ever found, those dis by York, Sheehan, and Turner. the Vietcong had carried off

ns lazily
ed clouds of
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etnamese girls
nked past
es.

an expert, looked at the evidence
nind and told Sheehan (and surely
arkins) that perhaps a dozen other
as had been killed. When the Viet-
ommander's elaborate after-battle
was captured later, the number of
as placed at 18, including the 3
ind.

Joint Chiefs of Staff quickly shot a
over to an unhappy president, as-
him that "initial press reports have
d both the importance of the ac-
nd the damage suffered by the
N forces." In fact, even as it
inflated enemy casualties, the mil-
so understated ARVN casualties.

iral Felt, who served as Paul
's's superior, cabled Washington
ggeration by the wire services was
nplace: "I think it important," he
"to realize that bad news about
an casualties [was] filed immedi-
y the young reporters representing
e services without careful checking
facts."

he White House, President Ken-
press secretary, Pierre Salinger,
newsmen, "How can you believe
guys? They're too green. Look at
stakes they make." Roger Hils-
bout to become assistant secre-
state for Far Eastern affairs, was
nission to Saigon at the time. A
g of a man, Hilsman sat down
he correspondents and chewed
ut for being too naïve, later re-

porting to the president that the reporters were so "bitter" they "will seize on anything that goes wrong and blow it up as much as possible." But Hilsman minced no words with the president, either. He called Ap Bac "a stunning defeat" that reinforced the correspondents' judgment about the "inefficiency, bad leadership, and lack of aggressiveness" of Diem's troops.

When Felt left Saigon on January 11, the press conference at the airport was more formal. He was asked if he still thought of Ap Bac as a success. Yes, he did, and once again he turned to Harkins for affirmation. The general had been doodling on a pad and seemed preoccupied. But, as before, he quickly took his cue. "Yes, I consider it a victory," he said. "We took the objective."

Took the objective? It was a Second World War answer to a guerrilla-war question. Suddenly Felt and Harkins were bombarded. Mal Browne broke through first. The battle-starred admiral paused for a moment, as if wondering why all these newcomers seemed so unlike the fine fellows who had packed pen and paper alongside American troops in the glory days of times gone by. Then Felt's eyes turned flinty, and he growled his answer:

"Why don't you get on the team?"

Not long afterward a British correspondent took John Sharkey, a new NBC stringer, to a seductively debauched Saigon party. Hosted by a ranking C.I.A. official, the party was a young vagabond reporter's dream. Fans lazily lifted clouds of opium smoke into hypnotic shadows. All movement seemed slow and desultory. Remarkably beautiful Vietnamese girls slinked past spies who mingled with the lowlifes they hired for odd jobs. People lay on couches, barely moving, taking the pipe.

My God, Sharkey thought, this is straight out of Evelyn Waugh. A few months earlier he would have been in heaven. The party meant stories, sources, fun. Now it worried him. I don't belong at an opium party given by a C.I.A. man, he thought. He was worried that his presence would compromise his role as an adversary to the government. He left.

Adversaries is what they had become, and they were certain of their role. "Ap Bac is where it happened," Halberstam said later. "In spades. Exhibit A. This put the steel in us. It was the confirmation we were not crazy."

But the screws turned ever tighter on the reporters. In a cable to Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Nolting complained: "Quality of reporting by U.S. newsmen here is probably as good as average reporting of stateside story like earthquake or Hollywood divorce." Halberstam and Browne would win the Pulitzer Prize for international reporting for their work that year. All the other Young Turks at François Sully's going-away party eventually would win the gold medal as the years passed and each became a legend in the trade.

But if the reporters' Exhibit A had come at an obscure hamlet in the Mekong Delta, Exhibit B was about to reveal itself in the streets of Saigon. The Buddhist crisis of 1963 became one of the most bizarre moments of the long war, and one of the surest examples of why Americans had no business in the mire. Mal Browne's astonishing photograph of a monk committing suicide by fire in downtown Saigon shocked the world.

"Who are these people?" President Kennedy asked of the Buddhists suddenly unhinging his little war with their protests against Diem's regime. They were 70 percent of the people of South Vietnam. Their language did not fit well into the diplomatic parlance of the day. "The sky is blue, but the clouds drift across it," replied their leader to questions from a Kennedy emissary.

For the American reporters the dangers grew greater than any they had faced in the field. Brother Nhu's secret police, the Mat Vu, followed them everywhere, once catching Peter Arnett in an alley. They had him down and badly bloodied before Halberstam pulled him to safety. Just weeks later, they went to Browne's apartment in the middle of the night to collect his Vietnamese girlfriend and future wife. Browne stood them down with a Schmeisser submachine gun.

In the beginning most of the correspondents had carried weapons in the field. With a few exceptions—Arnett loved his Mauser machine pistol—they had stopped. Now they began buying weapons again, this time for the city. Mert Perry, a 250-pound stringer for *Time,* bought a .25-caliber Beretta, a gun so small it disappeared in the meat of Perry's huge hand. "Jesus, Mert," Sheehan laughed, "that's the kind of gun an actress is supposed to kill her lover with." Sheehan paid a helicopter pilot $100 for a nickel-plated .38.

Assassination lists began showing up everywhere. Sheehan and Halberstam were the most vulnerable, the most hated by the Saigon government. In early August, police told Sheehan's Vietnamese

Saigon

aide that they had received specific instructions on how to do the job on the reporters. The office at 19 Ngo Duc Ke was a shooting gallery; the all-glass storefront faced a tiny and crowded street. The orders, the police said, were grenades through the glass window-wall, sapper-style—so that the Vietcong would be blamed.

Nothing came out of it but a case of nerves. The .38, which made Sheehan almost as nervous as the police, became part of a necessary psychological ritual. Each night he loaded it and placed it on his nightstand. Each morning he immediately unloaded the weapon and put it in the closet. Without the ritual he couldn't sleep.

Halberstam was getting edgy, too. Both men were working exhausting hours. By mid-August the heat was causing mirages of the mind, but the Mat Vu operatives multiplying outside the window were not dreams. The office had become an oven, and Halberstam and Sheehan sat bare-chested, writing endlessly, sweat rolling down to smudge their stories, turning black with carbon and water.

On August 20, the two reporters met with an unusual source. Dang Duc Khoi had been Diem's assistant press officer since the beginning of the American involvement. He also was something of a rogue and scoundrel who favored Saigon's gangster-owned bars, where he was a notorious womanizer. There was no better source.

Khoi had startling information. Brother Nhu would hit the Buddhist pagodas full force as early as that night to bring the crisis to an end.

But the second tip landed closer to home. Khoi's gangster friends had been the latest to get a hit list from the palace. Khoi's own name was on it, and the gangsters had warned him to disappear fast. The list also contained the names of David Halberstam and Neil Sheehan.

"They're going to plastique y fice," Khoi said, adding that he v ing the gangsters' advice.

Sheehan felt a sudden lurch Then he said the obvious. "We c anywhere, Khoi."

Halberstam and Sheehan began ing out the tip about the pagod Khoi made his way down to the front. By dawn he was gone, sn out in a load of fertilizer on bound for Yokohama.

By then all hell had broken loo regime attacked the pagodas in sive midnight assault, and Sheeh Halberstam, who took temporary in John Mecklin's villa, worked managed to stay alive. Two mont the government of Diem fell w connivance of the Kennedy adm tion. The next day Diem and Nhu were assassinated.

But it was only the end of the ning. For 12 more years, the war ued. Fifty-eight thousand Am would die. □

Helmut Lang

(*Continued from page 229)* of his designs seem to anticipate, rather than merely reflect, what's happening in the streets—the shrunken tops and slouchy satin trousers that have been ubiquitous since Lang first showed them several seasons ago. Some outfits push the postmodern creed to an almost paradoxical extreme—by mixing formerly uncool styles (the Sansabelt trouser) with formerly taboo fabrics. Still others present a version of glamour that is both intimate and sly; for his fall show this year, Lang had his models wear tiny harnesses of stretch lace with their demure strapless dresses, an effect I can easily imagine being performed a thousand times a night—whenever a man lifts a woman's bra above her breasts.

"Yeah, it could have been [inspired by] a bra," Lang says mildly when I suggest this. "I really love this piece. I mean, it's very feminine and it does so many things at the same time. But most important"—a little smile flickers at the corners of his mouth—"it doesn't leave you . . . unmoved."

Lang's movements alternately induce stupefaction and envy within the fashion world, which has never been comfortable with the idea of a designer who remains supremely, brilliantly outside the game. Here is someone who decided in 1988, after two years of living in Paris, that what he really needed was anonymity rather than exposure, and returned to Vienna just as his career was taking off. He was 32 years old. "I didn't have the ambition that a lot of people have to be very important in their own town or country," Lang told me. "I preferred not to be recognized, and to live a very private life."

Strangely enough, Lang says, Vienna doesn't inspire him at all. "It's a kind of influence, in a way, because there's no influence. And people don't blind you with too much attention. People here just don't care."

Of course, the good citizens of Vienna have probably never witnessed the kind of homage that Calvin Klein paid to their countryman a few years back. The Seventh Avenue designer was a conspicuous presence at a Lang show and what he observed—this was the beginning of waifdom—must have left a deep impression: by the time Klein got back to New York and presented his own collection, three weeks later, it was plain that he had deftly absorbed the key elements of Lang's oeuvre.

Lang shrugs off this magpie temerity with great indifference. "Well," he says, "it makes no sense in the end. If you care or you don't care, it doesn't change anything." He smiles broadly. "So I don't care in the end."

"He once told me about wan build a nest under his grand roof, where he could look out the and see the woods and fields," says la Reyer. "I think Helmut was alw ing to build his own world, and now he has."

What it will include Lang isn't ing. He has kept his prices low (jackets sell for around $700, about $500) for younger custom doubts he'll give up control of his sion to outside investors ("To be dent means that you can't be g somehow"), a fact that surprises than his response when I ask if h rently involved with anyone. "I'm ing to answer that," he says. "It's clear if you know my history."

If Lang sounds vague about h move, it is only because he hate pinned down on something as eph as fashion. He reveals, reluctant his new spring collection, featuri ton crêpe and structured jersey, w subtle tribute to the trashy elega Courtney Love. Then immediatel off, as if sensing a sudden blight own creative powers. He is wise t for it takes more than pop-star n dream up a lace vest delicately e underwear elastic.

"I mean, we wanted individual says, in response to nothing at all. got it. Now we have to deal with it

ph Fiennes

nued from page 186) character is sy for the audience," he says slyly.
usual, Fiennes manages to sustain mplexity; his Lenny may be a con nd a loser, but he is also angst-rid- id achingly vulnerable—hardly your action hero. Fiennes conveys an almost childlike sweetness in the of murder and mayhem; his ultimate tion is always love, however d and misplaced it may be.
atever the fate of *Strange Days,* was shown as the "Festival Cen- e" of the New York Film Festival tember, Fiennes's contribution adds other unusual character to his body k. Great roles, tons of work—these oblems?
parently so, at least for Fiennes. e in a position where people are about getting your commitment to e of work very far ahead in your ar is something you only dream as an actor—but suddenly, when it's it's quite alarming," he says glumly. verything you ever wanted—but it's you away from your sense of who e and what you know."
n the enviable roles he's landed have buted to that sense of erosion, it "You put your energy, your thought, imagination, your spirit into some- ' he explains. "It's all rooted in who e. Your skin is what you manipulate ate the illusion of being someone And that costs you every time."
at does it cost you? "It costs you elf," Fiennes says, so softly I can hear him.
en there's all that troublesome adu- to contend with; clearly such a fas- s sensibility is offended by those ing, eager bodies pressing in on 'I feel ambivalent," he concedes. "I lattered . . . " He hesitates, and adds with exasperation, "But I feel f they really were a fan they would me alone and go home!"
ere is real hostility in his voice, but he checks himself and sighs wearily. to remember it can mean a lot to e, being moved or affected by a per- ance. They've gone on a journey; believe they know you." He glares e fiercely. "And, of course, they know you."

oreover, one of Fiennes's overriding concerns is to prevent people from ing him. He is thoroughly incensed asked personal questions; he refuses to say anything at all about his wife, a British actress named Alex Kingston, whom he met at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. (Friends describe Kingston as ravishingly beautiful, a very good actress, far more of an extrovert than Ralph, and a wonderful homemaker to boot.) Indeed, Fiennes recoils as if struck by a rattlesnake when I ask him why, after being together for nearly a decade, he and Kingston finally married a couple of years ago.

"Why I got married is deeply personal between my wife and me," he exclaims, his face darkening with anger. "There are some areas I just don't want to have in print. . . . People want to know about us, but it's our last area of privacy. This insistence on people knowing about your private life—" He shakes his head with disgust. "I did not become an actor because I wanted to be in *magazines,*" he adds contemptuously. "I became an actor because I love the theater, because I love language. I love painting. I love all art forms!"

Given Fiennes's general state of irritation, I don't even dare ask about his name, which he pronounces "Rafe Fines." He claims that's the proper Old English pronunciation, but gets so annoyed when people question it that I can't quite face his scorn.

It's a great relief to talk to Fiennes's sisters later on and learn that I'm not the only one to find him supercilious and impenetrable. "Martha said something I thought was so brilliant—that 'the withering look is his currency,'" reports Sophie Fiennes, quoting her older sister with a giggle. "Ralph can just look at you and cut you right down. Don't take it personally."

Martha Fiennes is equally amused by my experience with Ralph. "No, I don't think he's a happy-go-lucky, cheery, cheeky chappie—you could tell that by shaking his hand," she says, laughing merrily. "I think a lot of people find him difficult to read. He's always had that aloofness, and I don't think he would be offended by my saying he has an arrogant streak in him. You'll be talking to him and suddenly there will be a sort of gauze that creeps over his eyes—an extreme level of disinterest. He just starts thinking about something else. He won't feel the social pressure to nod politely and say, 'Oh, really—the weather was good last Friday?'

"My mother used to joke that it was such a relief when I came along; she said, 'You were so social, a busy, normal child!' I was obviously interacting with people, whereas Ralph would go to children's parties and, instead of interacting with the other children, he would go up to the hostess and very politely ask, 'I wonder if you have any jigsaw puzzles I could do?' On his own, if you please!"

Ralph's fierce need to carve out some solitude for himself is quite understandable, given his upbringing. He was raised as the eldest of six children in a wellborn but decidedly bohemian family. His grandfather was the managing director of a big steel corporation, but Ralph's father, Mark, began his career by working on sheep farms in Australia and Texas, and when he returned to England it was as a tenant farmer. Ralph's mother, Jini, was equally difficult to categorize; she wrote novels and poetry, she painted, and she seemed to dazzle everyone. The daughter of a brigadier in the Indian army, Jini cut quite a figure as a young woman living in the barn of a parsonage in Essex: "She astonished the villagers by riding a motorscooter in a mixture of twinset and pearls with beatnik garb, considered dashing in 1961," reports one account.

Ralph was born in Suffolk, where he spent his first few years living in a small farmhouse near the sea. "It was an idyllic childhood, that period on the farm," he recalls. "We would often go to the beach in the summer. I was six when we moved away from the farm; my father taught himself photography, and things were tough for a while, while he sought to establish himself as a photographer."

But after that they moved constantly—Ralph estimates 10 or 12 times while he was growing up. The constant upheavals took their toll on Mark Fiennes's professional prospects: "My father was always freelance, and any contacts that had been set up would be lost when we moved on to the next place," Ralph says.

Money was always tight, and for the children, who were never shielded from the family's financial straits, some of the moves were quite traumatic, particularly when the family decamped to Ireland. Schooling was equally chopped up; at times Jini taught the children at home, and at other times—Ralph remembers with particular fondness a brief stint at a Quaker boarding school—his parents scraped up enough money to send him away to school. When the money ran out and he was told he couldn't go back, "I was very, very distressed," he says.

But after that, "I didn't care. From then on I don't think I ever considered that any school would be permanent, that any friendships would be permanent. I would always move on; there would al-

Ralph Fiennes

ways be change. . . . It helped me to know that nothing is forever."

The Fiennes children remember their mother, who died two years ago from breast cancer, as enormously loving and supportive of their individual talents. "'Express yourself!'—that's what my mother was about," Martha says. It was Jini who first read *Hamlet* to Ralph at age eight, and then—seeing how avid his interest was—gave him a recording of Laurence Olivier in the role. Ralph also remembers vividly how enthralled he was by a toy theater his parents got him. "I loved the world—the lights, the scenery, the color, the gaudiness of it," he says dreamily.

Since Ralph became famous, articles about the Fiennes family have shown a distinct tendency to mythologize Jini as a sort of artistically inclined Earth Mother. She did raise a notably creative brood. Ralph started out as an art student who intended to be a painter. When I ask why he became an actor, Ralph shrugs. "The glibbest answer would be that it's a form of escapism."

Escapism from what? "No—to what," he corrects me. "I think that if you inhabit the world of a play, the world of a film, it's like a painter: you are creating a world."

His other siblings have similar drives. The second-eldest is Martha, a director of music videos and commercials who is now planning her first feature film. Then came Magnus, a musician; Sophie, a freelance stage and film producer; and the twins, Joseph, an actor, and Jacob, a gamekeeper. ("He's the true rebel," says Sophie.) There is also Michael, known as Mick, a foster brother the Fienneses took in when he was 11 years old; he is now an archaeologist.

"My mother was always full of massive enthusiasm," says Sophie. "She switched everyone on; she lit them like lamps." But Jini Fiennes had troubling dimensions as well. "There were enormous problems; my mother often showed a great level of distress as an individual," Martha acknowledges. "As a young woman, she had been diagnosed psychiatrically as an 'incurable hysteric,' and there was a side to Jini that was very, very unpredictable. She was close to the edge at times, and as children we all witnessed it. It was frightening. . . . She would scream, break crockery, threaten to kill us all. And yet she was immensely loving and totally encouraging."

Martha suspects that her mother's volatility had a formative impact on her elder brother. "We all witnessed Jini's derangement at times, and I'm sure Ralph absorbed it," she says. "I think Ralph has a dark side; he has an innate understanding of it, a very true understanding of human nature at the nether-region level. He understands great distress and sadness. There is always a strange beauty in tragedy."

Sophie agrees. "Ralph has a disciplined mind; he is not so emotional as my mother," she says. "But he has a lot of understanding of darkness, of pain, of the twisted, darker recesses of the human psyche."

The subject of Ralph's dark side emerges as a tantalizing question from even the most cursory analysis of his work. Various commentators have attributed different qualities to it; the common thread in his roles, according to one critic, is a "loneliness driven to extremes." Perhaps so, but that seems only a partial explanation; someone can portray loneliness without communicating the potent sense of darkness one feels in Fiennes's work. It is difficult to define precisely, but that is part of its power. "He carries a mystery with him," says Terry Hands, who directed Fiennes in *Love's Labour's Lost* at the Royal Shakespeare Company. "There is an enigma, and it's very compelling."

"I saw him play Edmund in *King Lear* at the R.S.C., and I was astonished at his qualities," says Peter Markham, who later directed Fiennes in *The Cormorant*. "He has a very powerful and ambiguous presence; it's that ambiguity between gentleness and pathology that I find fascinating. All eyes are on him when he's on the stage; other actors have to fight to get my attention."

Fiennes's directors have clearly discerned the murky depths that lurk beneath his aristocratic exterior. Robert Redford has said that he cast Fiennes as Van Doren because he saw in him a "dark, haunted quality underneath the perfect shell." Spielberg has spoken of a certain "sexual evil" in Fiennes that inspired his being chosen for Amon Goeth. "He's the polar opposite to someone like Tom Hanks, who doesn't have that dark side," remarks Chris Menaul, who directed Fiennes in the British television film *A Dangerous Man: Lawrence After Arabia*. "But that dark side is very interesting to watch, isn't it? It's what gives Ralph his unusual quality as an actor."

Fiennes even manages to infuse famously heroic roles with dark dimensions. In *A Dangerous Man,* he turned ing T. E. Lawrence into a visi Conrad, "a spooky, almost Kurt tist," as one writer put it. After starred in a remake of *Wuthering* one British critic described his cl zation as a "moody, mean Heath other called it a "violent, unroma hating Heathcliff"; and a thir complained that Fiennes portray timate romantic hero "as thougl permanent indigestion."

Moreover, Fiennes is actively when someone tries to impose ending on him. In *The Corm* plays a young husband and fathe herits a wild seabird and finds hi exorably drawn to the sinister for resents, even at the cost of his and the safety of his loved ones. mal everyday story of family l it?" Fiennes remarks, grinning The original plans called for a ending, and Fiennes was extreme pointed when the filmmakers against having the young fathe alive in a fire. "I sort of felt s horrendous needed to happen," cedes.

Given all this, it seems like re disingenuousness when Fien fesses astonishment that others dark side in him. He claims to idea what they're talking about. are always trying to think that in play a sadist you have to be one," disdainfully. "I was not require when I was playing Amon Goet to put myself in a place where imagine what it was like to hav of prejudice that was so extreme tain groups of people became e to cockroaches or rats." As a Fiennes focused on bringing out tortured humanity. "I'm drawn t what is dark—I'm interested in side, the B-side of people," he "As an actor, your challenge i your mind around the psycholog other human being—and the bi polarity, the more dramatic that i

It was the complexity of Shake roles that originally attracted Fi the theater, where his gift was early on. When Fiennes auditione Royal Shakespeare Company, " one of the three best auditions I h seen here," recalls Adrian No company's current artistic directo

Fiennes quickly made his mar member rounds of applause at of his speeches," says Terry Har was the R.S.C.'s artistic directo

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Ralph Fiennes

Fiennes's time there. "We were all very embarrassed by it, but what it was was the audience responding to the performer doing something superlatively well—they thanked him for it. I have not heard that kind of reaction for decades."

Although many stage actors find the transition to film quite difficult, Fiennes proved a natural. "It would be four in the morning, it would be 90 degrees, there would be a million extras talking, and he'd be so focused it blew me away," Juliette Lewis reports of the *Strange Days* shoot. "He would do take after take with the same precision as the first time."

Fiennes has always impressed colleagues with his determination. "He's very strong; he's got a backbone of steel," says Michael Rudman, a director who worked with Fiennes at the Royal National Theatre. But such certitude does not breed intransigence. "He is one of the most open-minded actors I've ever had the pleasure of working with," attests Spielberg. "Ralph does a great deal of research into the characters he is playing. When he gets to the set he . . . has a game plan for the day—even though he is extremely malleable and will throw it all out if you want him to. Ralph becomes your variable-speed power tool."

Mindful of such accolades, knowledgeable observers are forecasting a durable career on stage and screen. No doubt we will see Fiennes in many guises over time. But don't expect him to let anyone pluck out the heart of his mystery. "He's this beautiful house, but there are a couple of rooms that are locked. You can't go in," observes Angela Bassett, who worked with Fiennes in *Strange Days*.

Part of this may be calculation. "Ralph actually said to me once that there are areas of his self that he only reveals when he's acting," notes Jonathan Kent.

But mere technique is not sufficient to explain Fiennes's impact. Before taking my leave, I remind him what a friend of his once said: "The real Ralph is very secret. He is paid to be a liar. Always remember how good he was at being that Nazi."

There is a crafty look in Fiennes's eyes as he considers this assessment. "I can be secret when I want to be," he concedes after a moment, a faint smile curling his lip. His incisors are pointed as fangs. "I'm in the business of pretending," he adds, and shrugs. "I'm only an illusionist." His smile broadens, but it does not warm. It scorches like dry ice. □

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In the vagina, yeast and bacteria live together in a balance that limits the excessive growth of either. When this normal balance is upset for any reason, an infection can occur. Changes within the vagina can be caused by increased moisture, as may happen during prolonged exposure to wet clothing or sweaty exercise outfits.

In addition, some medical conditions and certain medicines can increase the chances of getting a yeast infection. Specifically, the chances of getting an infection are higher in women who are pregnant, diabetic, using birth control pills, or taking antibiotics. Vaginal infections are common, and an estimated 75% of all adult women have at least one vaginal yeast infection in their lifetimes.

Vaginal yeast infections are uncomfortable and may cause itching, burning, and soreness. When infected, the lining of the vagina becomes inflamed (a condition known as vaginitis) and the vaginal area reddens. An increase in vaginal secretions is also common during yeast infections, and some women have a thick, white discharge.

What is *Candida*?

Most yeast infections are caused by a type of fungus called *Candida*. It is normal for the *Candida* yeast to live in the human body.

How does DIFLUCAN work against a yeast infection?

DIFLUCAN is an antifungal agent that works by interfering with the yeast's normal growth process. Because of this action, DIFLUCAN effectively cures most vaginal yeast infections due to *Candida*.

Who should NOT take DIFLUCAN?

DIFLUCAN should not be taken by anyone known to be allergic to fluconazole, the active ingredient, or to any of the inactive ingredients listed at the end of this Summary. Also, you should tell your doctor or other healthcare professional if you are allergic to any other medicines.

How should I take DIFLUCAN and what should I expect?

DIFLUCAN for vaginal yeast infections is a 150-mg tablet that is taken by mouth. Most patients can expect to see the beginning of symptom relief within 24 hours of taking the tablet. As DIFLUCAN works to cure the infection over a period of days, symptoms will gradually lessen and eventually disappear.

DIFLUCAN can be taken anytime—day or night, with or without meals. You should take it as soon as possible, **by mouth**, to ensure the earliest relief. If the symptoms have not started to go away within 3 to 5 days, you should contact your doctor or other healthcare professional.

Possible side effects

In US clinical studies of 448 patients taking a single dose of DIFLUCAN for vaginal yeast infections, the most common side effects reported were h (13%), nausea (7%), and stomach pain (6%). C effects reported were diarrhea (3%), indigest dizziness (1%), and changes in the way food ta Overall, 26% of patients taking DIFLUCAN side effects, compared with 16% of 422 patie vaginal products. You may want to discuss v doctor or other healthcare professional whe convenience of a single oral dose outwe increased risk of side effects compared wi treatments that are applied directly in the vag should also tell your doctor or other he professional about any side effects you do expe

Important warnings and precautions

Follow your doctor s directions about hov DIFLUCAN, and be aware of the following poi

- If the symptoms of your vaginal yeast infec not improved within 3 to 5 days, your doctor or other healthcare professiona
- DIFLUCAN has not been studied in p women. If you are pregnant, your docto prescribe DIFLUCAN only if the benef justifies the possible risk to the fetus.
- Because DIFLUCAN passes into hum you should not take DIFLUCAN while nurs
- Be sure to tell your doctor and other he professionals about *all* the medicines taking— prescription, nonprescription, and They know about possible interactions medicines and are best able to prevei DIFLUCAN may interact with certain birth pills, cimetidine (Tagamet), hydrocholoro antacids, rifampin, warfarin (Coumadin), p (Dilantin), cyclosporine (Sandimmune), zi (Retrovir or AZT), theophylline, terf (Seldane), and oral antidiabetic medicine are not sure whether you are taking any medicines, check with your doctor, pharm other healthcare professional.
- DIFLUCAN has been connected to rare serious liver damage, including deaths, pri patients with serious underlying medical co
- Rare cases of anaphylaxis (a severe allergic have been reported, as well as rare cases of skin disorder.

Cancer and impairment of fertility

Like most prescription drugs, DIFLUCAN was to be tested on animals before it was allowed fo use. Often these tests are designed to achiev drug levels than humans achieve at recom dosing. In these tests, benign liver tumo observed in some of the male animal complicated labor/delivery was observed female animals. Your healthcare professiona you more about how drugs are tested on ani what the results of these tests mean about s you.

Pediatric use

One-dose DIFLUCAN treatment for vagir infections due to *Candida* has not been st children. When multiple-dose DIFLUCAN was the treatment of other infections in children age of 17 years, the most commonly repor effects were vomiting (5%), stomach pain (3% (2%), and diarrhea (2%).

Active ingredient: Each tablet contain fluconazole

Inactive ingredients: Microcrystalline c dibasic calcium phosphate anhydrous, pc croscarmellose sodium, FD&C Red No. 40 a lake dye, and magnesium stearate.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing v prescription. You must see a doctor to r prescription.

If you have any questions or wan information about DIFLUCAN f treatment of vaginal yeast infections, your doctor or other healthcare profes

Pfizer U.S. Pharmaceuticals Gro

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IMAGINE TREATING A VAGINAL YEAST INFECTION WITH ONE ORAL TABLET



e to *Candida.*
stat 7 (miconazole) is
stered trademark of
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Gyne-Lotrimin
imazole) is a
ered trademark
hering-Plough
Mycelex-7
imazole) is a
ered trademark
yer Corp.

Introducing the only oral, one-dose cure for most vaginal yeast* infections—available by prescription from your doctor.



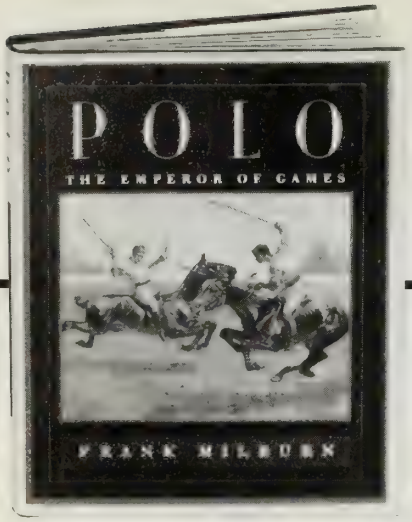
You simply take one oral tablet once for a complete treatment. That's the great idea behind Diflucan® (fluconazole). And Diflucan has been shown to be comparable to 7 days of Monistat® 7, Gyne-Lotrimin®, or Mycelex®-7.† In US clinical studies, the most common side effects that occurred with Diflucan were headache (13%), nausea (7%), and stomach pain (6%). To find out more about the prescription oral treatment... **ask your doctor or healthcare professional about Diflucan for vaginal yeast infections.**

Diflucan®
(fluconazole 150-mg tablet)

THE ONE-DOSE ORAL TREATMENT

Pfizer

Please see additional important product information on adjacent page.



POLO The Emperor of Games

BY FRANK MILBURN

"The best book I've read on this most glorious and difficult of sports.

Enchanting — full of vivid detail, wonderful stories, and sharp observation."

—Nelson Aldrich

It's a lively social history of polo over the course of 2,000 years

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- **Famous people who have played polo: among them Winston Churchill, Lord Mountbatten, Averell Harriman and Prince Charles**
- **Polo's current comeback in popularity and the author's hopes and fears for the future of the sport**

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Credits

Fashion

Cover: Ralph Fiennes's Paul Smith pants from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.
Page 12: See credits for page 211.
Page 24: Bottom left, Robert Massimo Freda shirt by special order; call 212-465-9580. Bottom right, see credits for cover.
Page 34: Top, styled by Kim Meehan.
Page 60: Gore Vidal's Donna Karan coat and pants, Valentino shirt, Dolce & Gabbana tie, and Giorgio Armani shoes, all from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills.
Page 74: Top, styled by Charlie Altuna for Jed Root West.
Page 92: Diane Keaton's Yohji Yamamoto cape and shoes from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.
Page 97: Prada overcoat and boots from Prada, N.Y.C.
Page 153: Dominique Swain's Chanel swimsuit by special order; call 800-550-0005. Stephen Jones hat from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.
Page 160: Bottom, styled by Tracy Feith; clothing from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.
Page 169: Styled by Haidee Findlay-Levin for Marina Jones; coat by Squire, from Charivari, N.Y.C.; T-shirt from Emporio Armani stores nationwide; pants from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.
Page 174: Bottom right, styled by Alison Kramer.
Page 185: Ralph Fiennes's Romeo Gigli shirt from Spazio Romeo Gigli, N.Y.C.; Donna Karan Men overcoat from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.
Page 187: See credits for cover.
Page 190: Costumes from Angels & Bermans.
Page 194: Bottom, styled by Charlotte Pilcher. **Jeremy Irons's** T-shirt by Dolce & Gabbana, from Brown's, London; jeans by Giorgio Armani jeans, from the Giorgio Armani Boutique, London.
Page 195: Styled by Ray Watkins. **Peter Ustinov's** costume from Angels & Bermans.
Page 196: Styled by Ray Watkins. **Fiona Shaw's** costume designed by Hildegard Bechtler.
Pages 200–201: Styled by Ray Watkins.
Page 202: Bottom, styled by Charlotte Pilcher.
Page 203: Ian McKellen styled by Charlotte Pilcher; jeans by Mulberry, from Mulberry, London.
Page 204: Styled by Isabella Kullmann. **Ben Kingsley's** shirt by Issey Miyake, from Issey Miyake, London.
Page 205: Styled by Ray Watkins.
Pages 206–7: Costumes from Angels & Bermans.
Pages 210–11: Jude Law styled by Eileen Kasofsky; robe from Portico Bed & Bath, N.Y.C. All others styled by Charlotte Pilcher. **Stephen Rea's** jacket by Giorgio Armani, from the Giorgio Armani Boutique, London; shirt by John Smedley, from Harvey Nichols, London. **Alan Rickman's** kilt, **Richard E. Grant's** suit, and **Patrick Stewart's** outfit, all from Angels & Bermans; Rickman's shirt from Gap stores nationwide; Grant's shirt and bow tie by Dickins & Jones, from Dickins & Jones, London.
Page 213: Styled by Charl… **Diana Rigg's** costume from … Bermans; tights by Pretty Polly… Selfridges, London; shoes by N… nik, from Manolo Blahnik, Londo…
Pages 216–17: Bottom left, st… Watkins. Bottom right, **Declan** … and **Nick Ormerod** styled b… Pilcher; suits from Moss Bros, Lo…
Page 218: Styled by Charl… **Nigel Hawthorne's** brooches … and Wilson, London.
Page 219: Styled by Charlotte …
Pages 220–21: All stores men… London. **Phil Daniels's** suit and sh… James, from Richard James; tie … and Asser; boots from Jones Bootm… **Cumming's** jacket and trousers b… from Uomo Regine; tie from Turnbu… shoes from Church's. **Paul Rhys's** … by Mulberry, from Mulberry; tie … James, from Richard James; shoe… Bootmakers. **Joseph Fiennes's** s… chino, from Uomo Regine; tie by C… from Harvey Nichols; socks fro… Hawkes; shoes from Fratelli Ros… **Graves's** suit and shirt by Mulber… berry; tie by Richard James, f… James; boots from Jones Bootma… **Russell Beale's** suit, shirt, and tie … James, from Richard James; boot… Bootmakers.
Page 221: Rupert Everett's … Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, Lon… right, styled by Isabella Kull… **Christie's** coat from Burberrys, L… and jeans from Gap stores natio…
Page 222: Styled by Ray Wat…
Page 223: Natasha Richard… … by Romeo Gigli, from Romeo G…
Page 224: Richard Harris' … Gieves & Hawkes, London.
Page 226: Styled by Venet… Smile Management.
Pages 230–31: Styled by Kin…

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Ralph Fiennes's hair … Polo Sport Alcohol Free Hair Ge…
Page 12: See credits for page …
Page 24: See credits for cover…
Page 34: Top, grooming by … George for Visages Style.
Page 60: Grooming by Ulli … Célestine.
Page 74: Hair by Robert Vetica … West; makeup by Hiromi for … Beauty.
Pages 92 and 97: Diane K… … styled with Redken Body & Bour… Spray Gel. All makeup from Gue… eyes, Harmonies Powder Ey… Mauve Gris No. 11; on her … Météorites Finishing Powder; … Kisskiss Long-Lasting Lipstick in No… Markey for the Stephen Knoll … Devine for Garren New York at H…

: **Dominique Swain's** hair styled ves Gloss from Paul Mitchell Salon Products. All makeup ss Marcella Borghese. On her ccento Pencil in Black Vellura; , Lumina Brillante Shimmering Lumina Bronzo. Tony Lucha for Tricomi Salon; Susan Sterling for

: Bottom, grooming by Gene- New York.
: Grooming by Mary Wiles for s.
: Bottom right, grooming by niss.
-87: See credits for cover.
: **Helen Mirren's** hair styled with ddress Leave In Conditioner. All n Lancôme. On her eyes, Ma- mePowder EyeColour Trio in Les ationnels; on her cheeks, Blush coco; on her lips, Rouge Sensa- e Vintage. Hair and makeup by or Joy Goodman.
4: Grooming products from n Supplies for Men and Nicky omatherapy; grooming by Steph- is.
: **Vanessa Redgrave's** hair styled cts from Nicky Clarke Hair- All makeup from Bobbi Brown On her eyes, Eyeshadow in Toast and Mascara in Black; on Blush in Sand Pink. Hair and Stephanie Spyrakis.
: Grooming products from Nicky omatherapy.
-99: Hair, makeup, and groom- gie Hunt for Nicky Clarke.
: Grooming products from Nicky airomatherapy; grooming by nt for Nicky Clarke.
: Top right, grooming products ; grooming by Daniel Parker.
: Grooming products from Polo ming by Maggie Todd.
: Grooming products from Nicky airomatherapy; grooming by nt for Nicky Clarke.
6-7: Hair products from Nicky omatherapy. Makeup from Estée ir by Wendy Sadd for Nicky eup by Sarah Bee for Joy Good-

0-11: Top center, grooming m Aramis; grooming by Maria & Commerce. Top right and bot- right, grooming products from Nicky Clarke Hairomatherapy; grooming by Stephanie Spyrakis.
Page 212: Makeup from Bobbi Brown Essentials; makeup by Stephanie Spyrakis.
Page 213: Diana Rigg's hair styled with Nexxus Headress Design Shine. All makeup from Shiseido. On her eyes, Petit Shadow in Onyx; on her cheeks, Rich Matte Film Translucent Powder; on her lips, Staying Power Lipstick SP3 in Red Tango. Hair by Clive, makeup by Fiona Jolly, both for Michaeljohn.
Pages 216–17: Bottom left, makeup and grooming products from Clinique; makeup and grooming by Stephanie Spyrakis for Clinique.
Page 219: Julia Ormond's hair styled with Sculpting Foam from Paul Mitchell Professional Salon Products. All makeup from Clarins. On her eyes, Eye Colour Duo in Fresh Apricot/Taupe; on her cheeks, Blush in Cinnamon No. 5; on her lips, Lipstick in Paprika No. 3. Hair by Suzanne Stokes-Munton; makeup by Ariane for GSM.
Page 220: Top, grooming by Stephanie Spyrakis.
Pages 220–21: Top right, hair groomed with Polo Sport grooming products; grooming by Mary Jane Frost for Smile. **Rachel Weisz's** hair styled with Sebastian Laminates Gel. All makeup from Christian Dior. On her eyes, Crayon Eyeliner in Black No. 090; on her cheeks, Effets Trio Blush in Natural Tones No. 902; on her lips, Haute Couleur Lipstick in Rosewood No. 436. Hair and makeup by Maggie Todd. **Julie Christie's** hair styled with Redken Framework Designing Spray. All makeup from Chanel. On her eyes, Basic Eye Colour in Silver/Pewter/Granite; on her cheeks, Cheek Rouge in Raspberry; on her lips, Creme Lipstick in Golden Raspberry. Hair by Derek Thompson for Michaeljohn; makeup by Lee Pycroft for Premier. Bottom left, grooming products from Clinique Skin Supplies for Men and Nicky Clarke Hairomatherapy; grooming by Stephanie Spyrakis.
Page 223: Natasha Richardson's hair styled with Sebastian Slipings Clean Gel. All makeup from Elizabeth Arden. On her eyes, Eyecolor Naturals Duo in Sand/Smoke; on her cheeks, Cheekcolor Naturals in Tenderplum; on her lips, Luxury Matte Lipstick in Evening Matte. Hair by John Chapman for Michaeljohn; makeup by Charlotte Tilbury for Camilla Arthur.
Pages 224–25: Grooming by Stephanie Spyrakis.
Page 226: Grooming by Sebastien Richard for Atlantis.
Pages 230–31: Grooming by Edward St. George for Visages Style.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 16: From Gamma Liaison.
Page 62: All photographs from the Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research.
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Page 116: Clockwise from top, from Sotheby's, from the Bettmann Archive, by Vertes/Schiaparelli Inc., from Schiaparelli Inc., from Edimedia.
Page 118: Courtesy of the Time Is Always Now Gallery.
Page 130: From Sygma.
Page 138: Pool photo from Saba.
Page 146: From Cat Yoga Productions.
Page 160: Top, left, by Nigel Parry/Courtesy of Knopf; others from U.P.I./Bettmann.
Page 174: Bottom left, by Marilyn K. Yee/NYT Pictures.
Pages 214–15: Right, second photo assistant, Frances Armstrong-Jones.
Page 218: Candelabras from Tindle, London.
Pages 220–21: Top left, tanning bed from Anglian Sunbed; bottom left, suitcases and painting from STV Hire.
Pages 228–29: Right and second from right, from Photoreporters.
Pages 232–33: From *Life* magazine, © by Time Inc.
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Page 236: Top, from the Nick Turner Collection, from *Once upon a Distant War*/Times Books; bottom left, from Black Star; bottom right, from the Horst Faas Collection.
Pages 238–39: Top and bottom right, from A.P./Wide World Photos; bottom left, from the Nick Turner Collection.
Page 247: From the Peter Arnett Collection, from *Once upon a Distant War*/Times Books.

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

SCORPIO ♏ *October 24–November 21*

If you haven't earned a badge of credibility by now, forget it. Thanks to the mind-crunchingly slow transit of Pluto, you've developed the skill and discipline to sit there and build your pyramid of sugar cubes, even with cobras circling around you. That's a huge accomplishment, so don't undervalue the formidable power you wield. As Pluto leaves your sign, though, you face an old dilemma: do you stick around now that you've made it or do you go *thwack* with the flick of a finger to a way of life that no longer means any more to you than a pyramid of sugar cubes?

SAGITTARIUS ♐ *November 22–December 21*

There are some great people in this world who will be there to help you if you can just hang on a little longer. Of course, if you're all wrapped up in some ridiculous teenage affair, they may not be able to get to you in time, but as Pluto prepares to leave your 12th house in November, no matter how alone or abandoned you're feeling, surround yourself with right-thinking friends and have absolute and total faith. If you do that, you won't have to worry about what the future holds. Just avoid doing stupid things, such as going through red lights and standing behind mules.

CAPRICORN ♑ *December 22–January 19*

You know how you are about astrological news. If it's good, the astrologer is lying, and if, God forbid, it's bad, you're totally bummed out. Here's the info: You can't be contained or reasoned with now. You want total freedom but aren't quite capable of handling it yet. Your existential angst makes it hard to keep your weight down, and you're either excited or hopeless. Groups don't work, because most people bore you. You simply must turn to the force that controls the flow of knowledge. That could be God, but in your case who knows? It could also be television.

AQUARIUS ♒ *January 20–February 18*

Will somebody please either remove that blasted Sword of Damocles or just cut the thread and let it fall. The suspense isn't killing. At this point it's a bore. Life hasn't exactly been a cartoon lately, although when you think about it, the last few years have been filled with more insanity than the croquet game over at the Queen of Hearts' place. You've adjusted to a very strict regimen and never screamed, even when things got more out of hand than they did in *Fantasia* when the brooms and the water pails got away from Mickey. Thank heavens it's almost all finito.

PISCES ♓ *February 19–March 20*

Money isn't everything. That cliché is something you've digested and spit out at least 50 times over the years. Of course, the way some people throw it around makes you totally sick, especially when you know damned well you could think of so many better ways it could be put to use. At this particular moment, though, you've got so much going on inside—thanks to Saturn—that you aren't thinking of humanitarian aid, except in the form of someone coming to rescue you from your own turmoil. The good news: the turmoil is temporary. The bad news: you're on your own.

ARIES ♈ *March 21–April 19*

Gosh, you've been swell lately—honoring people, acknowledging their role in your life, even giving up your side of the bed. In spite of all the lip biting and teeth clenching, you have been nice. Dare we say without being picketed by the National Organization for Women that you are allowing a trickle of the gentle feminine to seep into your system? A professional hint: Uranus and Neptune are letting you know that changing times require changing your act. There are some people who can remain with the oldies and stay on top, but face it: Mel Torme you're not.

TAURUS ♉ *April 20–May 20*

Relationships with people who haven't treated you all that whom you've had to depend are mercifully coming to an end Pluto in your 7th house, there are many hardworking Taurus who, despite the threats of total oblivion they have faced and still remain alert, keep tidy, and stay busy. If you're one of an wastrels who sit there moaning, "How do you expect me thing? I can't work!" here's a news flash: until you can no your dishes from the table to the sink, you're not an invalid.

GEMINI ♊ *May 21–June 21*

Right down through the ages, some of the most honest-to-g erosexual conservatives in government have been Geminis. though, that with Uranus and Neptune passing through your no matter what your preference has been, you've had to open up to the fact that sexuality is a complex and private issue. S are so prejudiced and small-minded that the minute they hea "Gemini" they snicker and think bisexual or kinky. Such not ridiculous they don't merit serious discussion, do they?

CANCER ♋ *June 22–July 22*

RIDER THROWS HORSE may seem an odd headline. But who you with outer planets changing signs? Just about every Cance fed-up to the eyeballs with trying to stay on that old pony. I ed this kind of life, you would have joined the rodeo. It's eas to tell you that you elected to have kids, a relationship, a care ever, but what choices did you actually have? We all do the ety and family program for us, and hope we don't get throwr too hard. What to do now? Stay home. Match swatches. Eat

LEO ♌ *July 23–August 22*

Thank your lucky stars you're not stuck on a commuter train zombies who all sit sipping from their coffee containers and won't (or, in a lot of cases, praying they *will*) be fired. Being a mean you don't deal with your own brand of what Italian though. You're not supposed to show one drop of sweat. Y go on being cool and suave, dancing the tango, and kissing if you're secretly worrying that there may not be a whole lc rows ahead. No such luck. There are.

VIRGO ♍ *August 23–September 22*

Although the Virgo heart is exploding now (hopefully from e cholesterol), some Virgos are not going off the deep end. Desp sits of Uranus and Neptune in their 5th house, they attend to main faithful in their cause, and channel their desires into somethi Meanwhile, the actions of less evolved Virgos are beginning to the dire prophecies found in the Book of Revelations may be They have gotten themselves arrested and had their pictures i for things too horrible to discuss until nice children have gon

LIBRA ♎ *September 23–October 23*

Even if there's a rumble underfoot from an 8.1, let nothing dest comforting mechanism nobody knows you have. When you you'll be told that families have gone down the drain, or tha curities come from outer planets' transiting your 4th house. Yo *not* unreasonable. With the south node in the 7th house, you'd with your head on the shoulder of someone who isn't going during the night, or simply relax without worrying that the k door is the repo man. Solution: buy a teddy bear and ignore t


ou'll forget to take it off sometimes.
But you'll always remember it's on.
u'll twist it around just for fun and
r thumb will learn every facet by heart.
People will say you have lovely hands.
u'll find reasons to avoid wearing gloves.
Why wait?
Diamonds. For you, for now, forever.
n't put your dreams on hold. Find them in a portfolio of 50 new pieces, representing
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Social Study

Bobby Short



Since the 60s, Bobby Short has been belting out the strains of Cole, Noël, Duke, and many others at New York's Cafe Carlyle. Now, in his memoirs, *Bobby Short: The Life and Times of a Saloon Singer*, he muses over 65 years at the piano, and this month, he plays a little ditty of his own for *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What is your favorite journey?
Coming home to New York City.

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Ten consecutive hours of sleep.

What is your greatest fear?
Fear itself.

Which living person do you most admire?
My multitalented pal Carroll O'Connor.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My occasional unbridled enthusiasm.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My occasional unbridled enthusiasm.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Music.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Boredom.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Extravagance.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Envy.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Isn't it wonderful!

What is your greatest regret?
Having been born too late to live among the people I admire.

On what occasion do you lie?
Only when I feel there's no other way out.

When and where were you happiest?
When I was cutting my teeth in Paris.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Survival.

What is your most treasured possession?
My piano.

What is your favorite occupation?
Working.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Humor.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Humor.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Duke Ellington.

How would you like to die?
In my sleep.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thi do you think it would be?
One ride is enough for me.

What is your motto?
There's always tomorrow.


0.7 mg. nicotine
arette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
She's gone to Capri and she's not coming back
Capri
Superslims
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The All-Star, All-Time TV Hall of Fame

FEATURING: The LEGENDS, the GUNSLINGERS, the GUMSHOES, Those FABULOUS TV MOMS, CRONKITE, *LAUGH-IN*, *ROOTS* and MUCH MORE

NGAME
3 1995
ARY



The casts of
and *Friend*
television's t
hottest serie
Clockwise fr
bottom le
Courteney Co
Noah Wy
Julian
Margulies, Dav
Schwimm
Jennifer Anist
George Cloon
Anthony Edware
Sherry Stringfie
Gloria Reube
Matthew Per
Lisa Kudro
Eriq LaSalle (
monitor only), a
Matt LeBla

ALSO:
Dominick Dunne's
FINAL WORD ON O.J.,
Jennet Conant on
ROBERT ISABELL and
THE WEDDING OF THE DECADE,
Joyce Johnson on
KEROUAC
AND THE BEATS
and Amy Fine Collins on
THE HEPBURN-
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Gets the Tail Numbers of the
BILLIONAIRE JET SET
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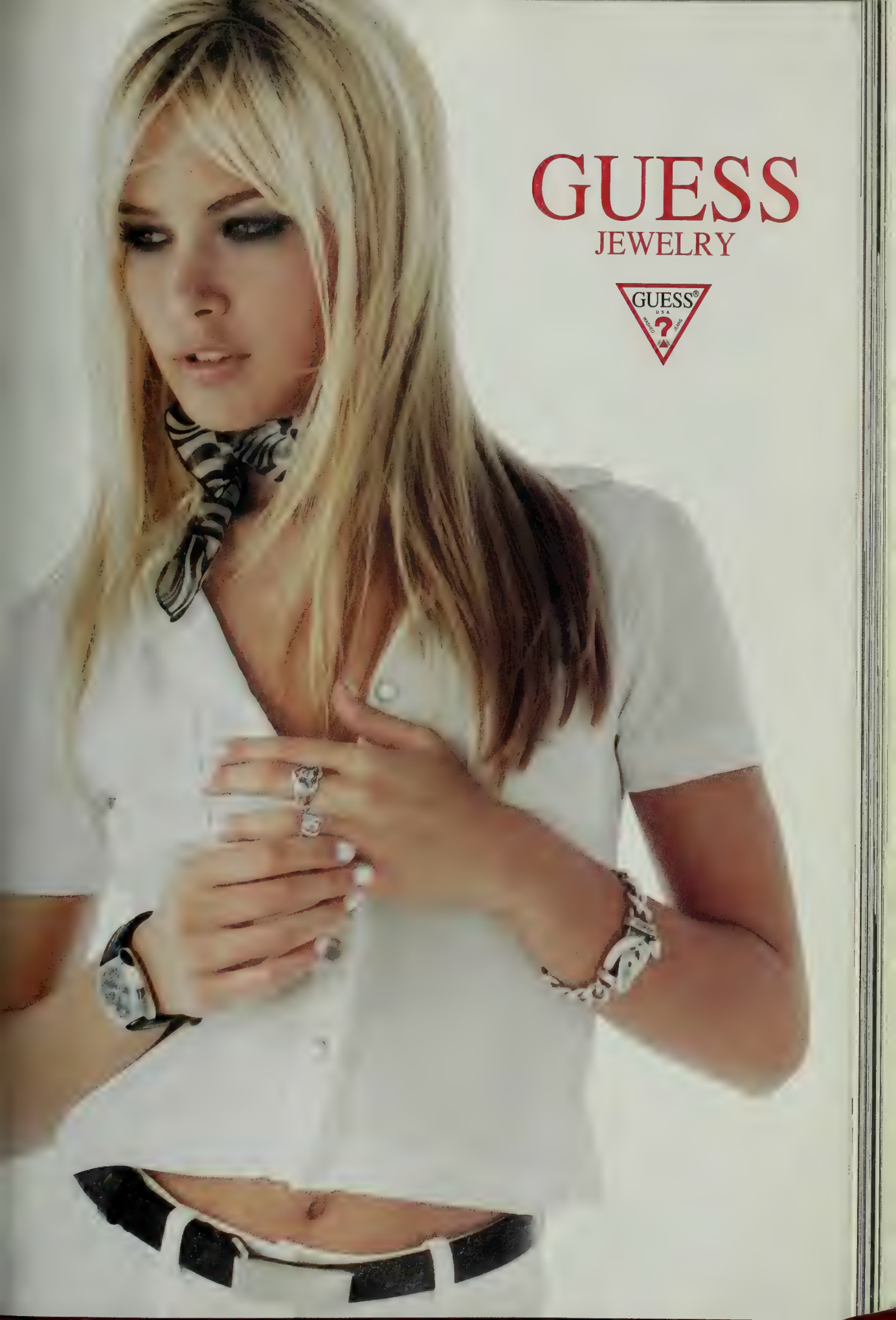
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VANITY FAIR

N° 424 December

Features

THE 1995 HALL OF FAME
In an extraordinary 42-page portfolio, Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts, David LaChapelle, and other top photographers present *Vanity Fair*'s 1995 Hall of Fame, capturing the prime-time players of television history: Milton Berle, Mary Tyler Moore and Dick Van Dyke, the casts of *Dallas* and *Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In,* the gumshoes, the gunslingers, the moms, and more. Matthew Tyrnauer channel-surfs five decades . . . . . .

THE FLOWER AND THE GLORY
Robert Isabell, who makes the parties perfect for the international A-list, concocted his most extravagant magic for the wedding of the decade—the marriage of Alexandra Miller to Alexandre von Fürstenberg. From the flower market to his villa, Jennet Conant shadows the florist turned impresario of choice for Bronfmans, Steinbergs, and Kennedys. Photographs by Eric Boman . . . . . .

ON THE ROAD, AGAIN
With a Beat revival at hand, and Francis Ford Coppola planning to film Jack Kerouac's *On the Road,* Annie Leibovitz and Joyce Johnson pay tribute to the surviving greats of a cultural revolution . . . . . .

WHEN HUBERT MET AUDREY
In *Sabrina,* Audrey Hepburn swept the world off its feet with her elegance, her charm—and her costumes. As the man who made them, Hubert de Givenchy, steps down as the dean of couture, and Paramount releases a remake of the movie Amy Fine Collins travels to Paris to share Givenchy's memories of his close friend and muse. . . . . .

CASINO MAN
Nigel Parry and Helen Morris spotlight director Martin Scorses who places his bets with Robert De Niro, Joe Pesci, and Sharon Stone, the stars of his new movie, *Casino* . . . . . .

Columns

CULTURAL ELITE
Visiting Dudley Moore, Alan Bennett, and Jonathan Miller in the wake of Peter Cook's death, Christopher Hitchens finds out how *Beyond the Fringe*'s Fab Four broke the mold of satire, setting the stage for comic acts from Monty Python to *Saturday Night Live* . . . . . .

THE END OF THE HUSTLE
Ann Louise Bardach goes behind the bars of L.A. County prisor for the inside scoop on the conclusion of the notorious Hanson-Hawkins-Boggs murder caper and the tragically mixed motives of the team that almost pulled it off. . . . . .

(Continued on page

VAN DYKE BARED, PAGE 225.

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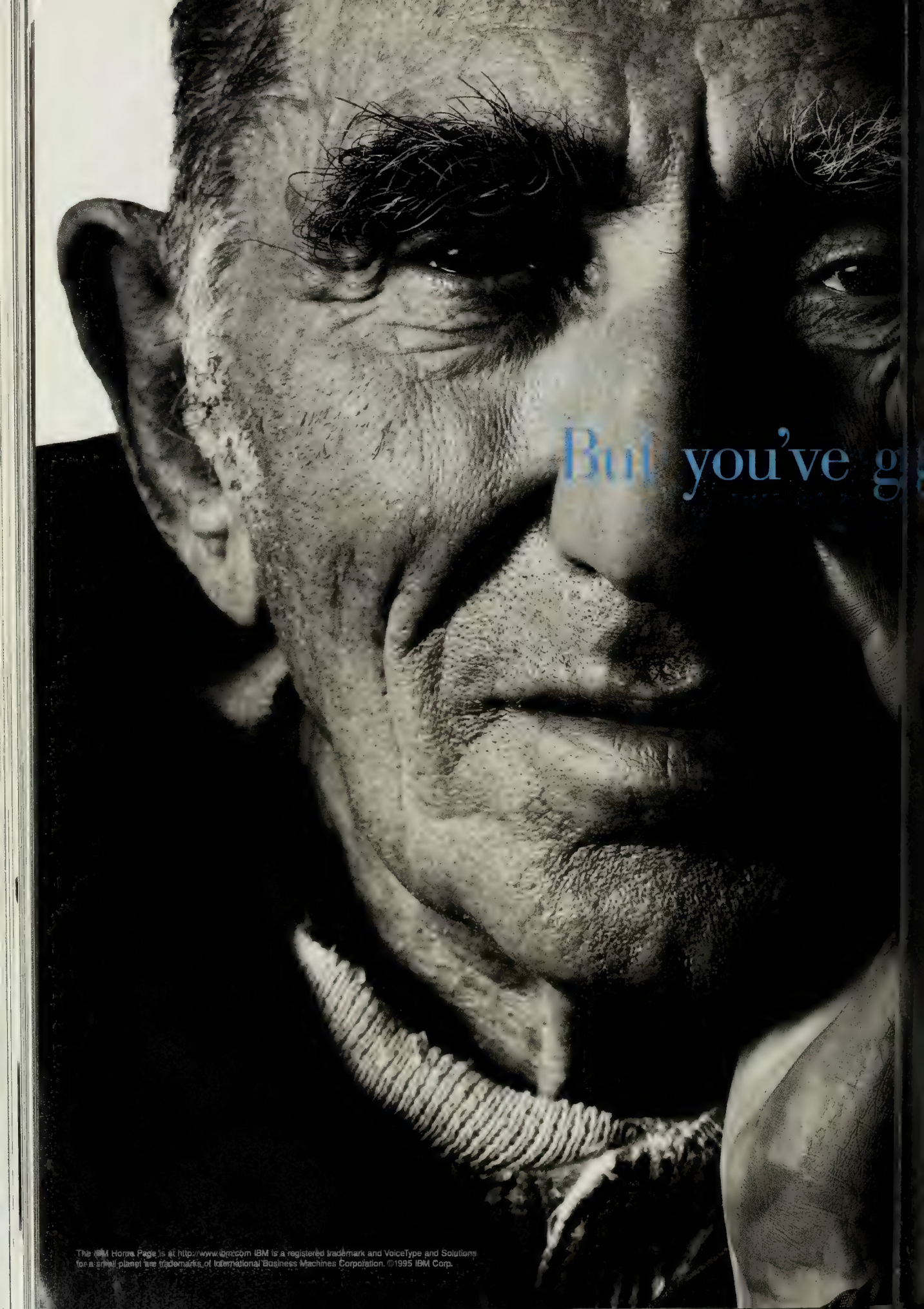
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VANITY FAIR

December 1995

(Continued from pag



LIPTON TEASE, PAGE 225.

FLASHBACK
Fifty years after the American-born Lady Astor resigned her seat in the House of Commons, Toby Young rekindles her fiery presence . . . .

JET COMPULSION
Private jets have become the 90s status symbol and the favorite topic of cocktail-party one-upmanship among Hollywood players and C.E.O.'s. Maureen Orth enters the world of $30 million, James Bond–inspired dream machines that make flying first-class seem, well, rather pedestrian . . . .

CATCHING FISHBURNE
With the steamy jungles of *Apocalypse Now* and the mean streets of *Boyz N the Hood* behind him, Laurence Fishburne takes on Shakespeare, playing Othello to Kenneth Branagh's Iago. Leslie Bennetts gets a startling glimpse of his explosive talent. Photographs by Ruven Afanador . . . .

GALA FORCE
Jonathan Becker spotlights the new powers behind the annual Metropolitan Museum Costume Institute ball—Anna Wintour, Clarissa Bronfman, and Annette de la Renta—as Laura Jacobs hails their couture club . . . .

O.J.'S LIFE SENTENCE
As the champagne stops flowing *chez* O.J., Dominick Dunne gives his verdict on the verdict and considers the dubious future of a free man who has no place to go . . . .

Vanities

NATALIE PORTMAN'S *HEAT*
Tricky's treat; Dale Chihuly's art of glass; the O.J. Emmys; George Wayne sizes up model Bridget Hall; True Lies IV—Christmas deceit . . . .

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER: Well Dunne . . . .

CONTRIBUTORS . . . .

LETTERS: Washington's ways . . . .

CREDITS . . . .

PLANETARIUM: It's black holes and heresy, Sagittarius . . . .

SOCIAL STUDY: Yoko Ono exhibits her Proust Questionnaire . . .

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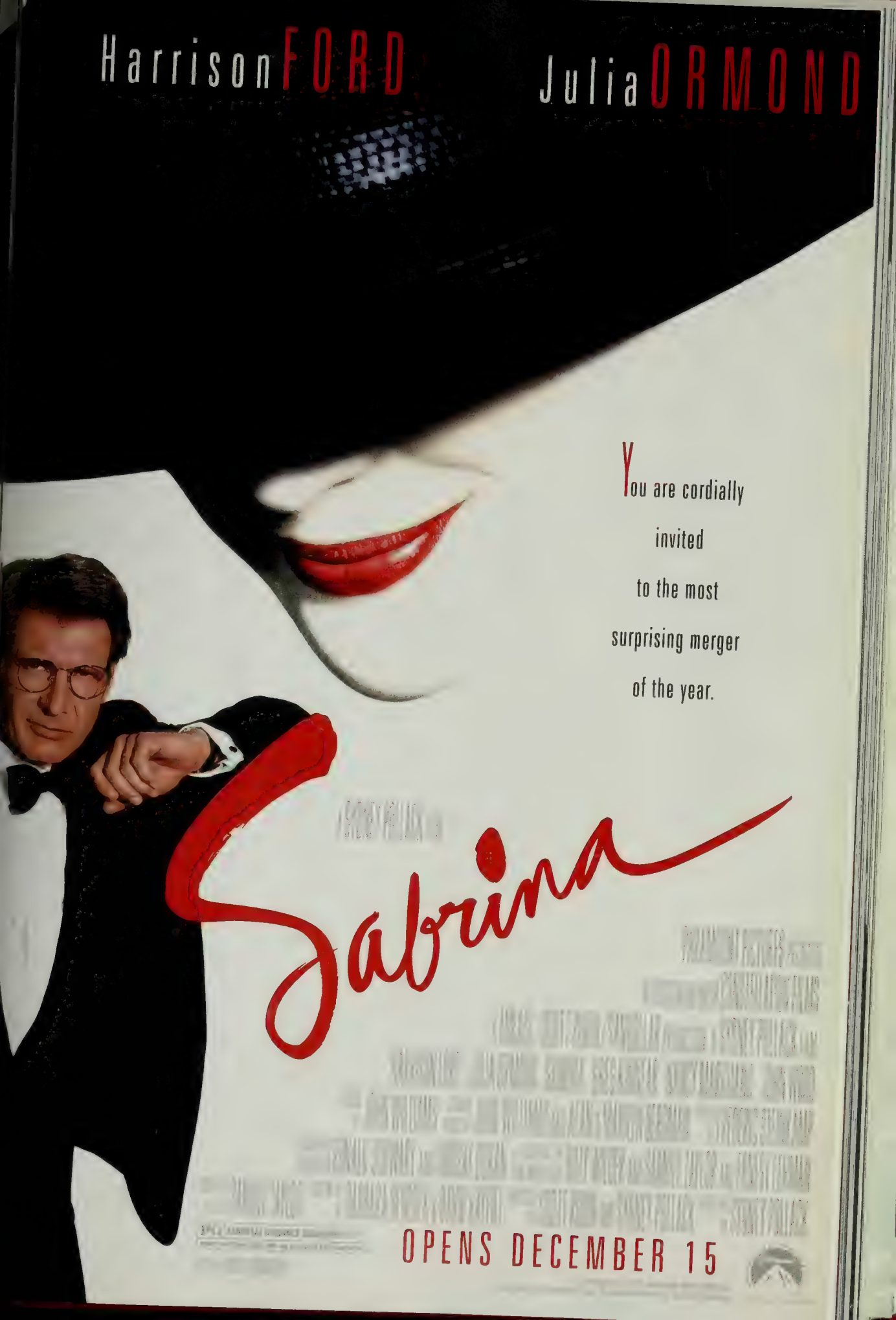
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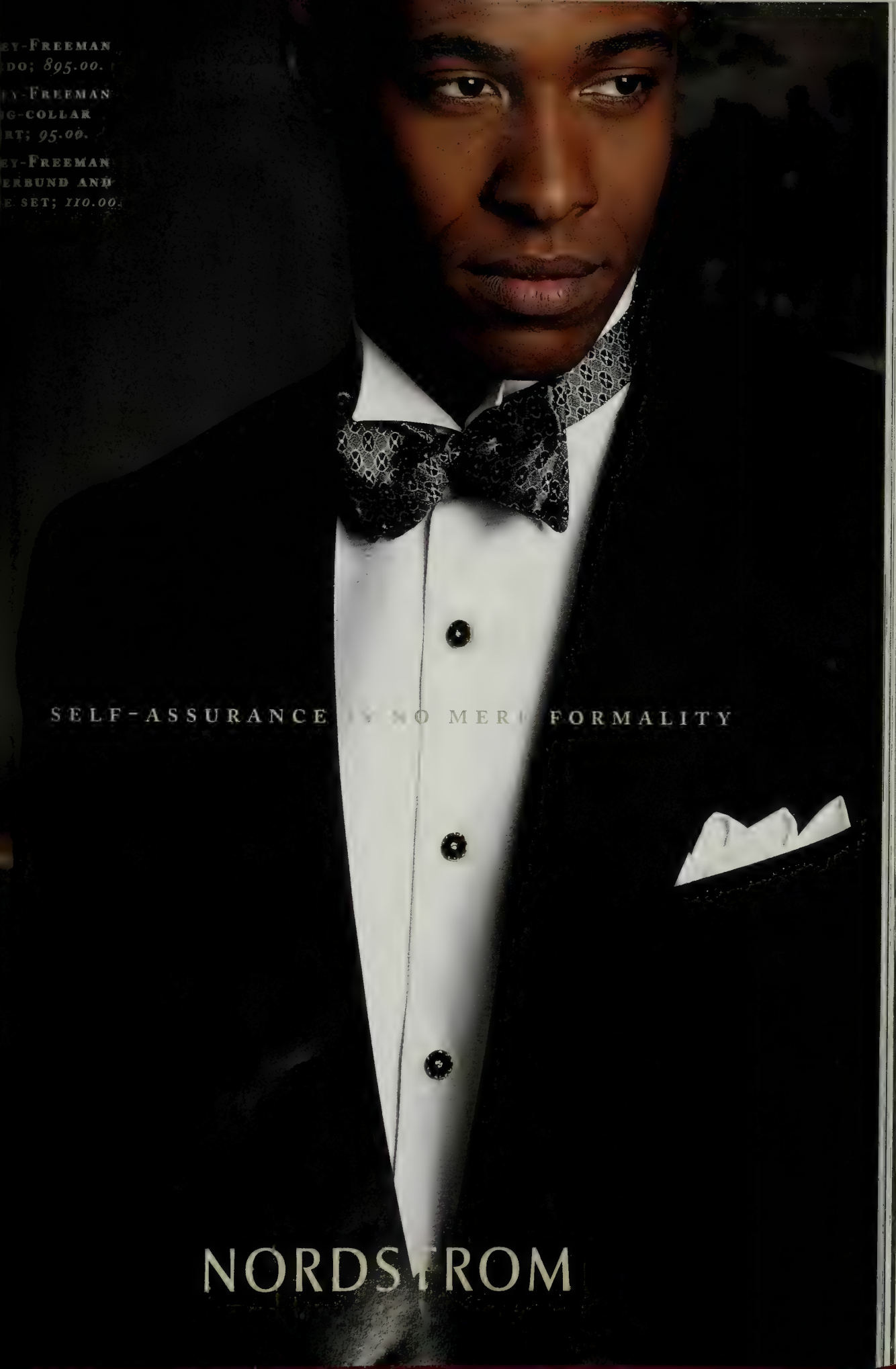
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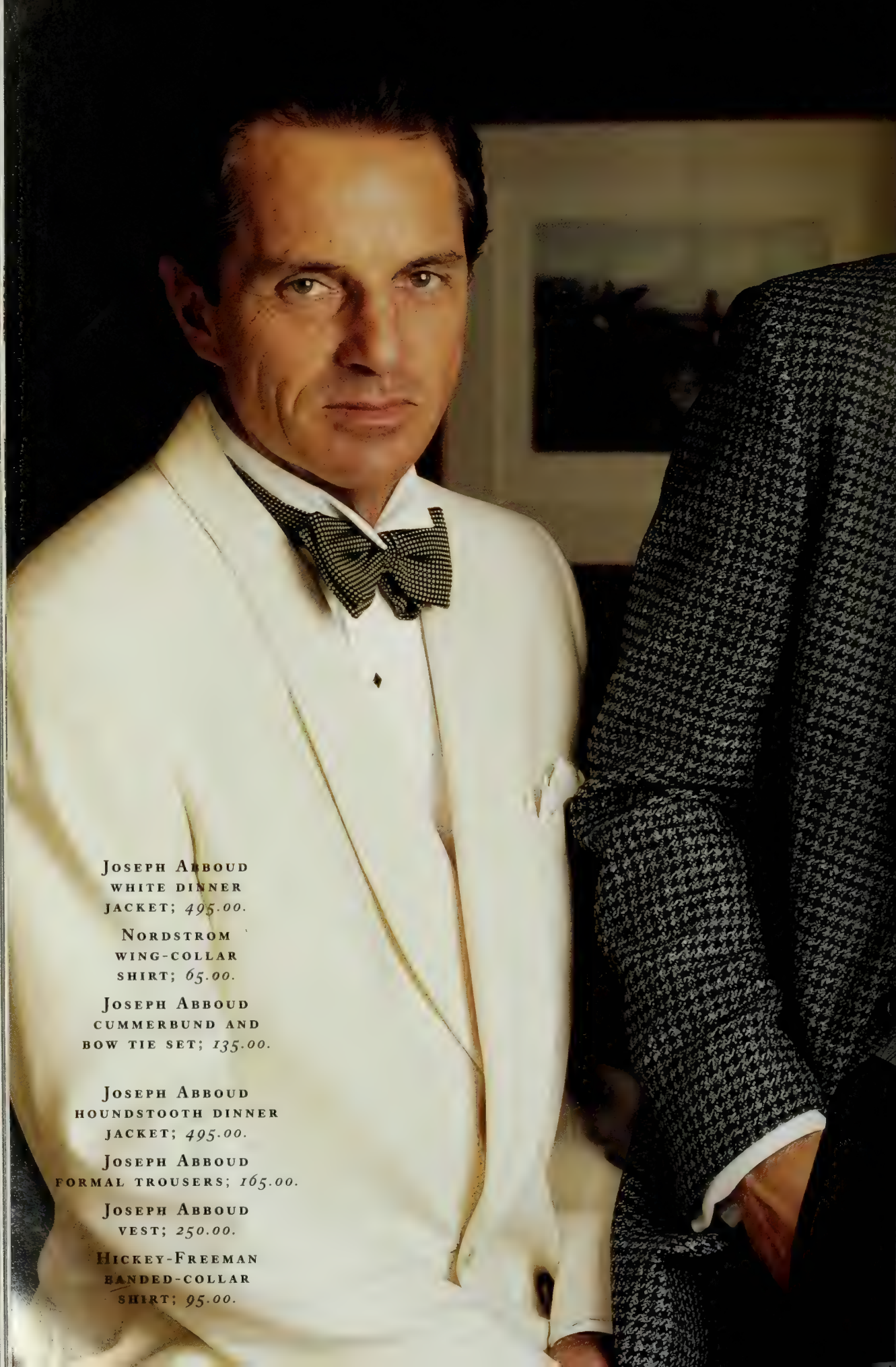
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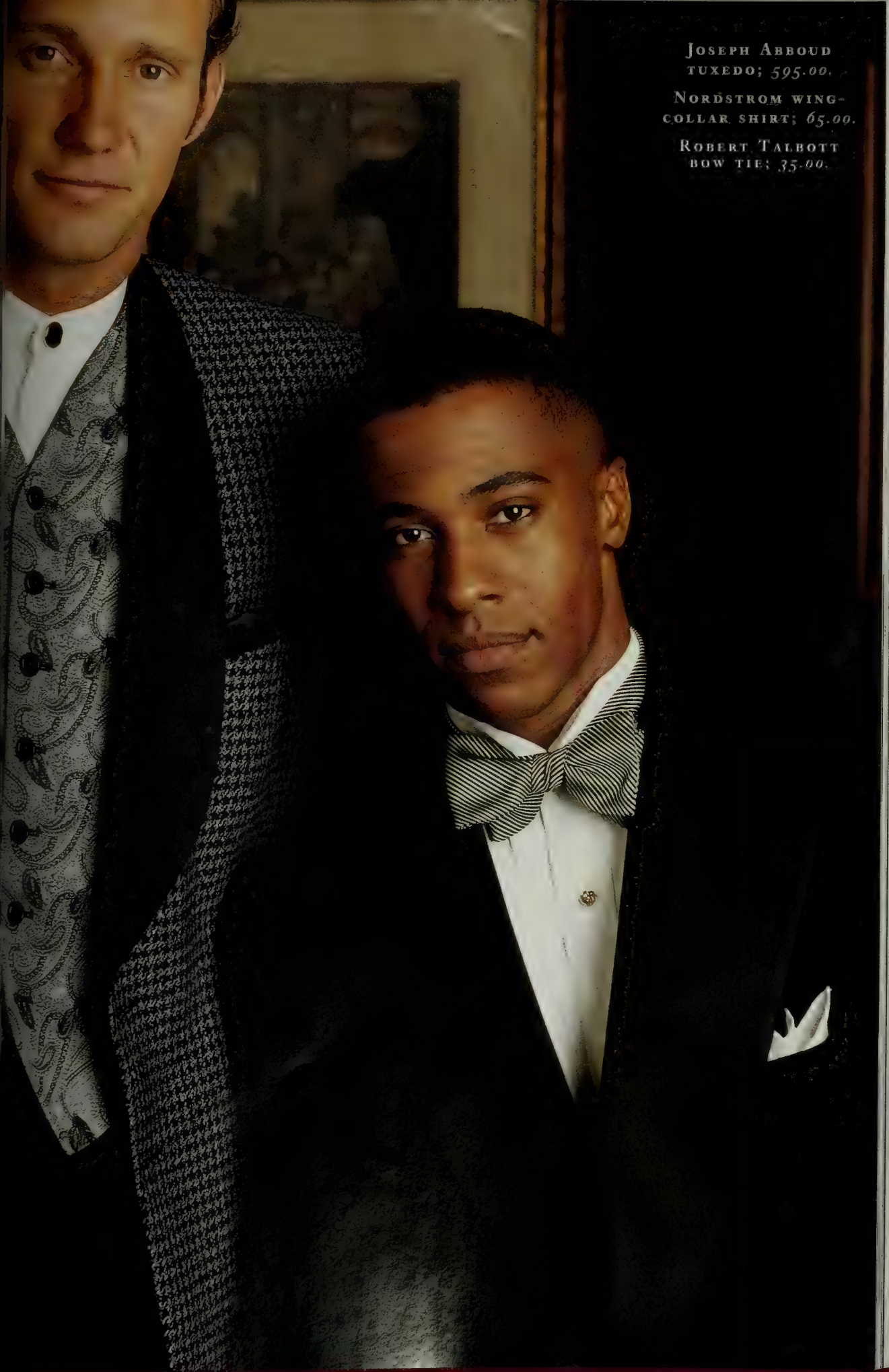
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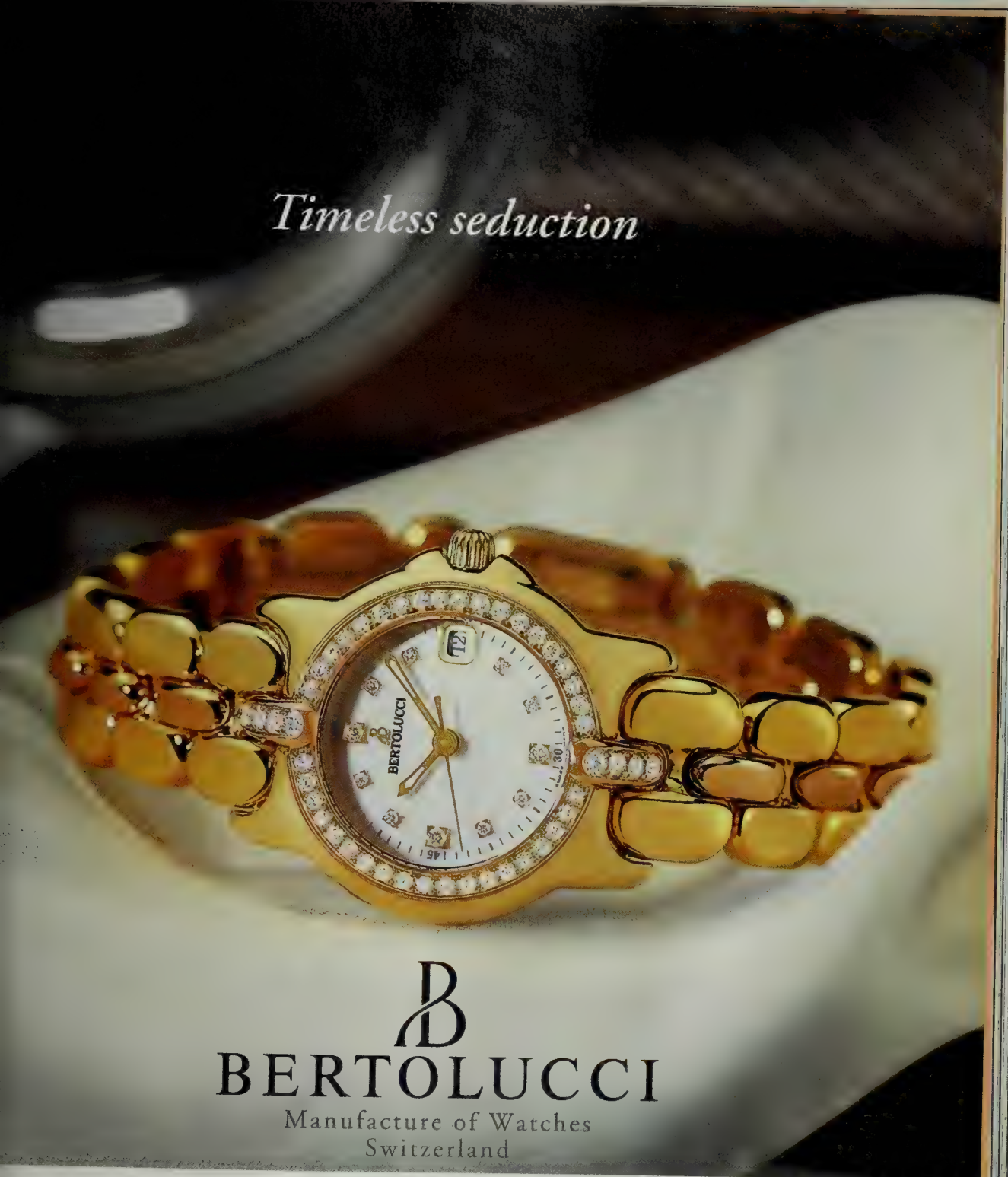
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Editor's Letter

Well Dunne



Special correspondent Dominick Dunne spent the better portion of a year in Judge Ito's courtroom, becoming part of a world that those of us who followed the Simpson trial from afar could only imagine. As he celebrated his 70th birthday, he filed the last of nine letters from Los Angeles, on page 184, and it is as full of passion and commitment as the first. His readers know what he thinks, and they have returned the favor, making dozens of calls every day to our offices. To some, his dispatches are controversial. But the vast majority have seen him as the "lone voice of reason and sanity," as one reader put it, praising his fairness and his concern for the victims and their families.

With each trial he has covered for *Vanity Fair,* beginning with the trial of his own daughter's killer, Dominick's conviction has grown that our justice system is seriously flawed and that public prosecutors are no match for a battery of highly paid defense lawyers such as O.J.'s Dream Team. And yet anyone who watched the Simpson jury hand down its acquittal could have glimpsed Dominick, his jaw dropping with shock, as the camera panned the courtroom. "I was stunned," he recalls. "Also, I was very caught up in the feelings of the Go family—I've become very close to over the year." Of the justice syste says, "I hadn't given up on it. I have

As America's pre-eminent crime re Dunne made frequent television appea during the Simpson trial, serving as cial correspondent for the *CBS Evenin* and *Good Morning America.* But his tic on-air experience goes back to the early 1950s, he made his name as a magazine writer and best- novelist, to his stints as stage manager for the *How dy* show and for *Robert Montgomery Presents.* The of that medium, so deeply felt over the past month. ebrated on page 225, with the 1995 Hall of Fame, mark portfolio of stunning photographs by Annie Le Herb Ritts, David LaChapelle, Richard Corman. Parry, Jonathan Becker, Firooz Zahedi, Snowdon, M O'Neill, Eika Aoshima, George Lange, Eric Boman, F J. Burbridge, and Art Streiber. With transcendent s ages, they have captured the intimate and endurin lights of five decades of American television.

Graydon Carter

Cover

Lucky 13



ON THE COVER Hair products from Frederic Fekkai and Paul Mitchell. Makeup from Guerlain. Props styled by David Ross. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively by Annie Leibovitz for *V.F.*

The casts of N shows *Friend* bring big per the small screen a make it socially a to turn down invi for Thursday nigl *Left side, clockwi bottom,* Courtene Noah Wyle, Julia Margulies, Davic Schwimmer, Jeni Aniston, and Ge Clooney. *Right si clockwise from to* Anthony Edward Sherry Stringfiel Reuben, Matthe Lisa Kudrow, Er LaSalle (on mon and Matt LeBlan


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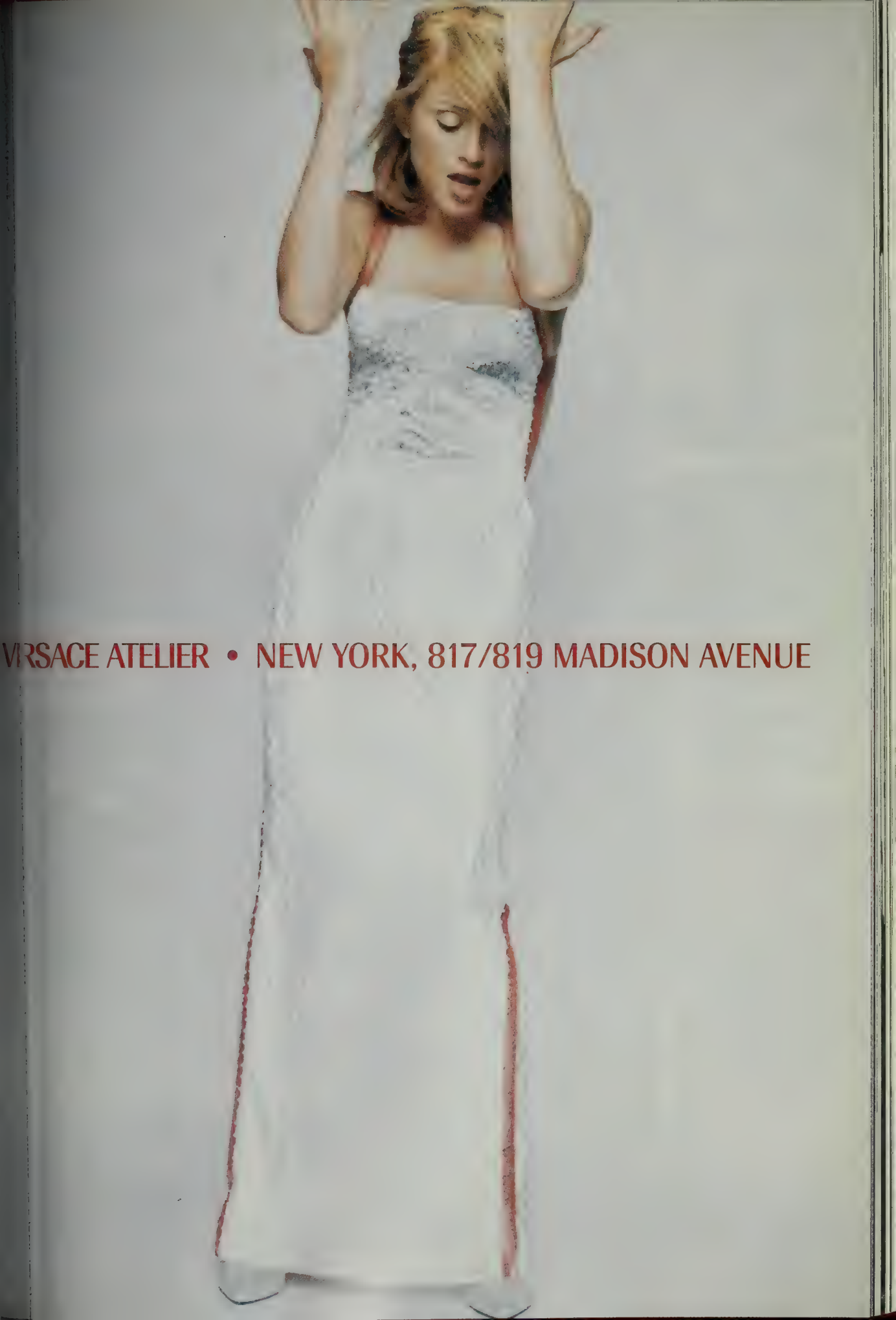



ACE PRESENTS MADONNA PHOTOGRAPHED BY TESTINO

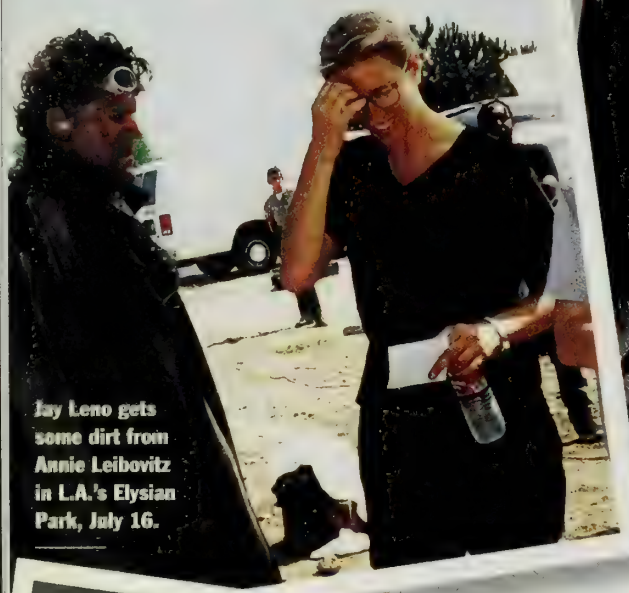



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Behind the Scenes



Jay Leno gets some dirt from Annie Leibovitz in L.A.'s Elysian Park, July 16.



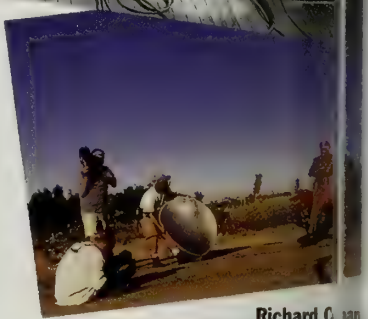
The crew [illegible] shoot at Un[illegible] Studios, Septemb[illegible]



From left, model Jennifer Lyons, Herb Ritts, Milton Berle, *V.F.* stylist Kate Harrington, and model Chloé Jones.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

The characters we came to know and love—Davy Crockett, Edith Bunker, *The Mod Squad*'s Linc Hayes—have gone on to other things. Fess Parker has a ranch-winery in Los Olivos; Jean Stapleton is starring in *Cinderella* at the New York City Opera, and Clarence Williams III in Spike Lee's *Tales from the Hood.* So *Vanity Fair*'s TV Hall of Fame led to a series of reunions. The cast of *Dallas* told one story after another, Jack Klugman flew to Ohio to see Tony Randall's new play, and Mary Tyler Moore and Dick Van Dyke re-created Rob and Laura Petrie as a 90s couple. From Cronkite to the Westerners to the Moms, we click back through the history of television on page 225. □



Richard C[illegible]an (seated) photographs *Rout[illegible] 6*'s Martin Milner and George Mahari[illegible]ith convertible), Au[illegible] 3.





Jan Sanders and Bill Hanna pose for Richard Corman, August 1, at the Corman Studio.



Above, Larry Hagman poses with (left to rig[illegible] *V.F.* staffers Victoria [illegible]om and Deda Coben and stylist Kim Meehan, *left,* David LaChapel[illegible] (second from left) w[illegible] *Laugh-In* cast mem[illegible], June 14.

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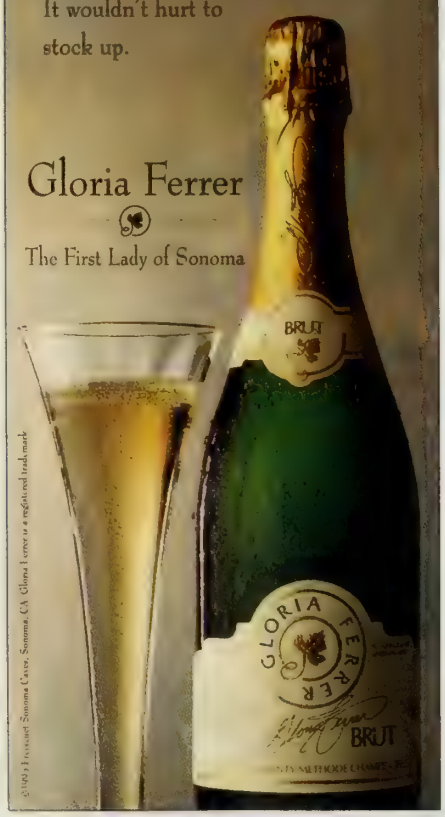
Voltaire spoke of "the little known art of being happy."

Obviously he was a bit low on bubbly.

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Contributors



ERIC BOMAN

Contributing editor Amy Fine Collins, who "learned to love being a skinny br... by watching Audrey Hepburn, examines the actress's collaboration with designer Hubert de Givenchy on page 278. Collins has just published Hair S... *(Callaway/HarperCollins) and* Simple Isn't Easy *(HarperCollins).*

Contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts,** who profiles Academy Award–nominated actor Laurence Fishburne in this issue, interviewed another soaring, prickly talent, Ralph Fiennes, for last month's cover. She lives in New York with her two children and her husband, *Variety* editor Jeremy Gerard.



TERRY DOYLE

Contributing editor Ann Louise Bardach continues her investigation of the charismatic, doomed perpetrators of the "Murder Hustle" on page 132 following the verdicts in the case she has been covering since 1989. "At the beginning," she says, "this was almost like a French film noir *caper. But with a murder and many wasted lives, it has descended into Greek tragedy."*

Contributing editor **Laura Ja...** wrote last month about the E... parelli exhibition at the Brook... um, reports on the new co-ch... of the Costume Institute Gala ... number of fashion exhibition... ing worldwide, Jacobs aske... politan Museum Costume Inst... tor Richard Martin why hau... is so often pronounced *fin...* don't understand that it g... figured," Martin explained. "I... ture has had to accommodate... wear, ideas from the street, a... audience. It is without a do... vivor."

To contributing editor **Jenne...** power florist Robert Isabe... ultimate out-of-towner who... the ultimate New Yorkers. ... has a bird's-eye view of the ... social hierarchy, working ... designers, fashion editors, ... ons," Conant says. "The se... success is that he doesn'... he keeps his own counsel." ... cover story on star of the mo... dra Bullock appeared in the ... issue of *V.F.*

(Continued ...


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Contributors

(Continued from page 54)



SHARON SUH

Joyce Johnson, who gauges the influence of antiheroes Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and other leaders of the Beat movement on page 272, is the author of five books, including Minor Characters *(Houghton Mifflin), a memoir of her years with Kerouac that won the 1983 National Book Critics Circle Award. She teaches at the graduate writing program at Columbia University's School of the Arts and is working on a novel.*

New York–based photographer **David LaChapelle** is compiling a collection of his portraits for a book to be published in 1996 by Callaway Editions, and is currently traveling on assignment throughout India.

Helen Morris is the editor of *At Random*, the in-house magazine for Random House.



EIKA AOSHIMA

As a baby, senior editor Matthew Tyrnauer liked to watch the Watergate hearings on TV; his stepfather, Bob Van Scoyk, is a television writer, "so profligate viewing was encouraged in my house." Tyrnauer's essay on TV and its various golden ages accompanies the 1995 Hall of Fame portfolio on page 225.

Contributing editor **Christopher** has been writing the "Cultural E umn for *V.F.* since 1992. Last m finally acquired a computer.

In a throwback to advertising in of vaudeville, contributing artis **Risko**'s drawings of stars such as Robinson, Ray Charles, and heavyweight boxing champ Riddi will appear on billboards, post taxicabs for the newly renovate Inn in Las Vegas. (The inn wil special Risko wall for his origin ture caricatures.) Risko also captu musical greats as George Gershw Porter, and Frank Loesser for Records' "Capitol Sings" series.



Special correspondent Maureen believes that in a global econ private airplanes have become es corporate tools. But as Ort makes clear in her story on pag "nothing defines status as m as a jet. It is the embodiment slogan 'He who dies with the most toys wins.'"

British journalist **Emma Forrest** writing about pop music and oth oriented subjects for such public *The Independent, The Spectator, Evening Standard* since she was at the ripe old age of 18, For tributes a weekly column to the *Sunday Times*. "I hated schoo ways wanted to be a journalist, noyed people until they let me w

Contributing editor **Bruce Feirs** co-wrote the new James Bond fi *eneye*, opening nationwide this currently working on an Off Bro vue with composer Elizabeth S open in early 1996.

J. Hoberman is a film critic for *lage Voice*.

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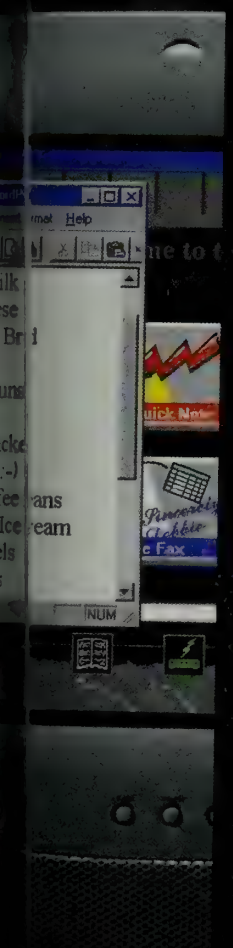
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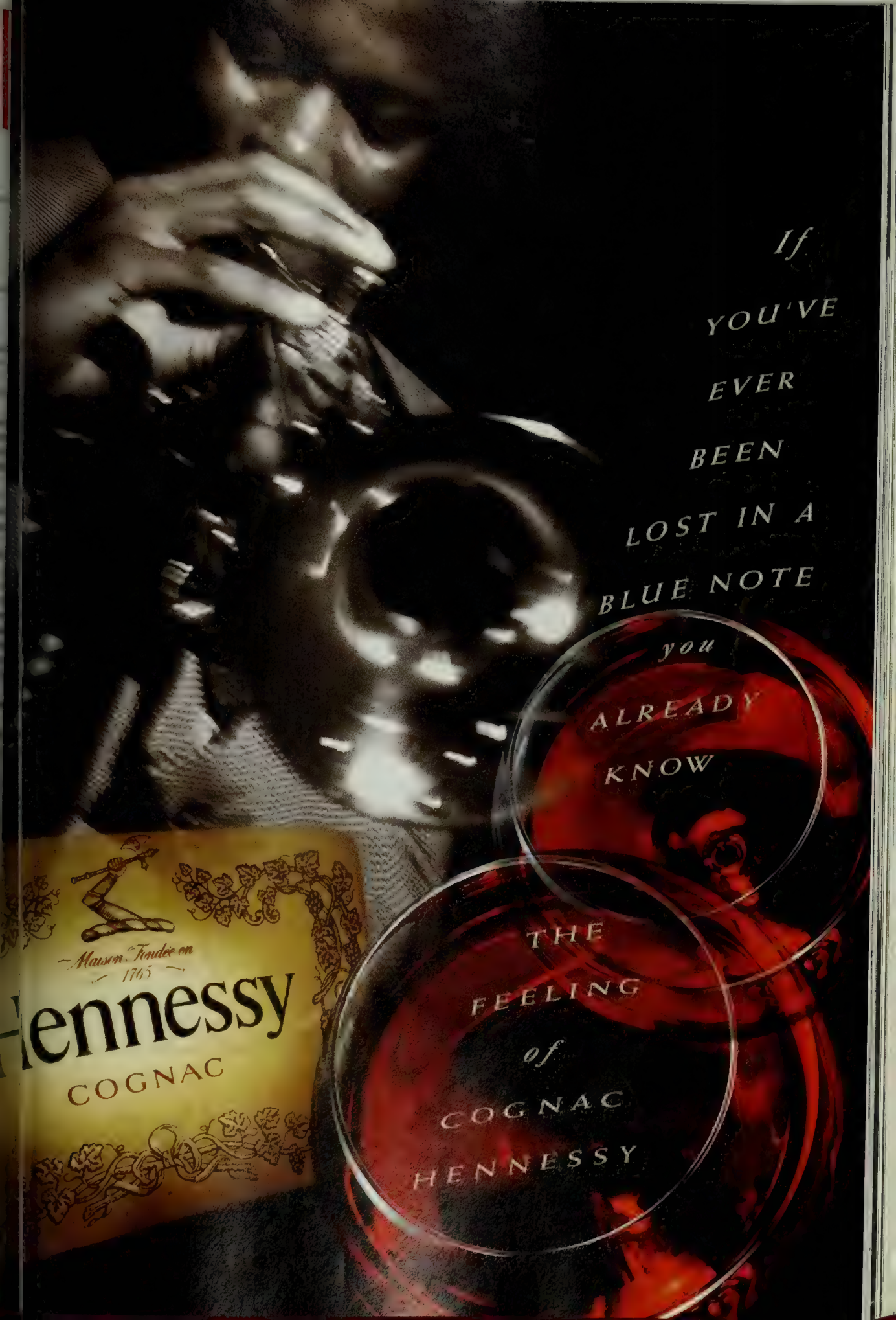
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ACURA



Letters

WASHINGTON'S WAYS



The $10 million man: Denzel Washington, on Broad Beach in Malibu, commands—and receives—a high price.

It is, perhaps, inevitable that Denzel Washington ["A League of His Own," by Lloyd Grove, October] be compared to Sidney Poitier, but Poitier, like Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, was a singular talent. He moved like a dancer, spoke with an elegance English rarely enjoys, and, regardless of cinematic circumstances, came across like a winner.

When Lee Grant sizes up Poitier in *In the Heat of the Night,* it is the most erotic moment ever attempted or accomplished across racial lines. Only the great ones can do it with their clothes on.

BRAD S. BARNES
Seal Beach, California

After reading your articles on Colin Powell and Denzel Washington, it is obvious that it is Denzel who run for president, not Colin. D head is screwed on straight.

JOHN R. AND ALLISON WI
Richmond,

Hot-Wired

The profile of me in the New Es ment article ["The New Establis 50 Leaders of the Information October] says that I had Steve I negotiate a prenuptial agreemer my wife. This whole story was plete fabrication. I never even ered having such an agreement.

BILL
Chairman and C.E.O., I
Redmond, W


I'm all ears.
aramis
aramis talks.

Only one woman in the whole batch, and the big news about her, we are told, is that she is a famous man's daughter. Well, good for Esther Dyson! I was glad to see her there, but as far as women and people of color are concerned, it looks as though the "new" Establishment is very much like the old one. And we don't need affirmative action anymore?

VICTORIA TIERNEY
Bandon, Oregon

General Conclusions

There were two things in Marjorie Williams's profile of Colin Powell ["The Great Black Hope," October] that as an African-American and an admirer of the general's I found particularly disturbing.

The first is how the media continue to present working-class black families as some rare phenomenon on a par with albino giraffes or Siamese twins. Colin Powell's background does not present some unbridgeable gulf between him and the rest of black America. While Ms. Williams and many other white Americans may be amazed that neither the general nor his father has come close to doing jail time and that both have worked most of their adult lives to the betterment of their families, it is not that odd an occurrence and it will not come as a great shock to most of black America.

The second is the man Ms. Williams describes as the general's "number-one white booster," Charles J. Kelly Jr. If Powell were to actually pursue elective office, I would hope that he would distance himself from Mr. Kelly, whose theories on African-Americans and racism in America I find outrageous and stupid in the extreme. Contrary to Mr. Kelly's assertion, as a black man I don't go around whining about how the world owes me a living. I'm all for personal responsibility, but I would have to be deaf, blind, and dumb to believe that racism is a thing of the past in this country.

I want Mr. Kelly to know that what Powell's presence says to me is: Many things are possible in America; indeed, this country may still be going in the right direction; and the United States Army has done some things better than its civilian "superiors."

DUDLEY N. WILLIAMS JR.
Stamford, Connecticut

I too was born in 1937 and came from the same neighborhood as Colin Powell. I was glad to see the writer mention that it was not the place many people picture. While not paradise, it truly was nice in the early 1940s and certainly not a ghetto or slum or, as some say, the mean streets. Nevertheless, it was tough, and General Powell is some individual to have risen so high. If he does run for president he has my vote.

JOAN F. SCHWARTZ
Rifton, New York

In 1992, 19 percent of Americans, dissatisfied with the political choices, voted for H. Ross Perot and "old what's his name." How many, given Clinton/Gore or Dole/?, would opt for Powell/Bradley or Bradley/Powell?

Perhaps credibility and vision will somehow overcome financing and backroom negotiation in 1996. To paraphrase an old saying, "It is broke—let's fix it!"

MICHAEL RATH
Manalapan, New Jersey

Wow, Wow, Wow, Fellas . . .



FIROOZ ZAHEDI

Going platinum: Our lady of the lashes. Carol Channing.

One correction to Leslie Bennetts's fabulous article on Carol Channing ["All Lips and Lashes," October]: Ms. Channing has missed not one but two performances of *Hello, Dolly!* She was invited to the White House in 1965 to participate in Lyndon Johnson's inaugural gala while the original production was on Broadway.

No big deal, *(Continued on page 80)*

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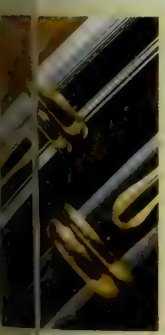
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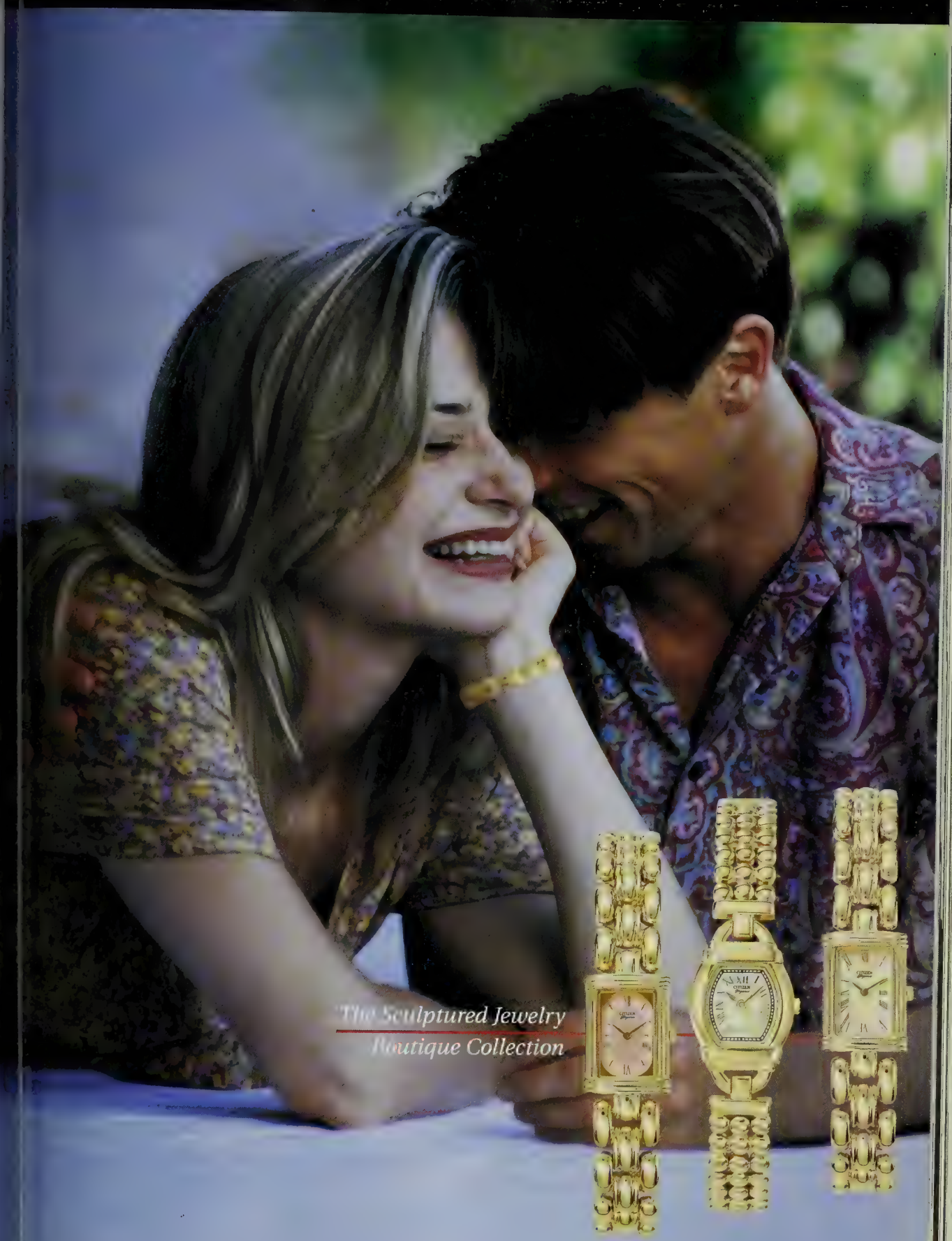
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(Continued from page 72) though. We still love her—and *Vanity Fair.*

ROGER MOULÉ
Pontiac, Michigan

As I read Leslie Bennetts's feature on Carol Channing, I was reminded of an experience I had similar to that of chorus boy Willard Beckham. Twenty years ago, I was a 19-year-old chauffeur with a service in Delaware. Noting a reservation for Miss Channing and excited at the prospect of meeting the legend, I lobbied and won the assignment. When we arrived at our destination, I opened Miss Channing's door and eagerly asked for an autograph. "Well, you see, this is exactly what we had hoped to avoid," she scolded. Needless to say, I discarded my "prize." Here's an area Charles Lowe might want to work on in order to sell those tickets.

JIMMY TOULSON
New York, New York

It was my misfortune to spend a year and a half in a romantic relationship with Carol Channing's son, Chan Lowe, during the 1980s.

Susan Estrich's conclusion that Chan is well adjusted prompts me to ask if she has known any women who have been intimate with him.

KATHY PEROVICH
Albuquerque, New Mexico

The Richardson Papers

Frank Richardson ["The Living-Room War," by Jennet Conant, October], along with that other famous journal keeper Bob Packwood, has learned the hard lesson that most sixth-grade girls already know: if you write your dirty secrets in a diary, Mom is going to read it and you're headed for big trouble.

NANCY SCHULTZ
Darien, Connecticut

Beyond Rangoon

Though only five feet four, Burma's political heroine, Nobel Peace Prize winner Aung San Suu Kyi ["The Lady Triumphs," by Edward Klein, October], is a strong advocate of democracy. Your tribute is proof that great things come in small but wonderful packag should applaud and emulate her less commitment to human righ patriotism.

CLARENCE B.
Cerritos, C

I did not say, as Edward Klein ed, that Aung San Suu Kyi "wa vor of overthrowing the military ing the year we were in Kyot and I talked about many thin not once did we ever discuss t tary, nor "overthrowing" anyon she felt it was her "destiny to r ma" (which, by the way, she others as well) I myself took more than a statement stemm part from her bravado and from the fact that she is a vision ter all, we consider her father ther" of modern Burma. Ed Kl port placed it in the correct c i.e., her desire to do things hers that it implied the "overthrow" military is his own interpretatio

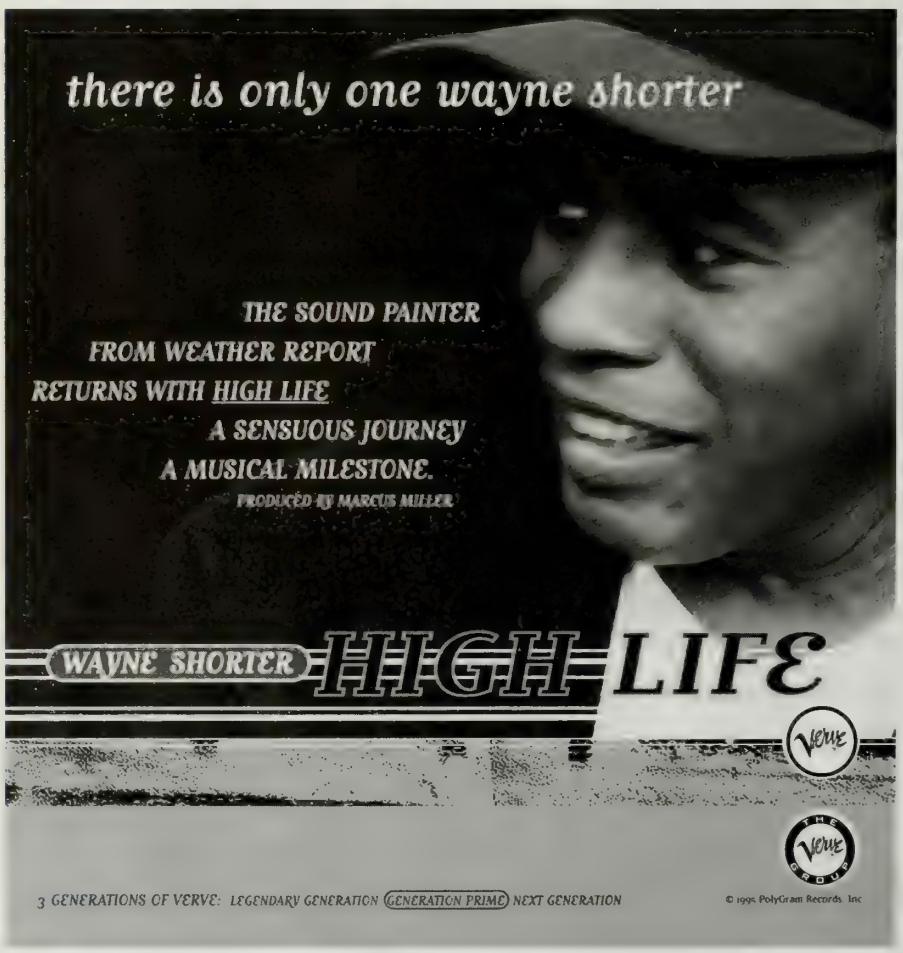
I did say, however, that s (at least back in 1985) "authori but I also said she was cha and dedicated, which Klein Besides, I know of no *effectiv* in Burmese history who was n authoritarian to some degree o matic. Whether or not she is agon of democracy is not a what is at issue is that the dei of our leaders disallows accou in a rational manner, making tempt at genuine democracy hollow.

MICHAEL AUN
Honol

Although she is a Nobel Pea laureate, Aung San Suu Kyi's and inspirational leadership h almost completely unnoticed world. The SLORC, which sou something in a James Bond m maintained a brutal strangleho Burmese people, perpetuating rights abuses and environment dation on a massive scale.

Mr. Klein's focus on Ms. excludes mention that the SLOR er is primarily maintained by investment in Burma's abun and gas reserves and its f sources.

Companies such as Eddie B Claiborne, and Levi Strauss untarily pulled operations ou ma and should be commen companies that still have mult





rand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than love.

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The spirit of travel

dollar investments, such as Texaco, Caltex, Arco, and PepsiCo, should stop their deals with the SLORC. As Archbishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa has said, "International pressure can change the situation in Burma. Tough sanctions, not 'constructive engagement.' . . . This is the language that must be spoken with tyrants—for, sadly, it is the only language they understand."

Fortunately, Representative Mitch McConnell introduced a bill calling for U.S. sanctions against this illegitimate regime; this bill needs congressional and presidential support. The SLORC's release of Aung San Suu Kyi is not a sign that its reign of terror is ending. As Aung San Suu Kyi has stated, "Nothing in Burma has changed, except my release."

PAMELA WELLNER
San Francisco, California

Moore Controversy

I read with interest the interview with Susanna Moore ["Oh, Susanna," by George Hodgman, October], particularly her



Novel moves: Susanna Moore, author of In the Cut

quotes—"I was the only one who could speak English" and "I was the only one not fucking Oleg," referring to the location shoot of *The Ambushers* in Mexico.

While I don't deny dallying with the "starlettes" (I would never contradict a lady), Susanna had no time for me, as she was f---ing the producer. na is a talented novelist, and I w the best.

OLEG
New York, N

McAlary v. Jane Doe

What was the point of M. A. F attack on *Daily News* columnis McAlary ["Unreasonable Doub tober]? The case of the militant lyn lesbian who cried rape just she was scheduled to give a spe the male oppression of women i nating enough to New York junkies. But why rehash it at t date while adding nothing new way of facts? Maybe Farber o sapphic sister's lawyer a favor.

One needn't have worked wi Alary at two newspapers o years, as I have, to know that them as he sees them. In thi all one has to do is read the Farber can't prove McAlary is any more than McAlary can so far—that he is right. I a waiting for this woman to mak Tawana Brawley–like confessio Farber can make a full apology.

RICHARD J
New York,

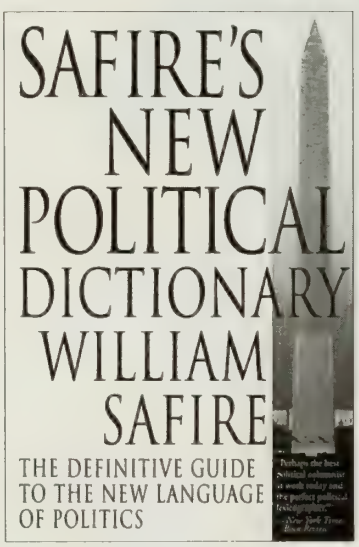
M. A. FARBER REPLIES: Richa son's devotion to his former colleag mirable, but slavish. The "militant lesbian" to whom Johnson refers—h talked to her?—was not scheduled speech at the rally he has in mind, a both that woman and the planners of The Vanity Fair *article, its first pending lawsuit against Mike McA* the Daily News, *was timely and much new information drawn from depositions, etc., as Johnson should k out to enlighten readers about a co matter, not to attack McAlary, who has done fine work on other subjects.*

I appreciated M. A. Farber's a the Brooklyn rape. "Jane Doe" a close friend of mine over the ade, and I know that she was ra spoke before the rape and had to get together. We were supp call each other back, but I n around to it. The next time I her, she told me what had happ

Every detail of the rape was ed to me two days after it occu said that the rapist had not b dragged her, and that he had

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pick up the things she dropped when he first choked her. She also told me that she had protested when the cops started randomly picking up black men. What I don't understand is how the police and the press continued to botch her account for weeks and months on end. As for Mike McAlary's scathing treatment of her in the press, he went far beyond being malicious. His words hurt not only Jane Doe but also me personally, and everyone who has come to know her as a friend.

LISA M. PITT
Brooklyn, New York

Splitting Hairs

Jon Bon Jovi has a consistent string of hits over 12 years, sold-out stadiums, a European tour where he shared the bill with rock icons the Rolling Stones and Van Halen, a soon-to-be-huge movie career, etc., yet all George Wayne can do is focus on Bon Jovi's hair ["Jonny Dangerously," October]!

I think it would have shown Mr. Wayne to be a bit more sophisticated and spiritual if he had at least mentioned the change in Bon Jovi's life and outlook now that he's happily married and has two gorgeous kids. It would prove that even a man with God-given great looks has a lot more depth, sincerity, and real aspects to his life than the hair issues George Wayne harped on. No need for Jon to feel frustrated, however, because his success speaks for itself.

ANDREA HALL
Everett, Massachusetts

Someone should tell Jon Bon Jovi to get some perspective on what he does for a living—fronting a hair band—and to find out about an interviewer's style before granting an interview. Perhaps some of the other public figures who have given lighthearted, unaffected interviews to George Wayne could give Bon Jovi some tips on how not to take oneself so seriously.

KERRY BAILEY
Wentzville, Missouri

Philadelphia Story

I was dismayed at the tone of pity used to describe the final years of Hope and Edgar Scott ["Main Line cap," by H. G. Bissinger, Oc Do spare me! The social brillian ciprocated love, and *sheer endu* from the age of President H to that of Speaker Gingrich—o life together deserve the envy all, however bathetic the (inevita nal chapter.

JOHN NEW
San Francisco, C

Hope Scott and her sisters were of the most wonderful women a could ever have the pleasure of ing. Mr. Bissinger paints a pict their lives as one of exclusion an ilege. In fact, I have never met son who would say that they ha felt anything but the utmost fee inclusion when interacting with the Montgomery sisters. As a girl, I felt honored to have chance to meet such independen itable, and talented women.

MELISSA COCCI CO
Columb

Joie de Julie

Jonathan Van Meter's revealin view with Julie Andrews ["Vict torious," October] is one heroic ward dispelling her "Mary/Mar age. However, she may have t come an association with "Vict ter what is sure to be an outs Broadway run. Thanks for expos contemporary side of this versat

SUSAN BI
Houst

The Verdict

Thank you, Dominick Dunne a *ity Fair,* for months of insightfu on coverage ["Letter from Lo les," February to December].

Mr. Dunne's face upon the rea a not-guilty verdict in the trial Simpson said it all: stunned b reasonable doubt.

BETSY BI
Winnetka,

Letters to the editor should be sent writer's name, address, and daytim number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair,* ison Avenue, New York, New York dress electronic mail to vfmail@vf.c letters chosen for publication may for length and clarity.

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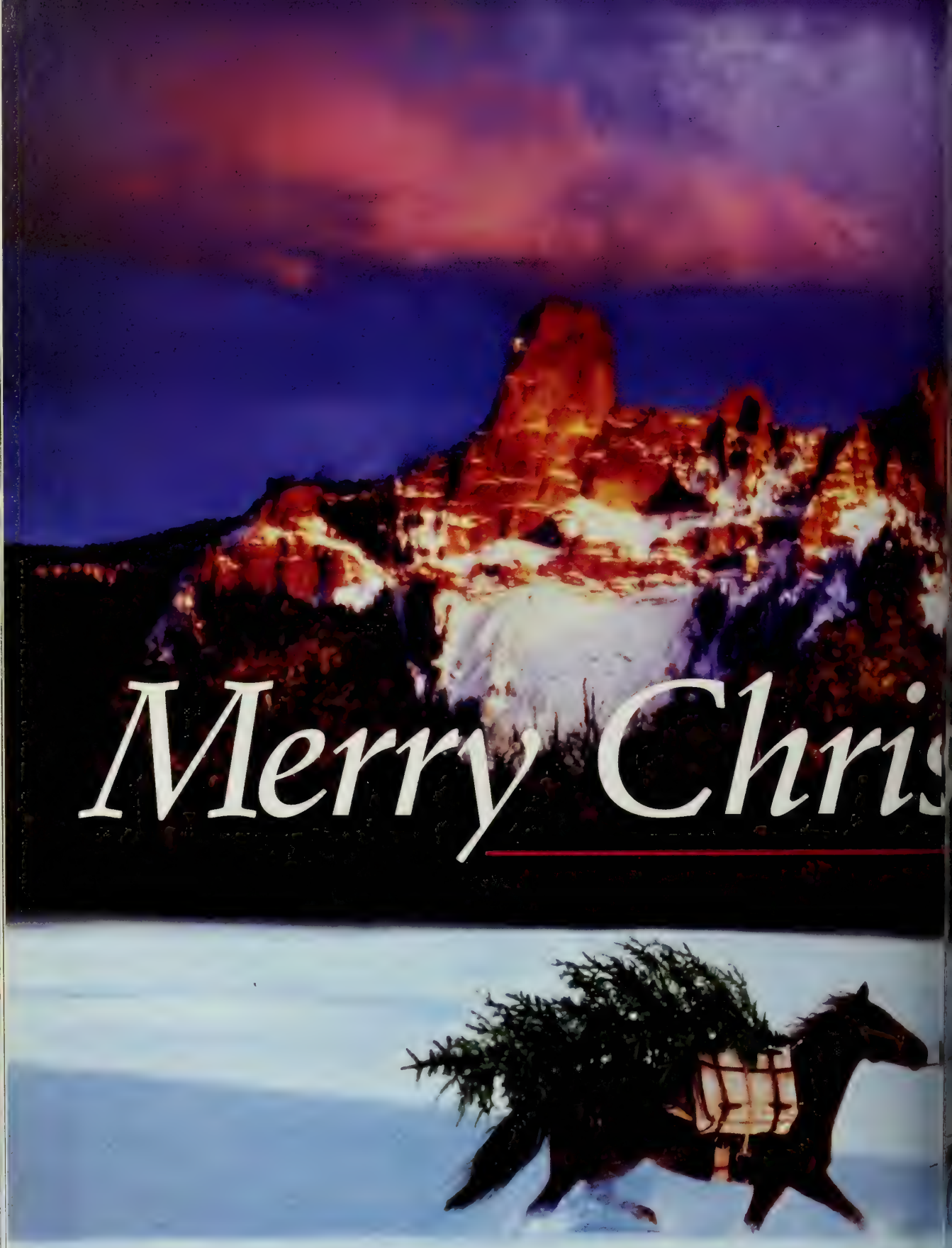
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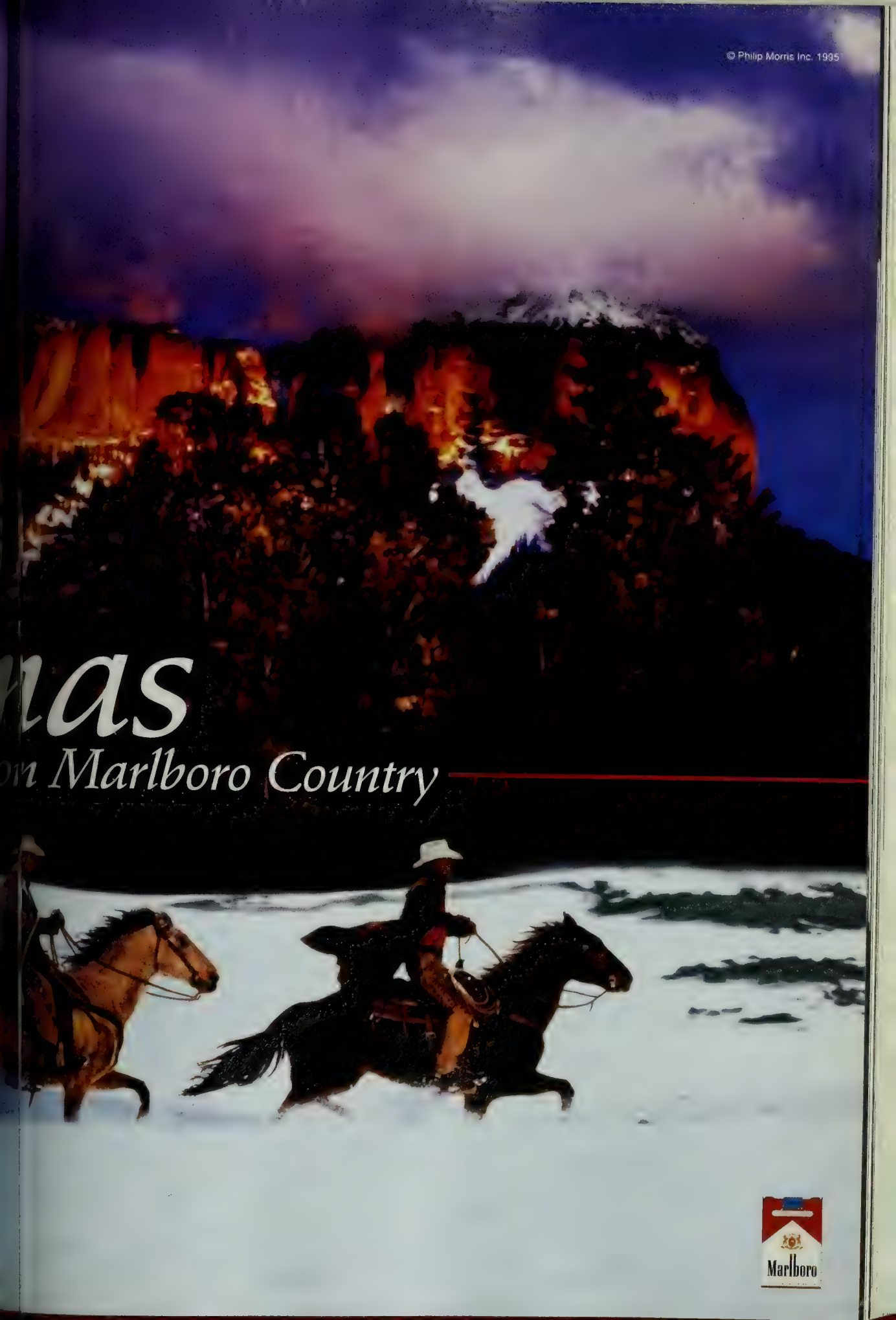
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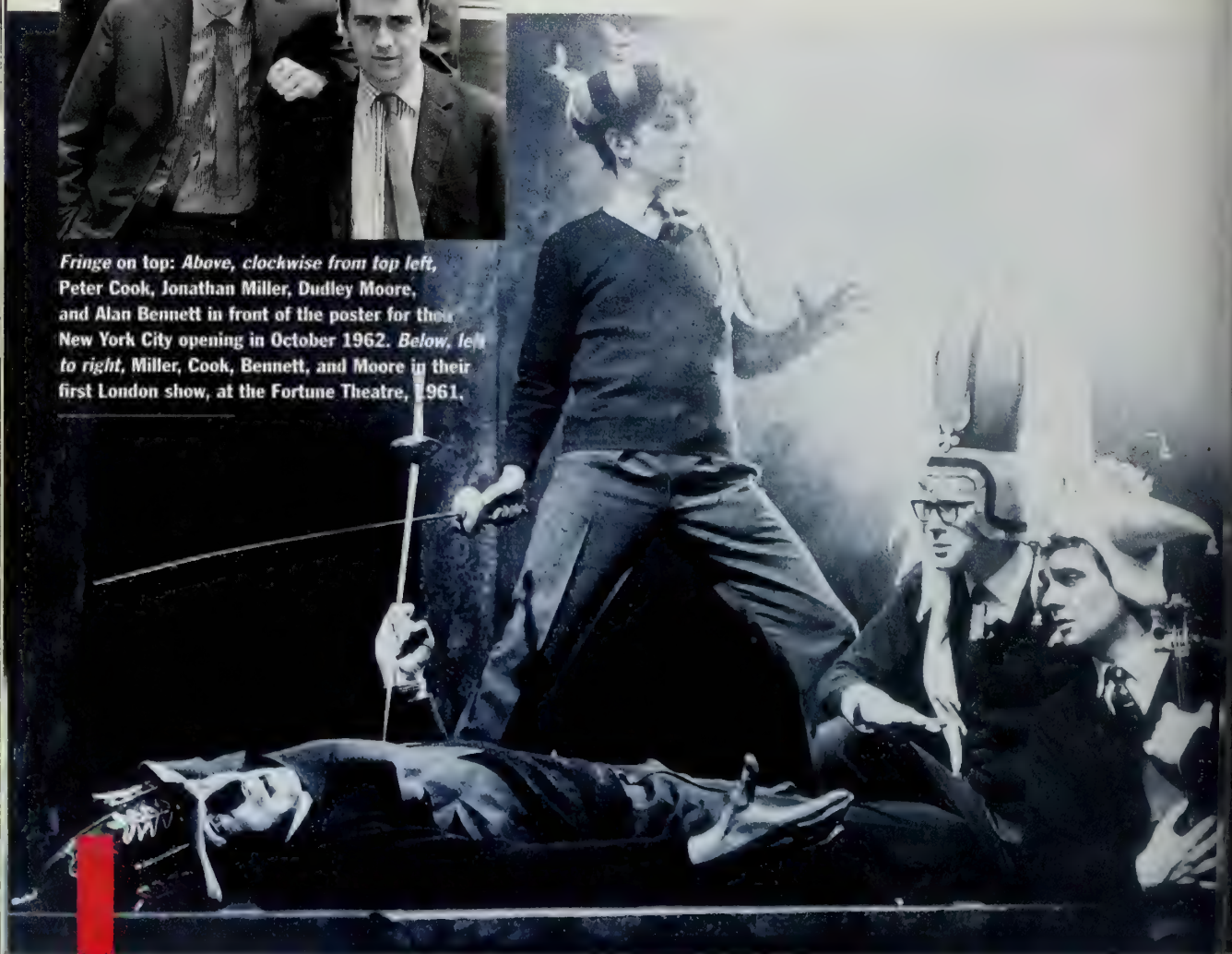

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KINGS OF COMEDY

In 1960, four young Englishmen went *Beyond the Fringe*—and beyond comedy a then existed. Their lunatic legacy stretche from *Saturday Night Live* to *Absolutely Fabu* and from John Cleese to Martin Short

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS





***Fringe* on top: *Above, clockwise from top left,* Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore, and Alan Bennett in front of the poster for their New York City opening in October 1962. *Below, left to right,* Miller, Cook, Bennett, and Moore in their first London show, at the Fortune Theatre, 1961.**

In June of this year, a few months after the death of Peter Cook, the MetroStage theater outside Washington, D.C.—world HQ of the humor-impaired—put on a revival of the two-man show *Good Evening,* with which Cook and Dudley Moore had once toured the known globe. It was the second revival of the show in the nation's capital; MetroStage had also given it a run in 1988. What struck me, in the chat among members of the audience and in the reviews in the local press, was how *knowledgeable* everybody was.

People knew that the coal-miner monologue, featuring a ridiculous Cookie riff about the importance of Latin, was originally from *Beyond the Fringe*. Critics wrote expertly about the sketch where the one-legged idiot auditions for the part of Tarzan, and everybody waited happily for the line where the casting director has to break it to him. ("I've got nothing against your right leg. The trouble is, neither have you.") Writing in *Washington Times,* Nelson Pressley out quite strongly against the "Fro Peach" sketch, about a disgusting failing restaurant which serves only and-peach combinations (the only left in town "where a young coupl find a nice fat frog and a damn peach . . . frog *à la pêche* and *pêch* frog"). Tiring of this rebarbative logue, he wrote that it "seems pat years of such pointless but amusing


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ing on 'Monty Python's Flying Circus' and 'Saturday Night Live.'" The stage set, I should mention, was dominated by a large door painted as a Union Jack.

Almost all the clues and leads are in here somewhere: Together with Alan Bennett and Jonathan Miller, Cook and Moore began a comic revolution which numbers the Pythons and *S.N.L.* among its converts, emulators, descendants, or what have you. They altered the vernacular of revue, and inscribed some permanent classics on the canon. And, though they exerted this influence in every country where English is spoken, they never ceased to define what is probably indefinable—the notion of British, or English, humor.

(Of this phenomenon you might say that you know it when you see it. Both John Cleese and Alan Bennett have testified that they drew inspiration just from overhearing the solemn, straight-faced, deadpan fashion in which English people deliver themselves of barely credible absurdities. In a strong field, one would have to award the palm to a comment eavesdropped by Bennett on a visit, I think, to his native Yorkshire. With perfect gravity a neighbor remarked that "that fool of a tortoise is out again.")

It was on the cusp of the 60s that the four young men (Moore and Bennett from Oxford and Cook and Miller from Cambridge) were brought together to take a revue to the Edinburgh Festival. The Off Broadway aspect of the festival had long been known as the Fringe, so the obvious choice for an Off Off Broadway title was *Beyond the Fringe*. When the curtain came down, a lot of things came down with it. The tradition of not lampooning the royal family, for example. The sacredness of British sentimentality about the 1940 Battle of Britain. The Church of England. The prime minister—a famous old ham in his own right named Harold Macmillan. Other sketches dealt witheringly and ironically with matters of what we would now tiringly call "race and class and deviance."

It was 10 times better than dreary old *Look Back in Anger*. Kenneth Tynan, who was the official greeter of the 60s and of everything anarchic and subversive in the theater, announced it as "the moment when English comedy took its first decisive step into the second half of the twentieth century." (Not a moment too soon, one might say. This was already 1960.) At my boarding school, the authorities didn't quite know what to do when the show became a best-selling record. The players were Oxbridge types, after all, and the Edinburgh Festival was "culture." But somehow the boys who found it funny and could do all the scenes from memory were just those boys who always set a bad example. (I could recognize a kindred spirit right away if he could complete the sentence where Cook, wondering if it might not have been nobler to be a judge than a coal miner, points out that, as a miner, when you get "too old and tired and sick and stupid to do the job properly, you have to go," whereas—and here I would wait to see if I had a new chum or not—"the very opposite applies with the judges.")

"Yes, it became a sort of password," says Jonathan Miller today. "Even now, perfect strangers come up to me and launch into some sketch from 1960 which I sometimes don't recognize myself." We are sitting in his book-infested house in London, by coincidence across the street from Alan Bennett. In the years that have elapsed since *Beyond the Fringe* left Broadway and Miller left the troupe, he has established a reputation as a serious guy: serious doctor of medicine; serious opera director; serious author. He is easily irritated by joshing references to his old days playing the provincial halls, and professes a boredom with the subject of undergraduate humor. Still, as he went back over the twice-told tale and rummaged to find old clips and photographs, I thought I detected a late flicker of enthusiasm here and there.

When the curtain came down, a lot of things came down with it. The tradition of not lampooning the royal family, for example.

"We actually had no intention of being satirical—well, perhaps Alan did—but we simply covered a wider range of topics than most revues because we were better educated and more intelligent. Did you ever see the moment in *Modern Times* when someone thrusts a red flag into Charlie Chaplin's hands and he suddenly finds he's leading the demonstration? Well, Ken Tynan forced the banner into *our* hands. He insisted that we had started a revolution, and that's when we realized that that's what we'd have do. The secret, though, lay in choo topics that seemed to us to be funny. pleased no taste but our own. There no market research. Who would g that people would fall about at a jok German music lifted from Forster?"

Miller looks as if he remains slig baffled by the whole thing. And slig embittered too: "Peter Cook had d German at Cambridge, and he'd alv had an idea of Weimar and of cab The rest of us were innocent of all t And then it all got taken up by *fuc* David Frost, who took it *seriously*. Be you knew it, satire had become a rou and you could even see it on the BB

Resentment of Sir David Fros common in the group. It's allied the guilty fear that they may have an accidental hand in his irresistible At Peter Cook's memorial service, Bennett said that Cook had harb only one lifelong regret: "At the h we rented in Fairfield, Connecticu 1963 he had saved David Frost f drowning." Stephen Fry tells the s of how the knighted Frost teleph more recently to invite Cook to di with Prince Andrew and "Fergie. know they'd love to meet you . . fans . . . be super if you could mak Cook inquired the date and time, ri through his engagement book, an toned, in the voice he used to pla Arthur Strebe-Greebling, "Oh de find I'm watching television that ni

I'm trying to coax Miller into ta about the *Fringe* family tree, a those who inspired it and those were its heirs and assigns. At fir seems perplexed by the question, b he free-associates, a whole network filiation starts to come into view. " it sounds odd, but we had the same ing as the Beatles and challenge same conventions. People didn't e brash young men to become musica lionaires in those days, and nor did expect to see intellectuals on the Rather than the birth of satire, we the apotheosis of what became the *uate* phenomenon. In *A Hard Night* there's a scene where the boy in a railway carriage with a pompou buffoon who can't believe they are eling first-class and snorts, 'I fougl war for your sort.' Well, that's much the attitude we were up again

There's a famous and uneasy ske the *Fringe* where the four discuss different backgrounds. Miller say the American *(Continued on pag*



Errol Flynn. This 1930s swashbuckler is pictured here entering a Mercedes 300S Cabriolet. Could this be what coined the phrase "In like Flynn"?



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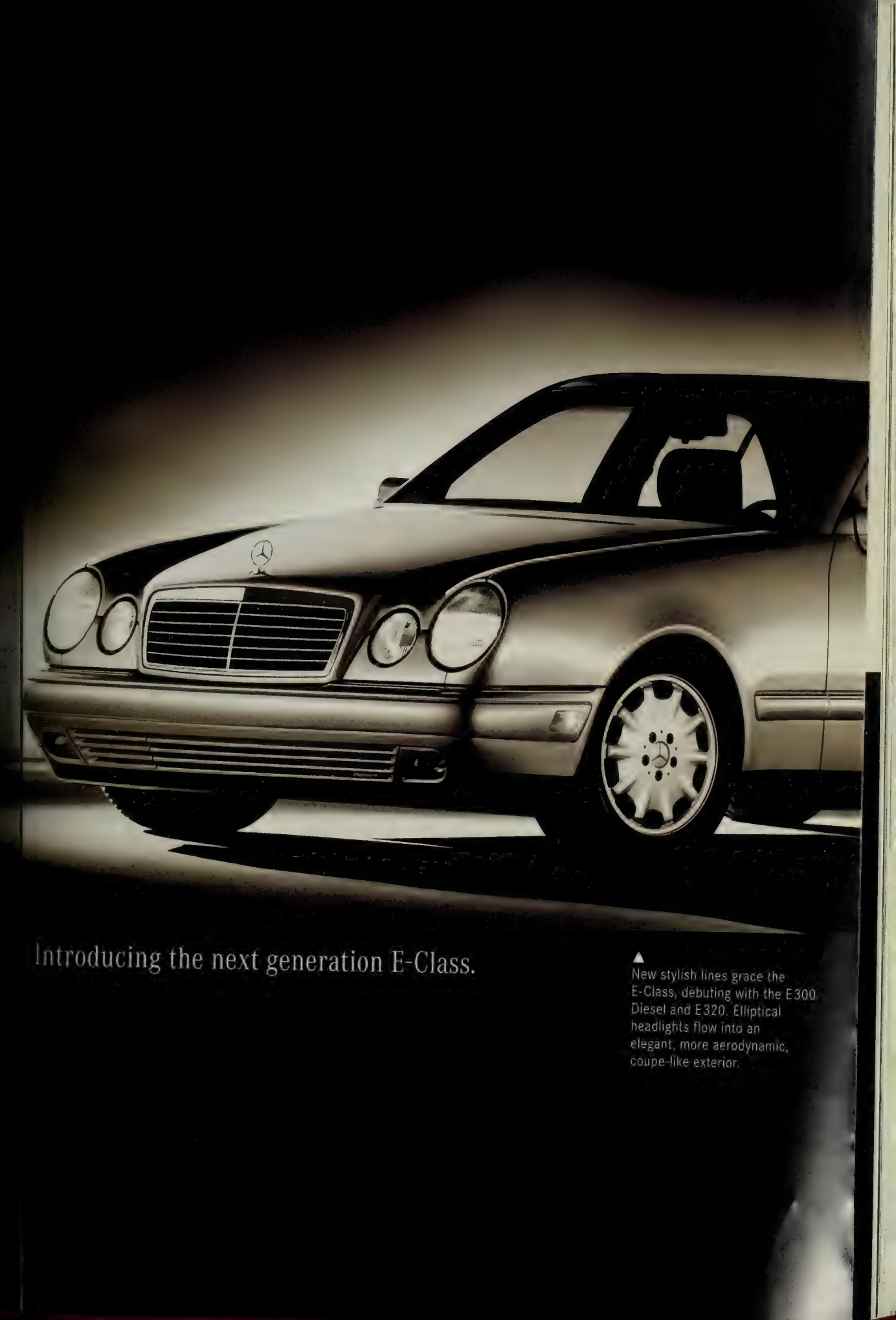
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ntinued from page 94) audience may e noticed that he and Peter Cook e private-school accents (when at St. l's School, Miller ran a short-lived nor magazine, co-edited with the ng Oliver Sacks, called *Prickly Pear*), ile Bennett and Moore are working-ss. "But we have very much enjoyed rking together with them in the show l treating them as equals." After a ly pause, Bennett says, in a desperate ional accent, "I'd rather be working-s than a Jew." Miller, who comes m a long line of rabbis and savants, kes haste to reply: "Not a Jew exactly. t Jew-*ish*. I don't go the whole hog."

This raises the question of a certain poken rivalry in the world of cabaret, valry once described as "the Briddish Yiddish" phenomenon. Until Lenny ce sprang fully armed onto a tiny, aty stage, a lot of American stand-ups been "passing" for goyim, or not king a shtick of being Jewish. Did ce influence the *Fringe*, or did they luence him? "Oh, very much the first round," says Miller. "We all revered nny Bruce. I saw him just after the rder of J.F.K., at the Village Theater Second Avenue, when the whole audi-e was holding its breath. Could he funk the assassination? Or would he say something that got him really banned for life? He came out onstage, very slow and very quiet, and paused for what seemed like forever, and then said, 'Phew—boy, poor Vaughn Meader.' [Meader had made a name for himself by doing an innocuous but hugely successful Camelot routine called, deferentially, *The First Family*. He was the court-jester comedian and Mark Russell of his day.] So that took nerve and subtlety, which we all admired. Then, of course, Ken Tynan was always coming back from America with these Mort Sahl records—he was a tremendous influence. And there was Second City, with Mike Nichols and Elaine May, which I went to see in Washington Square. There was this whole periphery to it—Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris—and I'd say that they encouraged rather than inspired us."

Pawing through Miller's box of memories, what connections do we unearth? A part-subliminal connection between English and Jewish irony. A catalyst in the cultural detonation of the 60s. A crisscross of names and personalities, all of whom seem, in retrospect, to have been somehow fated to intersect. Before he was banned from England by the sort of politicians the *Fringe* existed to ridicule, Lenny Bruce managed a brief and subversive appearance at Peter Cook's satirical nightclub, named The Establishment, which became Cook's second career and the fulfillment of a dream.

Cook also acted as managing and financial angel around the unstable crib of *Private Eye,* the longest-running scandal-and-higher-silliness magazine on record and the progenitor of all such astringent publications up to and including *Spy*. But the *Eye* had debts to pay as well—most notably to *Help!,* the humor sheet edited by Harvey Kurtzman, which originated (as well as a famous Beatles album cover perhaps?) the simple but addictive idea of placing grotesque speech bubbles and thought balloons on standard news photographs.

It should be added (and here I quote from Tony Hendra, chief chronicler of the demimonde of guerrilla comedy) that "*Help!* was the origin of many formats and careers. The then gag writer Woody Allen was an early contributor. Gloria Steinem was an assistant editor. *Help!* gave their first popular exposure to many fledgling cartoonists, including Gilbert ('Wonder Warthog') Shelton and Robert



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Dudley Moore and Peter Cook, *above,* promoting *Good Evening,* which opened in New York in November 1973. *Right,* Lenny Bruce, who was banned from performing in England, in 1962.







***Above,* Peter Sellers presents Miller, Moore, Bennett, and Cook with the 1961 London Evening Standard Drama Award. *Left,* satirist Mort Sahl in the mid-1960s.**

"We all revered Lenny Bruce," says Miller. "Then, of course, Ken Tynan was always coming back from America with Mort Sahl records."

('Fritz the Cat') Crumb. A little later under its aegis, another contributor, Terry Gilliam, would meet up with guest funny face John Cleese, thus ensuring Monty Python's inimitable graphic continuity."

"Yes . . . ," says Alan Bennett. "Now I come to think of it, Woody Allen was doing his nightclub act right around the time we went over to Broadway. The act was all about his fear of small creatures, like hedgehogs and spiders and mice. Cook used to go and see it, and he would come and watch Peter. They became friends. And, of course, Dudley Moore was in *Play It Again, Sam* when that came on in London."

So there seems to have been, unwilled, a sort of transatlantic cross-pollination which has left spores (and spoors) all across the scene. And there also seems to have been another sort of yeast in the mixture, a yeast which if classified might yield a definition of the elusive English-humor factor. Bennett came closest to parsing this when he said, of his famous sermon from the pulpit (which drew on the ridiculous biblical text "My brother Esau is an hairy man, but I am a smooth man"), "The sermon took half an hour to write and was, I suppose, the most profitable half-hour's work I have ever done. Once I had hit on the form, I used to be able to run up sermons for all sorts of occasions, choosing texts at random from any book that came to hand. I also used to do imitations of the Queen's Christmas broadcast. I imagine various people were doing similar sketches around the same time, and it has always seemed to me that what was subsequently labeled 'satire' was simply this kind of private humor going public."

Going from private to public means having the confidence that a new mass audience will find things funny even if it doesn't "get" the joke before it arrives at the theater. You must have faith that people do possess a sense o humor and that they can be found. They don't demand a long setup, or any sub titles. Thus the most in-joke culture ir the world—the English, with its re liance on minor royals and fools of tor toises—does have an ability to "travel."

Miller remembers his first encounter with Cook like this: "He was playing some person in a suburban kitchen concealed behind a newspaper. He didn't say a word. But all eyes were drawn to him. Then he rustled the newspaper and simply said, 'Hello, hello, I see the *Titanic*'s sunk again.' One knew one was in the presence of comedy at right angles to all the comedy we'd heard."

"Well, I shan't be able to give you as much time as the *doctor* was able to spare," said Bennett when I first got him on the phone. How did he know how much time I'd spent at his catty-corner neighbor's? "Easy-peasy. I peeked through the curtains." Bennett, like Miller, has moved along a great deal since his unlooked-for postgraduate smash hit. He hasn't lost the habit of close and quiet observation. Nor has he lost the look of a large, rather helpless and owlish scoutmaster. When it was decided to move the *Fringe* to the West End in April 1961, the four members staged a run-through for a producer in a London theater bar. After it was over, the impresario expressed various doubts and one certainty. "The fair-haired one will have to go."

If this dolt had had his way, the great sermon might never have been delivered to a mass audience, and might not have wowed them night after night for more than a year on Broadway, where it attracted audience members such as John F. Kennedy and Bette Davis. Nor would we have had the imperishable delivery, from "Aftermyth of War," of the following:

I'll always remember that weekend war broke out. I was at a house party at Cliveden with the Astors and we sat around listening to the moving broadcast by Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Chamberlain as he then was. I remember turning to my husband and saying, "Squiffy, *où sont les neiges d'antan?*" But I did not feel then that all was quite lost and immediately afterwards I got on the telephone to Berlin to try to speak to Herr Hitler, who had been so kind to us on our last visit to Germany that summer. Unfortunately the line was engaged. There was nothing I could do to avert the carnage of the next six years.

Even today, this violates the national piety about the "dark days" and the "finest hour." Thirty-five years ago, peo-


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ple couldn't believe they were hearing it. Bennett is still one of the greatest monologue merchants in the business (PBS ran his series, *Talking Heads,* in 1989), but he's probably best known lately for his screen adaptations. He did *A Private Function,* with Maggie Smith and Pythonist Michael Palin, and *Prick Up Your Ears,* based on John Lahr's biography of Joe Orton, before his recent smash with *The Madness of King George* (which was entitled *The Madness of George III* until "the industry" decided to change the name; "they were afraid that people would think they'd already missed parts one and two").

The themes of Bennett's later, "serious" career are oddly consistent with those of his earlier one. They depend upon a slyly intelligent revisionism, a view of a familiar picture that suddenly takes on a hilarious or eccentric aspect. As with Bennett's other obsession—the English gentlemen traitors who fled to Moscow during the Cold War and whom he anatomized in *The Old Country* and *An Englishman Abroad*—you think you know the story until you get Bennett's angle on it. The great thing about his sermon was that it almost wasn't a parody. The great thing about his anti-Shakespeare sketch with Jonathan Miller is that for a second or two you can't be absolutely sure:

Get thee to Gloucester, Essex. Do thee to
Wessex, Exeter.
Fair Albany to Somerset must eke his
route.
And Scroup, do you to Westmoreland,
where shall bold York
Enrouted now for Lancaster, with forces
of our uncle Rutland,
Enjoin his standard with sweet Norfolk's
host.
Fair Sussex, get thee to Warwicksbourne,
And there, with frowning purpose, tell our
plan
To Bedford's tilted ear. . . .

It takes literates to produce subliteracy of this kind. ("Oh, saucy Worcester, lost thou lie so still?" is another line, uttered with pregnant ghastliness by Peter Cook, later in the sketch.) Dudley Moore, who claims to have written none of the lines and to have uttered precious few of them—his job being principally on the ivories—makes an appearance in this scene as a rustic bumpkin along with Masters Puke, Snot, and Grit, and relieves himself of the line "'Tis said our Master, the Duke, hath contrived some naughtiness against his son, the King." He and Cook both had the faculty—first ascribed, I think, to Benny Hill—of being able to make the word "clean" sound dirty.

"Yace," says Moore in his trademark Derek-and-Clive moron accent as we slump in a fish joint near his new home in the living hell of Newport Beach, California, "it was Pete who was the catalyst. I did sod all, really. And the others were all six foot two, whereas I was—still am—five foot two." Moore went further, and in the most radically different direction, to distance himself from the tall intellectuals. He became a wildly successful Hollywood short person.

He seems not to quite know, or to quite care, what he is supposed to be doing now. Surely, I coax him, he did contribute the great manic laugh from the back row, the one that punctures the pompous military spokesman in the civil-defense sketch. (Speaker: "Now, there's a flaw in this argument . . . " Moore: "Yace, there is . . . hahahaha.") "Well, yes, I did do that. I borrowed the cackling laugh from *The Goon Show* on the radio, with Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan. I used to love that. Isn't it amazing how Sellers didn't get a proper send-off?"

"Even now, perfect strangers come up to me and launch into some sketch from 1960 which I sometimes don't recognize myself."

Sellers, who certainly admitted to being influenced by the *Fringe,* brought some of the mania of the civil-defense routine to his best portrayal—in Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove.* His slow decline into *Pink Panther*dom was nobody's fault except, perhaps, that of Blake Edwards. Moore told me, to my astonishment, that Edwards had offered him the part of Inspector Clouseau after Sellers died. "But I turned it down, didn't I?" Moore's showbiz instinct is probably the strongest of all the original foursome. He and Cook used to waste their time making obscene and scatological Derek-and-Clive tapes for their own amusement, passing them out to an occasional friend or contact. "Then we heard that all sorts of rock groups, even the Stones and the Who, were taking the tapes on airplanes and wetting themselves with mirth. So we thought we might as well do it properly."

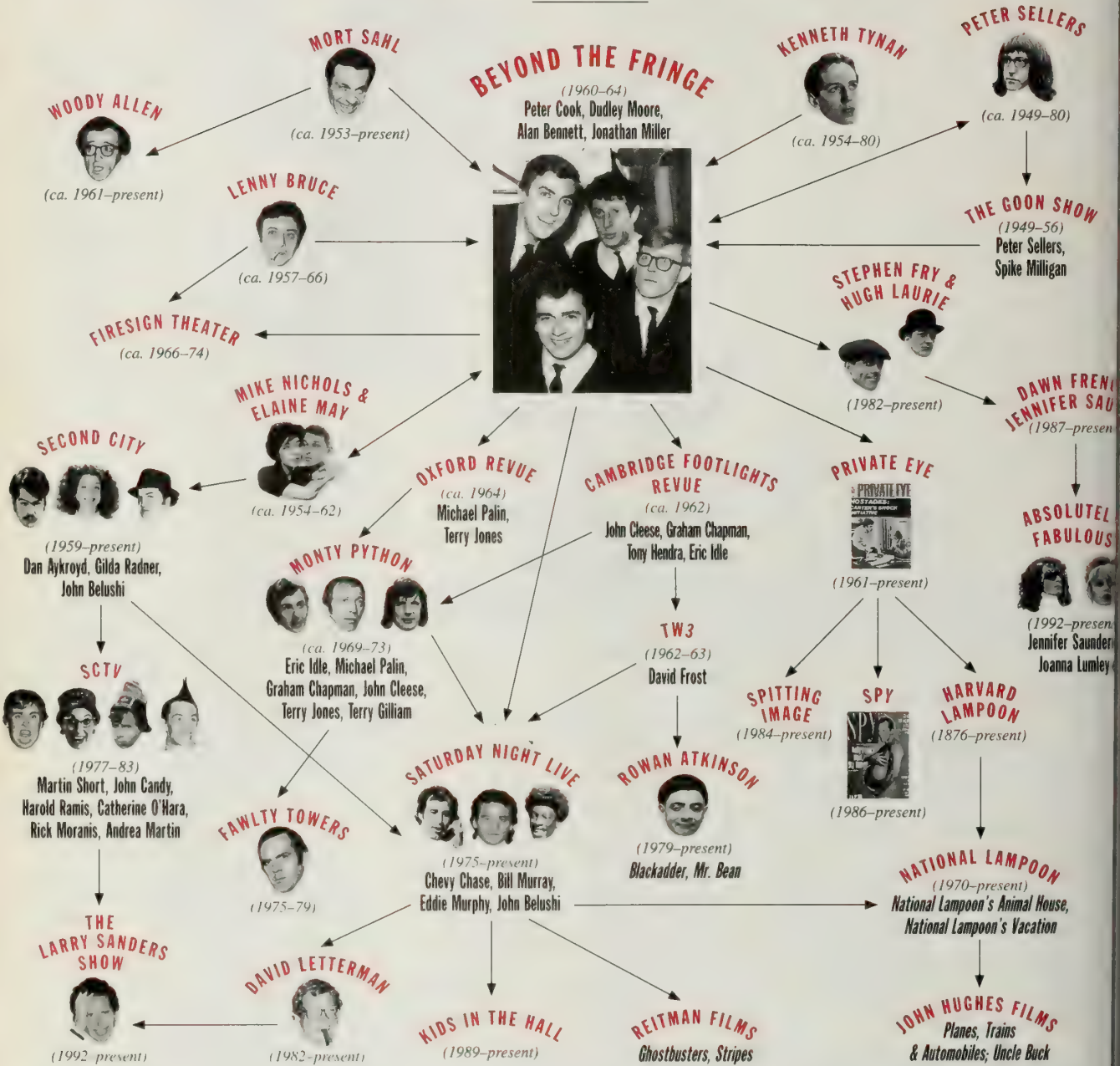
Add the Stones, the Who, and Sellers to that long, vague list of forces who both influenced the *Fringe* and were influenced by it. Moore is basically uninterested in this question, which he's probably been asked too many times. Like any self-respecting satirist, he pretends to be embarrassed by any serious talk of "satire." That would run the risk of seeming to take oneself unforgivably seriously. "If you want satire, then Mort Sahl was and is a satirist. He's got this marvelous contempt." Anyone else? Oh well, if I must ask: "Terry Gilliam, who's the only American member of Monty Python, did tell me that they'd been very much affected by us. So I suppose you could say . . . " Yes, I suppose you could say that it's easy to imagine Peter Cook doing the parrot sketch instead of John Cleese.

"My main influence in the early days, though, was stage drunks," Moore says. "I loved to watch them, especially in Scotland. I was very impressed by them." So those who liked *Arthur* and *10* and the scenes of a totally smashed Moore are in partial debt to the pre-*Fringe* world of the knockabout and the Goons and the zany. "We killed revue as it had been," I remembered Alan Bennett saying, not without a trace of satisfaction. "If we didn't kill it completely, it was finished off by Ken Tynan and *Oh! Calcutta!*"

According to Sigmund Freud, who according to Mort Sahl ought to know, "you are most effective as an artist when you express the subconscious of the audience." In the course of a labyrinthine six-hour lunch in Los Angeles, the undimmed Sahl is full of admiration for the *Fringe* team, and oddly touched that they all say they loved his work. "Because, you know, I never got to do my act in London. I remember that when I was doing my *Next President* show at the Bijou in New York in the late 1950s Ken Tynan would start to come in. He said in *The New Yorker* that I was 'a young man who is unlikely in the U.S., but impossible in Britain.' So we got to meet, and when *Beyond the Fringe* came to New York, he took me to see it. I thought it went too far! I had been so impressed by the British people's stand against Hitler that I said I couldn't take these guys making fun of the wartime spirit! But then I saw how

FRINGE BENEFITS

A *Beyond the Fringe* comic genealogy

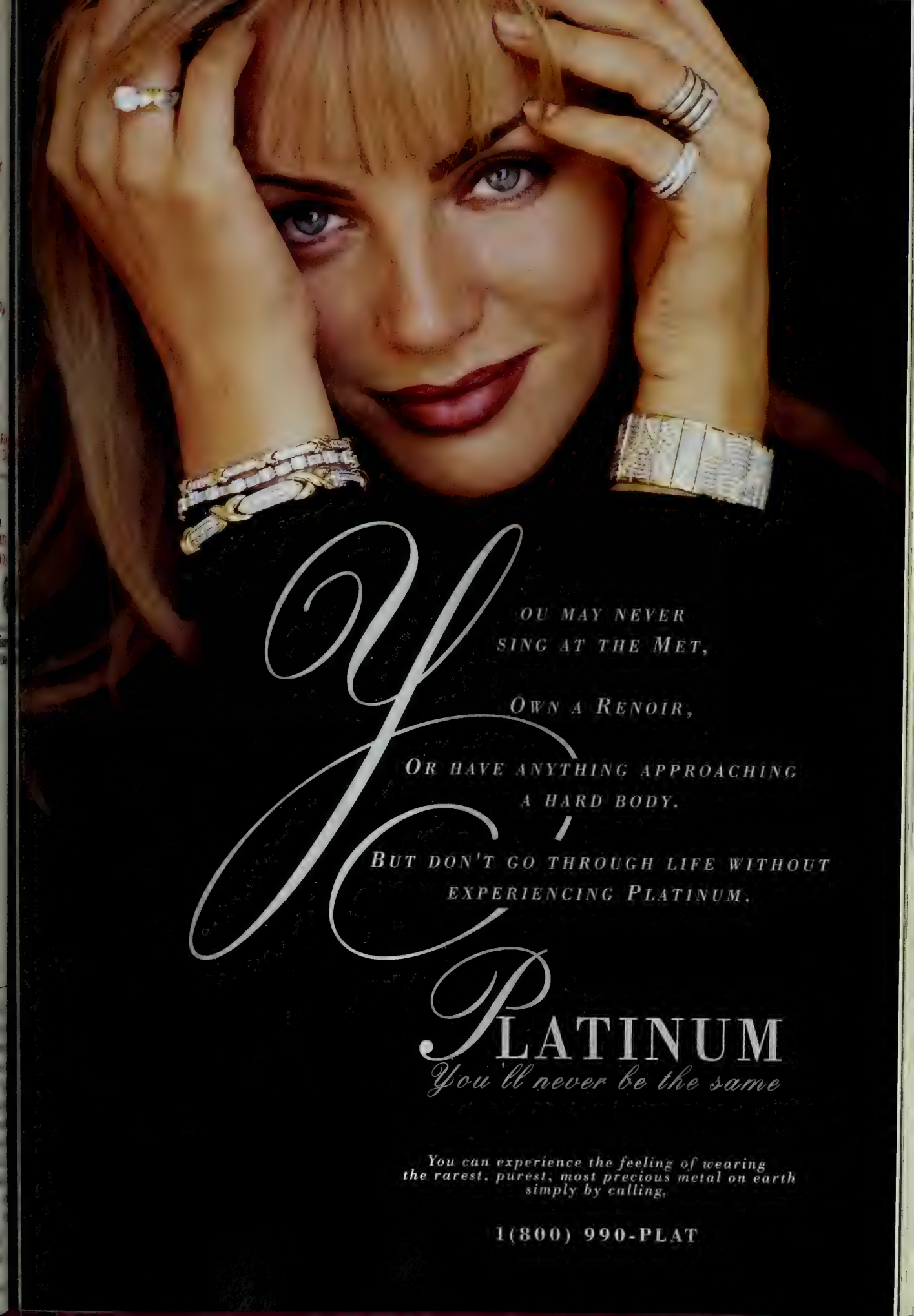


they had really practiced the form—the complexity of four very different individuals and the subtlety of the sketches. It was like the story of the black musician who didn't like the Dave Brubeck Quartet—'because they aren't contesting so much what we say as our right to say it.' When I finally got on the air, all four of them were in the front row of the audience with Peter Sellers."

Sahl believes that this odd cabaret, with its four dead-ordinary names (has there ever been a less alluring and more commonplace name lineup than Miller, Cook, Bennett, and Moore?), "took everybody by the shoulders and shook them." He was impressed by the handling of the issue of class—deadly secret of English humor. "It's not as if Jonathan Miller is from the coal mines. Yet England can have people like him and people like Benny Hill, whereas in America you could say that, in jazz terms, we're in the middle of the keyboard."

Someone who knows from audiences, and who knows how to create them, is Lorne Michaels, the inventor of *Saturday Night Live*. He didn't want to be a coal miner. He wanted to be a judge. He wa readying himself for the practice of la when he went to see *Beyond the Fringe* Toronto on its first North American ru "They had the same effect on me as th Beatles had had," he told me (witho knowing anything about Jonatha Miller's theory). "I thought, This is wh you could want to do with your life. Th humor wasn't campus- or college-like. was sophisticated. You know how com dy is normally about laughs but som times goes further and achieves wit?"

Later mov- *(Continued on page 12*


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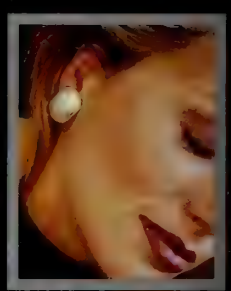
you could imagine.

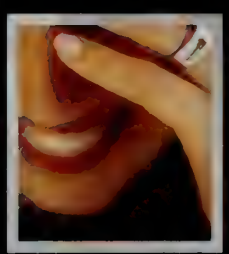


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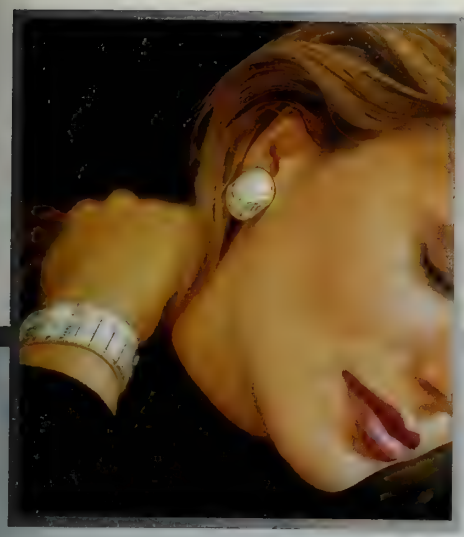
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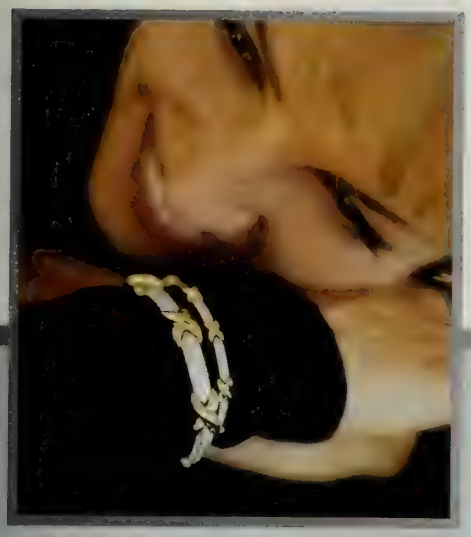
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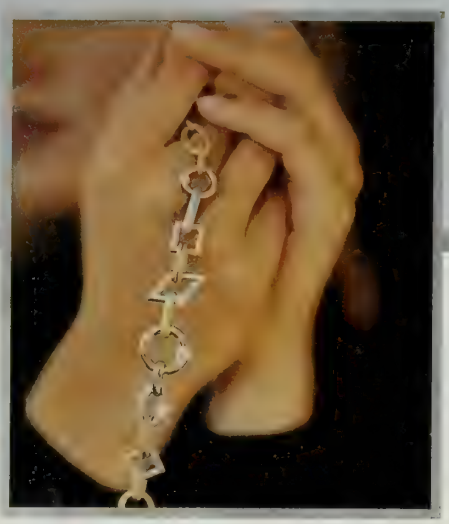
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(Continued from page 116) ing to London, Michaels began writing for comedians and went to see *Not Only . . . but Also,* the earliest of the Pete and Dud/Cook and Moore/Derek and Clive double acts. "So that when I did the first season of *Saturday Night Live* I knew exactly who I wanted and what I wanted from them." Cook and Moore went on the show in January 1976, three months into the launch. "I asked them to do the one-legged Tarzan, of course, and also the 'Frog and Peach' sketch. Then they sang 'I Got You MacBabe,' with Dudley at the piano and Peter dressed as Cher in a very *committed* way."

What other cultural fallout from the *Fringe* can Michaels attest to? "Well, the Pythons don't exist without them. And if you look at something like *Second City TV,* which began when Second City moved from Chicago to Toronto in the early 70s, you can perhaps trace an influence there too." Second City is the troupe which produced Martin Short, John Candy, Andrea Martin, and Rick Moranis, and which also gave a lift to Dan Aykroyd and Gilda Radner. (Here, of course, the effect is partly reciprocal, since the original Second City with Mike Nichols and Elaine May had helped to pollinate the world of the *Fringe.*)

Probably the most encapsulating one-man account of this single arc or trajectory comes from Tony Hendra, the editor (at different times) of the *National Lampoon, Not the New York Times, Off the Wall Street Journal,* and *Spy.* Not everybody knows this about Hendra, a florid and reckless-looking figure with the aspect of a ruined monk or abbot, but he actually *is* a ruined monk, who might have gone on to become a ruined abbot had it not been for the *Fringe.*

"When I went to Cambridge University in the early 60s it was to complete my studies as a Benedictine monk. I had a monkish first year of study and fully expected my second year to be the same. I was on my way back to the monastery in the Isle of Wight. But then I bought a ticket for *Beyond the Fringe.* I went into the show a monk, and I emerged having completely lost my vocation. I didn't know things could be so funny. I didn't realize that authority was so absurd. The next day I went round to the Footlights Club and asked if I could join. They said, well, I could at least audition."

Hendra began working with Graham Chapman, later to be famous as the only openly gay member of *Monty Python's Flying Circus.* "We got talent-spotted for a London club called the Blue Angel and did a few gigs. Then Jackie Mason started headlining there, and because he was a recent ex-rabbi and I was a recent ex-monk we fell into conversation. His agent was a very nice guy called Bob Chartoff, who said if I was ever in New York I should look him up. So then Graham Chapman—who, like Jonathan Miller, really wanted to be a doctor—went off to his teaching hospital. And I started a new act with a man called Nic Ullett."

Tiring of the London scene, Hendra and Ullett booked passage for New York. Arriving in Manhattan, they called Mason's agent, who was as good as his word. "Chartoff booked us into a club on Bleecker Street called the Bitter End, and within days of disembarking we were signed up by William Morris, and opening for Lenny Bruce at the Cafe Au Go Go. We did the famous gig where Lenny was busted twice by the cops in two weeks—basically for being too funny."

This helps to polish my theory of British, or English, humor, which is that its charm (without defining it out of existence) lies in the fact that it is more subversive and obscene than the general run of American comedy, while hailing from a culture that Americans regard as more venerable, staid, and traditional.

Basil Fawlty of *Fawlty Towers,* the deferential chap in the blazer with the plum in the mouth and the need for the respectable front, is jaw-dropping when he lets go and vents a hysterical Niagara of angst and abuse. Or take the Proust factor. Any network exec will tell you that jokes about Proust are a "minority interest" and risk "going over the head" of that big audience he dreams of and keeps failing to attract by his own devices. Yet I have seen quite unremarkable audiences holding their sides when Peter Cook did his long burst about the great unread Marcel.

Let me quote Alan Bennett on the scene, which occurs in an especially mad section of the coal-miner monologue: "I think that Peter thought most books were a con or at any rate a waste of time. He caught the drift of books, though, sufficient for his own purposes, picking up enough about Proust, for instance, to know that he suffered from asthma and couldn't breathe very well. He decided in the finish, according to Peter, that if he couldn't do it well he wouldn't do it at all, and so died. . . . How Proust had managed to work his

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Peter Cook (driving) and Dudley Moore in 1966, during the filming of *The Wrong Box* at Plumwood Station, outside London.

"They had the same effect on me as the Beatles," says Lorne Michaels. "I thought, This is what you could want to do with your life."

way into the sketch I can't now remember because it was less of a sketch than a continuing saga which each night developed new extravagances and surrealist turns, the coal mine at one point invaded by droves of Proust-lovers, headed by the scantily clad Beryl Jarvis. Why the name 'Beryl Jarvis' should be funny I can't think. But it was and plainly is."

Now shift the scene to the third BBC season of *Monty Python's Flying Circus,* where Michael Palin and Terry Jones put on the "Summarize Proust Competition." The contestants must sum up the whole of "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu" in a maximum of 15 seconds. Graham Chapman is one of the first entrants introduced to the waiting studio audience, and lists his hobbies as "golf, strangling animals, and masturbation." (The BBC bleeped the last two words while leaving them obvious to the least gifted lip-reader.) With Chapman having failed to get much beyond *Swann's Way* - though some good critics still praise him for the intelligence and pungency he brought to the summary—Palin and the Fred Tomlinson singers each have a try. The Fred Tomlinson singers do the least well, probably because they set their summary in a madrigal form. The Proust-ometer registers no winner, so the prize goes to the girl with the biggest tits.

Tony Hendra was born before me, at about the time that I actually wouldn't have minded being born (if I could have skipped the Benedictine-monastery bit). My friend Dennis Perrin is, in bold contrast, too young to remember the *Fringe* in real time. He is at work on a book about the late *National Lampoon* and *S.N.L.* hero, Michael O'Donoghue, and can utter the name "Sir Arthur Strebe-Greebling" with all the gravity and reverence for tradition that one expects from a boyish midwesterner.

"From the *Fringe* and Frost's *That Was the Week That Was* you get a line through *Not the Nine O'Clock News,* which in the late 1970s gave us Rowan Atkinson and which in turn led to *Al Fresco* in 1982, staffed by Ben Elton, Robbie Coltrane, Emma Thompson, Stephen Fry, and Hugh Laurie. Elton pioneered *The Young Ones,* which was a mixture of *Python* and the Three Stooges, and hosted a radical variety show in 1985. You might care to notice that Elton also goes on to write the *Blackadder* series, where his collaborator is Richard Curtis of *Four Weddings and a Funeral.*"

There is more. Cook and Moore had a semi-cloned renaissance through Stephen Fry and Hugh Laurie, whose double act even dared to do Wodehouse and elsewhere accomplished the straight man/funny man/music man trade-off that made (if you remember the Bo Dudley piano sketch) a threesome out of a twosome. At least part of the time, the players had an extra limb instead of a missing one. Just to show that girls can do this too, and do it better, came *French and Saunders,* "a low-budget show within a low-budget show," as Perrin puts it. And this fragrant duo also did *Girls on Top* in 1985, with Tracey Ullman and Ruby Wax, who later looped around to help Jennifer Saunders develop *Absolutely Fabulous.*

There is, in other words, a thread of tradition here, an oblique and neurotic line of descent. Without that foursome in Edinburgh, there could no more have been *Python* or *S.N.L.* or *AbFab* or *Life of Brian* than there could have been rock as we know it without that foursome from Liverpool. A joke is not a joke if it needs to be explained, so I won't hammer the point anymore except to add that with the passing of Cook we can say with gratitude that the right people do sometimes meet at the right time, and perhaps are meant to do so, and that there is such a thing—in the words of that old fallabout Edmund Burke—as "the unbought grace of life." □



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A Harvard-educated neurologis a courtly southerner, and a Hollywood hustler have all been convicted in a bizarre murder/insurance scan Their crime was the same, but they had three very different motives

BY ANN LOUISE BARDACH

"Yes, I killed him. I killed him for money and for a woman. And I didn't get the money and I didn't get the woman. Funny, isn't it?"

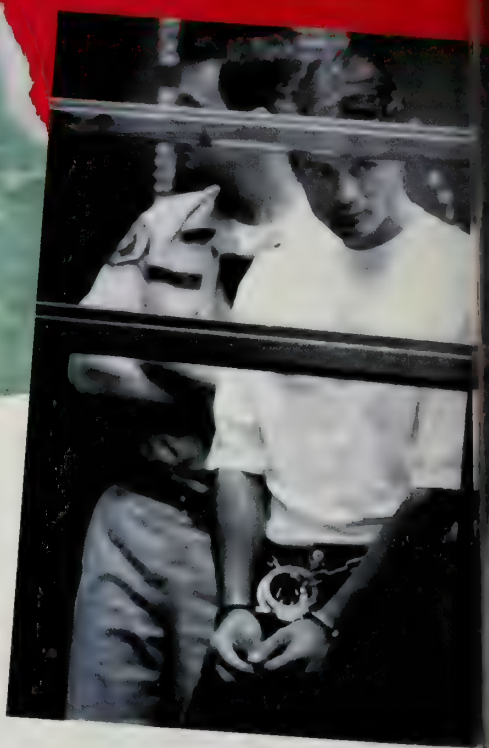
—From the film *Double Indemnity,* 1944.

Visitors usually wait about three hours to see an inmate at Los Angeles County's notoriously overcrowded and gang-infested men's jail. Most are teenage girls with artless tattoos on their arms and shoulders and noisy children clutching at their legs. What English is spoken here is often unintelligible to the uninitiated, and on a recent visit I realized that I was the only person among hundreds who was reading.

It is a curious irony that this Dickensian clearinghouse is where Gene Hanson, a courtly southern businessman, has spent most of the last six years, waiting to go on trial for a crime which 10 years earlier would have been beyond his imagining. He was in visible pain, suffering from a prostate condition, when I visited him in August. "I really shouldn't talk about this with a lady," he said, "but if you could mention something to my attorney about me needing a doctor, I would appreciate it."

Shortly after Hanson's arrest in 1989, I interviewed him in prison in Columbus, Ohio. He chain-smoked throughout our talk, and was reticent to speak about himself, but he was effusive about his young cohort, John Hawkins, whom he had not seen in nearly a year. "John is my partner and close friend. Nothing has changed." When I asked him about Hawkins's dual existence as a playboy and a hu tler, he smiled indulgently. "We all hav double lives," he said.

"I made it very clear at the beginnir that I didn't want to do anything th



John Hawkins enjoying a second life as "Bradley Bryant" in Sardinia in 1991, *top left,* and being arraigned in shackles after his extradition from Italy in 1992.



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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.

would hurt John," Hanson told me after their trial was concluded. "And why should I?"

In the early hours of April 16, 1988, a Glendale, California, doctor named Richard Boggs dialed 911 to report that a patient of his, Melvin Eugene Hanson, a 46-year-old businessman from Columbus, Ohio, had just died of a heart attack in his office. The police and coroner arrived and collected the body. In July, Farmers Insurance contacted the police with a routine question: Had they compared the deceased with the photo on his driver's license? They had not, and the body had been cremated the following day at the direction of Hanson's partner and sole beneficiary, John Hawkins. By the time the police responded to the inquiry, Farmers had paid the 25-year-old Hawkins $1 million on one of Hanson's life-insurance policies.

Two months later, investigators realized that they had been fooled. The dead man in Boggs's office was *not* Melvin Eugene Hanson but Ellis Henry Greene, a 32-year-old bookkeeper. In January 1989, a man wearing red Bermuda shorts and a yellow T-shirt was stopped for questioning at the Dallas–Fort Worth airport, en route from Acapulco. Customs agents found $14,000 in undeclared cash and 13 different IDs in his suitcase, including several for Ellis Greene. The man was Gene Hanson, although he looked significantly younger, thanks to plastic surgery and a sandy-blond toupee. He even had a new name: Wolfgang Von Snowden.

Within days Hanson, Boggs, and Hawkins were charged with 10 criminal counts ranging from insurance fraud to murder. But while Boggs was arrested and subsequently convicted of all charges and Hanson awaited trial, John Hawkins spent three and a half years blazing through Europe like lightning on a quiet lake, living a life that others dare only to dream about.

Struggling to explain the convoluted body-double scam in court, Hanson said that he and Hawkins had realized that one way he could retire was by collecting on his life insurance. Asked what that meant exactly, a poker-faced Hanson said, "We discussed that I would die," which prompted a few jurors to burst into giggles.

Indeed, in the beginning, perhaps it was *all* supposed to be a giggle—the ultimate white-collar caper: get a John Doe corpse from the morgue, fake Gene's death with some nifty paperwork, and cash in his life insurance. And if all had gone according to this ingenious plan, the jury might have stood up and cheered these working-class heroes who had taken a bite out of a billion-dollar insurance company. But, true to life, things went awry. First, according to Hanson, Boggs couldn't get his hands on a corpse, and the next thing they knew someone was going to have to die. Of course, *they* weren't killers. But the clock was ticking. Two insurance policies were soon to expire, and $1.5 million was almost within their reach. O.K., so they'd find some fellow heading for an early grave and just move the date up a bit. And suddenly they had crossed the line. It was no longer a clever little caper. It was cold-blooded murder.

Suddenly they had crossed the line. It was no longer a clever little caper. It was cold-blooded murder.

As Hanson and Hawkins's trial unfolded this summer, I spoke with Boggs in prison in Vacaville, California. "Gene's a follower," he said. "He'll do exactly what John tells him to do. . . . My impression is that they had been a couple and later became friends, but Hanson was always completely captivated by John. . . . It was always John's idea, and he offered me $25,000 just for signing a death certificate. I told him you can't get a death certificate without a body. He said, 'Maybe you could get one from the morgue?'" Boggs recalled how Hanson had grown frustrated when he couldn't come up with a corpse: "What did he think this was? Dial-a-Body?"

For many, Vacaville (officially, the California Medical Facility) is synonymous with "state loony bin," made famous by such alumni as Charles Manson, but now it is known as the repository of the state's H.I.V. inmates. For the rest of his life, Vacaville will likely be home to Richard Boggs, 62, a Harvard-educated Glendale neurologist who once owned a stately residence and a Rolls-Royce, was a pillar of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church, and had a devoted wife and four children. By the mid-70s, however, like Dr. Jekyll, Dr. Boggs had slid into another personality and lifestyle. While his days continued to be centered on his practice, his nights became an obsessive pursuit of anonymous sex and drugs in L.A.'s gay netherworld.

During the 70s and 80s, Boggs was slapped with a succession of lawsuits for fraudulent business deals, malpractice, and loan defaults. By 1980 his marriage had broken up, and two hospitals had removed him from their staffs for disciplinary reasons. Visitors to his office reported smelling "a peculiar chemical odor"—which investigators later determined were fumes coming from the manufacture of methamphetamine, known as speed. In the late 80s Boggs's nurse, Hans Jonasson, a striking-looking Swede of 25, was also his lover, and worked side by side with Boggs's son Dana, who was the receptionist. "In the beginning I found him charming and so interesting," Jonasson, now a student at the University of Stockholm, says sadly. "And I started doing the drugs. I mean, he was a doctor and he said it was O.K. I think the drugs turned him into a monster. He was drowning in debt, and he thought he had found a way out."

I first visited Boggs in 1993, three years after his conviction for the murder of Ellis Greene and after he had tested H.I.V.-positive. He had put on 30 pounds since his incarceration. With his slight paunch and steel-rimmed glasses he looked like what he once was: a church elder. When I asked whether he was the only doctor in the prison, he laughed dryly. "Yes, you could say that I'm the only neurologist in Vacaville."

This past April, seven years after the murder of Ellis Greene, the trial of Melvin Eugene Hanson and John Barrett Hawkins began in Los Angeles Superior Court under the aegis of trial patrician Judge Paul Flynn. Less than 100 feet down the hall, the O. J. Simpson circus played on simultaneously. According to courthouse scuttlebutt, Flynn had been the first choice for the Simpson trial, but had passed.

Friends and witnesses familiar with the defendants *(Continued on page 1*


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ntinued from page 134) in their high-
ng days were shocked by their ap-
rance. Both men, who once lived for
ch, sun, and sex, were jailhouse gray.
nson has spent more than six years
ind bars, and Hawkins nearly four.
nson was now bald except for a long
by fringe of hair around the back of
head. Hawkins, once a bronzed Nar-
us, looked every minute of his 32
s. While Hawkins seemed electrical-
harged, his jaw clenched and twitch-
Hanson sat slouched in his chair, a
agon of resignation.

Hanson, who had squandered his
ney on a lavish, fugitive lifestyle, was
n Henry Hall, a well-regarded public
ender, to handle his trial. Hawkins,
investigators believe got the lion's
e of their ill-gotten gains, had hired
of Sardinia's top lawyers to fight his
adition to the States. He had then re-
ed aging star Melvin Belli and a high-
file drug lawyer named David Ken-
Apparently, Hawkins eventually de-
ed his resources and was compelled
ccept a court-appointed lawyer, Joan
iteside Green, a stylish black woman
l, who provided a shrewd defense.

Deputy District Attorney Albert Mac-
nzie may be the least charismatic
secutor ever to walk into a courtroom.
is humorless and as rigid as a ruler.
he tends to win. Among the felons he
sent away for what's called L-WOP—
without parole—is Richard Boggs.

Parked at MacKenzie's side, coiled
ready to strike, was Detective Jon
kins. A short bullet of a man, Perkins
recently adopted the Kojak look, with
haved head replete with mustache,
tee, and earring. It was Perkins who
de the judgment call that Ellis Greene
not died of natural causes, who
ked Hanson around the country, and
o appeared on *America's Most Wanted*
Oprah, appealing to the world to
n in Hawkins. "Let me tell you some-
g," Perkins told me early on. "This is
le of two hustlers—Hawkins and me."

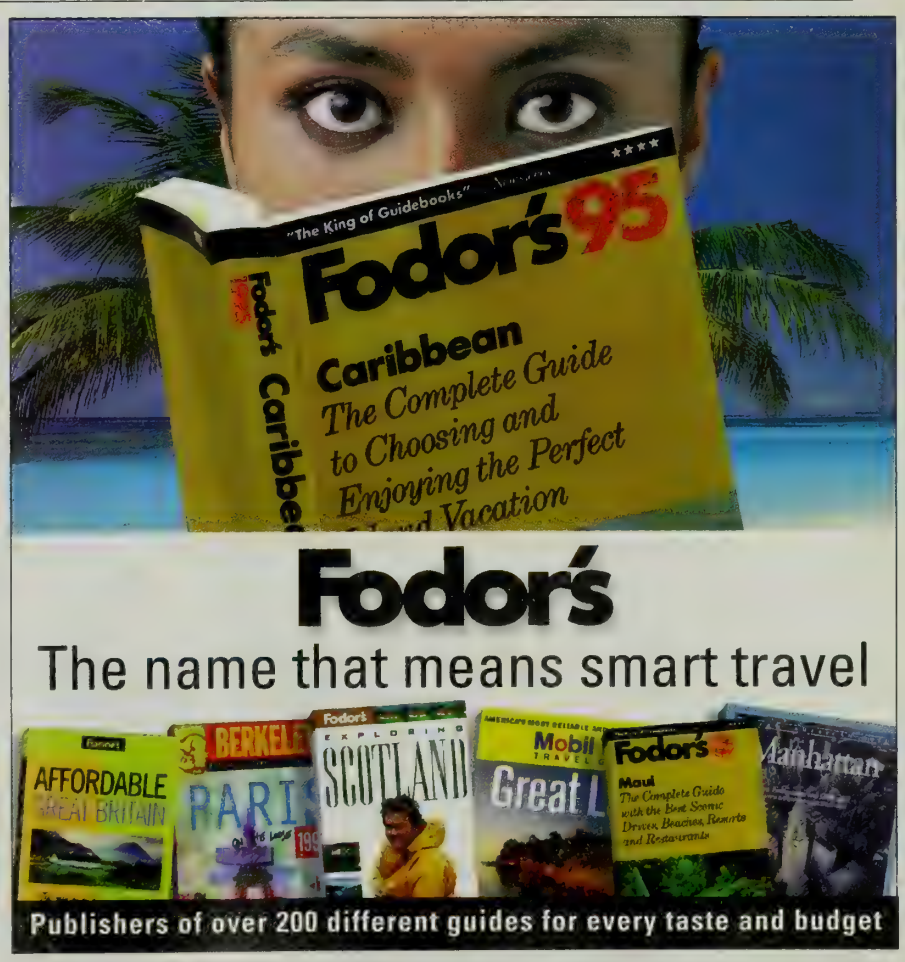
t a Hollywood party in 1981, Gene
Hanson, then a successful shoe buyer
for Robinson's, an upscale Los Ange-
department store, met an 18-year-old
ler with dazzling self-possession
ed John Hawkins. The only son of a
utiful, doting mother who worked as
t boss in the Las Vegas casinos and
velder turned small-time gangster,
vkins was of that rare breed who nev-
ave a moment of self-doubt. Accord-
to a friend, Hawkins was inspired by
film *American Gigolo* to head west,
and though he soon found that women weren't lining up, cash in hand, for him, there was no shortage of men. He also made the acquaintance of Hanson's doctor, Richard Boggs, who, investigators say, had a sideline selling prescription drugs.

In 1982, Hawkins moved to New York and through his Hollywood contacts landed a job as a bartender at Studio 54. Greg Gunsch, a fellow bartender, remembers that the late Steve Rubell, 54's co-owner, promptly developed "a big crush" on Hawkins and gave him the lucrative "back bar," the watering hole of such V.I.P.'s as Roy Cohn, Cher, David Geffen, Barry Diller, Bianca Jagger, Halston, Liza Minnelli, Calvin Klein, and Andy Warhol.

From the back bar, according to several sources, Hawkins sold drinks, drugs, and himself. As Rubell's protégé, says Gunsch, Hawkins ingratiated himself with the glitterati. He also fell in love with Ilanna "Missy" Hughes, the young star of the soap *Another World.* Although Gunsch says that Hawkins was making more than $3,000 a week, he was forever plotting capers. Fascinated by insurance scams, he told people he had once arranged to have a friend "run him over," then troubled Boggs for the appropriate paperwork and pocketed a quick $25,000.

By 1984, Hawkins had talked Hanson into quitting his job at Robinson's and going into business with him in New York. They shared an apartment at Lexington and 26th Street and made their first foray into white-collar crime. Instead of buying shoes from Italian companies, they stole the samples and copied them. Later, Hawkins boasted to friends about how he and Gene had "robbed" their Manhattan apartment of all its rented furniture and then filed a claim against Hanson's homeowner's policy. The insurance company paid out nearly $110,000, which became the seed money for Hawkins's first "legitimate" business.

In 1985, Hanson and Hawkins formed Just Sweats, a chain of stores selling sweat clothes to America's new fitness addicts. Within a year they had 22 outlets in Kentucky and Ohio, grossing $10 million annually, with headquarters in Columbus, Ohio. In 1987, Hawkins ended his relationship with Missy Hughes and, as he told me years later, developed "a stable" of girlfriends in the new location. His favorite was a 23-year-old waitress named Amy Blizzard, who, like virtually every Hawkins girlfriend I have met, was



der." One of seven children born into a hardscrabble, working-class family in Ohio, Greene grappled for years to find his identity. It wasn't until Ellis had been married for several years that he finally admitted to himself that he was gay. In 1985 he moved to Glendale and found a job as a tax preparer.

Parker Martin, a C.P.A. who hired Greene, remembers him as a conscientious employee willing to put in long hours at tax time. On April 15, 1988, Martin says, he and Greene scrambled all morning to meet the tax deadline. In the afternoon they had some drinks at the Rawhide, a gay bar in North Hollywood. Although Greene died with an astonishingly high blood-alcohol level—.29—Martin maintains, "I never saw him drink at work." Greene also turned out to be H.I.V.-positive, but Martin says he's sure Greene didn't know. "He didn't have medical insurance, so he never had checkups." Around three in the afternoon, Greene left the bar, telling Martin that he "was going to Long Beach for the weekend." But one drink led to another, and he never made it.

About 7:30, Greene hooked up with his friend Chip Suntheimer at the Bullet Club, another gay bar in North Hollywood. Suntheimer testified that when he told Greene that he had yet to type up his tax returns Greene kindly offered to type them for him at his office. Their task completed, Suntheimer drove them to the post office. Outside, Greene saw a distraught woman and asked her what was wrong. She said she hadn't been able to finish her taxes. On the hood of his friend's Mustang, Greene completed a total stranger's tax forms and refused to take anything in return.

Shortly after 11 P.M., Greene was back at the Bullet, but the bartender refused to serve him. Instead he gave him a Coke and at Greene's request called a cab for him. It was the last time anyone remembers seeing him alive. Prosecutors argued that Greene probably meandered back to the Rawhide, where he made the fateful acquaintance of Boggs and Hanson. At 1:22 A.M., a six-minute call from the Rawhide to Boggs's office was charged to the doctor's credit card. Investigators believe that this was the "alibi call"—Gene Hanson leaving a message on his doctor's machine that he had chest pains and needed medical attention.

On the first day in court, Detective Perkins was uncharacteristically gloomy, depressed about the O.J. trial. "They've got more physical evidence than we do," he said. "I don't have DNA, I don't have fingerprints, I don't even have a goddamn corpse." Perkins often spoke in the first person about this trial, and his casual immodesty won him many enemies.

But no one's dislike approached the smoldering loathing that Jackie Cirian, Hawkins's mother, felt for Perkins. "He's a demented man who, for some reason, is obsessed with my son," she announced caustically to a stranger sitting next to her in court one day. A pretty, petite woman with long, bottle-blond hair, Cirian looks far younger than her years and bears an unmistakable resemblance to her son. She is a careful, color-coordinated dresser who has made it to the altar four times. Once her son was extradited, she left her job in the casino of the Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas and moved to Los Angeles.

"What would you think if a doctor told you he could get a stiff out of the morgue? Wouldn't you believe him?"

"After Hawkins fled," Perkins says, "Jackie's style of living improved. She moved out of her trailer in the boondocks of Las Vegas and bought a new R.V., got a young boyfriend, did some traveling, then moved into a condominium in downtown Vegas. Then she lost everything and moved back to the trailer park." Cirian denies that there was any change in her lifestyle other than a move to a more secure community to protect her and her 18-year-old daughter from the media. She also denies speculation as to receiving any money from her son.

In many ways, Cirian became Perkins's alter ego, equally involved with every aspect of the case, scowling at her perceived enemies and coddling her friends and supporters. She decided that I was an enemy and told me she had had a "nervous breakdown" because of my two previous stories on the case in *Vanity Fair*, notably my references to her son's pansexuality, although she once told a Columbus reporter that her son was "a gigolo, a male prostitute. . . . For Johnny, it was only a stepping stone." Waving her hand dismissively, she huffed, "That stuff is 12 years old. You gotta think about what can happen in jail to him. I know he'll [beat the murder rap], but he's still gonna do some time for the fraud. So be careful what you write. Look," she said, flushing with exasperation, "I'm just gonna turn you over to God," and sauntered down the hall. Sometimes she sat with her daughter, Kari, John's half-sister, or a friend. One day a courtroom visitor commented on how attractive her son was. "That's right," she said with a grin. "I've never made a bad-looking kid."

Like her son, Jackie Cirian can be enormously personable, chatting up perfect strangers, assuming a disarming intimacy with new acquaintances. The courtroom was her lair, and her son was never out of her sight line. But to several observers her relationship with him seemed strained. One day after court ended, she approached him before he was led away. "Johnny," she called out, her voice soft and tentative, almost plaintive. "Johnny, I have to tell you something." He looked at her impassively. In the first days of the trial, the bailiff returned a belt to her which she had given to her son. "It was six inches too small," the deputy told her kindly. "Your little boy has grown up."

A day after Ellis Greene's death, Hawkins phoned his roommate Erik De Sando, and said glumly, "Gene is dead." His grief, however, was short-lived. "Hawkins called me the next day and wanted to know which mortuary he should go to," related Boggs. "When I told him that the body wasn't at a mortuary but at the coroner's office, and that there was going to be an autopsy, he started screaming that there couldn't be an autopsy because Gene had explicitly written he didn't want one, for religious reasons. He came out to L.A. and tried to stop them from doing it." Though Hawkins failed to thwart the autopsy, he saw to it that the corpse was promptly cremated, and that the ashes were dispersed.

On July 8, De Sando heard a jubilant scream. "I got my *money!*" Hawkins cried, meaning the million-dollar check from Farmers Insurance. Then he emptied the Just Sweats bank account

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totaling $240,000. On July 15, he drunkenly confessed to De Sando, "Gene's alive. . . . I'm leaving tomorrow, and you're never gonna see me again." When a bewildered De Sando asked who had died in Boggs's office, Hawkins said that "they had got a body from the morgue, where Boggs had a guy on the take." The next day Hawkins drove his Mercedes to the Columbus airport, left the keys in the ignition, and disappeared.

For the next four months, he flitted around the country like a moth. He visited his mother and friends and had a succession of flings. Hawkins talked Amy Blizzard into joining him for two weeks in California, and on a visit to Alcatraz he told her, "I'll kill myself before I ever had to go to prison."

Hanson testified he spent only a few cursory moments looking over the corpse, paid Boggs the other $25,000, and went on his way.



Ellis Greene, the lonely bookkeeper whose drinking problem made him the perfect victim, was last seen in a gay bar on the night he was murdered.

In August 1988, David Forest received a phone call from Hawkins. Forest, an affable man of 47, runs a male escort service known as Brad's Buddies, which caters to Hollywood's elite. "Hawkins called and said he was in town and looking for work," recalls Forest. Hawkins named several prominent movie moguls and said he didn't want to be sent to them, because they were friends. "So I fixed him up with [a well-known physical-fitness expert] and a couple of other guys." What was never clear was why Hawkins would bother to sell himself for $1,000 when, according to investigators, he had stashed away more than $800,000.

In the fall of 1988, Hawkins fled to Toronto, the Caribbean, and Washington, D.C. He forged a new identity as Bradley Bryant. On December 31, 1988, he headed for Amsterdam and hooked up with a young Dutch crowd with a passion for basketball and young girls. His new best friend, 24-year-old Mick van Rijs, who described himself as "a lost soul before I met Brad," had the chiseled looks of a model. Mick's younger brother Max said, "Brad had this incredible aura that just shines and rubs onto you." Another friend, Marco, affectionately described him as "hypersexual. . . . And he was very manipulative—but we loved him." In September 1989, Hawkins spent $30,000 for a red catamaran, and in May 1990 he and a friend set sail for Málaga, Spain, where they picked up Mick, and then headed for Italy.

Back in Los Angeles, Jon Perkins had hit the wall. There were no fingerprints of Hawkins anywhere. However, Hawkins had left his phone book behind. After dialing a dozen numbers at random, Perkins realized that he was speaking with some of the biggest names in Hollywood, and they weren't happy to hear from him. One movie mogul repeatedly slammed the phone down on him, though Perkins kept calling him back. Before he hung up the last time, he spat out what would prove to be Perkins's most valuable clue. "He's got vitiligo," he said. "Vitiwhat?" asked Perkins. "Vitiligo—it's a skin-pigmentation disease," the magnate snapped. "Except it's only on his dick."

For three months Hawkins and Mick stayed in the sleepy town of Carloforte, Sardinia, where they went into the boat-chartering business. Hawkins learned Italian, fell in love with a local girl named Giusy Agus, and plotted his escape to Brazil, a country which doesn't extradite fugitives who have children there. On some quick trips to London and Belfast, he acquired two new IDs: Simon Kaye and Glen Donald Hewson.

On July 14, 1991, a special segment of the Oprah Winfrey show about the unsolved cases of *America's Most Wanted,* featuring the international manhunt for Hawkins, was shown in Amsterdam. When Mick's father, Hans van Rijs, saw the show, he instantly recognized Hawkins as Brad and knew that his son Max was sailing with Hawkins at that very moment.

On August 1, Hans flew down to Sardinia, where he was met by Andy Hogan of the Naval Investigative Service. Miraculously, they soon found the red catamaran in the harbor of Cannigione, and after a brief stakeout Italian police seized Hawkins. At the station Hawkins denied that he was anyone other than Glen Hewson. Stymied, Hogan called Interpol for assistance. "I found out about this big white spot on his penis," recalled Hogan, "and the *carabiniere* decides he's got to check this out for himself." Telling Hawkins that he needed to examine him for injuries, the Italian policeman talked him into lifting his shirt and dropping his pants. "I think Hawkins knew as soon as he did it that he had made a big mistake," said Hogan. "The white spot on his penis definitely was the clincher."

For almost a year, from Cagliari's dreary Buoncammino Prison, Hawkins fought extradition to the States. In order to get a cell to himself, according to a source, he made a suicide attempt by slashing his wrists. On New Year's Day 1992, with the help of one of his Dutch friends, he crawled out of the window of his cell and lowered himself down a 30-foot rope made of bedsheets. He would have succeeded except for the audible thud he made when he dropped to the ground. He was then thrown into solitary confinement.

I met Hawkins for the first time in the Cagliari courthouse, where he was being arraigned for his escape attempt. Later, during a two-hour interview at the prison, Hawkins maintained his innocence. When I asked him about the New York apartment-robbery scam, he was quick to pass the blame. "It was Gene Hanson's insurance," he said with a shrug, "and Gene Hanson made the claim."

He vehemently denied being gay or bisexual. "I was engaged to marry Giusy when I was arrested," he said, "and whatever I get out of this mess, I would like to come back and marry her." When I said that I had spoken with some prominent gay men who knew him, his feist



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ss evaporated. Shaken, he said, "[So-and-so] spoke to you? I n't believe it."

Talking about the crime, Hawkins said, "Boggs is a really d guy—evil." He added quickly, "But I had no idea he would l somebody." It was selling drugs to the glitter crowd, he d me, not sex, that had earned him "six figures before I was " Sure, he had met the rich and famous, but not because he s a hustler. He told me some of them had even become his ends. About one prominent Hollywood mogul, he said, "He s my idol, because he was a completely self-made man. He's biggest prick in Hollywood, but the smartest. I guess he s my role model."

As I rose to leave, Hawkins called out, "What would you nk if a doctor told you he could get a stiff out of the rgue? Wouldn't you believe him?" Hawkins said he knew he uldn't bear a long prison sentence. "I can't even handle do- five years. I'll escape or I'll die trying."

ike many behind bars, Boggs never tires of asserting his in- nocence. He said at his trial that Hanson had phoned him in the middle of the night complaining of chest pains, and that had agreed to see him at his office. Instead, he claims, he ind Hanson with a drinking pal named Ellis Greene. "They elled like they had been in a brewery," he said distastefully. was Greene, according to Boggs, who actually had the chest ins and who, 15 minutes later, dropped dead.

As to why Boggs identified Greene to the police as his long- ie patient Gene Hanson, Boggs makes the remarkable claim it Hanson threatened to blackmail him—"revealing my ernative lifestyle if I didn't." Over and over, Boggs makes point that "I never socialized with Hanson or Hawkins," as such a distinction mitigated his guilt. The antipathy between n and his co-conspirators is fierce. The first time I inter- wed Gene Hanson in prison, he said he wanted me to know it there was a "difference" between people like Hawkins and n and someone like Boggs.

Boggs says that the fact that he was the only one not to flee oves his innocence. "Why did I call 911 instead of just call- a mortuary and having them take away the body?" he de- nds. Clearly, Boggs has been kicking himself ever since for t doing the latter. "I'm sure Gene thinks that I screwed it all , and he's right. I did. If I had called the mortuary, it would ve been the perfect crime," he says, then adds, "That's *if* I d been part of the scheme."

or the nine months Gene Hanson was a fugitive, he skidded through Florida pursuing fun and fantasy with a vengeance. An incompetent criminal, he dropped clues everywhere he nt. Even the named he picked, Wolfgang Von Snowden, was name of the father who had abandoned him and his mother. late November 1988, he met up with Hawkins—traveling un- the alias of Jerry Green and, not surprisingly, with a young nde—at a gym in Fort Lauderdale, and they had Thanksgiv- dinner together. Previously they had had an August ren- vous at the airport in Las Vegas, where Hawkins handed nson $85,000 in cash. In July, Hawkins had delivered ,000 to Hanson in Miami, and soon after that he had given the bad news that they would never see the $450,000 from econd life-insurance policy. In a bizarre twist of fate, the npany had mailed the check to Hawkins's old address and s able to cancel it before it was redelivered. According to estigators, if the scam had gone perfectly, there would have n the $1.8 million Hanson attempted to embezzle from Just eats in January 1988, the $1 million from Farmers, $450,000



from Golden Rule, plus another $240,000 pillaged from Just Sweats accounts, or a total of about $3.5 million.

Hanson also learned from Hawkins that they were both wanted for insurance fraud, and that Perkins was badgering the Los Angeles D.A. to issue warrants for their arrest for the murder of Ellis Greene. In December, Hanson fled to Mexico City, then to Puerto Vallarta and Acapulco, where he rented yet another house, which he intended to turn into a guesthouse. But first he needed to fly back to St. Petersburg, Florida, to close the deal on his house there. He never made it. Asked why he had 13 different IDs and a book entitled *How to Create a New Identity* at the Dallas–Fort Worth airport, he would testify, "Everyone has habits, and I am a pack rat. I don't throw things away." Customs agents also found in Hanson's bag two 8-by-10 glossy photographs of a sizzlingly attractive young man: John Hawkins.

More than ever, it seemed that only a sliver of psychic space separated Gene Hanson and Ellis Greene.

Curiously, never in the course of the trial did anyone allude to Hawkins's dual sexual pursuits. Furthermore, Joan Whiteside Green, Hawkins's court-appointed attorney, decided that the seductive Hawkins would not take the stand, where the risk of such revelations would be all but inevitable under cross-examination.

Joint defenses can easily turn into nasty slugfests. From the start, insiders speculated on whether Hawkins and Hanson would turn on each other. Clearly, Hanson had more to gain by doing so. Perkins had cleverly arranged for the two to be separated. But John Hawkins knew he didn't have to worry. Boggs was right: Hanson was more loyal than a dog. I once asked Hanson how he would feel if Hawkins turned state's evidence against him. Hanson was so choked with feeling that he could barely answer. "I would be very disappointed."

Barry Pomeroy's testimony at Boggs's trial in 1990 was so compelling that the doctor was lucky to escape the death penalty. However, the Hanson/Hawkins jury never got to hear Pomeroy's story. Sometime shortly before three in the morning on April 9, one week before he was scheduled to testify, Pomeroy leapt or fell from the balcony of his third-floor apartment. "He was on medication for depression and had been on disability for several months," recalls one of Pomeroy's neighbors. "He listened to his classical music and he drank."

Because the state had no eyewitnesses and no corpse, Pomeroy was critical to its case. "The fish that got away," Perkins dubbed him. Perkins and Deputy District Attorney MacKenzie, miserable and disbelieving, sat on the information. Eventually they disclosed to the court that they wouldn't be calling their key witness. Hanson and Hawkins jolted to attention but betrayed no emotion. Once outside the courtroom in the adjoining foyer, however, the two men jubilantly jumped in the air, according to the bailiff, slapping their hands together in the traditional high five.

When I informed Boggs about Pomeroy's death, he smiled wryly. "I find the timing very interesting. A suicide a week before he's to testify? Maybe Hawkins's father has connections in L.A., eh?"

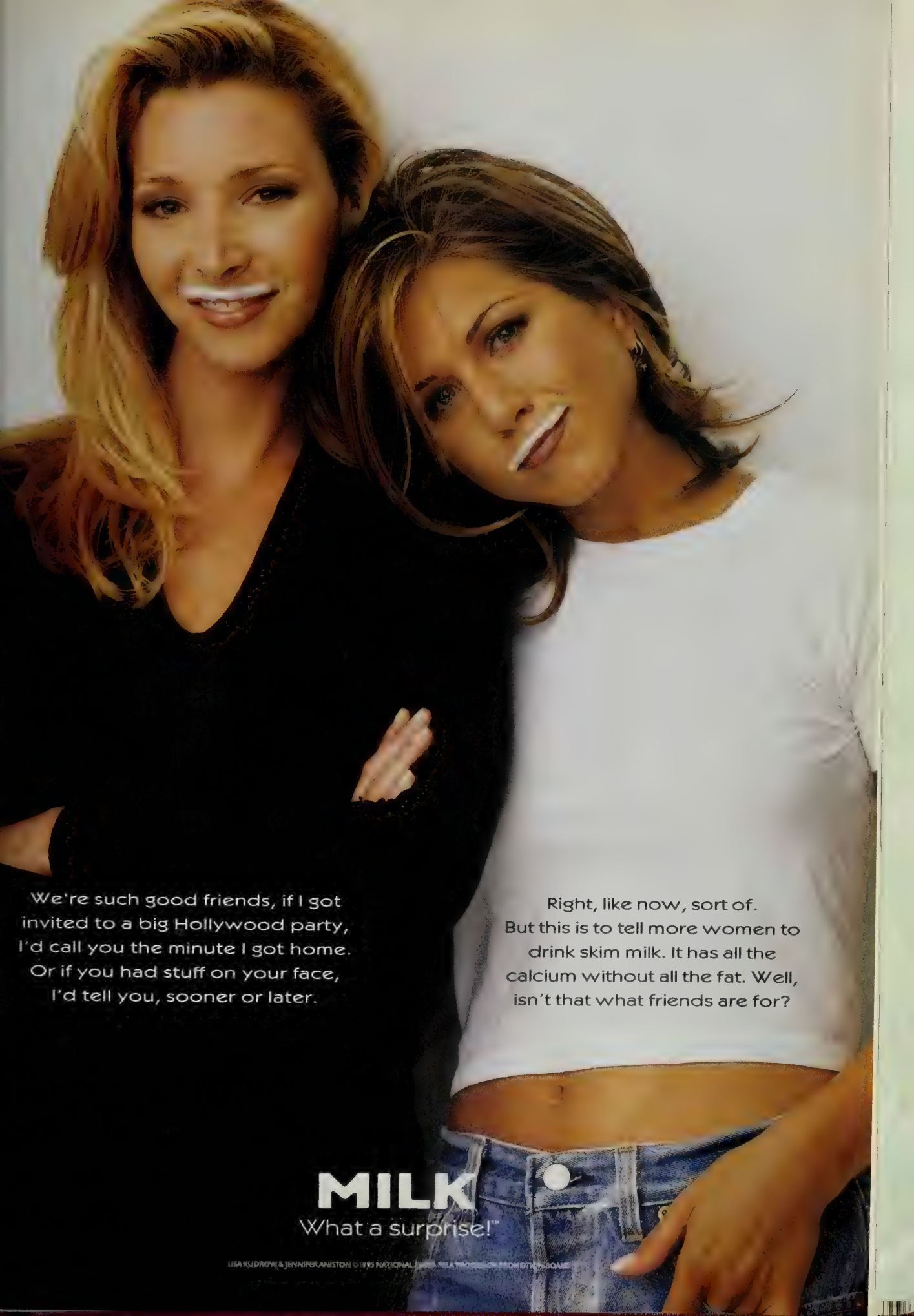
About a month into the trial, Jackie Cirian entered the courtroom with a slender young woman with shoulder-length strawberry-blond hair. Immediately, Hawkins turned around and waved. It was Amy Blizzard, his Columbus girlfriend, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Jackie. After Hawkins's disappearance, according to Perkins, Blizzard was deeply embittered and told friends that she had burned John's letters and thrown out his gifts.

A curious subplot of the trial involved what has been dubbed the baby imbroglio, and began when Perkins approached Blizzard during a break. Immediately, Cirian stepped in front of her as if to fend him off. "You don't have to talk to him," she instructed her. "You can get a lawyer." Then she turned on Perkins. "Look, things are different now. I'm trying to protect both of them . . . being a grandmother now." Perkins was struck speechless. Was Jackie bluffing, or was it possible that Blizzard had conceived when she hooked up with Hawkins when he was on the lam? Later, a defense source told Perkins that Blizzard had had a child by Hawkins—a boy now five years old—which meant the two had to have been in contact sometime in late 1989. "Totally possible," says Perkins. "We know Hawkins snuck back in the country at least one time—maybe two or three times."

"Hawkins was carrying on that if it hadn't been for Perkins snooping around he never would have known he had a kid," according to bailiff Pete Vandenberg. "But he seemed pretty pleased about the news." Soon Hawkins was proudly showing the bailiff and Hanson a small photograph of his son. "He kept saying, 'He looks just like me, doesn't he?'" recalls Vandenberg. However, Blizzard vehemently denied that Hawkins is the father, and, according to Cirian's attorney, Hawkins and his mother also denied it. Blizzard told me that she regretted having come to court, and that any publicity linking her and Hawkins could have a negative impact on her child. "I only came out of curiosity," she said curtly, adding that she was in L.A. visiting her boyfriend, whom she described as being in the film business.

Pomeroy was dead, but hanging like a rain cloud over the defendants was the chilling prospect that Boggs might waltz into the courtroom and testify against them. Boggs confirmed to me that he had had a visit from Perkins and another investigator. "They said they were very nervous about John Hawkins. They said they knew he was the mastermind, but they were worried that without my testimony he was gonna walk." If he testified about Hawkins's and Hanson's involvement in the murder, Boggs claimed, the D.A. would reduce his first-degree conviction to second degree with a possibility of parole in 12 years. (Deputy District Attorney MacKenzie denies ever having made such an offer.) Evidently, Boggs figured that at his age, with his H.I.V. status, this was an offer he could refuse. "I kept saying, 'I'm not gonna lie. I'm not gonna lie,'" he protested to me tartly. "I didn't kill Ellis Greene. I never killed anyone in my life." Nevertheless, he equivocated for months, keeping his co-conspirators choked with anxiety.

Meanwhile, Hawkins turned down the option of pleading guilty to second


We're such good friends, if I got invited to a big Hollywood party, I'd call you the minute I got home. Or if you had stuff on your face, I'd tell you, sooner or later.
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degree murder. "We offered him 25 years. He'd have to do 20, then parole," Perkins said. "Twenty years would have made me happy. This was the biggest gamble of his life."

It was clear from the outset that Hanson's cool detachment and occasional droll humor were not charming the jury. He explained with some impatience how Boggs had promised to provide Hawkins and him with a body. In November 1987, he said, he flew to L.A. and gave the doctor a $25,000 cash advance and waited for the delivery of the corpse. As for his disappearance in early January with $1.8 million of company funds, he said, that was simply borrowing against his part of the insurance money. However, investigators believe the money was an intentional embezzlement meant to dovetail with his "death." When the company's lawyers told Hawkins that they intended to notify the F.B.I. about the theft, he flew to L.A. for a rendezvous with Hanson and brought most of the money back.

Hanson told of repeated trips to Los Angeles, where, he said, the unreliable Boggs kept dropping the ball. Finally, on April 15, 1988, he received a call in Miami from Boggs. Hanson said he once again grabbed his leather satchel with the final $25,000 cash payment in it and headed to L.A. Boggs, he said, picked him up at the gate at eight in the evening. Over a brief dinner, he said, Boggs informed him that "he was still trying to uphold his end of the bargain." Claiming that he hadn't wanted to wait around in Boggs's office, Hanson said that he had had Boggs drop him at the Numbers Bar, a gay bar once popular with Hollywood's jet set. At closing time, he said, he left the bar just as Boggs was pulling into the parking lot. Boggs announced the consummation of the deal, Hanson testified, and drove them back to his office. Upstairs, stretched out on the examining table, was a corpse, he said. Hanson claimed that he had not helped Boggs "dress" the corpse but had previously given some of his clothes and identification to the doctor. He said he spent only a few cursory moments looking over the corpse, paid Boggs the other $25,000, and went on his way.

When I relayed Hanson's version to Boggs in prison several weeks later, Boggs seemed genuinely taken aback. "This is a big fabrication—a fantasy," he said. Hanson made one serious gaffe on the stand. Asked how he came to have Ellis Greene's ID on him, he said that Boggs had mailed it to him, but he later testified that Boggs never had his address, "just the phone number." The testimony clearly irritated Boggs. "I didn't know his address in Miami," Boggs said huffily. He claimed he had never gotten the $50,000, either.





Running wild: Hawkins with Max van Rijs and girlfriends in Sardinia in 1991 and, *left*, with Max's brother Mick in the Mediterranean that same year.

"I can't handle doing even five years," Hawkins told me. "I'll escape or I'll die trying."

During Hanson's three days on the stand, he said nothing that would incriminate Hawkins. Though Hanson conceded that they had conceived the scam together, he very nearly gave the impression that he—not Hawkins—was the mastermind.

"He's protecting John Hawkins," said an irate Thelma Kernan, whose son has been married to Gene Hanson's sister Cecilia for 29 years and who accompanied Hanson's mother to court for the penalty phase. I gingerly asked the women why they thought this was so. "Because he loves him," Katherine Lawley responded with so much emotion that I thought her frail form would totter. In a bizarre slip of the tongue, I referred to her son as Ellis, then corrected myself. But it was a meaningful slip, for Gene Hanson and Ellis Greene could indeed almost have swapped lives: both men rose above difficult, painful childhoods and were resourceful and well-meaning, but tragically flawed by their shame, their secrets, and perhaps their dependence o unrequited, romantic love.

"I'm not surprised that Gene would sa rifice himself for John," Boggs tol me at Vacaville midway through th three-month trial. "Gene is a romanti idealist. Hawkins could tell him the sk is purple and he'd believe it." Perkir goes one step further: "Hanson was puppet, and Hawkins and Boggs wer the puppeteers."

Hawkins's Columbus roommat Erik De Sando, now a casting directo in Los Angeles, concurs. "Gene is n a guy who will start something. He h to be pushed along. John has the be criminal mind there is—better than h father. You would never know th John is not educated. He's smoothe than anybody I've ever met—even o here in Hollywood."

De Sando is one of the very few f whom John Hawkins's charm has utte ly dissipated. Almost everyone els from Mick van Rijs to Hawkins friends in Columbus, Amsterdam, an Sardinia, still cherishes him. "I know was a fantasy traveling with Brad, but totally changed my life," Mick tells m by phone from Amsterdam. "I don't s

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him as a murderer. We're all rooting and praying for him."

Many were struck by Hawkins's seemingly invincible optimism all through the trial. Deputy Pete Vandenberg says, "He told me repeatedly that he wasn't going to get convicted—he'd get convicted on the fraud, and with time served he was planning on walking right out the door."

Called to testify by the prosecution, De Sando was staggered by Hawkins's appearance. "He looked like an old man," he said. "I really feel sorry for him. God knows what goes on in prison. I mean, I saw *The Shawshank Redemption.*" As for Hawkins's guilt, De Sando said he had no doubts. "I'm unequivocally sure of it. I don't think it was ever going to be a morgue scam."

When the trial concluded at the end of June, Judge Flynn told the defendants that the jury had been promised a week off for the Fourth of July holiday. When the jurors returned, they deliberated for two weeks without reaching a verdict, keeping the participants in agonizing suspense. Then one of the jurors reminded the court that she had a much-anticipated summer vacation coming up. Rather than replace her with one of the 10 alternates, Judge Flynn, with the concurrence of both sides, halted deliberations one more time. With Hanson facing the death penalty and Hawkins life in prison—due to the terms of his Italian extradition—the jury had more than three weeks of vacation time during deliberations.

"John has the best criminal mind there is. He's smoother than anybody I've ever met—even out here in Hollywood."

On August 8, one day after arriving back from the second break, the jury informed the judge that they had verdicts on six of the charges but were deadlocked on Count Two—the actual murder—and one of the fraud counts. The suddenness of their verdicts took everyone by surprise. Jackie Cirian didn't even make it down to the courthouse.

As the verdicts were read out—guilty for both men on Count One, conspiracy to commit murder—Hawkins dropped his face into both hands and shook his head as if trying to throw off a bad dream. He knew that in California conspiracy is almost the equivalent of murder, carrying a mandatory 25-years-to-life imprisonment, with parole not even countenanced until at least half the sentence has been served. He had gambled everything and lost. As expected, both were also found guilty of insurance fraud.

The following day, the jury had even worse news for Gene Hanson. While "hopelessly deadlocked" on the murder charge against Hawkins (with eight voting to convict and four holding out), the jurors found Hanson guilty of the murder, along with "special circumstances," meaning murder for financial gain. Henry Hall, Hanson's lawyer, and his paralegal looked shattered. Hanson, who now faced the bleakest of options, the death penalty or L-WOP, stared at the ceiling. As Hawkins was led out, he mumbled, "I can't believe it . . . This is terrible. And what about my son?" Jackie Cirian, her face shielded by oversize sunglasses, sat weeping profusely, barely able to look at her visibly devastated son.

On August 21, the penalty phase began. The fact that Hanson was now perilously close to a death sentence seemed a joyless victory even for the prosecution. MacKenzie didn't seem to have his heart in it when he asked the jurors for the maximum verdict. Even Perkins seemed to lose the thrill of the final kill as he speculated on whether Hanson would have to die for his crimes. "I'm not saying it's going to happen," he mused darkly, "but if Gene didn't have bad luck, he wouldn't have any luck at all."

The two-day hearing was suffused with almost unbearable anguish. The prosecution had flown out four members of Ellis Greene's family, each of whom spoke briefly of their grief. Huddled close to one another like the Joad family, they separated only to take the stand. When Darlene Greene spoke of her "loving son," who called her weekly, one juror burst into tears. "It really took a lot out of me, and out of the entire family," said Mrs. Greene. "They were all tore up." Clearly, the most agitated was Ellis's identical twin brother, Basil, who sidled over to the stand wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt. His brother's murder put him "into a depression," he said, which "caused me to start drinkin heavily." Basil said he checked into th hospital at one point for three months and had been in and out ever since. H didn't tell the jury that a week afte learning of his brother's death he had a tempted suicide. "The neighbors sa him hanging on his back porch," hi mother told me, "and they hurried ove and cut him down." Her youngest daugh ter, she added, had also tried to take he life, and "she's still in counseling."

The ante in this emotion-drenche courtroom rose even higher as Gen Hanson's 73-year-old mother, Katherin Lawley, took the stand. All day she ha wept in the hall outside the courtroom awaiting her turn. It had been a terribl time in a very difficult life for her. I 1987 her son Donald, Gene's younges brother, had killed himself. In June he husband of 19 years, Doyle, the pillar o her life, had died suddenly. In soft breathy southern tones punctuated b tears, Katherine spoke of Gene's good ness, his childhood, his leadership a their local church, the family's condem nation of homosexuality, and her 13-yea estrangement from her son. More tha ever, it seemed that only a sliver of psy chic space separated Gene Hanson an Ellis Greene.

Earlier the jury had heard from No man Zeichner, one of Hanson's co leagues from the shoe business. A hand some man past middle age, he salute Hanson when he took the stand. "Hi bosses . . . thought Gene was one of th best buyers in the country," he said. "H was an excellent number-two man. . . Gene took direction very, very well." I was a double-edged comment—one tha may have cleared many doubts that Har son was the mastermind of this crime bu that also sealed his guilt as a follower.

Thelma Kernan told the jury that sh had known Hanson since he was child. "I really don't know as the bo ever had a speeding ticket," she said Outside the courtroom, she said bitterly "Gene wouldn't be here if it weren't fo that other fella."

Henry Hall, clearly stricken by th fate of his client, made some tellin points. "Dr. Boggs was the actual kille according to the People's theory," he re minded the jury. "And John Hawkin was the man who got the money. . . What was Gene's involvement?" He the tacked up a glossy head shot of Joh Hawkins and spoke of Hanson's captur nearly seven years earlier. "Gene ha



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No one's dislike approached the loathing Jackie Cirian felt for Perkins. "He's a demented man who is obsessed with my son."

John Hawkins, *above,* posing seductively in the 80s, and, *top,* his doting mother, Jackie Cirian, a pit boss in Las Vegas. The legend reads, "43 and holding Ha Ha."

identification and things that belonged to a lot of different people. But there was not one piece of identification that belonged to Melvin Eugene Hanson," he said. "There is one belonging he had that tied him to his identity before April 16, 1988," he said, pointing to the exhibit, "a photograph of John Hawkins." He then asked the jury to consider the mitigating factor of "domination."

Within 40 minutes the jury had a verdict. Gene would spend the rest of his days in prison but be spared his life. A wave of relief flooded the courtroom as Hanson's defense team hugged him. Some jurors said they would have convicted Hawkins of the murder had they known more. One of them surprised me when she said, "We figured that Gene Hanson was in love with John Hawkins. Otherwise, it just didn't make sense."

On the morning of Friday the 13th of October, John Hawkins demonstrated his mastery of courtroom drama. Giggles and gasps greeted Judge Flynn's announcement that Hawkins's sentencing would be delayed briefly, as "Mr. Hawkins is getting married in chambers." At 9:15, Hawkins, wearing a gray linen jacket, white shirt, and tie, his hair in need of a shampoo, entered the judge's chambers accompanied by his mother, his half-sister, two bailiffs, a judge, and his betrothed, who was none other than Amy Blizzard. According to one witness, the two kissed and exchanged rings. Hawkins will now be entitled to conjugal visits in prison.

Blizzard, wearing a simple dress, left the courtroom quickly, before her spouse's sentencing. Basking in a postnuptial reverie, Hawkins barely reacted to the judge's sentence of 25 years to life, but Whiteside Green promptly filed an appeal. "Good luck to you, Mr. Hawkins," said Judge Flynn, to which Hawkins replied, with all the earnestness of Jimmy Stewart, "Thank you, sir."

Though Hawkins, the reputed mastermind, received the lightest sentence, he will no doubt do the hardest time. His friends wince painfully at the thought of John behind bars. For few ever loved life more or lived it more voraciously. Even those who met him as a hustler say he so transcended his status that they eagerly sought his friendship. One man who met Hawkins in 1979 and knew him in both New York and Los Angeles says, "I remember him showing me his calendar book, and it was chockablock full of dates with powerful men and beautiful women. It was amazing how he juggled both. I introduced him to some movie agents, but he didn't want to be an actor. He wanted power. He wanted to be a player. And I thought he would be. Tr ly, he could have written his own ticke so why would he have done this?"

The last time I saw Boggs, in May, h had put on even more weight. Abov the chest pocket on his prison-issu denim shirt was a rainbow ribbon, th gay-pride insignia. At the request of som of the prison doctors, Boggs said, he ha become a jailhouse doctor of sorts an AIDS educator among the inmates. He r fuses to take AZT or any other treatmen though his T cells have dropped into th 800s, down from the 900s two years ag Boggs speculated that at least 30 percer of Vacaville, as well as the national priso population, is H.I.V.-positive, "but the don't know it, because they won't ge tested, because they don't want to knov There are men here who are totally, 10 percent heterosexual on the outside, bu in here they have 'girlfriends.' One of th things about being old is that I don have to deal with it. No one wants me."

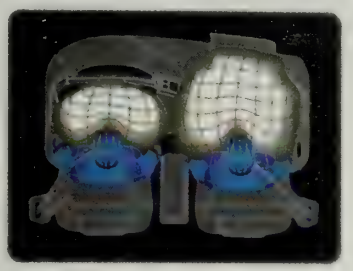
Five days a week he works in the l brary. "I enjoy that, because I get to rea a lot and order the books I like," he sai "Maybe I've read 3,000 or 4,000 book in here." Most of his fellow travelers, h said, have little more than "a third- c fourth-grade education," although he isn the only representative from the profe sional classes. "There's a guy here wh was a stockbroker who works with me i the library," he told me. When I aske him what his crime was, Boggs shrugge "You don't ask questions like that i here. You might end up with somethin sharp in your eye."

"I made the cardinal mistake of a d fense attorney," said Henry Hall afte the trial. "I came to care about Gen Hanson. I mean, I never had a client b fore who wouldn't do anything to sav his own skin. I know he's mad at me fc having his mother and Thelma testify a the penalty phase, but I had to do it."

"I didn't want anyone begging for m life," Hanson explained to me three day after the verdicts. "I didn't want m mother to debase herself in front of ju rors I didn't think were worthy to judg me. I'm glad that John was not convic ed of the murder charge," he said. "An he'll *never* be convicted of murder," h added with some satisfaction. "He was i Columbus. He shouldn't have been cor victed of conspiracy." I asked whether h felt the same way about himself. "Wel neither of us should have been convicte of murder," he said, but as he spoke fc himself his voice lost its enthusiasm. □

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American-born Lady Astor, England's answer to Eleanor Roosevelt and Hillary Clinton, invaded Parliament's all-male sanctum







Clockwise from top: **Lady Astor surrounded by children on the hustings in 1923; a portrait of Lady Astor circa 1920; with the Prince of Wales at the Parliamentary Golf Handicap in 1933; with Lord Astor at a press conference in 1946, after she left Parliament.**

Nancy Astor, the American aristocrat who was the fir woman to be elected to the British Parliament, r signed her seat in the House of Commons 50 yea ago. She had taken over her husband's constituen after a by-election in 1919 when the death of his f ther, the first Viscount Astor, elevated him to th House of Lords. According to Winston Churchi "Parliament has never been the same since."

Lady Astor wasn't so much a pistol as a blunderbuss. Th writer Harold Nicolson said debating her was "like playi squash with a dish of scrambled eggs." When she wasn't spra ing her opponents with buckshot, she simply sprayed them: sh once spit at Marxist journalist Claud Cockburn for suggesti she was among the architects of appeasement.

Born into a fading Virginia plantocracy as Nannie Langhorne her sister Irene married painter Charles Dana Gibson and was h star model, known as "the Gibson Girl"—she was long the grande dam and especially formidable-looking in her tricorne hat. If she'd been less hea strong she probably never would have endured the boys'-club atmosphere the House of Commons. It was Lady Astor who told Churchill that if s were his wife she'd poison his tea, to which he famously replied, "My de Nancy, if I were your husband I'd drink it."

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Clockwise from le Arnold Schwarzen walks to his Hum in Burbank after borrowing Tom Cruise's G III his own was bein repaired; private planes pile up in during holidays; Steven Spielberg DreamWorks and Seagram jets.





JET COMPULSION

In the private-jet set, your tail number is your ID, you debate the relative merits of G IIIs and G IVs, and you wouldn't ask your *dog* to fly commercial

BY MAUREEN ORTH

They glimmered and gleamed. They cost nearly $30 million stripped bare, and they were at war, albeit in the ad pages of high-end business publications and in the flight departments of Fortune 500 companies. On the vast floor of the Las Vegas Convention Center at the National Business Aircraft Association Convention last September, full-scale models of two brand-new luxurious private jets—"business jets"—were on display for the first time. The development of the Gulfstream V and the 100-foot-long Bombardier Global Express signified a great leap forward in the rarefied world of privileged flight. Corporate lords, billionaires, and monarchs with the minimum cash of $33 million to buy and decorate—plus another million a year to fuel and maintain—these rare birds, the most conspicuous status symbols of turn-of-the-century society, would now be able to fly from New York to Tokyo, Chicago to Taipei, or Dallas to Cairo at more than 500 miles per hour without stopping to refuel. In the emerging global economy, the ability to eliminate normal 45-minute stopovers with the G V costs the buyer a cool $6 million mor than the price of the G V's predecesso the G IV-SP. Nevertheless, in a shrinkin world and an expanding market, thes sleek machines, which seat a dozen or s with a crew of three, can chase the su while their pampered passengers phone fax, send E-mail, or relax while watchin any one of eight movies just by puttin on a pair of Virtual i-glasses. Even th toilet flush is electronically controlle with a gold-plated switch.

Neither jet will actually be ready t

Illustrations by TIM SHEAFFER



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Peter Morton, co-founder of the Hard Rock Cafe, on the wing of his G III. Like many owners, Morton uses his initials as part of his jet's tail number.





"Planes are much more prestigious than cars. I'd let the wife go before I'd let the jet go," jokes racecar driver Jackie Stewart.

fly for a year or two, but the orders are piling up nicely. Gulfstream boasts of having already sold 60, or $2 billion worth—the first to Seagram C.E.O. Edgar Bronfman Jr.—the profits from which, the Savannah-based company has said, will allow it to break even on its development costs. Bombardier, the French-Canadian manufacturer, which has not yet rolled out a finished Global Express, claims "in excess" of 40 orders—10 to go to rich Saudis, another to Paul Allen, the co-founder of Microsoft, who has also purchased a Boeing 757. (Microsoft C.E.O. Bill Gates, America's richest man, is still flying commercial.) Understandably, these are not high-volume items, and some individuals doubt that two such similar and expensive planes can both survive. Yet Wilson Leach, publisher of *Aviation International News,* says, "When the first million-dollar airplane came out—the JetStar, the one James Bond flew in *Goldfinger*—you heard people say that no one would spend a million dollars for an airplane. Then, when the G III broke the $10 million barrier, people said, 'That's the end of these business jets; nobody in their right mind will buy them.' Now G IVs and Challengers, as well as the Falcon 900 series, cost in the $20 million range, and they sell 60 to 70 per year. Those numbers are not subsiding."

In fact, private jets seem to create an emotional yearning far beyond people's actual need for them. "We've got a product that defies gravity," says Bob Brown, president of Bombardier's Canadair Group. "This business is extremely emotional, and there's an attachment with customers." Hard Rock Cafe co-founder Peter Morton, who flies a G III, agrees: "I happen to love airplanes. I loved them before I understood how expensive they are." Market studies have identified a potential client pool of 500 or so in the whole world for the new, nonpareil aircraft. Bombardier says it would like to be able to deliver two Global Expresses a month for the next 10 years to 250 of the elite. Gulfstream quotes similar figures.

Many of these prestige clients flew in to Las Vegas on their current jets to have a first look. There were an astounding 600 private aircraft parked on the tarmac of the Las Vegas airport during the convention, which attracted more than 20,000 people—a testament to the perceived necessity of private planes in the world marketplace. A member of the Saudi royal family flew in from Riyadh just for the afternoon to inspect the new offerings. The flight departments of such major corporations as 3M, Honeywell, and Gannett were all hovering around the Gulfstream display. So was a member of the nearly bankrupt city of Washington, D.C.'s National Guard, who blithely told me that the capital's guardsmen were looking to buy a $27 million G IV-SP "for V.I.P. travel."

Over at the Global Express mock-up on the first morning of the convention, financier Kirk Kerkorian, cheered on by ex-astronaut Alan Shepard, sat in the cockpit of the brand-new jet. O. J. Simpson defense lawyer F. Lee Bailey also made an inspection tour, in the middle of closing arguments. So did 27-time Grand Prix–winning racecar driver Jackie Stewart, who kidded, "Planes ar much more prestigious than cars. I'd l the wife go before I'd let the jet go." H said his dogs had never flown comme cial. Sony C.E.O. Mickey Schulhof, wh often pilots the Sony jet himself, flew i to see the new Global Express as well a to tour Challenger models parked at th airport. Also on the Global Express wa the pilot of Bill Cosby's Gulfstream I Celebrity pitchmen are just coming int vogue in this high-stakes venture. Cosb for example, has made promotional ap pearances for Gulfstream. Jack Nicklau has a contract to meet and play golf wit potential Gulfstream buyers, and he flie around the world to supervise th golf courses he designs in a G IV-S equipped with a shower. The night b fore the opening of the convention, mo of the recognizable faces showed up at gala Bombardier cocktail party at Libe ace's preserved-in-kitsch house, whe Vanna White was a featured guest and frequent form of greeting was "What a you flying these days?"

Interesting question. The Nation Business Aircraft Association (N.B.A.A goes out of its way to portray "busine aircraft" as essential corporate tools ar to stress that the vast majority of th approximately 10,000 business plan registered with the association are wor horses of the sky. (For tax purposes, order to have a jet it is wise to for some sort of corporate entity.) The co vention floor was awash with the pilo and executives of American Dream su cess stories. One example: San Ant nio's H. B. Zachry Company, a famil

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T RUNS ON CARBOHYDRATES.



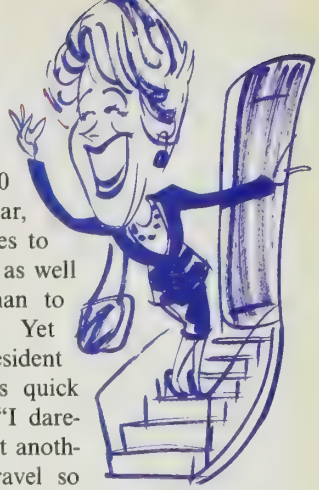


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owned construction business grossing more than $500 million a year, relies on planes to carry workers as well as the chairman to work sites. Yet N.B.A.A. president John Olcott is quick to point out, "I daresay there is not another form of travel so closely scrutinized because of a misconception of who uses our aircraft." Indeed, it is true that airline deregulation in the United States has made air travel to out-of-the-way towns and cities monumentally inconvenient. For hard-charging executives whose business is spread out, having a plane makes all the difference.



Warnaco boss Linda Wachner says, "I couldn't do what I do unless I did it with an airplane."

Amway co-founder Richard DeVos, for example, who with a fortune of $4.3 billion ranks No. 6 on *Forbes*'s 1995 list of the richest Americans, is the former president of a worldwide company of door-to-door salespeople which has moved aggressively into Asia in the last few years. Amway has seven corporate planes. DeVos, who also owns the Orlando Magic basketball team, says that early on at Amway he asked an accountant to do a cost-analysis-and-feasibility study for the company's first plane. "We all came out of World War II with airplanes on our minds, and partly because we liked them we tried to justify their use." The cost analysis didn't make economic sense, DeVos says, but the man who did it told him to get the plane anyway, because otherwise he might start finding excuses not to go on the road. "The plane made it interesting—kept me out hustling. I think jet airplanes and the computer make our business possible."

DeVos has recently invested $30 million in a spankingly refurbished Boeing 737 for the Orlando Magic basketball team. The seven-year-old 42-seater, painted blue, black, white, and silver with a burst of stars on the tail, once belonged to heiress Doris Duke. Although the plane was built to hold 150, Duke never flew more than 12, preferring to give over the remaining space to futons for guests or her dogs. Now the Magic, starring seven-foot-one-inch Shaquille "Shaq" O'Neal, Anferne "Penny" Hardaway, and some of th hottest young talent in the N.B.A., ar out to prove that their "amenities pack age," as president Bob Vander Weid refers to it, is second to none.

The lush jet is divided into fou parts. On a recent late-night fligh from Memphis to Orlando after an ex hibition game, the front-office types sa in the first section, their 610-mile, 1.5 hour flight charted on a 27-inch vide screen framed in stained burl wood an partitioned from the players by a pane of frosted glass designed with th team's name coming out of fluff clouds. In the larger, players' sectior Penny Hardaway and three other team mates unwound in special, oversiz chairs playing dominoes. Across th aisle, over plates of barbecue, roas chicken, cole slaw, and beans, forme Chicago Bulls forward Horace Grar and three other team members wer playing cards. In the rear Nick Ande son was watching *Batman Return* Meanwhile, in the third section Coac Brian Hill was conducting a meetin with his assistants. "This plane is statement that this organization trea its players as well as humanly poss ble," said Coach Hill. They reviewe plays and videos on a video scree Hill said the plane saves him two hou of video work in a hotel room.

In the aft section, sprawled across a eight-foot built-in seat that converts int a bed, was Shaq himself, a rhyming dic tionary on his lap, listening to "beats" o his boom box, trying to come up wit lyrics for his third rap album. Acro from him on the other convertible so bed was teammate Dennis Scott, wh produces Shaq's videos and concerts, b cause being in the N.B.A. today, Sco says, "means so much more than baske ball." Shaq endorses products rangin from Reeboks to Pepsi, and his secon movie, *Kazaam,* will be released th summer. "This is my section," said Sha somewhat devilishly, tap ping his size-22 foot. ' can make it into a be



***Rolling Sto* publisher Jan Wenner take turns with Pet Morton to see wh can go the lowe over each other beach houses Southampto**

WHO FLIES WHAT?

Bill Gates
(Microsoft) flies commercial.

Warren Buffett
(Berkshire Hathaway)
1 Challenger 600, 1 Citation II.

John Kluge
(Metromedia)
1 Falcon 900.

Paul Allen
(The Paul Allen Group)
1 Boeing 757, 1 Challenger 601, 1 CitationJet (1 Global Express on order).

Sumner Redstone
(Viacom)
1 Gulfstream II-B, 1Gulfstream III.

Richard DeVos and Jay Van Andel
(Amway) *1 Boeing 727, 1 BAC 1-11, 2 Falcon 900B's, 3 Hawker 800s, 1 Learjet 31.*

Helen, S. Robson, John, Jim, and Alice Walton
(Wal-Mart Stores)
1 Citation S/II, 2 Citation Vs, 1 Learjet 31, 4 Learjet 35s, 12 Rockwell 690s.

Ronald Perelman
(MacAndrews & Forbes Holdings)
2 Gulfstream II-B's, 1 Gulfstream IV, 1 Hawker 125-700.

William Hewlett and David Packard
(Hewlett-Packard)
1 Falcon 50, 2 Astra SP's, 1 DHC-6 Twin Otter.

Rupert Murdoch
(News Corporation)
1 Gulfstream IV, 1 Gulfstream IV-SP, 1 TBM 700.

Barbara Cox Anthony and Anne Cox Chambers
(Cox Enterprises) *2 Gulfstream IVs.*

Time Warner
2 Challenger 601s, 2 Gulfstream IVs, 2 Gulfstream IV-SP's, 1 Gulfstream III.

Ted Turner
(Turner Broadcasting System)
1 Citation III.

Edgar Bronfman Jr.
(Seagram and MCA)
1 Challenger 601, 4 Gulfstream IVs, (1 Gulfstream V on order).

David Geffen
(DreamWorks SKG)
1 Gulfstream IV.

Linda Wachner
(Warnaco) *1 Gulfstream III.*

Jann Wenner
(*Rolling Stone*) *1 Gulfstream II.*

Barry Diller
(Silver King Communications)
1 Gulfstream II.

Laurence Tisch
(Loews Corp.) *1 Challenger 601.*

ART PARKER ON F.A.A. RECORDS AND OTHER SOURCES


L'EAU D'ISSEY
LE PARFUM PUR D'ISSEY MIYAKE
AVAILABLE AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, NEIMAN MARCUS, BLOOMINGDALE'S



Seagram C.E.O. Edgar Bronfman Jr. was the first to sign up for a new Gulfstream V, which costs nearly $30 million stripped bare.

David Koch of Koch Industries says, "I wouldn't have my house in Aspen if I couldn't get there with a private airplane. It's like a mobile cocktail party."





Bob Vander Weide, president of the Orlando Magic basketball team, says that the team's "amenities package," which includes Doris Duke's completely refurbished old Boeing 737, is second to none.

close the curtain, take off all my clothes, and relax."

There is no doubt that the cargo on this plane is precious—collectively, the player passengers aboard earn $30 million a year in salaries—and they need to be protected. According to assistant coach Tree Rollins, an 18-year N.B.A. veteran player, "You just don't know till you've spent years on the road commercially. You have to spend practically half a day in an airport. Now, your own plane not only saves time but wear and tear on your body, especially for Shaq. With his notoriety, trying to hide out in airports is impossible. This plane is just like being home—actually it's better than my home." Rollins adds, "This plane is about the best thing since grits."

In jet high life, the height of the cabin ceiling is a definite status point. In this plane there is a seven-foot ceiling and a specially woven carpet so thick the players can sleep on it.

Toward the end of the flight, Shaq, the team's captain, was roaming the aisle, sporting a huge gold belt buckle with the letters TWISM.

"What do they stand for?" I asked.

"This world is mine," said the 23-year-old wonder.

At two A.M., when the plane touched down, Shaq and three teammates walked a few yards to his red Mercedes and sped off into the night.

About the only woman to commandeer a corporate jet the way the big boys do is Warnaco boss and Authentic Fitness Corp. chair Linda Wachner. She is constantly flying around on a long-term-leased Gulfstream III to the 20 countries where her companies do business or manufacture their clothes, from the Miracle Bra to Speedo bathing suits, from Valentino lingerie to Calvin Klein underwear. The plane's computer keeps her up to the minute by spouting out her latest world-sales numbers. "I am running two businesses, both global," Wachner says. "The plane saves time. I couldn't do what I do unless I did it with an airplane." For example, in the last seven months, Wachner says, she has made five trips to Hong Kong to launch a joint venture with Rupert Murdoch's News Corp.'s Star TV to introduce home shopping for Warnaco products to a huge TV audience in the Middle East and Asia. (Murdoch, who is No. 13 on the *Forbes* list, flies in one of News Corp.'s two Gulfstream IVs.)

Wachner has also soared socially with her jet, becoming known for her generosity in offering lifts on her plane to members of the A-list—ferrying Pamela Harriman around Europe, for example, after Harriman sold her late husband's old Westwind II, or jetting Barbara Walters down to the British Embassy in Washington. "If I take people places—anybody personally—which I do, I reimburse at levels above what they would pay. We're very careful about it. It's all disclosed in my proxy statement," says Wachner. "In the world of publicly held companies, you have to."

David Koch, who just bought Jacqueline Onassis's Fifth Avenue apartment in New York, is a key executive of Koch Industries, based in Wichita, Kansas—"a pathetic place to get in and out of commercially." Koch usually eschews the corporate jet when he's on the Easter Seaboard, but come the holidays, h needs to fly his guests to his famou New Year's Eve party in Aspen. " wouldn't have my house in Aspen if couldn't get there with a private ai plane, because there is so much conge tion at busy times. It's like a mobil cocktail party. Everybody is always ver animated, always having a great time."

Veteran plane customizer Benn Isaac man, who helped design the Bombardie display at the convention, said, "Thi show would like you to believe the onl reason that people have airplanes lik this is for business, and that's not tru We're not kidding anybody. You tak the jet to the limo to the five-star hot to the four-star restaurant." Isaacman currently supervising the painting of new G IV-SP owned by Nike in black red, and gray, the colors of one of th company's new sneakers; the underpar of the fuselage will be painted to loo like the sole of the shoe. Isaacma thinks most plane owners and business are much too uptight about the wa they decorate the exteriors of the planes. After all, the motto of th N.B.A.A. is No Plane, No Gain.

In Hollywood, it's No Plane, No Fam "Other than cigars, planes are th hottest topic among men aroun here," says Maria Shriver. Shriver's hu band, Arnold Schwarzenegger, has virtu ally terminated commercial flight t own a Gulfstream III. Tom Cruis Kevin Costner, Harrison Ford, Dc Johnson, and John Travolta all hav their own jets. Steven Spielberg repor edly has had written into his ne

TEXT BY [illegible] PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD LORMAN


L'EAU D'ISSEY
POUR HOMME
ISSEY MIYAKE



King Fahd of Saudi Arabia's Boeing 747 has a fully equipped operating room as well as a throne room and a "Mecca setter" so that he always knows which way to face when he prays.

"This plane is just like being home," says Magic assistant coach Tree Rollins. "This plane is about the best thing since grit"



John Travolta with his World War II–era British Vampire jet and his Learjet at his private hangar in Daytona Beach, Florida.

DreamWorks distribution contract with Seagram-controlled MCA that if the DreamWorks jet is not available to him he has first claim on a Seagram jet.

Private planes have been big in the entertainment world for decades. On display at Graceland is Elvis Presley's big old Convair 880, the *Lisa Marie,* which he bought in 1975, two years before his death. Nicknamed "Hound Dog One," it was used to tour and to take its restless owner on peanut-butter-sandwich runs to Denver. Today, everything in it is encased in plastic, including a blue crushed-velvet queen-size bed the King slept in with a gold-plated seat belt strapped across him. The real Lisa Marie, currently Mrs. Michael Jackson, celebrated her ninth birthday on board.

The late Steve Ross of Warner, who amassed an armada of jets, perfected the art of dangling the company plane in front of stars as part of the wooing process: *If the jet makes them happy, give 'em the jet.* "It's a terrific thing if we have a recording artist we want to re-sign," says Ahmet Ertegün, chairman of Warner Music's Atlantic Group. Spielberg, in fact, has had access to Time Warner jets even when he didn't have a project at Warner Bros. When he was making *Schindler's List* in Poland for Universal, a Time Warner jet flew him and his family to Spain for a holiday.

"What's it worth to Edgar Bronfman to have Spielberg's *Jurassic Park II* at MCA for the next five years while Edgar is trying to prove himself?" asks an entertainment executive. "It's worth *five* jets." Former Warner Bros. Records chairman Danny Goldberg remembers an artist who was willing to take $100,000 less on his contract if he was promised a free ride to Aspen on the company jet. "It has some sort of totemic value to a lot of people, way beyond the convenience factor of what a trip on a jet is—like being invited to court or being knighted," Goldberg says. "At any given moment, what does someone have to offer people? Cigars? Great wine? What is there that's left at that level? The jet is the one technical thing that's expensive enough. . . . It has become one of the symbols of being in the elite."

"You can tell a lot about a person by the kind of plane he has," says Donald Trump, who flies a Boeing 727, which is much larger than a Gulfstream. It is equipped with a movie theater and a bedroom. Fellow casino owner Steve Wynn has two G IVs in Las Vegas, one for himself and one for high rollers. International arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi's leased 707 has a master bedroom separated from a second bedroom by means of a mirrored wall with a concealed door. Some wags in the business refer to these big-boy toys as "ego containers." The Donald, however, feels that you get more bang for the buck with a larger jet. (Trump has always made a statement with his planes. When he was married to Ivana, she ordered a brass floor for their jet but quickly had it changed, according to a customizer, because she felt that its reflective surface allowed people to see up her skirt.) In fact, most of corporate America would feel rather uncomfortable—or at least a bit conspicuous—in front of their stockholders and boards of directors with a plane as large as a Boeing 727, or a 737, or the giant 757.

Although Boeings are somewhat costlier to operate than smaller planes, and are not able to land at as many airports, the irony is that Gulfstreams, Challengers, and Falcon 900s are much more expensive to buy than slightly used Boeings, which are far more comfortable. One pilot said it was the difference between a Cadillac and a Porsche. Today's C.E.O.'s, however, who tend to treat themselves royally and whose compensation packages reach astronomical heights, often get their companies to pay more for a small jet just so that it will look to their stockholders as if they're making do with less. Fat chance. As a Gulfstream advertising man summarized the C.E.O. mind-set: "I'm rich. I can afford it. I convinced my board of directors. And I want it."

"The C.E.O.'s of all major corporations are very, very cognizant of what they fly," says plane customizer Douglas Jaffe. "The president of IBM doesn't want to land and see the president of Arco or Exxon in a better plane. It's one-upmanship between flight departments. They've driven prices into the stratosphere."

"There is an elite club. They all know each other, and about each other—just like yacht owners," says plane customizer George Huffington. "What do they spend on? Toys—that's what it amounts to."

Because planes calibrate status so finely in corporate America, their numbers and use can often become a battleground when mergers occur or when new management moves in. The late William Paley, for example, the founder of CBS, fought bitterly with his handpicked successor, Tom Wyman



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over Paley's continued use of the CBS jets, which he considered virtually his, although he could easily have afforded to lease or buy one of his own. When the government bailed out Chrysler in the early 80s, the company was forced to sell its aircraft, but a few years later, when fortunes reversed, Lee Iacocca promptly got a new G IV and also bought the Gulfstream company. Ross Johnson's abuse of the RJR Nabisco jets—he had his dog flown around on one—became a symbol of 80s vanity and plunder. Hollywood loves to tell the story—apocryphal as it may be—of Jon Peters, who, when he was helping run Sony Pictures, used the Sony jet constantly, once to send flowers to his then girlfriend, the model Vendela, in Paris. Selling off the jets of a troubled company becomes a symbol of "the new rectitude," says former deputy Treasury secretary and mergers-and-acquisitions specialist Roger Altman. "If you're coming into a company that's all screwed up, it's very common to sell the corporate fleet—you score a lot of points. And you don't have to sell the very last plane—the very last plane *you* can use."

"Other than cigars, planes are the hottest topic among men around here," says Maria Shriver.

How the C.E.O. uses the company aircraft can become a metaphor for overall mismanagement. When William Agee became C.E.O. of Morrison Knudsen in Boise, Idaho, in 1988, for example, the company plane was a Falcon 50, a medium-priced jet that sat nine. It was immediately redecorated by Agee's controversial wife, Mary Cunningham. In 1991, Morrison Knudsen purchased a much grander, used Falcon 900 for $17 million, and Cunningham ordered new décor, including red carpeting and gold-leaf flowers on the bulkhead, at a cost of $400,000. "Bill and Mary sold this bill of goods that since the company was expanding internationally we needed a longer-range plane, even though we'd gone to Poland, Germany, and Yugoslavia in the 50," says Pat Moore, the retired chief pilot of Morrison Knudsen. The crew, who were used to bringing in paper buckets of Kentucky Fried Chicken to eat, had to begin using china and Waterford crystal and to have catered food for Cunningham, though, Moore says, "half the time we didn't know if Mary was going to be on board." When the Agees decided they didn't care for life in Boise and moved to California, next to the golf course in exclusive Pebble Beach, the aircraft became a virtual commuter plane for them, at $3,000 an hour—even though the company was losing millions. Moore remembers that several months before Agee was forced out, the plane's crew was able to tell that he was in trouble, because a member of the Morrison Knudsen board of directors who was flying back to California with Agee from a business meeting was dropped in San Jose *before* Agee was flown home. The sign was unmistakable to all on board that power had shifted.

The idea of the rich separating themselves is nothing new. Sixty years ago, the amphibious, 190-miles-per-hour, four-passenger Grumman Goose used by a small group of tycoons that included Earl Harriman, Marshall Field III, and Henry S. Morgan would fly in from summer estates on Long Island to the foot of Wall Street and land at the downtown skyport on the East River, much as the myriad helicopters flying to and from the Hamptons do today. Where the pier stuck out into the river, there was a partly submerged ramp for the Goose to taxi onto. After the passengers were discharged, the ramp was turned around so that the Goose was pointed homeward. Ten of the Wall Street titans who used the Goose, which cost $68,000 new, formed their own "Aviation Country Club."

In the late 50s, Joseph Kennedy Sr. was one of the first moguls to have his own plane, *The Caroline,* which proved to be an invaluable tool in the political ascent of his son John F. Kennedy. Today, politicians and jets still mix, though somewhat combustibly. President Clinton's secretary of agriculture Mike Espy had to resign in part because of the free rides he accepted on the jet of Tyson Foods. Senate majority leader and Republican presidential candidate Bob Dole has also been criticized for his constant use of jets belonging to companies which benefit from legislation he sponsors. Republican presidential candidate Steve Forbes sedulously avoids using his late father's DC-9, the *Capitalist Tool,* while campaigning.

There is just something about the thrill of being in one's own jet that breeds excess. Because there's an assumption that planes are so costly, one chief pilot of an insurance company in the 70s was able to purchase two Corvettes with money siphoned from the maintenance budget. "It's obviously an enjoyable extravagance. They don't make a whole lot of financial sense," says Peter Morton, who admits he has raced commercial airliners in his G III, buzzed islands in the Bahamas, and taken turns with *Rolling Stone* publisher Jann Wenner (who flies a G II) to see "who could go the lowest over each other's beach houses in Southampton." A passenger with Barry Diller in his Gulfstream tells of Diller's pride one day in calculating that his jet was going five nautical miles per hour faster than a nearby commercial airliner.

But no matter how much the men check out one another's planes to see if they have the requisite raised wingless on their wingtips—the equivalent of old Cadillac tail fins and the dead giveaway as to whether or not you're flying the most deluxe G III or G IV—it is totally uncool in terms of jetiquette for the women who ride them to flaunt it. Of course, there are Hollywood wives who brag that they haven't been in a commercial airport in 15 years, and Sylvester Stallone's ex-wife Brigitte Nielsen, according to a customizer, did have her Saudi-prince boyfriend send his newly done jet back to the hangar in Texas—at a cost of $250,000—because the bidet in the master suite was built too close to the ground for her long, long legs, but generally speaking the ladies don't openly boast. Philanthropist Bunny Mellon will probably not mention that the family plane flies with a rotating collection of paintings by such artists as Braque, Klee, and Dufy. "A woman asked me if I had turbulence problems," says Barbara de Kwiatkowski, wife of the aircraft tycoon, who has turned the family BAC 1-11, a plane built originally to seat 117, into a cozy apartment personalized down to the needlepoint pillows. "I thought she meant indigestion. Then I realized it was an entrée to talk about private planes. You just can't do it. It's too pretentious."

Proper jetiquette includes a whole



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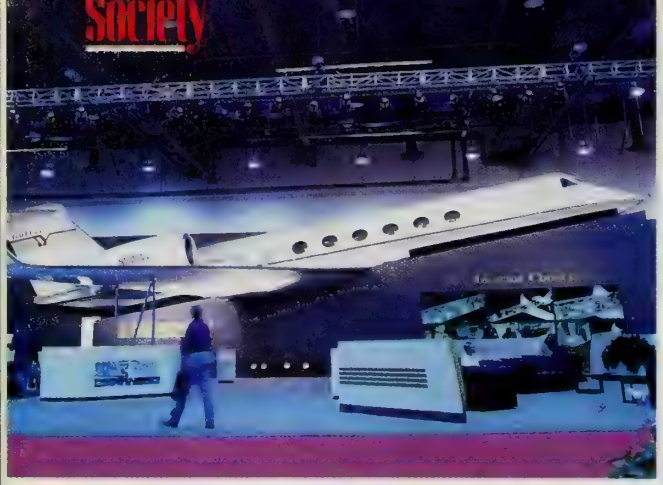
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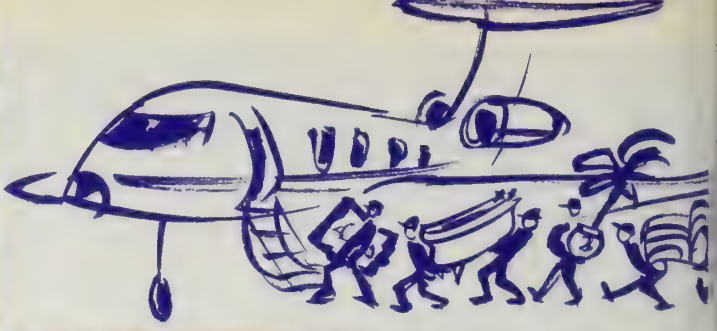
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A full-scale model of the new Gulfstream V and, *right,* its basic interior, shown at the National Business Aircraft Association's convention in Las Vegas in September. The association's motto: No Plane, No Gain.

The new jets are delivered "green," or stripped. Decorating the cabin frequently costs $3 to $4 million, or roughly $10,000 per square foot.

code of understatement. For instance, people know you're traveling privately if you say just the name of the airport: "We flew into Teterboro." "I landed at Van Nuys." "We're going out of Santa Monica." Gulfstreams and smaller jets allow one to do that; people with bigger planes have to use commercial airports. And you never say "jet," always "plane." Other rules of the runway, according to designer Diane von Fürstenberg: "Nobody plays it up—wear sweats. And you must never be late." It also goes without saying, according to one frequent flyer, that "you must not carry drugs. The plane could be confiscated."

Owners of jets distinguish among several categories: the ultra-rich, who own planes which are for their use alone; the rich, who own expensive planes but who help defray costs by chartering them out; the C.E.O.'s who have practically unlimited use of the company plane; those who lease or charter their jets; and the newest, potentially largest category, those who time-share a jet by purchasing a fixed number of hours to fly per year in exchange for the promise that the jet will be ready to go wherever they want at four to six hours' notice. "It's allowing people who otherwise could not afford their own airplanes to have total utilization," says Wilson Leach, who calls the time-sharing of jets "maybe the most significant thing that has happened in this industry other than hardware development."

At the extreme upper level are the super-rich, such as San Francisco's Ann and Gordon Getty, King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, and the Sultan of Brunei. Ann Getty's Boeing 727, a birthday gift from her husband which ended up costing about $40 million, did not even begin to get refurbished in Texas until a 70-foot-long mock-up, which itself cost nearly $1 million, had been constructed. In order to complete the décor—which included a floor made to look like the stones in a temple near Bangkok, inlays of 40 exotic woods, six original 17th-century celestial maps sealed in Plexiglas, and a gold-leaf passageway—designers and a band of artisans had to take up residence in Texas for more than a year. When the jet was finished, Getty was so eager to take her new plane on a trip to London with some girlfriends that there was not time to test everything. As a result, on the maiden voyage a major electrical problem occurred, and the 727 had to turn back to Texas from New York. It arrived in London a day late.

"Anything you can do for your home, you can do in an airplane," says customizer George Huffington. "It just costs 10 times more." New jets are delivered "green," or stripped. It's up to the owners to decide how to decorate them. Considering that the average cost of finishing the cabin of a new Global Express or G V is $3 or $4 million and that the average square-footage is 300, that amounts to about $10,000 a square foot.

Apart from strict regulations governing what materials can be used in a plane, there are also all those little extras—especially if you use fabrics that run to $300 a yard, install solid-gold toilets, and set diamonds in your vermeil flatware, as the Sultan of Brunei does. But even Fortune 500 companies are willing to spend thousands on monogrammed linen place mats and cashmere throws. The capacity to have incoming phone calls costs an extra $750,000 t $1 million. A "completion specialist" re calls a Middle Eastern prince who ha the door of his jet moved to the middl of the aircraft—for a mere $6 million. " just said, you know, 'Your Highness everybody will copy you. It's a brillian idea.' These guys do not want you to ac cuse them of ever having a bad idea."

Unequaled in the realm of "heads-of state aircraft" is King Fahd of Saud Arabia, far surpassing King Bhumibo Adulyadej of Thailand, who has 24 karat-gold thread in his upholstere seats, which cost $50,000 each. Fahd' Boeing 747—with three stories, connec ed by an elevator—has a complete oper ating room stocked with his blood in th event that he should require hear surgery in the air. Because the king own several transponders and satellite around the world, it is possible to hoo up his surgeons in the flying operatin room directly to the Cleveland Clini Heart Center via several televisio screens, which are tested daily. Th king's plane also contains a throne roor with a throne, and instruments which i dicate at all times the direction of Mecc and the plane's distance from Mecca. I fact, "Mecca setters" are common in jet belonging to Middle Eastern dignitarie Should the king be attacked by enemie the plane carries the same U.S.-mad missiles that are on Air Force One.

What can the future possibly hold Mini-supersonics that will fly faster tha the speed of sound. Baby Concorde And by then gold-plated toilet flushe will no longer be the rage. "Gold's ol news," completions manager Jim Harr son said in Las Vegas. "Everybody plating in platinum now." □

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CATCHING FISHBURNE

Laurence Fishburne doesn't read Shakespeare, but he's starring opposite Kenneth Branagh as the first black screen Othello. He likes playing the heavy—even over a cup of herbal tea

BY LESLIE BENNETTS

Laurence Fishburne has chosen an eminently civilized place for us to talk—the T Salon, a SoHo restaurant specializing in tea and its accoutrements. Given his reputation for playing ruthless killers, this is a bit unexpected; with his I'm-a-mean-motherfucker expression and languid, dangerous eyes, Fishburne, who is large and powerful-looking, seems slightly incongruous browsing among flowered porcelain teacups with dainty fluted handles. But here we are, smiling over a cozy pot of caffeine-free herbal.

It takes about 10 seconds for the veneer of politesse to be shattered. The day before, Fishburne was the star attraction in a press conference at Circle Repertory Theater, which is opening its season with *Riff Raff,* a one-act play Fishburne wrote, directed, and stars in. Since he's never written anything before, someone asked about the origins of the play, which was originally produced in Los Angeles last year. "I was writing in my journal, and it just came out," he replied with a shrug.

So I start by asking how often he writes in his journal.

To my amazement, Fishburne's face darkens and he erupts. "You shouldn't be asking me that," he says angrily. "I'm just not going to do it! I don't talk about my children! I don't talk about my family!"

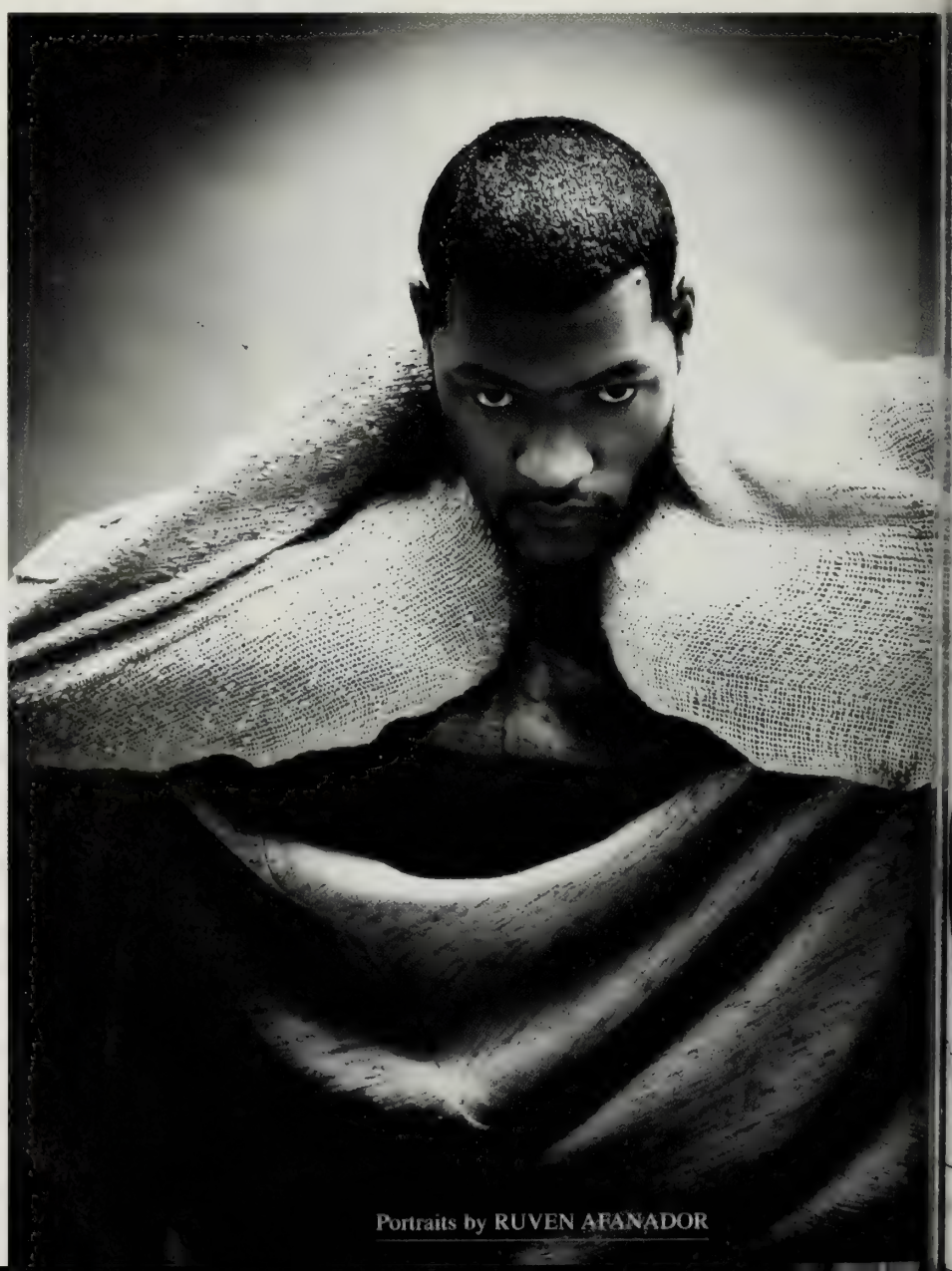
"But I didn't ask you anything about your family!"

It's as if he didn't hear me. "I don't talk about anything personal," he says. "This is how it is. These are the rules."

"But I didn't ask you about anything personal. *You* brought up your journal at the press conference."

"I'm just saying I think it's personal," he snaps, glowering. "We're no going to talk about my journal."

There is a long silence. Finally screw up my courage and ask why h seems hostile. "I'm just trying to b clear," he says. "If you feel I'm bring ing a hostile attitude, I'm sorry." H smiles blandly; it's the same me



"You're like a dangerous, magnificent beast," one character marveled to Fishburne in the film *Deep Cover.*

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"Sure I'm famous! When I walk out of here, I guarantee you five people will speak to me before I get home– 'Hey, what's happening?' "

From top: **Fishburne in *Just Cause* (1995), in which he plays a cop who sticks a gun inside a suspect's mouth and subjects him to 22 hours of torture; in Abel Ferrara's *King of New York* (1990); with Angela Bassett, who played Tina Turner to his Ike in *What's Love Got to Do with It* (1993); with Kenneth Branagh, his Iago, in the upcoming *Othello;* and in this year's acclaimed HBO film entitled *The Tuskegee Airmen.***

chanical don't-take-this-personally-it's-only-business smile a hit man flashes just before he blows you away.

Nothing like a soothing cup of tea to relax you in the afternoon, I always say.

I spend the next couple of weeks listening to Fishburne's friends tell me how great he is: how intelligent, how charming, how charismatic, how spiritual, how centered, how loyal. "He's seen me through the death of my brother, two divorces, and a drinking problem, and I can't say that of a lot of my friends," attests Titus Welliver, who costars with Fishburne in *Riff Raff.*

"I could call Fish at three in the morning, he'll be dead asleep and he'll wake up and talk to me," adds the rap artist Heavy D, who had never even seen a play, let alone acted in one, before Fishburne cast him in *Riff Raff.* "He believed in me more than I believed in myself. I'd say, 'I don't know if I can do this.' He was, like, 'Just trust me. You can do it.' That's the first time in my life that's ever happened."

Fishburne is even generous with nobodies, although fortunately they grow up to be Somebodies on occasion. Director John Singleton was working in his first job in the film business, as a combination production assistant and security guard on *Pee-wee's Playhouse,* when he first met Fishburne, who played Cowboy Curtis. "He saw me and said, 'Hey, man, want some coffee?' " Singleton recalls. "He was so cordial, so cool and gentlemanly—asking *me,* a production assistant, whether I wanted coffee! I said, 'Hey, man, I'm in film school—I'm going to write you something someday!' "

And so he did, eventually giving Fishburne's career a significant boost with the memorable part of Furious Styles, the father in *Boyz N the Hood.* Based on Singleton's own father, Furious is strong, dignified, and humane, and Fishburne's moving performance was a major eye-opener for many people who had never considered him for such a character.

Judging by the admiration of Fishburne's friends, there's obviously a similar side to this man, but he doesn't feel compelled to reveal it. "It's not necessary for everyone to understand who I am," Fishburne says coldly. "I don't worry about what people think of me. It only matters what *I* think of me."

But later on, to my surprise, he returns to the question of why he's so touchy about his children. "Because I'm famous!" he exclaims. "They're going to have enough problems being my kids anyway; I'd rather keep them out of it. Sure I'm famous! When I walk out o here, I guarantee you five people wil speak to me before I get home–'Hey what's happening?' "

This may be overstating the case a teensy bit, but if Laurence Fishburn isn't a household name just yet, h probably will be soon. Although he' been acting since he was 10 and ap pearing in movies since the age of 12 for a long time Fishburne–who is no 34–was regarded mainly as a suppor ing actor.

But in the last few years, the acco lades have poured in: a Tony Award fo his performance in August Wilson's pla *Two Trains Running;* an Academy Awar nomination for his electrifying portraya of the brutally abusive Ike Turner i *What's Love Got to Do with It;* an Emm Award for *Tribeca.*

Fishburne has also been moving int more prominent roles, although not nec essarily well-chosen ones; he made fa more of an impression in the *Boyz N th Hood* ensemble than he did in the lead ing role of the cold-blooded assassi who serves as Ellen Barkin's stud in th execrable *Bad Company.* Such casting i typical; with a couple of notable excep tions, Fishburne's roles have remaine very nasty. Even when he's playing cop, as in the Sean Connery vehicle *Jus Cause,* he's the kind of cop who sticks gun inside a suspect's mouth and sub jects him to 22 hours of torture.

Despite the badass roles and the gol earring in his left ear, Fishburne is man whose personal tastes run t music and meditation. "He's a sensitiv dude, real poetic," Singleton says. "I you call him up, you'll get a poem o his answering machine."

When he isn't biting your head of Fishburne also has impeccable manner and he insists on certain formalitie Once known as Larry, Fishburne ha since been transmogrified into Laurence as in Olivier. " 'Laurence' gets courtesy, he explained.

Getting respect is a somewhat diffe ent matter; Fishburne has alread proved he is a compelling actor, bu now he's upping the ante. By any mea sure, this season marks a quantum lea in his career, with all the attendant risk

He is making his New York playwri ing and directing debut with *Riff Raf* in which he plays a low-life hood wh can be "characterized in two word fuck-up," Fishburne tells me.

And December brings his first class cal challenge with the release of *Othe*

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o, in which he stars opposite Kenneth Branagh's Iago, with Irène Jacob as Desdemona.

Now, when one considers the field of potential contemporary Othellos, the name of Laurence Fishburne does not necessarily spring to mind. He certainly has the physical stature for a commanding Othello; a strapping six feet one, Fishburne moves with the taut, feline grace of a big cat. "You were so like some beautiful panther. . . . You're like a dangerous, magnificent beast," a character marvels in *Deep Cover,* another Fishburne film, and it's true: even without opening his mouth, Fishburne conveys a sense of enormous power that is carefully controlled but could break free, to lethal effect, at any moment.

But as he himself readily acknowledges, he has neither the education nor the training one normally associates with such a massively demanding role as Othello. Fishburne dropped out of school at 14 to spend the next couple of years in the Philippine jungle making *Apocalypse Now,* and although he says he later finished high school, he never went to college, never had any conservatory training, and has never been moved to read Shakespeare on his own.

"I think I read *Othello* once in high school, and I read *Hamlet* once, but nothing since then," he says offhandedly. "My education was life experience—world experience. For me, that was the best kind of education to get—especially for Shakespeare. University and Shakespeare don't have anything to do with one another."

You don't say. Even now, having starred as what the movie's producers are billing as the first black screen Othello, Fishburne has seen no need to go back and reread the play in its entirety. Since almost two-thirds of Shakespeare's original text was cut from the movie, he confined himself to reading the screenplay. "Why should I read all those words that I'm not going to get to say?" he asks dismissively.

In this as in other matters, Fishburne doesn't indulge in any apparent self-doubt or second-guessing. No matter what the subject at hand, he displays formidable confidence. He had no qualms about directing *Riff Raff:* "I always felt like I'd know how to direct. I was real pleased with the way it came out." He thinks his play is great: "The play is really strong; the play tells me what to do." Asked how he developed such self-assurance, he shrugs. "I was born with it."

But even Fishburne admits to some



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trepidation about interpreting Shakespeare. "Oh, yeah, sure, I was terrified," he says nonchalantly. "I went through a period of about two weeks when I was very scared and confused. I called up my friends and said, 'Help! What am I gonna do?' All my friends were, like, 'Relax—you'll be fine.' So I just kind of took the leap of faith and decided to open my mouth and see what would come out."

And how would he assess what came out? Fishburne grins. "Pretty good," he says.

Although Kenneth Branagh is famously well versed in Shakespeare, he seems sanguine about Fishburne's lack of classical experience. "I was excited by the prospect of working with Laurence, partly *because* we came from such different backgrounds," Branagh says. "I knew he would bring an enormous amount of life to the role. That seems to me just as important as direct contact with Shakespeare's plays.

"He was properly cautious and respectful when approaching it, but he is a naturally confident actor, one who unabashedly enjoys what he does. His state of mind remained poised throughout. I don't mean he was serenely confident, but he's a man who has managed to tame and direct most of his demons."

And Branagh is downright effusive about Fishburne's performance. "He seems to me to be the most wonderfully complete Othello," Branagh says. "What I think we'll be offering is a full-blooded, vivid account of a great domestic tragedy, with a central performance of complete integrity. . . . We'll most likely please some and disappoint others, but for my money it confirms my friend Laurence as one of the great American actors."

"Disappoint" may be an understatement; literary purists are apt to be outraged by this *Othello,* whose director not only dumped most of the text, moved lines around to reorganize the structure, and created new scenes, but even wrote new dialogue when he felt Shakespeare could be improved upon. "I think purism isn't necessarily the best approach to take to cinema," Oliver Parker says unrepentantly. "Hopefully the whole thing will be a mixture of classical and contemporary. The key intention was to turn it into as much of a film as possible, and as little of theater."

Hence his choice of Laurence Fishburne. "I wasn't looking for a traditional Royal Shakespeare Company actor; I was looking for somebody who could really hold the screen," explains Parker, a former actor who had never directed a feature film before. "I wanted a younger Othello than is normally played, somebody with a mixture of danger and sexuality, and I wanted an electric relationship in the middle. A lot of the time we get so fascinated by Iago that we leave the relationship between Othello and Desdemona alone a bit. I wanted to give it a sense of vigor and youthfulness. You can lose your sexuality when you play Shakespeare, because it's poetry, and it can come across as pre-processed. To pull off the spontaneity is quite difficult. I think Laurence was absolutely superb. Rather than feeling, These are great lines, you really are aware of a real bloke in a real situation. He makes it entirely credible."

Fishburne's other directors are equally rhapsodic about his abilities. "It's like working with a Rolls-Royce rather than a Pinto," says Bill Duke, who directed Fishburne as the straight-arrow undercover cop who becomes an all-too-successful drug dealer in *Deep Cover.* "Ninety percent of the people in this business are movie stars, but he's an actor, an artist, and a committed one. He's not trying to be a movie star. He is not about ego; you ask him to do it and he does it. As a director, I have very high standards, and his are higher than mine."

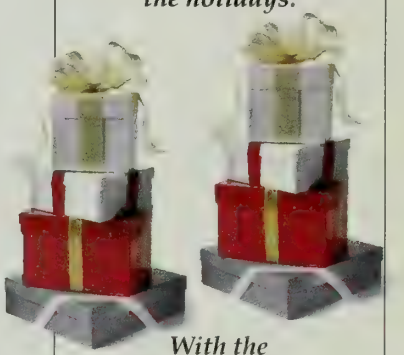
Abel Ferrara, who directed Fishburne in *King of New York,* had a similar experience. "He was very demanding," Ferrara reports. "He expects everybody and everything to be A-plus all around—especially me. He was educated in films in a very top-level way that basically set the standard for him. He basically doesn't accept anything other than the gold standard."

Fishburne comes by his gold standard honestly; after all, how many young actors receive their cinematic education by going on location with the likes of Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, Dennis Hopper, Martin Sheen, and Francis Ford Coppola? Even as a teenager, Fishburne was an experienced actor; his mother got him an agent at the age of nine, and his early credits included three years on the soap opera *One Life to Live.*

Born in Augusta, Georgia, Fishburne is an only child whose parents separated before he was born. His mother then moved to New York, sending for her son two or three years later; she worked as a teacher while Laurence was growing up in Brooklyn. Although he says he saw his father only "once a month or so," he re-

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tains a vivid memory of the stern message his father, a corrections officer, delivered after Laurence made his first movie, *Cornbread, Earl, and Me.*

"He told me he'd taken all his boys in the lockup to see it," Fishburne recalled a couple of years ago. "He said they wanted to send me a message through him. The message was that they had seen the movie, they thought it was good . . . and that if I ever fucked up or wound up in the joint, they would kill me."

Laurence was 12 at the time. But although his career took off early, from the outset he locked horns with his mother, who pushed him to sing and hoped he would star in musicals. He refused even to consider it. "What my mother wanted me to do, I never did," he says curtly.

He understood early on what his talent could mean. "I was playing basketball one day, and I thought, I'm an actor—and as an actor, I can be anything I want to be! It was like the doors of the world opening to me," Fishburne recalls. Although many people he grew up with became the kind of petty criminals he wrote about in *Riff Raff* instead of renowned actors, he sees his life story as a matter of predestination rather than of choice. "Things happen the way they're supposed to happen," he says. "If it was meant to be, it was meant to be. Acting chose me; I didn't choose acting. This is my gift. This is how I give to the world."

His mother nurtured that gift carefully, even going on location with him for the endless *Apocalypse Now* shoot. But their relationship has long since soured, and the mere mention of his mother brings a scowl to Fishburne's face. She has embarrassed him publicly by complaining to the press that she once needed money and he refused her, but his grievances are broader than that.

"I haven't spoken to my mother in two years. I don't even want to mention her," he says icily. "You know what happens when I mention her? I did an interview where I described her as a teacher, and she called me up and said I shouldn't have said she was a teacher—I should have called her 'an educator'!" He spits out the words as if they were poison. "You know why we don't get along? Because I'm famous and she's not!"

By this time he is visibly seething, but within a minute or two he calms down and adds a more filial sound bite. "I'm grateful that my mom had the foresight and vision to recognize that I was talented," he says, sounding as if he were reading from a script, "and to push me—no matter what her vision was. There's no way I can give this woman credit for what she's done for me. There's no way any kid can repay his parents. Parents make the supreme sacrifice."



Says co-star Kenneth Branagh, "Laurence has natural grace, but he's not afraid to be savage."

"I haven't spoken to my mother in two years. You know why we don't get along? Because I'm famous and she's not!"

Well . . . mothers, maybe. Like his father before him, Fishburne has split up with his wife after a six-year marriage. His friends say that Fishburne is a good father to his son, Langston, and his daughter, Montana, who live with their mother. But Fishburne has always described himself as a workaholic whose drivenness leaves little time or energy for anything other than his career. "That's just the way it is," he says with a shrug. He keeps a place in Los Angeles and another in Tribeca, but even when he's not on location, Fishburne is more likely to be found hanging out at Bowery Bar or a late-night blues club than cultivating the domestic arts at home. His love affair with Victoria Dillard, who played his romantic interest in *Deep Cover,* is over, and Fishburne doesn't anticipate forming any serious relationships for a while. Given the rigors of his current schedule, he says, "I'm going to be too busy to be a major item."

Indeed, as soon as *Riff Raff* closes, Fishburne goes on location for *Fled,* in which he and Stephen Baldwin co-star as a couple of escaped convicts on the lam—hardly an artistic stretch, at least for Fishburne. Not that he minds playing all these bad guys; when he was asked by one interviewer about his favorite role, he cited Jimmy Jump, one of drug lord Christopher Walken's henchmen in *King of New York.* "A two-gun kid—a straight-up psychotic killer," Fishburne said with satisfaction.

Kenneth Branagh sees that dimension as one of Fishburne's great strengths in taking on *Othello.* "His Othello has depth of feeling, intelligence. Is effortlessly a commander—a leader *and* a killer," Branagh wrote in a statement he faxed me. "He has natural grace, but he's not afraid to be savage."

The same might be said of Fishburne. "People expect me to play heavies," he says. "Maybe because I play them well." His eyebrow lifts ever so slightly, but he doesn't even crack a smile. □


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A triply fashionable wind is blowing through the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute

BY LAURA JACOBS



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Costume Institut benefit chairwom from the top, Clarissa Bronfma Anna Wintour, a Annette de la Re at the Metropoli Museum of Art.

Haute couture is on a sugar rush. Pop culture is suddenly hugging the old-world art form to its pink candy heart, young designers are romancing the eternal techniques, and this month the Costume Institute at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art delivers a great big box of bonbons: the always extravagant December exhibition celebrates "Haute Couture" with a world-class collection of design confections, catalysts, and classics.

As for the annual gala benefit, a classic in its own right that goes hand in glove with the December opening, this year's chairmanship is shared by three formidable fashionites: *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour, style icon Annette de la Renta (wife of Oscar), and Venezuelan Valkyrie Clarissa Bronfman (wife of Edgar junior). It's not one of those lend-a-name affairs, either. Pat Buckley stage-managed the party for an impressive 17 years; when she bid the gig farewell, Wintour was approached. She invited de la Renta and Bronfman to share the responsibilities because they are "*friends!*" she says. "I was very keen to make sure that all involved knew and loved fashion." Add to this glossy troika honorary chairmen Karl Lagerfeld and Gianni Versace, who have underwritten both exhibition and party, and the glam quotient climbs haute heights. So what about that bottom-line bell that keeps tolling the end of H.C.? "Couture is very much alive," reassures Wintour. "And the Met's Costume Institute is so vital, we really wanted to bring attention to it. In fact, the dinner was totally sold out before we even mailed the invitations." □

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O. J. Simpson back at his walled estate on Rockingham after the verdict. To escape the media, he then moved into a series of houses lent to him by friends.

O.J.'S LIFE SENTENCE

The victory party is over. O. J. Simpson is finding his old world doesn't want him back—not at his Brentwood estate, not at ICM, and not at the Riviera golf club

BY DOMINICK DUNNE

I never thought it would end like this for O. J. Simpson, winning and losing concurrently, with the loss somehow exceeding the win. I had always thought it would be a hung jury. My jaw dropped—in case anyone didn't notice it on television—when the verdict was read. There were hosannas to my left; there were tears to my right. Simpson was a free man. When he arrived back at the gates of his Brentwood mansion to restart his life, a party was in preparation. His mother, Eunice, arrived in a Rolls-Royce. Limousines pulled up behind her. It was all on television. Women in pink pantsuits waved champagne toasts to the media. Everyone hugged. Al Cowlings was there. Don Ohlmeyer of NBC was there. Robert Kardashian was there. Larry Schiller, Simpson's co-author, was there. Jubilation reigned.

"After the verdict was handed down, the West L.A.P.D.—because Rockingham is in our jurisdiction—had to send police units over there to O.J.'s house for crowd control and to protect the estate while they were preparing for a party to celebrate the deaths of two people," said Detective Paul Bishop when we met for breakfast at Dolores's at Santa Monica Boulevard and Purdue, not far from the station house. His disgust for the assignment sounded in his voice and showed on his face. The police department, which he loves, while acknowledging that there are flaws in it, had been mocked and humiliated by Simpson's legal team. "Forty crates of champagne were brought in. We sat there and did it. This is our job. We may not like it, but we did it."

Like his former colleague Detective Mark Fuhrman, Bishop has TV-star looks. He spoke about Fuhrman's arrogance and his my-way-only kind of thinking. Bishop drinks tea, talks straight, and writes books. His second novel, *Twice Dead,* is about to be published by Avon.

"Way back in the beginning, I said to Detective Ron Phillips, 'Are we going to win this case?' Ron said, 'If we can't convict this guy, we may as well turn in our badges and go home.' After the verdict, I walked up to Ron and said, 'You're right. We may as well turn in our badges.' The next two days you couldn't get through on the phone lines to personnel, because there were so


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many police and detectives trying to get their paperwork and retire. The ripple effect is going to be unbelievable."

The elation of the Rockingham party didn't last long. The participants having such a swell time began to get the idea that the city and the country weren't cheering and partying along with them. Simpson's much-heralded pay-per-view TV deal collapsed, and along with it the $20 million he had assumed he would make. ICM, the talent agency that had represented him for 20 years, and Jack Gilardi, his personal agent, dropped him as a client. Polls showed that more than half of the country was outraged by the verdict. Simpson brought new meaning to the phrase "There goes the neighborhood." A sign went up on Sunset Boulevard at the entrance to Brentwood saying, WELCOME TO BRENTWOOD. HOME OF THE BRENTWOOD BUTCHER. Another read, MURDERER LOOSE IN BRENTWOOD.

"Does he know?" I asked someone who did know, late one night.

"What?"

"That he is despised?"

"Yes."

"Does he care?"

"Very much."

Nicole was right. Everything happened just as she had predicted it would. What Nicole had not anticipated, however, was the rage of the white citizenry across the country over O.J.'s acquittal by a mostly black jury. "This is what a white riot is," said the screenwriter and director James Brooks, meaning rage without violence.

Several friends who stood by O.J. during his ordeal—and would have continued to stand by him had he been sent to prison—have distanced themselves from him since his victory party.

—A source close to the Dream Team who spoke to me on the condition of anonymity.

For a while, Simpson didn't get it. He thought it was going to be like old times. One of his buddies told me that O.J. was livid that District Attorney Gil Garcetti had announced on television that he was closing the case and wasn't going to pursue the "real killers." I was also told that O.J. was looking into suing the National Organization for Women (NOW) on the grounds that it was depriving him of his right to earn a living.

Simpson, not satisfied with a mere acquittal, wanted more from us. He wanted our adulation back. Adulation is what he craves. He is addicted to it. By now, however, he knows that he will never have it. When Robert Shapiro was booed at a Lakers game last spring, it was a foretaste of things to come. If Simpson's golfing pals Craig Baumgarten and Don Ohlmeyer remain steadfast in their friendship, they're going to have a hard time finding a golf club to tee off at. The Riviera Country Club, where Simpson is a member, doesn't want him back. One member told me that the explanation it gives is that he is a security risk, which he is—a golf course being an ideal place for an assassin to pick someone off—but there is more. I have spoken with other members of that club who say they will resign in droves if he is allowed back.

Many have speculated that Simpson will flee the country rather than give a deposition in the upcoming wrongful-death suits being brought by the Brown and Goldman families. I questioned a friend of his on the possibility of suicide. There was a long pause. "He has no life other than an afterlife," his friend replied. "It's a tougher sentence than if he'd gone to prison."

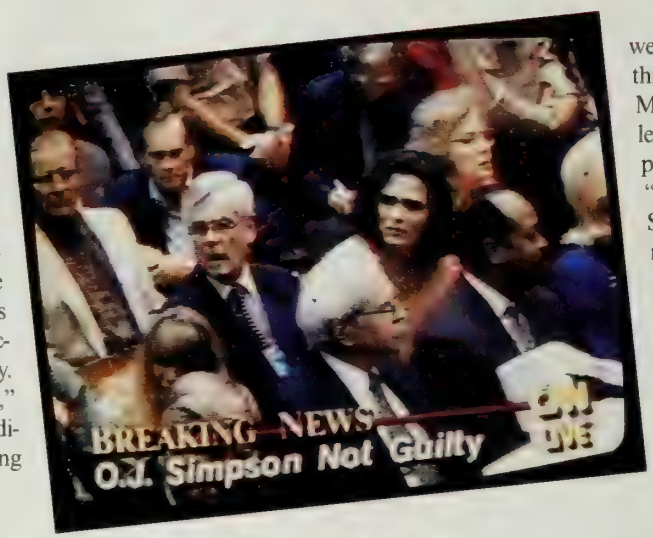
I'm so sorry, kiddo. I did everything I could.

—Marcia Clark, crying, t Kim Goldman after the verdict

It is hard for Kim Goldman to under stand that the life Simpson faces wil be painful. She remains unconsole by the prospect that in many areas h will become a social leper, unwanted uninvited, barred.

"What does it matter to me if peopl walk out of a restaurant when he walk in? I won't be there to see it," she said t me a few nights after the verdict. W

The exhilaration over an acquittal for a wrongly accused person was eerily missing.



Dominick Dunne in the courtroom immediately following the reading of the jury's decision: "My jaw dropped."

were having dinner at Drai's with Cyr thia McFadden of ABC and Shoree Maghame of City News in Los Ange les. Kim hates Simpson with the sam passion that her father hates him "He's free, and my brother's dead. She described Simpson in the cour room seconds after the verdict. "H leaned over and looked at me an smiled. I said, 'Murderer.'"

Everyone *must boycott his pay-per-view.*

—Mrs. Jerry Perenchic wife of the TV entrepreneu at dinner at Betsy Bloomingdale' on the night of the verdict, befor the pay-per-view deal fell through

Simpson had to move out of hi walled estate on Rockingham. N privacy. Too much media. The da he wanted to see his children for th first time, a diversionary tactic had t be devised so that he could leave th grounds without being detected. As ruse, a press conference was calle While it was being set up, Simpso sneaked out in a van, one of three ca in a caravan. Once he was gone, th press conference was canceled. The re dezvous with Sydney and Justin, wh arrived with an au pair girl in a van r portedly driven by Al Cowlings fro Lou and Juditha Brown's home in Dan Point, 60 miles away, took place nea Mulholland Drive. "Sydney was a litt on edge at first," I was told by a witne


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to the scene, "but Justin rushed to his father's arms." Later the same witness said that the children love the Browns, who have taken care of them since the murders, but that "within them they know they are Simpsons." Finally Simpson moved into a secluded residence in a canyon near Malibu that had been lent to him. One night he was able to get out and see a film, without being seen. The film he picked was *Showgirls.*

The whole point of security
is that nobody knows you have it.
It's not to flash it around.

—Robert Shapiro, with contempt in his voice, in private conversation with me in the courthouse, expressing his rage at Johnnie Cochran's Nation of Islam guards.

I wish you could have seen Bob Shapiro work the room at the Billy Crystal dinner last night. He never sat down. He kept shaking hands.

—Rob Reiner, film director, at a dinner dance given by Lyn and Norman Lear for Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn to celebrate the publication of Bradlee's autobiography.

Where was the joy of the defense team at the announcement of the not-guilty verdict? Cochran smiled his cat-that-ate-the-canary smile, F. Lee Bailey wore the smirk of victory on his face, and Robert Shapiro, who had already distanced himself from the winning team, made a halfhearted gesture toward Simpson, but the others, particularly Robert Kardashian, looked momentarily dazed, as if the verdict were more than they had expected. The exhilaration that is part and parcel of an acquittal for a wrongly accused person was eerily missing. Barry Scheck and Peter Neufeld had already returned to New York. At the lackluster press conference in the courtroom following the verdict, there was an absence of euphoria. When Jason Simpson read a message from his about-to-be-set-free father, in which the former defendant said that a priority of his life would be to find the real "killer or killers," he sat awkwardly, almost hiding his face from us, as if he were ashamed of the message he was reading. In the opinion of many, the lawyers who fought so hard for Simpson's acquittal have become diminished by their association with him. As someone close to the defense team said to me, it was a victory without honor.

You've had a death threat from the L.A. Crips.

—A temporary employee at the West Coast office of *Vanity Fair,* reading me my messages a few days after the acquittal.

Ten days after the verdict, before returning to New York, I dropped by Dove Books in Beverly Hills to say good-bye to Michael Viner and Deborah Raffin. In their office, I ran into three of the Simpson jurors who are appearing in a television documentary on the case which Dove is producing. Two of them shook hands with me. One looked away. All of them had heard me say on television that they hadn't done their jobs. To me, their verdict was a rush to judgment, just as much as Cochran had insisted throughout the trial that Simpson's arrest had been a rush to judgment on the part of the L.A.P.D. A member of the sheriff's department had confirmed that several jurors' bags were packed before deliberations began. A person who works for the British tabloid *News of the World* played me a tape of the daughter of one of the jurors trying to make a deal for her mother and another juror. Three of the jurors left for Las Vegas after the verdict and checked into the Bally hotel, where they had established a line of credit. The lawyer for yet another member of the jury called me at my hotel and asked how much I would pay to interview his client. I said, "My magazine doesn't pay." He said in a shocked voice, "*Vanity Fair* doesn't *pay?*" After having heard juror Brenda Moran say on television that domestic violence had nothing to do with the murders and should have been tried in another court, I was no longer interested in what the jurors had to say.

This case was won the day the jury was seated, thanks to the defense's jury consultant, Jo-Ellan Dimitrius. The verdict had very little to do with reason and a great deal to do with race. Months and months ago, I was told in a private conversation that after the jury had been picked O. J. Simpson said to Johnnie Cochran, "If this jury convicts me, maybe I did kill Nicole in a blackout."

Some people can't stand the truth.

—Johnnie Cochran, in his closing argument, looking toward the Goldman family.

I and many other people covering the trial believe that if Francine Florio-Bunten had not been dismissed from the jury by Judge Ito there would have been a long deliberation and perhaps a hung jury instead of an acquittal arrived at in three hours. Francine Florio-Bunten was probably the smartest person on the jury, capable of understanding the DNA evidence and explaining it to the others. There was an eagerness on the part of the defense to remove her from the jury, and there is something very smelly about her dismissal. Judge Ito, who seemed to be in the thrall of Johnnie Cochran for much of the trial, received an anonymous letter from a young woman who described herself as a receptionist for a literary agency, paid Ito an unctuous compliment, and reported that Florio Bunten was in negotiations for a book on the trial:

O.J. brought new meaning to the phrase "There goes the neighborhood"

After seeing you last night on the news telling the pain your family went through during the war and what my family in Germany endured, it touched my heart and I felt so grateful to live in a country with very strong civil rights and a strong constitution. I guess that's why I feel so ashamed for the information I have. . . .

I am in a moral dilemma that a 20-year-old receptionist should not be in. I can only identify the juror as female, once an alternate, her husband became ill, about 40 years old, a white woman.

I was brought up to believe that anonymous letters should be flushed down the toilet, but such thinking did not prevail here. The anonymous letter was

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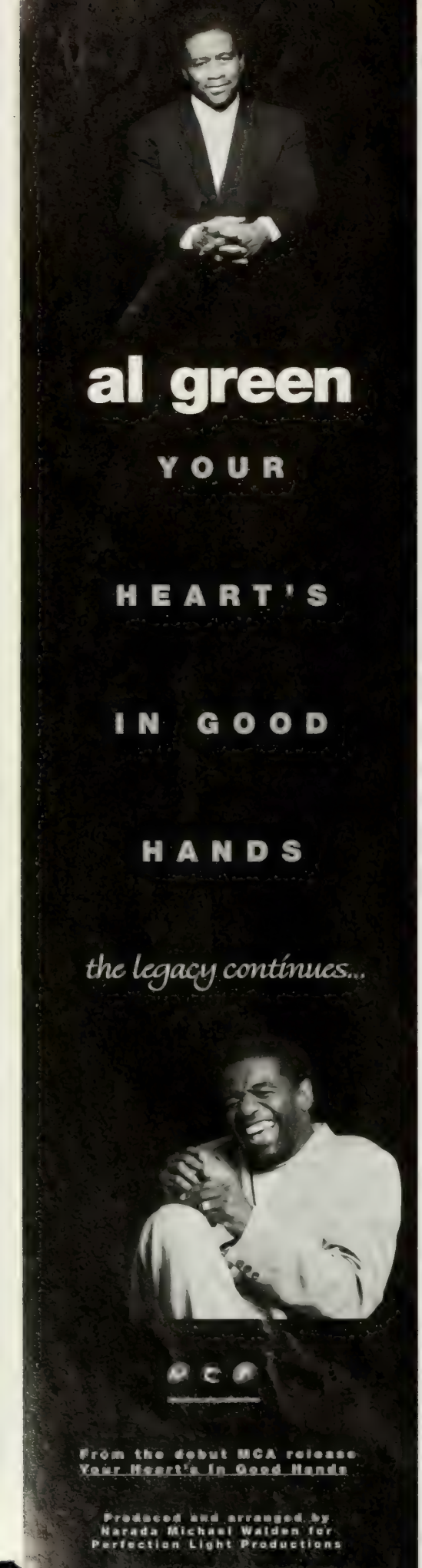
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Letter from Los Angeles

taken seriously. Florio-Bunten's lawyer, Rex T. Reeves, has publicly stated, "That letter is as phony as a three-dollar bill." Francine Florio-Bunten insists that the information in the letter was false; she had no book deal then, has none now, and does not intend to have one. The reason given for her dismissal at the time was that she had lied about receiving a note from another juror. Even if that were true, how mild a misdemeanor it seems for the punishment Judge Ito gave her. I know a couple of reporters who think they are onto whose handwriting it is in the anonymous letter.

I never saw so many people in dark glasses and very short black dresses.

—Margaret Weitzman, wife of Simpson's first lawyer, Howard Weitzman, describing Nicole Brown Simpson's funeral.

Voices heard at parties in Los Angeles: "I think they should release the autopsy pictures—let everybody see what he did." "This is what Nicole always said was going to happen." "All Nicole's photo albums were up-to-date." "They ought to unseal those papers about what the jailhouse guard overheard O.J. say to Rosie Grier." "Of *course* I would get up and walk out if he came into this restaurant." "It was tacky of them to have a party after the verdict." "If he married Paula Barbieri now, it would be like giving the finger to all the blacks who helped him." "I bet he skips the country rather than give the deposition." "How do we send money to the Goldmans?" "Ron Goldman and Nicole are the payment of the racial debt." "Any girl he hits on now can make herself famous when she sells her story." "He's got to look in the mirror every day when he shaves."

You're the first white person to give me money since the verdict.

Black panhandler to a friend of mine who dropped change in his cup.

I wasn't surprised when, at the last minute, Simpson's NBC interview with Tom Brokaw and Katie Couric didn't take place. I had heard the day before that Simpson's friends and advisers were trying to talk him out of it. Then I heard that Johnnie Cochran had arrived at the house and was left alone with him. That did it.

From the beginning, one of the most interesting characters in the many subplots of the Simpson saga has been Do Ohlmeyer, the West Coast president NBC. A golfing buddy and old-time a sociate of Simpson's who produced or of Simpson's films, *The Golden Momen An Olympic Love Story,* Ohlmeyer ha been from the time of the murders a outspoken advocate for the innocence his friend. He was a frequent visitor the L.A. County Jail and one of the cel brants at the victory party at the Roc ingham house following the verdic After the pay-per-view deal collapse Simpson agreed to have Ohlmeyer set u the interview on NBC. Simpson has on his image to sell. Without it he's nothin and he knows it; an hour of prime tim for him to give his side of the story Tom Brokaw and Katie Couric was irr sistible. It provoked the same urge th had made Simpson want to take th stand during the trial; he is a man wh has talked his way out of jams for year and he thought he could do it again. B along came Johnnie. You had only look at Cochran's face on the Lar King show the night O.J. phoned in u expectedly to see just how nervous O. makes him when he speaks out extemp raneously. The last-minute cancellatio caused embarrassment to Brokaw, Co ric, and NBC.

Then came Simpson's subsequent ca to Bill Carter, who covers television f *The New York Times.* According to source, it was Ohlmeyer's idea to ca Carter. Ohlmeyer and Carter we known to each other professionally. fact, it is being told around town th Ohlmeyer dialed the number for Sim son. David Margolick, who had cover the trial from the start for *The New Yo Times,* was the logical person to call, b he was passed over. "O.J.'s a coward said Loyola law professor and televisio commentator Laurie Levenson when v met up on a television show that da "He only wants to speak in a controll atmosphere—which *he* controls. H doesn't want to be confronted."

In his nonconfrontational intervie with Carter, Simpson said some curio things, which indicate how near the surface of his psyche the particula of the trial reside. In one instanc speaking about prosecutor Marc Clark, he said that he'd "like to be ab to knock that chip off Marcia's sho der"—a curious turn of phrase for an a knowledged wife beater. In anothe speaking about the NBC interview had backed out of, he said, "I heard a counts of things like Tom Brokaw w sharpening *(Continued on page 20*



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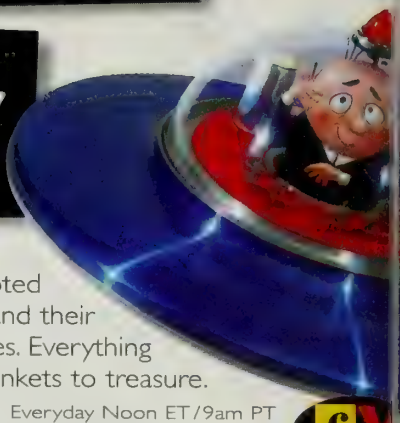
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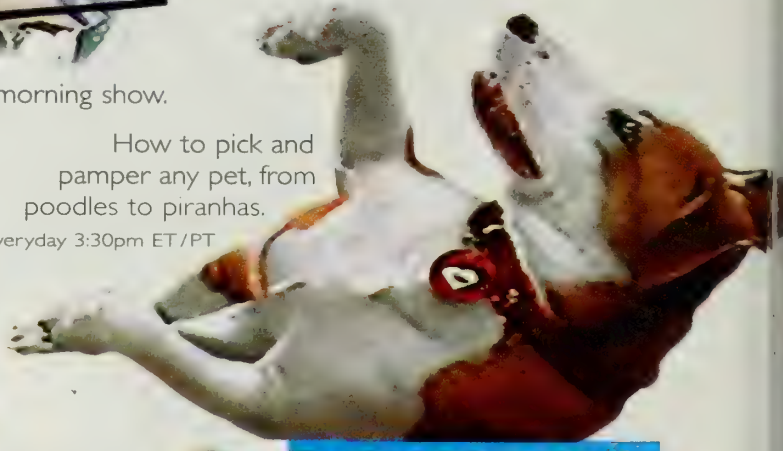
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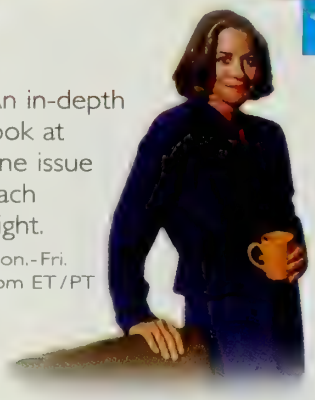
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(Continued from page 192) knives for the interview"—again, a curious turn of phrase for a man just acquitted of slashing the throats of two people with a sharp knife which has never been recovered.

Simpson needed that $20 million he expected from the pay-per-view deal. The house on Rockingham had been used as collateral for a $3 million line of credit to cover legal fees for the murder trial, some of which have not been paid. There are also the costly civil suits that face him in the near future. Yet he asserted his solvency in *The New York Times*. "I still have my Ferrari," he told Carter. "I still have my Bentley, I still have my home in Brentwood and my apartment in New York." However, he had already put the apartment up for sale and taken out a $700,000 mortgage on it. Elaine Young, a Beverly Hills real-estate agent, has had an offer in excess of $4 million for the house on Rockingham, but Simpson doesn't want to sell it, even though his neighbors don't want him there anymore.

"How much money is there?" I asked a source.

"I figure he can live in the style in which he is living for another year."

Meanwhile, people from all over the country are calling in to the Goldman family to offer them money to hire the finest lawyer in the land for their civil suit against Simpson. The Goldmans have chosen Daniel Petrocelli, a partner in the distinguished Los Angeles firm of Mitchell, Silberberg & Knupp.

O.J. is entitled to enjoy the fruits of his liberty the way the rest of us are. I think it's unconscionable that people are trying to deny him that.

—Dream Team member Peter Neufeld, quoted in the *Los Angeles Times*, October 13, 1995.



Two weeks after the verdict, a beaming Simpson spent his daughter Sydney's 10th birthday playing golf in the company of Paula Barbieri in Florida.

Kim Goldman described Simpson seconds after the verdict: "He looked at me and smiled. I said, 'Murderer.'"

The reaction to his return doesn't seem very American. This is a country that traditionally takes people back who have fallen from grace. Richard Nixon left office in disgrace and was later welcomed at the White House. Spiro Agnew's bust was put in the Capitol this year. There are a lot of other examples, including Michael Milken. I don't look for sinister motives, but what is the difference between O.J. and the others?

—Johnnie Cochran, quoted in the same article.

I said to Robert Shapiro on the next-to-last day of the trial, "This experience is going to change us all." He replied, "You don't know how much." Now it's time to pack up and leave. What a fascinating and bewildering city Los Angeles is. Heidi Fleiss faces up to eight years in prison, and O. J. Simpson is reportedly cavorting in Beverly Hills with Frederick's of Hollywood model Gretchen Stockdale and openly playing golf in Florida with Paula Barbieri beside him while his daughter Sydney celebrates her 10th birthday with the Brown family. Judge Ito's stepson, Dennis York, 35, the son of Ito's wife, Captain Margaret York, the highest-ranking woman in the L.A.P.D., was arrested on charges of grand theft and operating as a contractor without a license, and the sister-in-law of Johnnie Cochran, Robin Cochran, 39, was arrested in a crack den and is under investigation for child endangerment for leaving her six-year-old daughter in a car outside.

When I stopped living here in 1979 and moved to New York, I left hating this city. I no longer do. L.A. is a part of me just as much as New York is. I reunited with old friends here and made many new ones, all of whom I shall miss. I leave with admiration and love for Marcia Clark and Chris Darden, for my friends in the media who have covered the trial every day, and for the Brown and Goldman families. I will never forget Nicole and Ron. The autopsy photographs of their slit throats and open eyes will haunt me forever. □


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Vanities



Natalie Good

As if to dispel any doubt about her unnaturally advanced maturity, 14-year-old **NATALIE PORTMAN** interrupts her account of how she was discovered to say, "You probably read this story in some other magazine." Well, in case you haven't, the East Coast–raised starlet was noticed by a Revlon rep at a pizza parlor and, when asked if she wanted to model, exclaimed, "No, I want to act!" Her wish was fulfilled when a casting call landed her a lead in last year's *The Professional*, and she acts some more as Al Pacino's stepdaughter in *Heat* (this month) and as a heartbreaker-in-training in *Beautiful Girls* (January). Pacino, she says, "was unbelievable. I thought he'd be kind of cold because a lot of big stars stay separate, but he was so not like that." That more aloof big star Woody Allen, meanwhile, has cast Portman in his untitled fall project—he's so like that. But just what kind of career would she like, anyway? "I just want to have fun!" she gushes. Good answer. —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by EIKA AOSHIMA

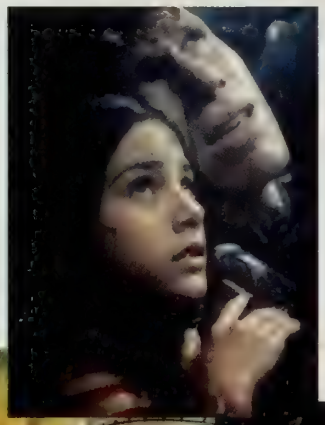



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The Lost Boys

The mad movie world of Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro





Top: *directors Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro.* Right: *Judith Vittet, as Miette, and Ron Perlman, as One.* Below: *Vittet walks among rusting missiles on the harbor set of* The City of Lost Children.





Right: *Daniel Emilfork, as the villainous Krank, tests a "dream-stealing machine" in a sci-fi laboratory set.* Below: *some of the lost children prowl with flashlights.*

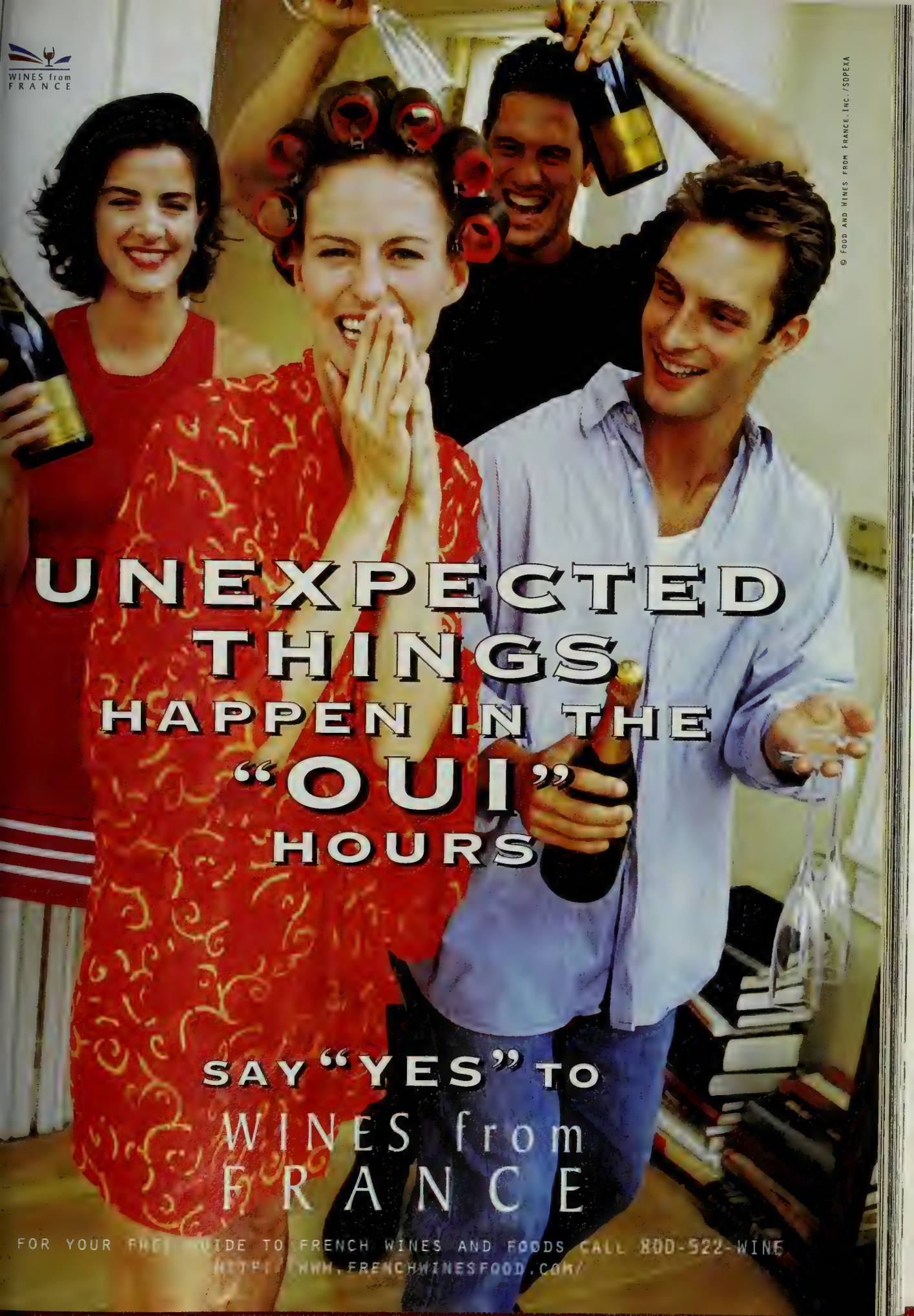


A dim-witted sideshow strongman, accompanied by a nine-year-old gamine with the face of the young Elizabeth Taylor, searches for his little brother in and around the vast, corroded waterfront of some futuristic Victorian netherworld. Meanwhile, a team of little orphans controlled by a garrulous set of grown-up Siamese-twin sisters does battle against a gang of squashed-face clones living in an offshore rig and led by a mad-scientist cadaver who wants to steal the kids' dreams. Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro's *The City of Lost Children* (out this month) is an even more perverse and elaborate exercise in hyperdesigned dark humor than their 1991 *Delicatessen*—the cult cannibal film that brought this French team up from the subterranean world of sci-fi comic books and fringe video.

Before they began making *The City of Lost Children,* Jeunet and Caro promised us something like *Pinocchio* meets *Night of the Hunter,* and this $14 million production, shot entirely in the studio, doesn't disappoint. *The City of Lost Children* is a convoluted, impacted, inexplicable movie of dank splats and elaborate sight gags—some are state-of-the-art digital, while others are more straightforwardly cut-and-paste. This is the sort of movie that posits a Cyclops tribe dependent on a single cathode-ray eye, that can jump from a trained flea's point of view to the perspective of a disembodied brain living in a fishtank, that contrives for the fall of a single tear to trigger a chain of events that shut down the entire harbor.

The use of tattooed maps and undersea secrets may suggest last summer's sodden epic, but *The City of Lost Children* has more ideas in any given minute than *Waterworld* has in its entire length. Jeunet and Caro may not yet be household names, but to see their *City* is to hear DreamWorks calling.

—J. HOBERMAN


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Vanities



Bean There

In Los Angeles, where obsessive compulsion was invented, the latest mass addiction is a Slurpee-like coffee drink called the Ice Blended. Available only at a homely little chain called the Coffee Bean, the drink has a slavish following among the aerobicized set, who thrill to its relatively low calorie count of 300. The Ice Blended was invented 10 years ago by Herbert B. Hyman, whose original store was in the quietly recherché Brentwood Country Mart. It is the great-granddaddy of similar drinks now available nationwide.

Last spring, the mega-chain Starbucks introduced the Frappuccino, and as a result an iced-mocha war now rages in the strip malls of L.A. Anne-Marie Hyman, the Coffee Bean's C.E.O., says that 1,000 Ice Blendeds a day are sold at some of her 25 shops, and that the popularity of such drinks forced "Starbucks to come out with a competitive drink." Every Saturday night you can join a long line of couples waiting for their Ice Blended fix. Men typically take a shot of whipped cream on top, while women—especially in Beverly Hills, Hyman is forced to admit—tend to recoil from the threat of any topping but a lid.

Tricky Situation

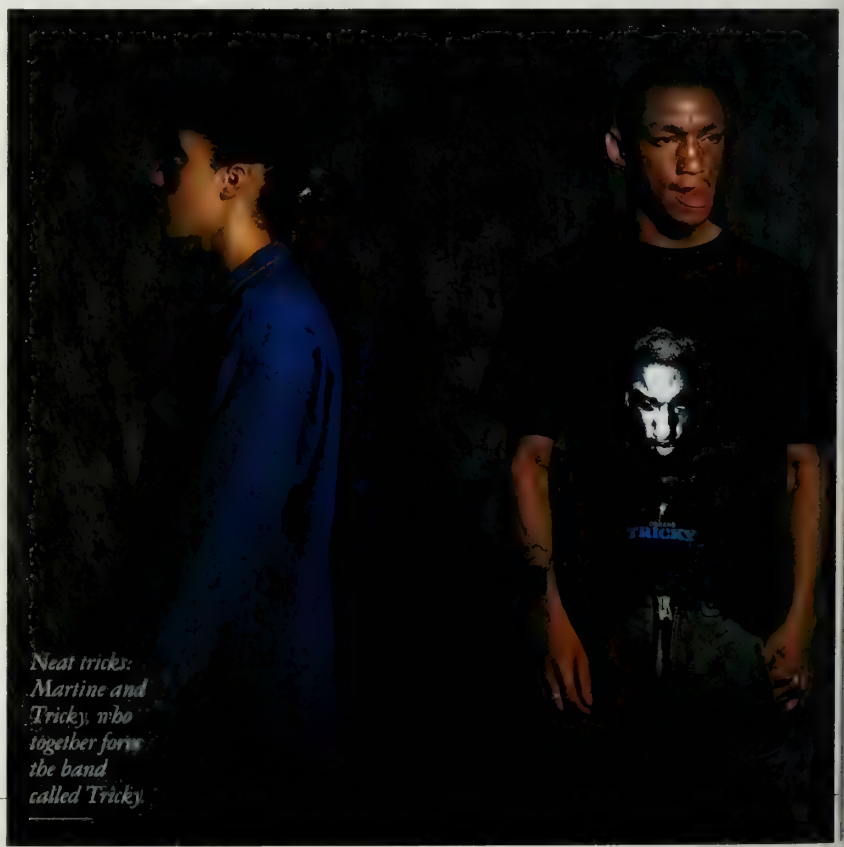
"Who here likes 'trip-hop'?" Tricky asked his audience at a recent London concert. A field of hands sprang up. "Well, go home then," he growled. The term, coined to describe the slow-motion marijuana-smoke rap favored by fellow Bristol artistes Portishead and Massive Attack, is too simplistic for Tricky. Whereas the other bands tend to make ultra-cool coffee-table music, Tricky's best-selling British album, *Maxinquaye,* is darkly funny, claustrophobic, and threatening.

Tricky the band consists of the eponymous man of the moment and 20-year-old Martine. She was a studious sophomore when Tricky chatted her up outside her Bristol high school. "The way we've grown up has been very different," she says. "We've gone different channels, been led different places." The differences are what make the music so compelling. Martine's soaring, naturalistic voice is underpinned by Tricky's languorous, gravel-throated rapping. Not since Simon and Garfunkel have two voices complemented each other so well.

Everything Tricky touches turns to paranoia and compulsion—imagine a cross between Tom Waits and Ice-T. Live performances see Tricky shadowboxing, his eyes thickly kohl'd and hair dyed silver. It was obvious to any pop fan that Tricky would eventually hook up with that other musical eccentric of the 90s, Björk. He co-wrote two of the tracks on her last album and has frequently been photographed on the town with the elfin diva.

Tricky's conversation veers from rat-a-tat confidence ("It's the best album of the year—no other album has advanced music like mine has") to monotone anxiety ("I'm the English press darling: I'm supposed to be the best thing since Bowie, so already I'm waiting for the daggers to come out"). What does the future hold? Martine wants to live on a houseboat and study oceanography. Tricky has started his own record label, Durban Poison, and is planning to call his forthcoming album *Nearly God.* Martine grins and rolls her eyes. "He was going around telling everyone he was the Devil, until he said it once too often and scared himself."

—EMMA FORREST



Neat tricks: Martine and Tricky, who together form the band called Tricky.



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Dale Chihuly by his swimming-pool installation, Seaform Persian Pool, *1995; in the background,* May Green and Cadmium Yellow Chandelier, *1994.*

A Touch of Glass

Dale Chihuly blows the art of glass into a new realm

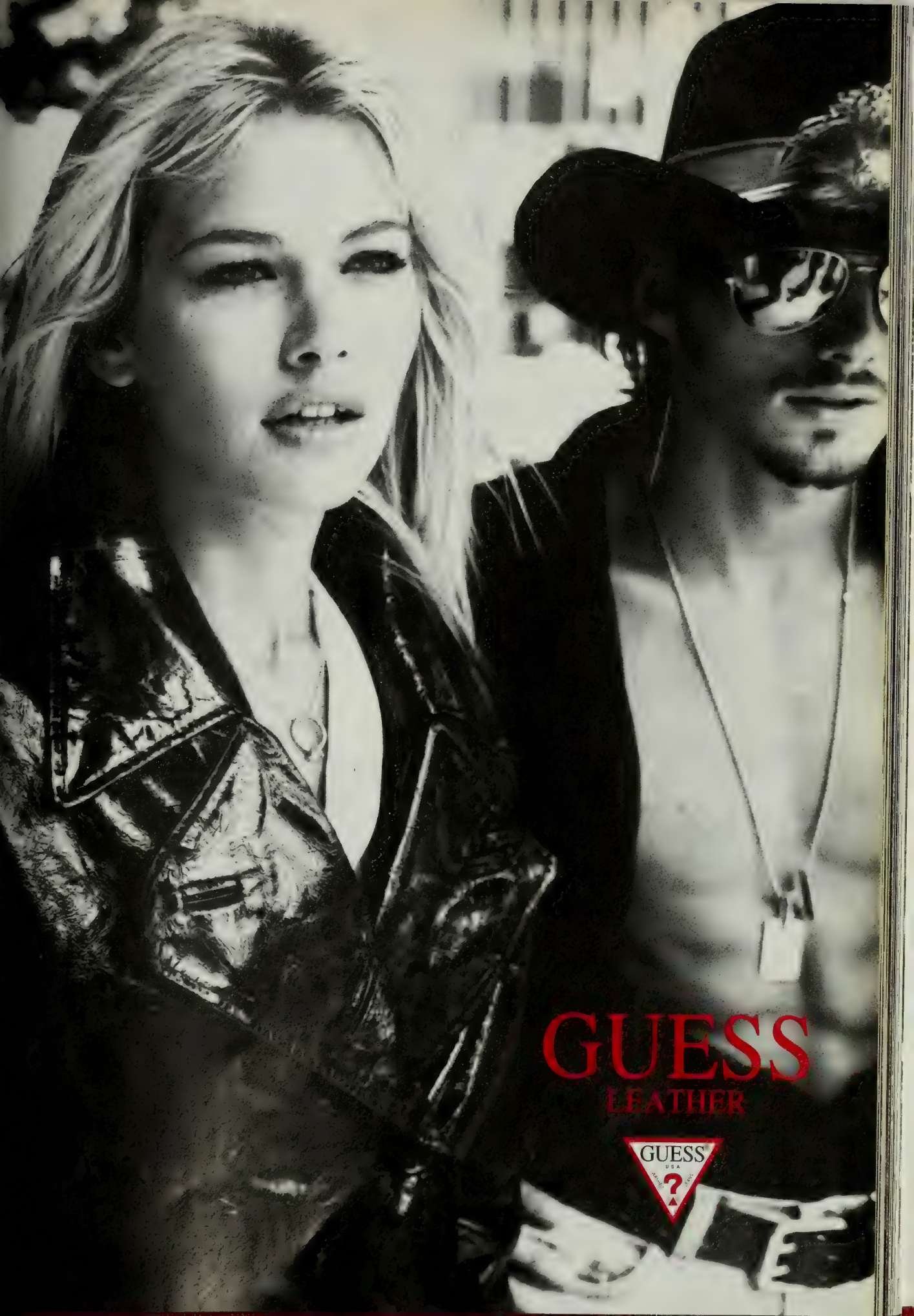
"I like looking at water. I like rain, baths, showers, beaches, islands, oceans." Dale Chihuly, the world's foremost glass artist, is explaining why he has built a 50-foot, $500,000-plus lap pool filled with his trademark shell-shaped *Seaforms* and flowery *Persians* inside the converted Seattle shipyard where he lives and works. "I do swim in it. There's a sheet of safety glass about 40 inches down, so you can float right over the sculptures."

Although he is usually portrayed as the aesthetic heir of Louis Comfort Tiffany, Chihuly sees his work, which combines Las Vegas colors with Versailles shapes, as more conceptual than decorative. He thinks of his 40,000-square-foot studio-residence, which he calls the Boathouse, as a sort of Warhol Factory-sur-Mer. "What inspired me about Warhol was his honesty. Most artists bullshit about their production. If you ask them, 'How long did you take to make that?' they'll answer, 'Twenty years.' Like Andy, I have other people working for me—about 75 other people. I know Michelangelo had over 200 people working for him at one point, but I wonder if any other artist in the 20th century has had more assistants than me."

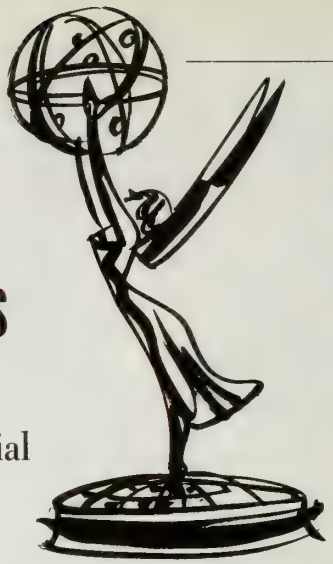
Chihuly, who was born in Tacoma, Washington, in 1941, earned an M.F.A. at the Rhode Island School of Design and studied at the legendary Venini workshop in Murano, Italy, on a Fulbright scholarship. He started relying on assistants to blow his glass in 1976, after he lost an eye in a car crash that sent him flying, ironically, through the windshield. Many of his helpers are graduates of the Pilchuk Glass School, which he founded near Seattle in 1971 with his first patrons, John and Anne Gould Hauberg, of the Weyerhauser timber fortune. His art has since seduced everyone from Elton John and Robin Williams to Sid and Mercedes Bass to Hillary Clinton, who keeps a Chihuly *Basket* on a pedestal in the White House's private quarters. Software tycoon Paul Allen has recently installed a million-dollar Chihuly *Chandelier* over his Jacuzzi in Seattle. Liz Claiborne's new Fifth Avenue store is dominated by an illuminated wall of emerald-chromium-and-garnet *Seaforms*. Last year, retrospectives of Chihuly's work drew hordes to the Dallas Museum of Art and the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. This month the Chihuly road show moves to the Riley Hawk Galleries in Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, and then it's on to museums in Minneapolis, Mexico City, and Medellín, Colombia, in 1996. The Charles Cowles Gallery in New York will exhibit new works in January.

Given Chihuly's infatuation with all things liquid—he started out doing neon sculptures encased in melting ice—it seems appropriate that his magnum opus should be titled *Chihuly over Venice.* Scheduled for completion next summer, it will feature a quintet of gigantic *Chandeliers* suspended over the city's canals. "Venice is my favorite city, especially since the automobile has screwed up every other city," says Chihuly. "In Venice, you have some solace. And water!"

—BOB COLACELLO


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Vanities



The O.J. Emmys

For Outstanding Performances in the Trial of the Century

"Defense attorneys are great actors. I tell you, Johnnie Cochran deserves an Emmy."
—Faye Resnick, *Larry King Live*, October 3, 1995.

Best Performance: O. J. Simpson, for his attempt to try on the bloodstained gloves.

Best Musical-Production Number: "Footloose," the dance Sydney Simpson performed in at the Paul Revere junior high school the day of the murders.

Best Cinematography: The L.A.P.D., for its time-coded video tour of the Rockingham estate, which carefully revealed the absence of bloody socks on the bedroom rug.

Most Admirable Restraint: Michael Eisner, for not having O.J. say "I'm going to Disneyland" once the verdict was announced.

▼ **Best Performance in the Role of Idiot Savant:** Kato Kaelin, for remembering he had entered the Simpson garage exactly 16 times in his life.



▼ **Best Stage Name:** "Mr. Johnnie," Rosa Lopez's pet name for Johnnie Cochran.



Best Casting Director: Jo-Ellan Dimitrius, jury consultant to the Simpson defense, who had previously worked for the successful defense team in the Rodney King–beating trial.

Best Suspect, Runner-Up: (tie) Paula Barbieri, who in a fit of jealousy hired a hit man to assassinate Nicole, and Jason Simpson, who, upon discovering that Nicole would tell O.J. of their affair, borrowed the Bronco and *Frogmen* knife and then allowed his father to take the rap for him.

Best Attempt to Find Alternative Killer: 800-322-3632, the Simpson-defense tip line. The original menu selection allowed callers to press "4" if they wished to retain the firm of Robert Shapiro.

Best Theory Printed in *Newsweek*: That the murders were committed by a "crazed homosexual."

Best Network-Anchor Sign-Off: "We have just heard from Kato Kaelin, a witness for the prosecution. Let us keep in mind this is a man who refers to a Big Mac as the main course."

Best Love Scenes: Katie Couric, who sent Judge Ito a cake on his birthday and embraced Robert Shapiro as he left the courtroom following the verdict.

▼ **Best B Plot:** Marcia Clark, for her simultaneous child-custody battle.



Best Character Analysis: *Time*'s Elizabeth Gleick in March 1995—"Many people who know Fuhrman . . . insist he is not, and never was, a racist."

Best Merchandising: Town and Country Limousine, for the auction of the stretch Town Car in which Allan Park drove O. J. Simpson to the airport.



▲ **Best Costume Design:** The Simpson women on big yellow day.

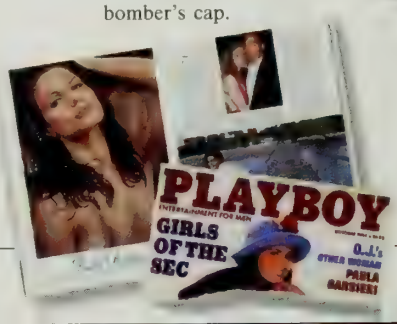


▲ **Best Fashion Tie-In:** A men's store in Barbados, for holding a special sale on "Johnnie Cochran suits."

Best Diplomatic Performance: Russian president Boris Yeltsin, whose first question to President Clinton at a Washington summit meeting last year was "Do you think O.J. did it?"

Best Acceptance Speech: O. J. Simpson, through his son Jason—"I will pursue as my primary goal in life the killer or killers that have slaughtered Nicole and Mr. Goldman."

▼ **Best Nude Scene:** (tie) Paula Barbieri, for her October 1994 *Playboy* spread, and Judge Lance Ito, who as a U.C.L.A. undergraduate celebrated Pearl Harbor Day by running through the halls of his dorm yelling "Banzai!" while wearing nothing but a leather bomber's cap.



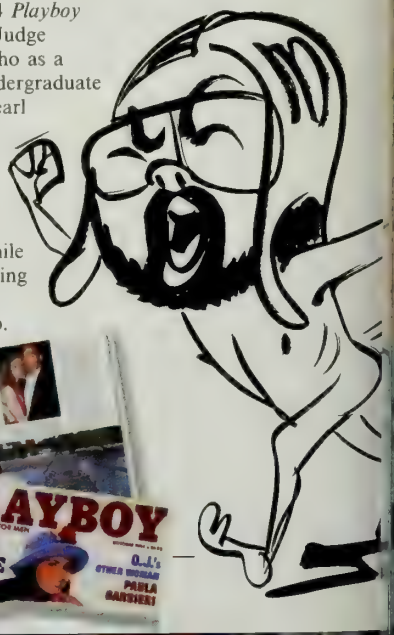
Best Post-trial Party: The Simpson-jury champagne blowout in the Presidential Suite of the Hotel Inter-Continental on Monday, October 2, to celebrate its quick verdict. The in-house pianist led the jury in sing-alongs of "Come on Baby, Let the Good Times Roll" and "Stormy Monday Blues." One 72-year-old juror was inspired to dance for her colleagues. "Sort of like a little old soft-shoe," said pianist Jeanette Baker. The party closed with a group hug which included the hotel's head of housekeeping and pastry chef.

▼ **The Susan Lucci Lifetime Achievement Award:**



Gil Garcetti, for losing the trial of Reginald Denny's assailants, the Menendez brothers' hung jury, and most especially losing the O. J. Simpson case.

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Vanities

Taymor-Made



Magic realism: Director and designer Julie Taymor.

"It's very difficult to describe the kind of work I do," says Julie Taymor. She has a point; simply relating the bare bones of Taymor's pieces—jaguar changes into boy, dwarf avenges himself on tormentors—is about as illuminating as calling Fellini's *8½* the story of a midlife crisis. With such plays, films, and operas as *Juan Darién, Fool's Fire, Salome,* and *Titus Andronicus,* the 42-year-old director uses classic literary texts to create a visual brand of magic realism that resists easy summary. As Stephen Sondheim, one of her most ardent supporters, insists, "Julie is uncategorizable."

Since landing firmly on the map in 1988 with the musical *Juan Darién,* the first of several collaborations with composer and companion Elliot Goldenthal, Taymor (a Massachusetts native) has moved with equal success to the worlds of television and opera, including directing *The Flying Dutchman* for the L.A. Opera. This March, she will direct Theatre for a New Audience's *The Green Bird* at the New Victory Theater in New York City. And *Julie Taymor: Playing with Fire,* an overview of her work to date, is due out from Abrams this month. Taymor's current plans for the big screen include an adaptation of her stage version of *Titus Andronicus,* though she recognizes the difficulty of getting an industry hooked on the two-minute story pitch to underwrite her "uncategorizable" original projects. "With the work that I do for theater," she says, "people go, It's so cinematic. With the film, it's: Oh my God, it's so theatrical!" Not that Hollywood's ever missed a bet, but isn't that what they said about Orson Welles?

—RANDALL SHORT

Night-Table Reading



Art Cooper, GQ *editor in chief:* It Wasn't Pretty, Folks, but Didn't We Have Fun?: *Esquire* in the Sixties, *by Carol Polsgrove (Norton). "In editing the best magazine ever, Harold Hayes created New Journalism and then fell victim to its biggest element, ego."*

Elle Macpherson, *model-actress:* Matisse and Picasso, *by Françoise Gilot (Anchor). "It recounts and captures both as men and artists. Also, I am fascinated by Françoise's contribution to feminism and art."*





Ermenegildo Zegna, *managing director, Zegna Worldwide:* Competing for the Future, *by Gary Hamel and C. K. Prahalad (Harvard Business School). "A challenging book to take your own business beyond the year 2000."*

Lady Bird Johnson, *former First Lady:* No Jacket Required *(Neiman Marcus). "My recipe for spinach soufflé is in it, and I'm looking forward to serving some of the other recipes at my ranch."*




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Bridget Grows Up

The fast track to the model Hall of fame

Bridget Hall, it can be argued, is the only supermodel to have emerged in the post-Naomi-Linda-Christy era. Ralph Lauren, who has tapped her for his fashion front, certainly seems to agree. And so does GEORGE WAYNE, who subjects the native Texan to a down-home inquisition.

George Wayne: *So give me the juicy on that story I heard about Jack Nicholson chasing you around the pool of the Chateau Marmont.*

Bridget Hall: It's true, but it wasn't that bad.

G.W. *So his tongue wasn't hanging out of his mouth?*

B.H. No. He said, "Hi, nice to see you again." I said, "What do you mean to see me again? It's my first time meeting you." But he seems very nice.

G.W. *So he wasn't a dirty old man?*

B.H. He probably was, but I left.

G.W. *Your life is like a fairy tale. Here you are a high-school dropout, poor white trash from Texas, now the emerging supermodel of the millennium. And all of 17 years old!*

B.H. It's not really a fairy tale. It's a lot harder than it seems. Sometimes I wish I didn't drop out of school.

G.W. *Tell me about your childhood.*

B.H. My childhood was cool. It was all right. I was always the tallest, skinniest kid in school, tomboy.

G.W. *Were you the ugly duckling?*

B.H. In a way I was. I had friends who would always put me down. They would call me "Chicken Legs." I would feel hurt.

G.W. *Tell me about the worst day ever on the set of a fashion shoot.*

B.H. The worst day is any day I have to get up really early, with a photographer who shoots really slow. And keeps me really late at night.

G.W. *Do you realize that not since the trinity—Naomi, Linda, and Christy—has there been a super, super girl to emerge like you?*

B.H. I guess that's great. But I'm trying to get into acting.

G.W. *I know for a fact that you've had a few boy problems. Things didn't work out with you and Leonardo DiCaprio. For a while you were chasing Stephen Dwarf—excuse me, Stephen Dorff. And he had the nerve to treat you like doo-doo.*

B.H. I don't know what I want right now. They were very nice guys, but prettier in pictures.

G.W. *Who is the bitchiest supermodel you've ever met in your life?*

B.H. There's plenty of 'em . . . and no names!

G.W. *Come on, B., you've got to give me some names.*

B.H. No names . . .

G.W. *There are so many bitchy supermodels, and you can't give me one name? Let me hazard a guess: Linda?*

B.H. No names. Linda's been nice to me.

G.W. *All right—light another cigarette, honey, get another Heineken, and get ready!*

B.H. I'm ordering it up, another Heineken. . . .

G.W. *I know that's your favorite beverage. And I know that you've lost your cherrystone, but I want to know to whom.*

B.H. No, not saying. I'm not gonna say that.

G.W. *When did you lose it?*

B.H. When I was 15.

G.W. *Was it to a little farm boy in the trailer park?*

B.H. No, I'm not saying, George.

G.W. *Where?*

B.H. My mom's gonna read this!

G.W. *Honey, your mother must know—you are a growing woman!*

B.H. O.K., in a hotel room in New York.

G.W. *O.K., now I want to know the man who took your chastity!*

B.H. It's going to take about 12 Heinekens to get that answer.

G.W. *What do you do in your spare time, when you're not forced to be fabulous for the camera?*

B.H. I sleep and try to get over my hangover, watch MTV.

G.W. *Not since the 70s has the name Hall been such a force in fashion. I can't believe some queenious fashion editor hasn't been inspired to pair Bridget Hall and Jerry Hall in a shoot together.*

B.H. I think she is pretty cool. I would love to be in a shoot with Jerry Hall. It would show that Texans are ruling!


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Vanities

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Miller's crossing: Arthur Miller confronts a cake at his 80th-birthday party.

A reptilian g… Michael Crichton … Anne-Marie … his bo…

Courting the hors d'oeuvre tray: Court TV founder Steve Brill.

Ivory coasters: Bobby Short and Peter Duchin.

All that jazz: Bobby Short with Ricky and Ralph Lauren.

The men o… Dav… Maurice Ter… the S…

Susanna … and de… John St… attend t… de l…

Sally Quinn and Barbara Walters at Jim and Toni Goodale's party for Ben Bradlee.

Book leaves of fall

Book leaves were fluttering this autumn in New York, with literary events outnumbering the usual round of benefits (the annual Fête de Famille, for example) and openings, such as the glamorous one for Bergdorf Goodman's Slatkin & Co. boutique. Among the literary blowouts: Playwright Arthur Miller combined celebrations for his 80th birthday and his 36th work (the collection *Homely Girl, a Life*) at the New York Public Library. Bobby Short's memoir was toasted at the Carlyle, where he has delighted crowds for nearly 30 years. Guests mingled with dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History for Michael Crichton's latest offering, *The Lost World*. And there were no fewer than six parties nationwide honoring legendary journalist Ben Bradlee and his autobiography, *A Good Life*. —DEBORAH MITCHELL

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Vanities


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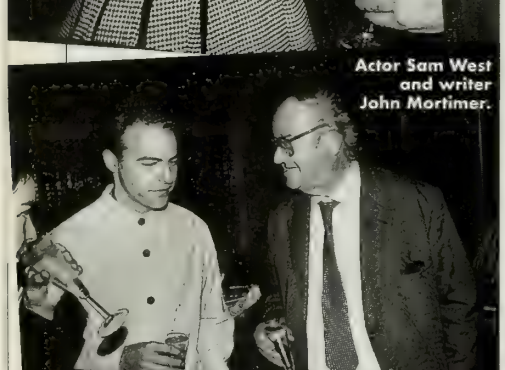

Princess Firial of Jordan and interior designer Nicky Haslam.

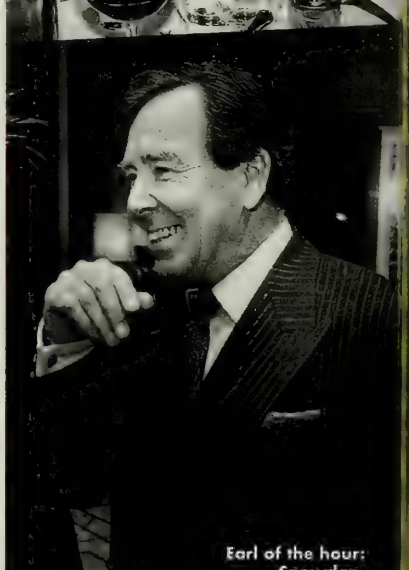
V.E. Camera

Theater royals

One Sunday night last month, when London theaters were dark, spotlights lit up the theater royalty—most recently seen in *Vanity Fair*'s paean to the British stage—as they strolled through the velvet-curtained entrance of the Bombay Brasserie. Alan Bates, Fiona Shaw, Trevor Nunn, and Imogen Stubbs trod the boards, along with some of the younger stage set, such as Rachel Weisz and Sam West. Inside, there was a cocktail mix of London's literary, rock 'n' roll, and high societies: Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall, the brothers Saatchi, Hanif Kureishi, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, Taki, and Nigel Dempster. Snowdon, photographer to the West End, held court in the conservatory. As the nonstop chatter proved, a picture's worth a thousand words—minimum. —E. E. OSBORNE

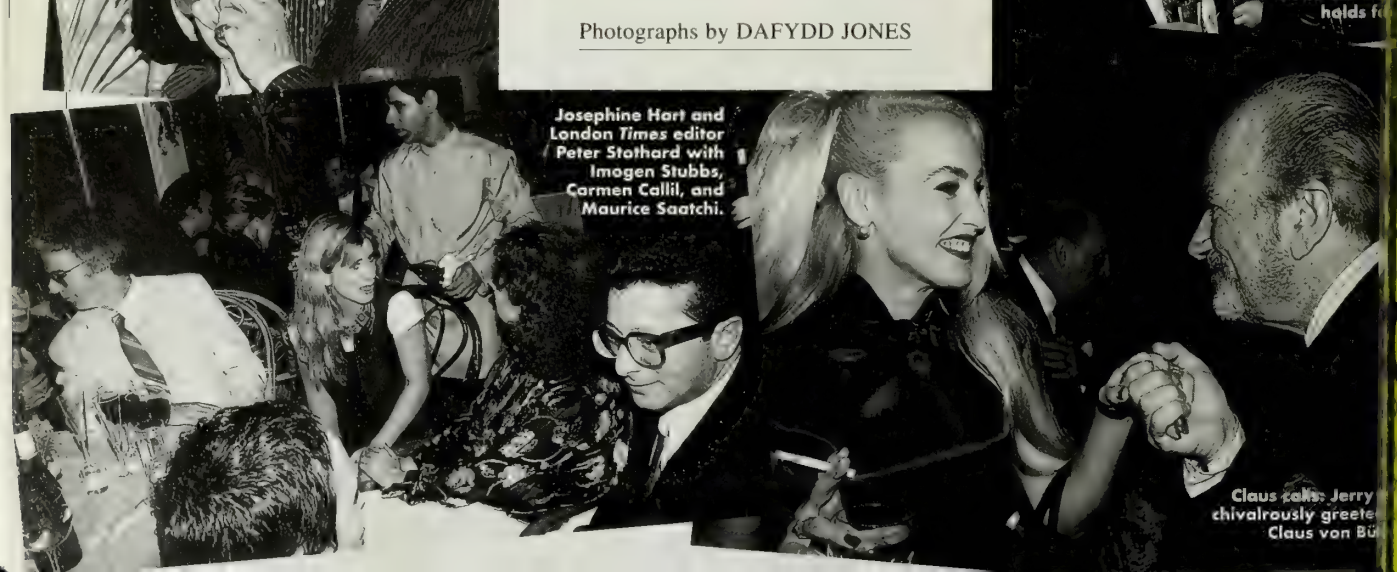
Photographs by DAFYDD JONES


Actor Sam West and writer John Mortimer.


Earl of the hour: Snowdon.


Actor Alan Bates tête-à-tête with Snowdon.


Actor James... holds f...


Josephine Hart and London *Times* editor Peter Stothard with Imogen Stubbs, Carmen Callil, and Maurice Saatchi.

Claus calls Jerry ... chivalrously greete... Claus von Bü...

!WARNING!

here have been reported instances of tourists abroad eing mistaken for professional photographers because ney were carrying Olympus® cameras. The confusion stems rom the widely held belief that professionals use the Olympus IS-10 for their personal snapshots – hence *nyone* carrying the IS-10 is assumed to be a professional. Unfortunately, there are circumstances where being nistaken for a member of the press can mean being etained for questioning, or occasionally, well, no need to o into details.... The fact that professionals only use the S-10 because it's simple, has a wide zoom and takes reat snapshots, is of no consequence. Regrettably, there s not always time to explain this to your captors. So, in the nterest of public safety, Olympus America Inc. is advising ny tourists going abroad to xercise caution, *and if you nust bring your Olympus, MAKE AN EFFORT TO DISGUISE THE CAMERA'S DISTINC-TIVE APPEARANCE WITH ELECTRICAL TAPE.**



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hile we would never suggest not using your Olympus for capturing vacation memories, there may be treme circumstances where a sketch pad and a decent palette of watercolors would serve admirably.

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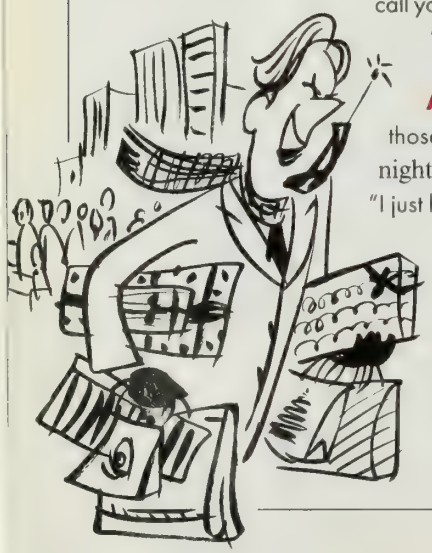
True Lies IV

A season's worth of holiday insincerity

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS ... "He's making a list." "This year I'm doing my Christmas shopping early." "He's checking it twice." **"I want to get back to the real spirit of the holiday."** "He's gonna find out who's naughty and nice." *"I don't want you to get me anything special."* "I want to get away from all the materialism." **"But, Mom, it's an educational toy."** "The kids will be happy with clothes." *"I will not give my daughter Barbie."* "This year, I'm going to bake." *"I'd* love *to go to your parents' house."* "Christmas isn't about getting–it's about giving." "Merry Christmas from your newspaper-delivery service." "Merry Christmas from your postal carrier." *"Merry Christmas from your superintendent."* "Merry Christmas from everyone at the hair salon." **"It's the thought that counts."** "Santa Claus is coming to town."

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS ... "God rest ye merry gentlemen." *"I hate office Christmas parties."* "Let nothing you dismay." **"I just can't suck up to the boss."** "Brilliant marketing plan, J.B." "I'm sorry to announce there are no bonuses this year –and that includes senior management." *"In lieu of exchanging presents, a generous donation has been made..."* "It's the thought that counts." "We usually go to St. Barts" . . . "Aspen" . . . "Hawaii" . . . "Montana." "But this year we thought it would be nice to stay home." **"So I told Ovitz ..."** "Miss Warren, I never noticed you had green eyes before." *"Seriously, I want to hear all about the personnel department."* "I can't believe you're single." "I don't believe in intra-office romances." **"Yes. But it's a marriage in name only."** *"I never realized you had such pretty green eyes."* **"It's bad luck not to kiss under the mistletoe."** "What harm can another drink do?" "What harm can another drink do?" *"What harm can another drink do?"* "Just one more." "Honey, I think I'd better stay in the city tonight." **"I've never done this before."** "We're both adults." *"No one will find out."* "O come, all ye faithful."

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS ... "Silent night." "I'm sorry. I just didn't have a chance to get you anything." "Holy night." *"He had to find out sometime there is no Santa Claus."* "All is calm." **"Minimal assembly required."** "All is bright." "It's the most beautiful tree I've ever seen." *"Sleep in heavenly peace."* "I'm always up at six in the morning." **"What a surprise!"** "Slippers! You shouldn't have!" "Just what I wanted!" *"I didn't expect anything!"* "You can always return it." "I don't care what the other kids got." *"We'd love to come over for eggnog."* "There's always room for one more." **"We love getting your Christmas-card newsletter."** "Don't be silly. I love your Uncle Bob." *"My, how you've . . . grown during the last year."* "Have you ever seen such beautifully behaved children?" "It's the thought that counts." "I'll just have one more piece of pie." "That must be the office on the phone." "No, Mom, everything is fine between the two of us." **"I know how hard it is to be alone on the holidays."** "I'm going to leave her right after New Year's." "I'll call you tomorrow." **"I promise."** "It was nothing. Just a problem in personnel." *"Everything's fine."* "Peace on Earth." **"Goodwill toward men."** "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas."



AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR. "Why don't we just stay home on New Year's Eve?" "I hate those parties." **"Everybody tries too hard to have a good time."** "It's just another night." "It really doesn't mean anything to me." *"I'm always in bed by 11 on New Year's Eve."* "I just have to make one phone call." "We have to end this." "I didn't mean to lead you on." "That's O.K. I have a date." *"I didn't mean to overhear."* "I suspected all along." **"She means nothing to me."** "I was drunk." *"It was a mistake."* "I swear it's over." **"Doesn't Dick Clark look young?"** "We can't start the New Year mad at each other." *"I'm turning over a new leaf."* "I'm going on a diet." **"I'm joining a health club."** "I'll spend more time with the kids." "I'm going to stop smoking." *"I'm sorry."* "It'll never happen again." **"Should old acquaintance be forgot?"** "Happy New Year." "To us." "I love you." "It's the thought that counts."

—BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

VANITY FAIR'S 1995

HALL OF FAME

Photographs by Annie Leibovitz

With Herb Ritts, David LaChapelle, Richard Corman, Nigel Parry, Jonathan Becker, Firooz Zahedi, Snowdon, Michael O'Neill, Eika Aoshima, George Lange, Eric Boman, Art Streiber, and Richard J. Burbridge. Illustrations by Robert Risko and Philip Burke. Produced by Marcia DeSanctis. Text by Matthew Tyrnauer and Susan Kittenplan.

WHEN WILLIAM S. PALEY reigned supreme at CBS, he often felt a conflict between his lust for profitability and the desire to air the kind of programming that would not tarnish the Tiffany Network's sheen. As Paley "edited" the network's schedule each year, he took time out to anguish over shows he thought were simplistic or in bad taste. *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *All in the Family* seemed particularly odious to him. What would Ozark hicks and a Queens-based bigot do to his social standing in Southampton or Lyford Cay?

His misgivings were misplaced, it turned out. The artful bigotry of Archie Bunker was a revelation for TV. And now, 33 years later, even *The Beverly Hillbillies* fits well within the definition of TV classic. Images on TV can arouse reactions that change with time and repetition. Today's object of contempt can, with time's passing, become a fixture in the pantheon. On the other hand, it is possible for a favorite, forever syndicated, to wear out its wel-

come. No one can predict, for TV is not just entertainment but an intruder inside the home.

In the beginning, dramaturgy was high-minded. Broadway-style plays were aired live every week on broadcasts sponsored by Philco, Kraft, General Electric. And great comedians thrived: Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, Milton Berle, Jackie Gleason, Jack Benny, Phil Silvers, Lucille Ball. This period was hastily labeled "the Golden Age," and it stands as the only time when television was ever allowed to be guiltlessly high on itself. Its creators were young and intoxicated by the medium's awesome power, too innocent, perhaps, to sense the dangers and the pitfalls. By the 1970s network television was at its most powerful and glamorous. The Vietnam War had made a wreck of our living rooms. Most experts agreed that Americans were reading less. By 1990, according to some statistics, about 60 percent of adult Americans had never read a book. Had shows such as *Supertrain* and *Fantasy Island* transported us back to the darker stages of pre-literacy? Certainly it is true that for young generations *The Brady Bunch* holds as much—more?—power as Homer's *Odyssey* did for ancient Greeks.

Perhaps the most magical property of television is its ability to play time tricks. Now, as we approach the 50th anniversary of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, the much-maligned 70s actually seem a glorious era: the high time of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show, 60 Minutes, Saturday Night Live, M*A*S*H, All in the Family, Columbo, The Bob Newhart Show, The Carol Burnett Show, The Rockford Files, Happy Days,* and more. And to think we had only the Eye, the Peacock, and the Alphabet network to choose from.

Some now call the 70s TV's true Golden Age—just before the dawn of cable, before we even knew about that tiresome-sounding 500-channel era which lies just around the corner. But in some way every era seems somewhat golden in retrospect, as the high points fuse with our memories and recalled emotions. What we watch becomes part of our common experience, part of us. Even today, as we merge with *Murder One, ER,* and *Friends,* some proclaim a kind of Platinum Age for the medium of the century

In the *V.F.* TV Hall of Fame that follows, one thing, above all others, becomes Trinitron clear: regardless of what you may feel about television at any moment, in any era, we are what we watch. And, moreover, what we watch *is* us.

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

From a half-century of sitting too close, we nominate a selective list of TV's greatest acts. Herewith, the 1995 Hall of Fame . . .

In the Beginning . . . :
Leonard Goldenson (ABC)
Rupert Murdoch (Fox)
William S. Paley (CBS)
David Sarnoff (NBC)

Forever:
Lucille Ball
Jack Benny
Milton Berle
Johnny Carson
Walter Cronkite
James Garner
Jackie Gleason
Bob Hope
Mary Tyler Moore
Edward R. Murrow
Phil Silvers
Ed Sullivan

For Now:
Pamela Anderson Lee

Duets:
Burns and Allen
Caesar and Coca
Huntley and Brinkley
Jack Klugman/ Tony Randall
Joanna Lumley/ Jennifer Saunders
Regis and Kathie Lee
The Smothers Brothers
Sonny and Cher

The Comedians:
Carol Burnett
Jimmy Durante
Redd Foxx
Ernie Kovacs
Roseanne
Jerry Seinfeld
Garry Shandling
Tracey Ullman
Dick Van Dyke
Robin Williams

The Families:
Addams, Brady, Bunker, Carrington, Cartwright, Clampett, Cleaver, Colby, Douglas, Ewing, Flintstone, Huxtable, Jefferson, Jetson, Kinte, Loud, Munster, Nelson, Osmond, Partridge, Simpson, Walton

Moms:
Barbara Bel Geddes (*Dallas*)
Gertrude Berg (*The Goldbergs*)
Barbara Billingsley (*Leave It to Beaver*)
Florence Henderson (*The Brady Bunch*)
Shirley Jones (*The Partridge Family*)
June Lockhart (*Lassie*)
Harriet Nelson (*The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet*)
Donna Reed (*The Donna Reed Show*)
Esther Rolle (*Good Times*)
Marion Ross (*Happy Days*)
Peggy Wood (*Mama*)
Jane Wyatt (*Father Knows Best*)

Dads:
Tim Allen (*Home Improvement*)
Hugh Beaumont (*Leave It to Beaver*)
Bill Bixby (*The Courtship of Eddie's Father*)
Tom Bosley (*Happy Days*)
Bill Cosby (*The Cosby Show*)
Buddy Ebsen (*The Beverly Hillbillies*)
John Forsythe (*Bachelor Father*)
Brian Keith (*Family Affair*)
Michael Landon (*Little House on the Prairie*)
Fred MacMurray (*My Three Sons*)
Ozzie Nelson (*The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet*)
Robert Reed (*The Brady Bunch*)
Danny Thomas (*Make Room for Daddy*)
Robert Young (*Father Knows Best*)





Bob Hope

Photographed July 17, 1995,
by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ in his "joke vault" at
his home in Toluca Lake, California.

Born Leslie Townes Hope, May 29, 1903;
hosted *Bob Hope Presents the*
Chrysler Theater from 1963 to 1967;
annual tours with the U.S.O.
included Germany, Korea, Vietnam;
his female TV partners have
included Ann-Margret, Brooke Shields,
and, as an annual tradition,
the reigning Miss America.
Hope was named Most Decorated Entertainer
in *The Guinness Book of World Records*.

Thanks for the memory /
of things I can't forget / journeys on a jet /
our wondrous week in Martinique, /
and Vegas and roulette. /
How lucky I was.

"I think you actually believed that Rob and Laura did get it on." –Dick Van Dyke





Mary Tyler Moore and Dick Van Dyke

The Dick Van Dyke Show
(CBS, October 3, 1961–
September 7, 1966).

Photographed as a
90s couple on July 8, 1995,
by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
in Culver City,
California.



'Dallas'

From left: Larry Hagman (J.R.), Victoria Principal (Pam), Charlene Tilton (Lucy), Ken Kercheval (Cliff Barnes), Steve Kanaly (Ray Krebbs), Patrick Duffy (Bobby), Linda Gray (Sue Ellen)

(CBS, April 2, 1978–May 3, 1991)

Photographed June 13, 1995, by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ at Ventura Farms, Thousand Oaks, California.

Remember when: J.R. sent Sue Ellen to the sanitarium; Sue Ellen's sister shot J.R.; Lucy nearly married a homosexual; Sue Ellen plowed her car into Mickey Trotter; Ray Krebbs pulled the plug on Trotter's life support; Pam decided, apparently without suspicion, that a year of her existence had been merely a dream; Sue Ellen became a designer of erotic lingerie; J.R. was imprisoned on an Arkansas work farm; Sue Ellen became a movie mogul to film an exposé that would "surely destroy J.R."; James, J.R.'s illegitimate son, had Pop straitjacketed in a mental institution; Lucy found the Lord and became a Pat Robertson disciple (whoops—this happened to Charlene); J.R. had an *It's a Wonderful Life* experience with ghost Joel Grey, who showed how much better life would have been if he had just *never been born*?



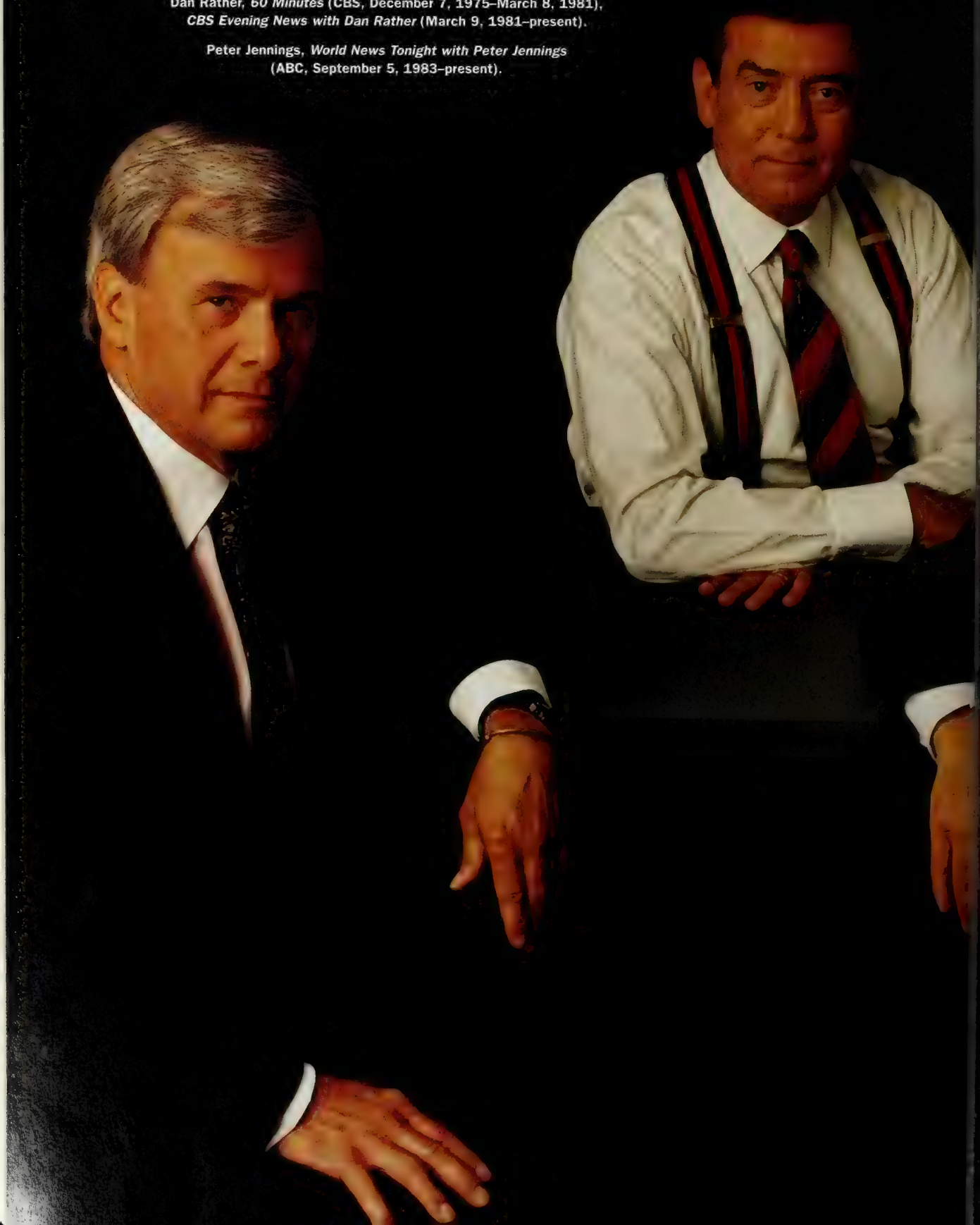
The Anchors

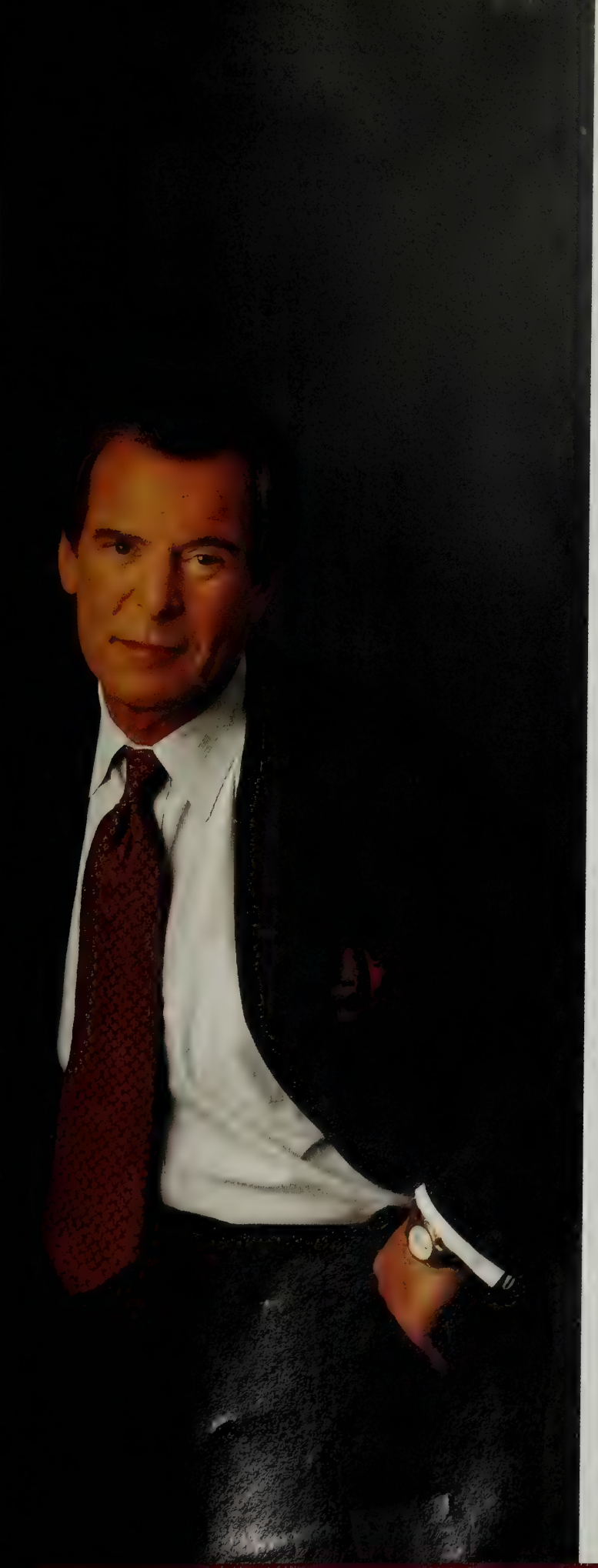
Photographed June 22, 1995, by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ in New York City.

Tom Brokaw, *NBC Nightly News with Tom Brokaw* (September 2, 1983–present).

Dan Rather, *60 Minutes* (CBS, December 7, 1975–March 8, 1981), *CBS Evening News with Dan Rather* (March 9, 1981–present).

Peter Jennings, *World News Tonight with Peter Jennings* (ABC, September 5, 1983–present).





Husbands:
Eddie Albert (*Green Acres*)
Desi Arnaz (*I Love Lucy*)
Sherman Hemsley (*The Jeffersons*)
Bill Macy (*Maude*)
Bob Newhart (*The Bob Newhart Show*)
Carroll O'Connor (*All in the Family*)
Dick Sargent (*Bewitched*)
Dick York (*Bewitched*)

Wives:
Bea Arthur (*Maude*)
Eva Gabor (*Green Acres*)
Linda Gray (*Dallas*)
Louise Lasser (*Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*)
Audrey Meadows (*The Honeymooners*)
Suzanne Pleshette (*The Bob Newhart Show*)
Isabel Sanford (*The Jeffersons*)
Jean Stapleton (*All in the Family*)

Kids:
Angela Cartwright (*Make Room for Daddy*)
Lauren Chapin, Elinor Donahue, Billy Gray (*Father Knows Best*)
Tim Considine, Don Grady, Barry Livingston, Stanley Livingston (*My Three Sons*)
Patty Duke (*The Patty Duke Show*)
Shelley Fabares (*The Donna Reed Show*)
Michael J. Fox (*Family Ties*)
Melissa Gilbert (*Little House on the Prairie*)
Ed Grimley (Martin Short, *SCTV*)
Dwayne Hickman (*The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis*)
Ron Howard (*The Andy Griffith Show*)
Jerry Mathers (*Leave It to Beaver*)
Billy Mumy (*Lost in Space*)
David and Ricky Nelson (*The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet*)
Jay North (*Dennis the Menace*)
Butch Patrick (*The Munsters*)
Paul Petersen (*The Donna Reed Show*)
Gale Storm (*My Little Margie*)
Richard Thomas (*The Waltons*)

In-Laws:
Kaye Ballard (*The Mothers-in-Law*)
Spring Byington (*December Bride*)
Agnes Moorehead (*Bewitched*)
Rob Reiner (*All in the Family*)

Concerned Elders:
Frances Bavier (*The Andy Griffith Show*)
Walter Brennan (*The Real McCoys*)
Hans Conried (*Make Room for Daddy*)
Jackie Coogan (*The Addams Family*)
Ellen Corby, Will Geer (*The Waltons*)
William Demarest (*My Three Sons*)
Al Lewis (*The Munsters*)
Irene Ryan (*The Beverly Hillbillies*)

Concerned Neighbors:
Paul Benedict (*The Jeffersons*)
Art Carney, Joyce Randolph (*The Honeymooners*)
Ned Flanders (*The Simpsons*)
William Frawley, Vivian Vance (*I Love Lucy*)
Valerie Harper, Cloris Leachman (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*)
Harriet MacGibbon (*The Beverly Hillbillies*)
Ken Osmond (*Leave It to Beaver*)
Alice Pearce/Sandra Gould, George Tobias (*Bewitched*)
Michael Richards (*Seinfeld*)

Bosses:
Ed Asner (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*)
Danny DeVito (*Taxi*)
Gale Gordon (*Here's Lucy*)
Nancy Marchand (*Lou Grant*)
Carl Reiner (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*)
David White (*Bewitched*)



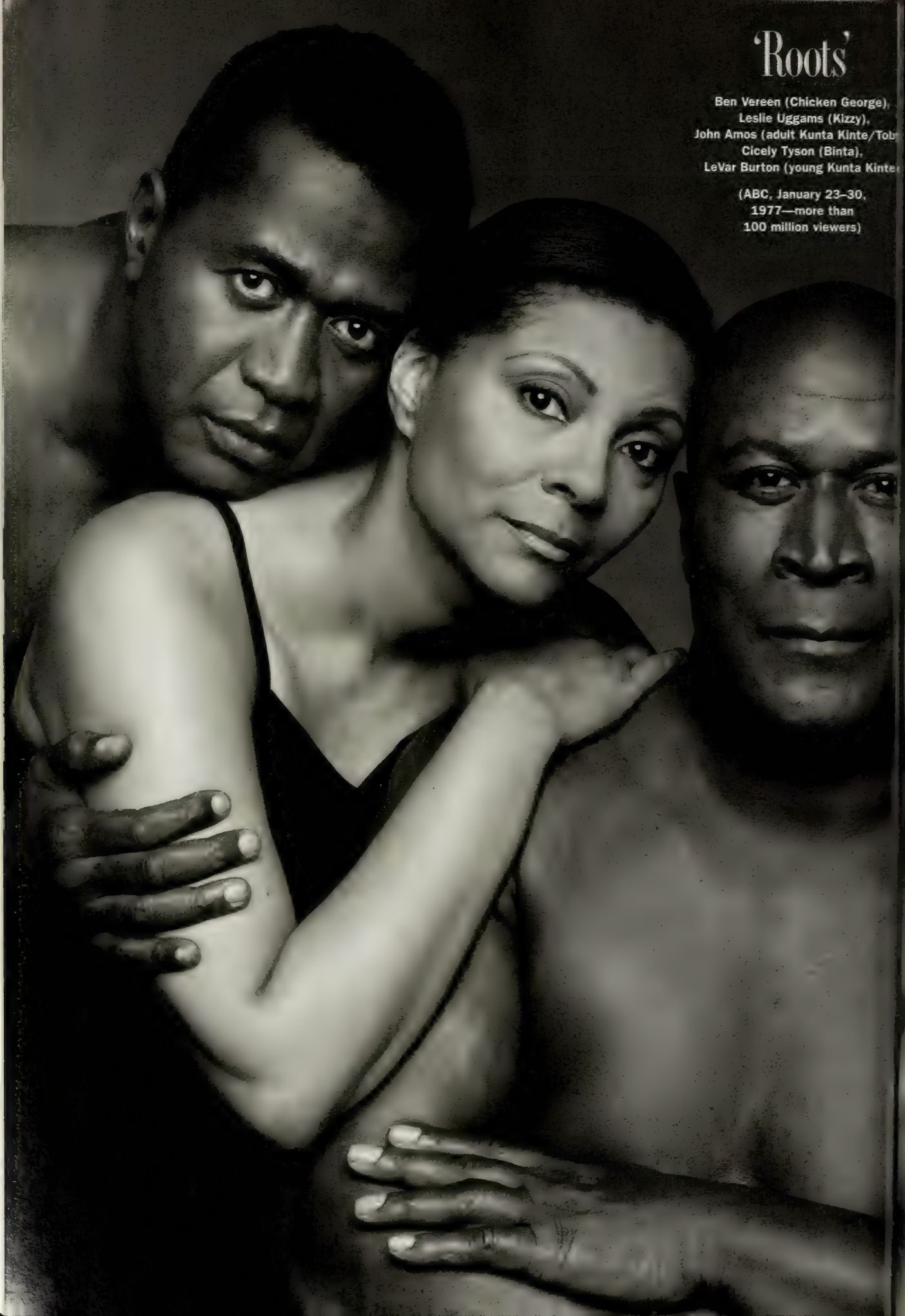
Milton Berle

The Milton Berle S
(NBC, June 8,
1948–June 5, 19

Photographed
June 27, 1995,
HERB RITTS in Culv
California.

At the age of s
he won a Charlie C
look-alike conte
wearing a mustache
his mother's fu





'Roots'

Ben Vereen (Chicken George),
Leslie Uggams (Kizzy),
John Amos (adult Kunta Kinte/Tob
Cicely Tyson (Binta),
LeVar Burton (young Kunta Kinte

(ABC, January 23–30,
1977—more than
100 million viewers)



Photographed September 5, 1995, by HERB RITTS in Culver City, California.

Author Alex Haley, once a cook in the Coast Guard, spent 10 years and traveled 500,000 miles to research *Roots*, interviewing his Tennessee grandmother, linguistics experts, and African U.N. delegates, perusing British slave-ship records, and finally reaching a tiny village in Gambia, where he learned from a griot (an old man trained from childhood to memorize village history) that his maternal great-great-great-great-grandfather had been taken by slave traders and sold in America more than 200 years earlier. His name was Kunta Kinte.

Teachers:
Eve Arden (*Our Miss Brooks*)
John Houseman (*The Paper Chase*)

Working Women:
Candice Bergen (*Murphy Brown*)
Amanda Blake (*Gunsmoke*)
Diahann Carroll (*Julia*)
Doris Day (*The Doris Day Show*)
Nancy Kulp (*The Beverly Hillbillies*)
Rose Marie (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*)
Penny Marshall (*Laverne & Shirley*)
Loretta Swit (*M*A*S*H*)
Marlo Thomas (*That Girl*)

Doctors:
Alan Alda, Wayne Rogers (*M*A*S*H*)
Richard Chamberlain, Raymond Massey (*Dr. Kildare*)
George Clooney, Anthony Edwards (*ER*)
Vince Edwards (*Ben Casey*)
Kelsey Grammer (*Frasier*)
DeForest Kelley (*Star Trek*)
Marshall Thompson (*Daktari*)
Robert Young (*Marcus Welby, M.D.*)

Lawyers:
Daniel Benzali (*Murder One*)
Corbin Bernsen, Harry Hamlin (*L.A. Law*)
Raymond Burr (*Perry Mason*)
Johnnie Cochran (*O. J.: The Trial*)
E. G. Marshall (*The Defenders*)

Spies/Operatives:
Don Adams, Barbara Feldon (*Get Smart*)
Boris Badenov, Natasha Fatale (*The Bullwinkle Show*)
Barbara Bain, Peter Graves, Martin Landau, Peter Lupus, Greg Morris (*Mission: Impossible*)
Leo G. Carroll, David McCallum, Robert Vaughn (*The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*)
Robert Culp (*I Spy*)
Lindsay Wagner (*The Bionic Woman*)

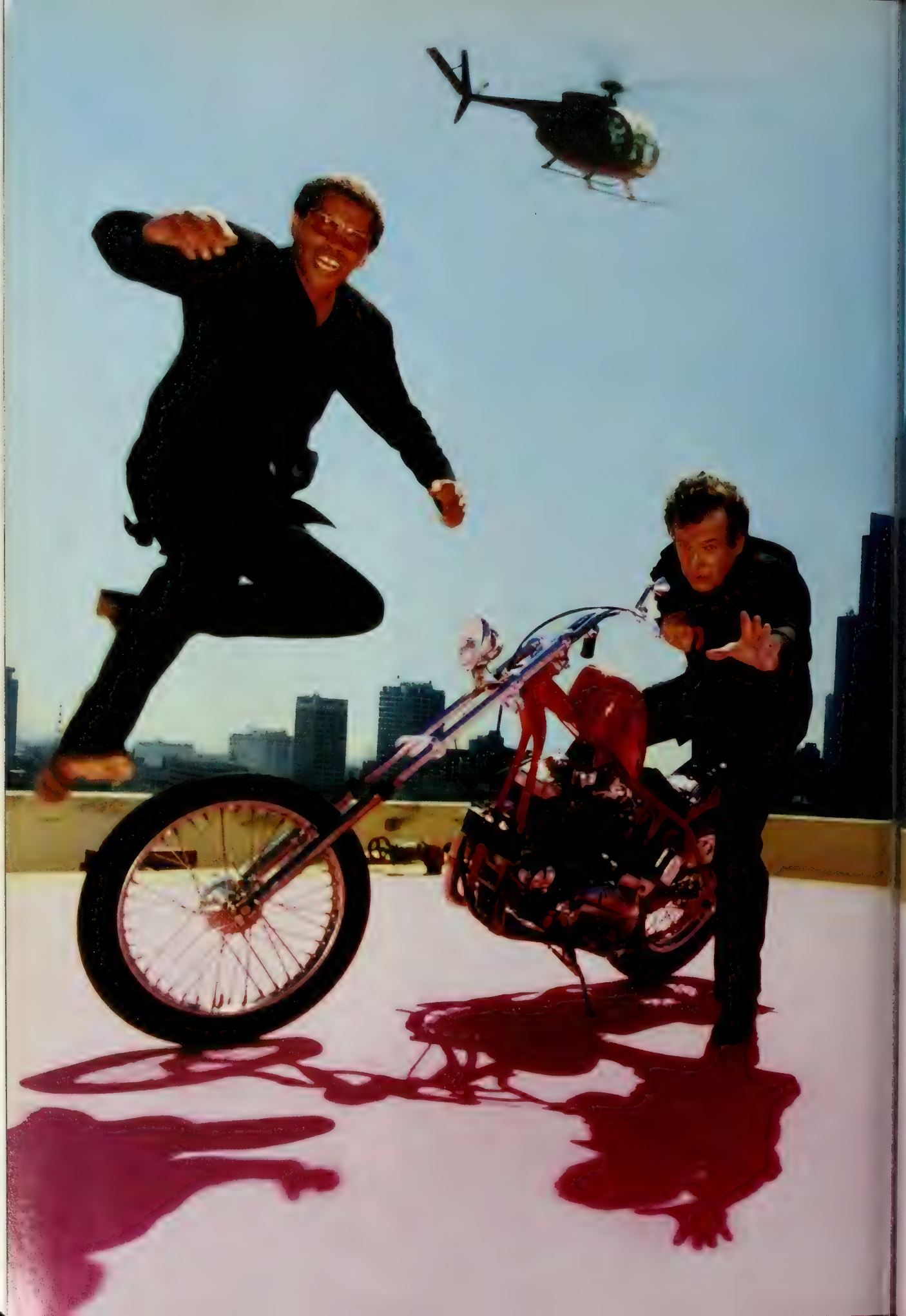
Adventurers:
Richard Basehart (*Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*)
Lloyd Bridges (*Sea Hunt*)
Jacques Cousteau (*The Undersea World of . . .*)
Ben Gazzara (*Run for Your Life*)
David Janssen (*The Fugitive*)
George Maharis, Martin Milner (*Route 66*)

Bombshells:
Loni Anderson (*WKRP in Cincinnati*)
Dagmar (*Broadway Open House*)
Donna Douglas (*The Beverly Hillbillies*)
Farrah Fawcett (*Charlie's Angels*)
Annette Funicello (*The Mickey Mouse Club*)
Goldie Hawn (*Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*)
Tina Louise (*Gilligan's Island*)

Bitches:
Alison Arngrim (*Little House on the Prairie*)
Joan Collins (*Dynasty*)
Eileen Fulton (*As the World Turns*)
Heather Locklear (*Melrose Place*)
Betty White (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*)
Jane Wyman (*Falcon Crest*)

Nincompoops:
Jason Alexander (*Seinfeld*)
Richard Deacon (*The Dick Van Dyke Show*)
Bob Denver (*Gilligan's Island*)
Woody Harrelson (*Cheers*)
Ted Knight (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*)

Captains:
Ernest Borgnine (*McHale's Navy*)
Captain Kangaroo (*Captain Kangaroo*)
Alan Hale Jr. (*Gilligan's Island*)
Gavin MacLeod (*The Love Boat*)
William Shatner (*Star Trek*)





'The Mod Squad'

**Clarence Williams III,
Michael Cole, Peggy Lipton**

(ABC, September 24, 1968–August 23, 1973)

**Photographed June 12, 1995,
by DAVID LaCHAPELLE on the roof of
City Hall East, Los Angeles.**

**The pilot for this seemingly
"of the moment" show was actually written
in 1960 by Bud Ruskin, the ex-cop
who had been assigned to a cadre of young
L.A.P.D. undercover agents whose
mission was "to infiltrate the druggies."
The script sat on the shelf
for eight years until ABC decided
that it was timely.**



'The Man from U.N.C.L.E.'

(United Network Command for Law and Enforcement)

Robert Vaughn and David McCallum

(NBC, September 22, 1964–January 15, 1968)

Photographed June 26, 1995, by NIGEL PARRY at Studio One, New York City.

"Sending assassins to kill me is in very poor taste."
—Illya Kuryakin

Divine:
David Carradine (*Kung Fu*)
William Christopher (*M*A*S*H*)
Sally Field (*The Flying Nun*)
Bishop Fulton J. Sheen (*Life Is Worth Living*)

Supernatural:
Barbara Eden (*I Dream of Jeannie*)
Elizabeth Montgomery (*Bewitched*)
Leonard Nimoy (*Star Trek*)
Ray Walston (*My Favorite Martian*)

Superhero:
Adam West (*Batman*)

The Enabled:
Hermione Baddeley (*Maude*)
Foster Brooks (*Dean Martin's Celebrity Roasts*)
Frank Fontaine (*The Jackie Gleason Show*)
Barney Gumble (*The Simpsons*)
Christopher Lloyd (*Taxi*)
George Wendt (*Cheers*)

Domestic Service:
Eddie "Rochester" Anderson (*The Jack Benny Show*)
Shirley Booth (*Hazel*)
Sebastian Cabot (*Family Affair*)
Ann B. Davis (*The Brady Bunch*)
Fran Drescher (*The Nanny*)
Marla Gibbs (*The Jeffersons*)
Gordon Jackson, Jean Marsh (*Upstairs, Downstairs*)
Juliet Mills (*Nanny and the Professor*)
Lionel Stander (*Hart to Hart*)

Men in Uniform:
John Banner, Bob Cra
Werner Klemperer (*Hogan's Heroes*)
Ernest Borgnine, Joe Flynn (*McHale's Na*
Paul Ford, Maurice Gosfield (*The Phil Silvers Sho*
Jim Nabors (*Gomer Py U.S.M.C.*)

'All in the Family'

Carroll O'Connor and Jean Stapleton

(CBS, January 12, 1971–September 16, 1979)

Photographed July 27, 1995, by NIGEL PARRY in Culver City, California.



unslingers:
lichael Ansara (*Broken Arrow*)
ames Arness, Dennis Weaver (*Gunsmoke*)
ene Autry (*The Gene Autry Show*)
ene Barry (*Bat Masterson*)
en Berry, Larry Storch, Forrest Tucker (*F Troop*)
an Blocker, Lorne Greene (*Bonanza*)
Ward Bond (*Wagon Train*)
Richard Boone (*Have Gun Will Travel*)
William Boyd (*Hopalong Cassidy*)
Neville Brand (*Laredo*)
Peter Breck, Linda Evans, Lee Majors, Barbara Stanwyck (*The Big Valley*)
Peter Brown (*The Lawman*)
Leo Carrillo, Duncan Renaldo (*The Cisco Kid*)
Chuck Connors, Johnny Crawford (*The Rifleman*)
James Drury, Doug McClure (*The Virginian*)
Don Durant (*Johnny Ringo*)
Clint Eastwood, Sheb Wooley (*Rawhide*)
Ty Hardin (*Bronco*)
John Hart (*Hawkeye*)
Robert Horton (*A Man Called Shenandoah*)
Will Hutchins (*Sugarfoot*)
Jack Kelly (*Maverick*)
Robert Loggia (*The Nine Lives of Elfego Baca*)
Guy Madison (*Wild Bill Hickok*)
Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels (*The Lone Ranger*)
Ben Murphy (*Alias Smith and Jones*)
Hugh O'Brian (*Wyatt Earp*)
Fess Parker (*Daniel Boone*)
Dale Robertson (*Tales of Wells Fargo*)
Dick Simmons (*Sgt. Preston of the Yukon*)
Clint Walker (*Cheyenne*)
Stuart Whitman (*Cimarron Strip*)
Guy Williams (*Zorro*)

Gumshoes:
Raymond Burr (*Perry Mason*)
Michael Cole, Peggy Lipton, Clarence Williams III (*The Mod Squad*)
Mike Connors (*Mannix*)
William Conrad (*Cannon*)
Broderick Crawford (*Highway Patrol*)
Tyne Daly, Sharon Gless (*Cagney & Lacey*)
Angie Dickinson (*Police Woman*)
Michael Douglas, Karl Malden (*The Streets of San Francisco*)
Fred Dryer (*Hunter*)
Buddy Ebsen (*Barnaby Jones*)
Dennis Franz, Jimmy Smits (*NYPD Blue*)
Andy Griffith, Don Knotts (*The Andy Griffith Show*)
Rock Hudson (*McMillan and Wife*)
Kate Jackson, Jaclyn Smith (*Charlie's Angels*)
David Janssen (*The Fugitive*)
Don Johnson (*Miami Vice*)
Angela Lansbury (*Murder, She Wrote*)
Hal Linden, Abe Vigoda (*Barney Miller*)
Jack Lord, James MacArthur (*Hawaii Five-O*)
Patrick Macnee, Diana Rigg (*The Avengers*)
Kent McCord (*Adam-12*)
Roger Moore (*The Saint*)
Harry Morgan, Jack Webb (*Dragnet*)
George Peppard (*Banacek*)
Joe E. Ross (*Car 54, Where Are You?*)
Richard Roundtree (*Shaft*)
Telly Savalas (*Kojak*)
Tom Selleck (*Magnum, P.I.*)
Cybill Shepherd, Bruce Willis (*Moonlighting*)
Robert Stack (*The Untouchables*)
Craig Stevens (*Peter Gunn*)
Robert Urich (*Spenser: For Hire*)
Dennis Weaver (*McCloud*)
Efrem Zimbalist Jr. (*77 Sunset Strip*)

Fronts:
Alistair Cooke (*Masterpiece Theatre*)
Walt Disney (*The Wonderful World of . . .*)
Allen Funt (*Candid Camera*)
Alfred Hitchcock (*Alfred Hitchcock Presents*)
Edward Everett Horton ("Fractured Fairy Tales," *The Bullwinkle Show*)
Vincent Price (*Mystery!*)
Ronald Reagan (*General Electric Theater*)
Rod Serling (*The Twilight Zone*)
Loretta Young (*The Loretta Young Show*)

Talkers:
Steve Allen
Dick Cavett
Merv Griffin
Jay Leno
David Letterman
Jack Paar
Tom Snyder
David Susskind

Yes-men:
Pat Brady (*The Roy Rogers and Dale Evans Show*)
Jerry Colonna (Bob Hope specials)
Hugh Downs (*Jack Paar*)
George Fenneman (*You Bet Your Life*)
Ed McMahon (*The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson*)
Louis Nye (*The Steve Allen Show*)
Willard Scott (*Today*)
Arthur Treacher (*The Merv Griffin Show*)

Headliners:
Dick Clark (*American Bandstand*)
Perry Como (*The Perry Como Show*)
Tennessee Ernie Ford (*The Ford Show*)
Arthur Godfrey (*Arthur Godfrey and His Friends*)
Dean Martin (*Dean Martin's Celebrity Roasts*)
Bert Parks (*Miss America Pageants*)
Dinah Shore (*The Dinah Shore Show*)
Red Skelton (*The Red Skelton Show*)
Andy Williams (*The Andy Williams Show*)
Flip Wilson (*The Flip Wilson Show*)



Joan Collins

***Dynasty* (ABC, January 12, 1981–May 11, 1989).**

Photographed September 18, 1995, by SNOWDON in London.

"You're obviously suffering from delusions of adequacy."
—Alexis Carrington Colby Dexter





uffalo Bob Smith and Big Bird

Howdy Doody (NBC, December 27, 1947–September 30, 1960).

Sesame Street (PBS, November 10, 1969–present).

Photographed August 7, 1995, by RICHARD CORMAN in New York City.



'Mission: Impossible'

...er Lupus, Greg Morris, Barbara Bain, Peter Graves, and Martin Landau

(CBS, September 17, 1966–September 8, 1973)

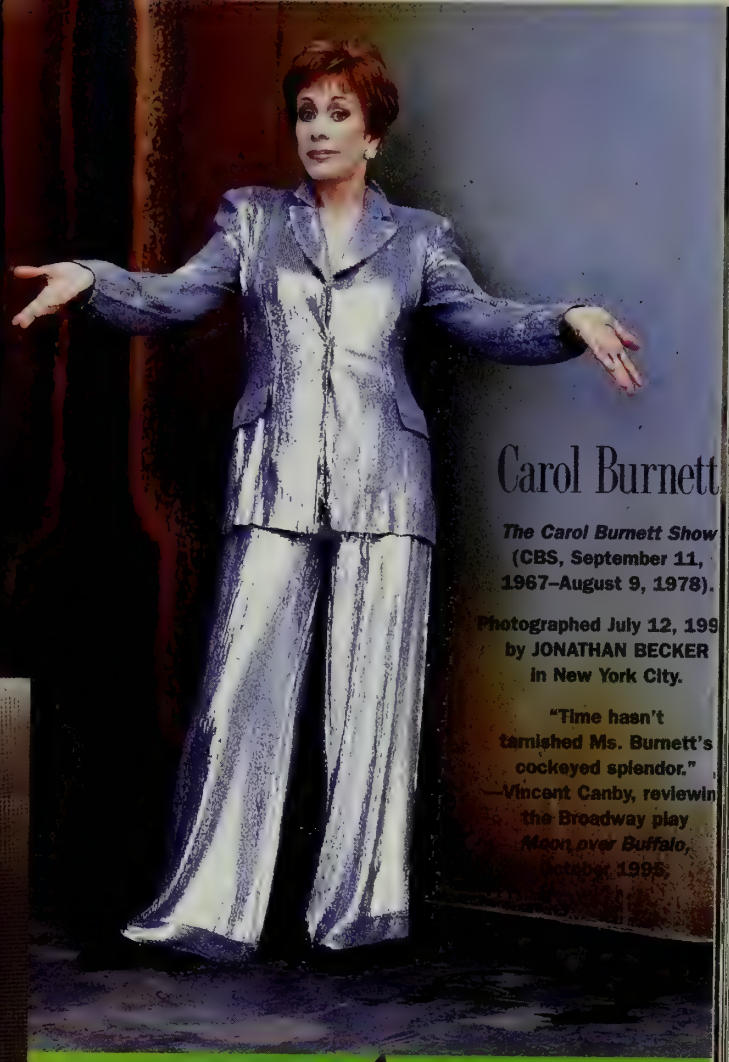
Photographed June 30, 1995, by GEORGE LANGE in Santa Monica, California.



Larry King

Larry King Live (CNN, June 3, 1985–present).

Photographed September 19, 1995, by MICHAEL O'NEILL in New York City.



Carol Burnett

The Carol Burnett Show (CBS, September 11, 1967–August 9, 1978).

Photographed July 12, 199... by JONATHAN BECKER in New York City.

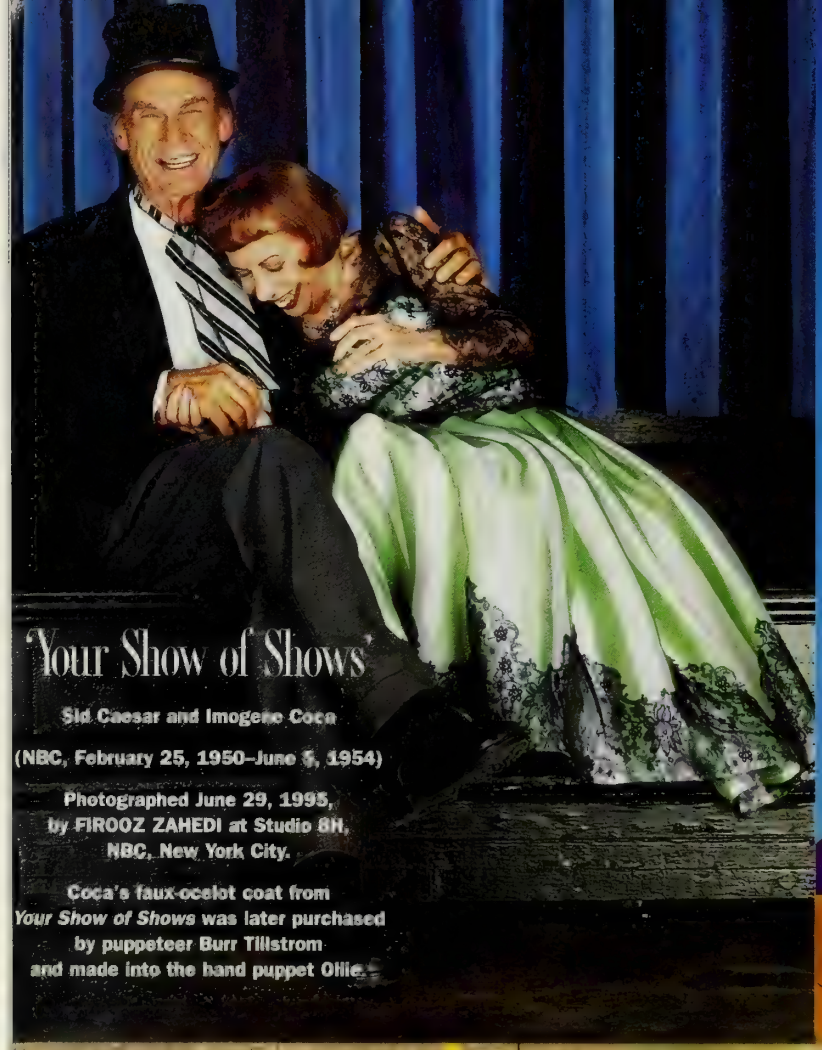
"Time hasn't tarnished Ms. Burnett's cockeyed splendor." —Vincent Canby, reviewing the Broadway play *Moon over Buffalo*, ...tober 1995.



Johnny Carson

The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson (NBC, October 1, 1962–May 22, 1992).

Illustration by RISKO.



'Your Show of Shows'

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca

(NBC, February 25, 1950–June 5, 1954)

Photographed June 29, 1995, by FIROOZ ZAHEDI at Studio 8H, NBC, New York City.

Coca's faux-ocelot coat from *Your Show of Shows* was later purchased by puppeteer Burr Tillstrom and made into the hand puppet Ollie.



Hanna-Barbera

Characters include: Flintstones, Jetsons, Quick Draw McGraw, Magilla Gorilla, Yogi Bear, Huckleberry Hound, Scooby-Doo, Dick Dastardly, Top Cat.

Joseph Barbera and William Hanna photographed August 1, 1995, by RICHARD CORMAN in Los Angeles. Illustrators: Dennis Durrell, Iwao Takamoto, Donna Zeller.



'Route 66'

George Maharis and Martin Milner

(CBS, October 7, 1960–September 18, 1964)

Photographed August 3, 1995, by RICHARD CORMAN on Route 66 in a 1960 Corvette like the one they drove in the old days.

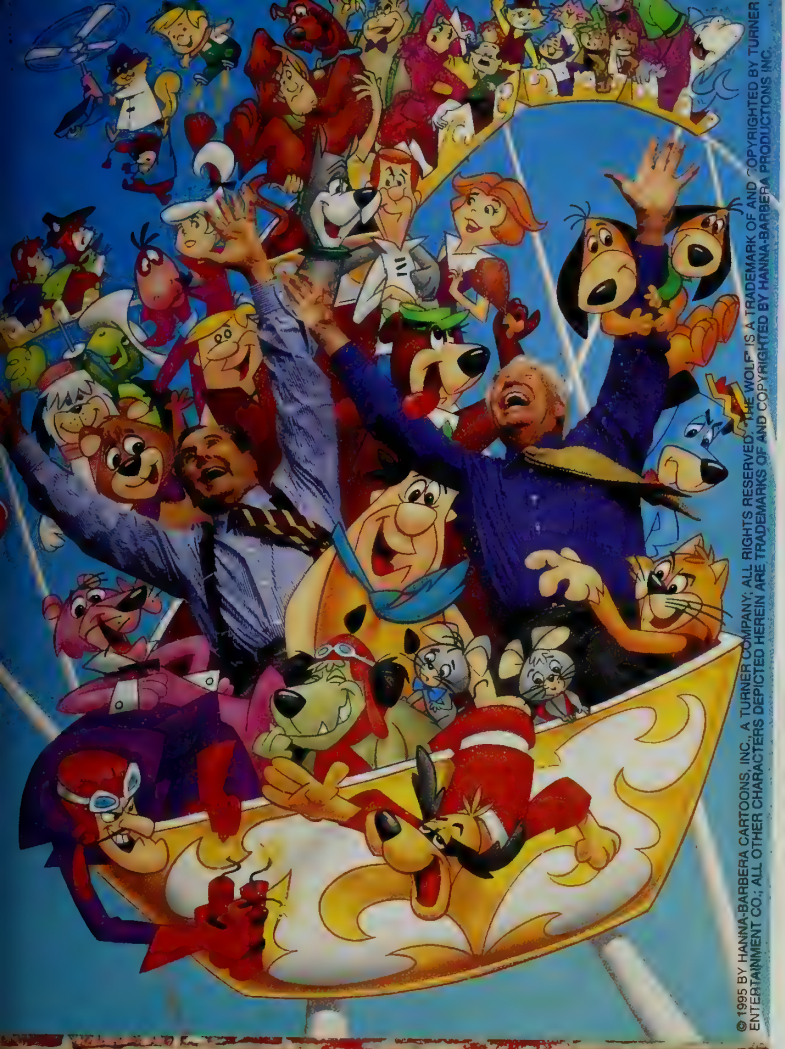


Susan Lucci

Erica on *All My Children* (ABC, January 5, 1970–present).

Photographed September 18, 1995, by EIKA AOSHIMA at the Orlok Salon, New York City.

Erica has been charged with murder; posed as a nun; disowned a child born of rape; attempted a helicopter rescue; stared down a grizzly bear; and is currently battling an addiction to prescription painkillers.





Regulars and Guest Hosts:
Joey Bishop,* Phyllis Diller, Joan Embery and Jim Fowler, Buddy Hackett, Burt Reynolds, Buddy Rich, Don Rickles, Joan Rivers,** Jonathan Winters (*The Tonight Show*)
Tim Conway, Harvey Korman (*The Carol Burnett Show*)
Dennis Day (*The Jack Benny Show*)
Calvert DeForest (Larry "Bud" Melman, *Late Night with David Letterman*)
Totie Fields (*The Merv Griffin Show*)
Teri Garr (*Late Night with David Letterman*)
Dody Goodman (*The Jack Paar Show*)
Tom Poston (*The Steve Allen Show*)
Gore Vidal (*The David Susskind Show*)
Wayne and Shuster (*The Ed Sullivan Show*)

Talking Heads:
Tom Brokaw
John Chancellor
Charles Collingwood
Sam Donaldson
Douglas Edwards
Fred Friendly
Dave Garroway
Bryant Gumbel
Peter Jennings
Ted Koppel
Charles Kuralt
Jim Lehrer
Robert MacNeil
Jane Pauley
Dan Rather
Harry Reasoner
Morley Safer
Diane Sawyer
Eric Sevareid
Howard K. Smith
Lesley Stahl
John Cameron Swayze
Robert Trout
Mike Wallace

Inquisitors:
Bob Costas
Phil Donahue
David Frost
Barbara Walters
Oprah Winfrey

Sportsmen:
Mel Allen
Terry Bradshaw
Harry Caray
Howard Cosell
Dick Enberg
Frank Gifford
Curt Gowdy
Keith Jackson
John Madden
Jim McKay
Don Meredith
Al Michaels
Pee Wee Reese
Chris Schenkel
Vin Scully
Jackie Stewart
Pat Summerall
Dick Vitale
Jack Whitaker

Gamesmen:
Bob Barker (*The Price Is Right*)
Jack Barry (*Twenty-one*)
Bud Collyer (*To Tell the Truth*)
Bill Cullen (*I've Got a Secret*)
John Daly (*What's My Line?*)
Richard Dawson (*Family Feud*)
Bob Eubanks (*The Newlywed Game*)
Art Fleming (*Jeopardy!*)
Monty Hall (*Let's Make a Deal*)
Jim Lange (*The Dating Game*)
Art Linkletter (*The Art Linkletter Show*)
Allen Ludden (*Password*)
Peter Marshall (*Hollywood Squares*)
Wink Martindale (*Tic Tac Dough*)
Groucho Marx (*You Bet Your Life*)
Garry Moore (*To Tell the Truth*)
Gene Rayburn (*The Match Game*)
Pat Sajak (*Wheel of Fortune*)

Players:
Cliff Arquette, Paul Lynde (*The Hollywood Squares*)
Orson Bean, Peggy Cass, Kitty Carlisle Hart (*To Tell the Truth*)
Bennett Cerf, Arlene Francis, Dorothy Kilgallen (*What's My Line?*)
Henry Morgan (*I've Got a Secret*)
Charles Nelson Reilly, Nipsey Russell (*The Match Game*)

* 177 appearances as guest host.
** 93 appearances as guest host.



'Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In'

(NBC, January 22, 1968–May 14, 1973)

Hosted by Dick Martin and the late Dan Rowan. Cast members featured here: Gary Owens, Alan Sues, Dave Madden (in windows); Ruth Buzzi, Dick Martin, Chelsea Brown (on cake); and, in the foreground, Jo Anne Worley and Henry Gibson. (Other *Laugh-In* veterans include the once bikini-clad Goldie Hawn; Lily Tomlin, who introduced Ernestine the Operator to a national audience with a call to a guy in the White House who would ultimately become *Laugh-In*'s most famous guest star; and the "Sock it to me" girl, Judy Carne.)

Photographed June 14, 1995, by DAVID LaCHAPELLE in Los Angeles.


"May the
good fairy
sprinkle
stardust on
your
bippy."



The Westerners

Photographed August 1, 1995, by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, California.

From left, standing: Hugh O'Brian (*The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp*), Clint Walker (*Cheyenne*), James Drury (*The Virginian*), Robert Horton (*Wagon Train*), Don Durant (*Johnny Ringo*), Peter Breck (*The Big Valley*), Lee Majors (*The Big Valley*), Robert Loggia (*The Nine Lives of Elfego Baca*), John Hart (*Hawkeye*), Sheb Wooley (*Rawhide*), Johnny Crawford (*The Rifleman*), Will Hutchins (*Sugarfoot*), David Carradine (*Kung Fu*), Ken Berry (*F Troop*), Larry Storch (*F Troop*), Michael Ansara (*Broken Arrow*), Clayton Moore (*The Lone Ranger*). *From left, seated:* Stuart Whitman (*Cimarron Strip*), Peter Brown (*The Lawman*), Gene Barry (*Bat Masterson*), Dale Robertson (*Tales of Wells Fargo*), Dick Simmons (*Sergeant Preston of the Yukon*), Fess Parker (*Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett*), Robert Culp (*Trackdown*), and Ben Murphy (*Alias Smith and Jones*).



he Lone Ranger never killed a man. He always fire



his six-shooter to wound or to disarm." –Clayton Moore



The Detectives

Photographed September 9, 1995,
y ANNIE LEIBOVITZ at Universal City Studios,
Universal City, California.

From left: Kate Jackson (*Charlie's Angels*),
Richard Roundtree (*Shaft*),
rt Stack (*The Untouchables*), Efrem Zimbalist Jr.
(*77 Sunset Strip, The F.B.I.*), Buddy Ebsen
(*Barnaby Jones*), Peter Falk (*Columbo*),
arry Morgan (*Dragnet*), Edward James Olmos
(*Miami Vice*), who is kneeling,
Mike Connors (*Mannix*), Fred Dryer (*Hunter*),
James MacArthur (*Hawaii Five-O*),
Hal Linden (*Barney Miller*), Karl Malden
he Streets of San Francisco), Anthony Ei ley
(*Hawaiian Eye*), Sharon Gless and
Tyne Daly (*Cagney & Lacey*), Jimmy Smits
and Dennis Franz (*NYPD Blue*),
Angie Dickinson (*Police Woman*),
Don Johnson (*Miami Vice*), Craig Stevens
er Gunn), Angela Lansbury (*Murder, She Wrote*),
and Robert Wagner (*Hart to Hart*).



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"All we want are the facts, ma'am."


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370



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Hal Linden (*Barney Miller*), Karl Malden
(*The Streets of San Francisco*), Anthony E
(*Hawaiian Eye*), Sharon Gless and
Tyne Daly (*Cagney & Lacey*), Jimmy Smits
and Dennis Franz (*NYPD Blue*),
Angie Dickinson (*Police Woman*),
Don Johnson (*Miami Vice*), Craig S
ter Gunn), Angela Lansbury (*Murder, She Wrote*),
and Robert Wagner (*Hart to Hart*).

Music Men:
Ray Bloch (*The Ed Sullivan Show*)
Les Brown (*The Steve Allen Show*)
Skitch Henderson, Doc Severinsen (*The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson*)
Guy Lombardo (Various New Year's Eve specials from 1956 to 1976)
Paul Shaffer (*Late Show with David Letterman*)
Sammy Spear (*The Jackie Gleason Show*)
Lawrence Welk (*The Lawrence Welk Show*)

Vocal Support:
Jim Backus (Mr. Magoo, *The Famous Adventures of Mr. Magoo*)
Mel Blanc (Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig, *The Bugs Bunny Show* and *The Bugs Bunny/Road Runner Show;* Barney Rubble, Dino, *The Flintstones;* Mr. Spacely, *The Jetsons;* et al.)
Daws Butler (Yogi Bear, *Yogi Bear*)
Nancy Cartwright (Bart Simpson, *The Simpsons*)
June Foray, Bill Scott (Rocket J. Squirrel, Bullwinkle J. Moose, *The Bullwinkle Show*)
Jim Henson, Frank Oz (Kermit the Frog, Big Bird, *Sesame Street*)
Lorenzo Music (Carlton the Doorman, *Rhoda*)
Alan Reed (Fred Flintstone, *The Flintstones*)
Walter Winchell (Narrator, *The Untouchables*)

Animals and Friends of Animals:
Flipper (*Flipper*)
Lassie (*Lassie*)
Shari Lewis (*The Shari Lewis Show*)
J. Fred Muggs (*Today*)
Marlin Perkins (*Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom*)
Mr. Ed (*Mr. Ed*)
Rin Tin Tin (*The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin*)
Trigger (*The Roy Rogers Show*)
Arnold Ziffel (*Green Acres*)



James Garner

Bret Maverick on *Maverick* (ABC, September 22, 1957–July 8, 1962).

Jim Rockford, *The Rockford Files* (NBC, September 13, 1974–July 25, 1980).

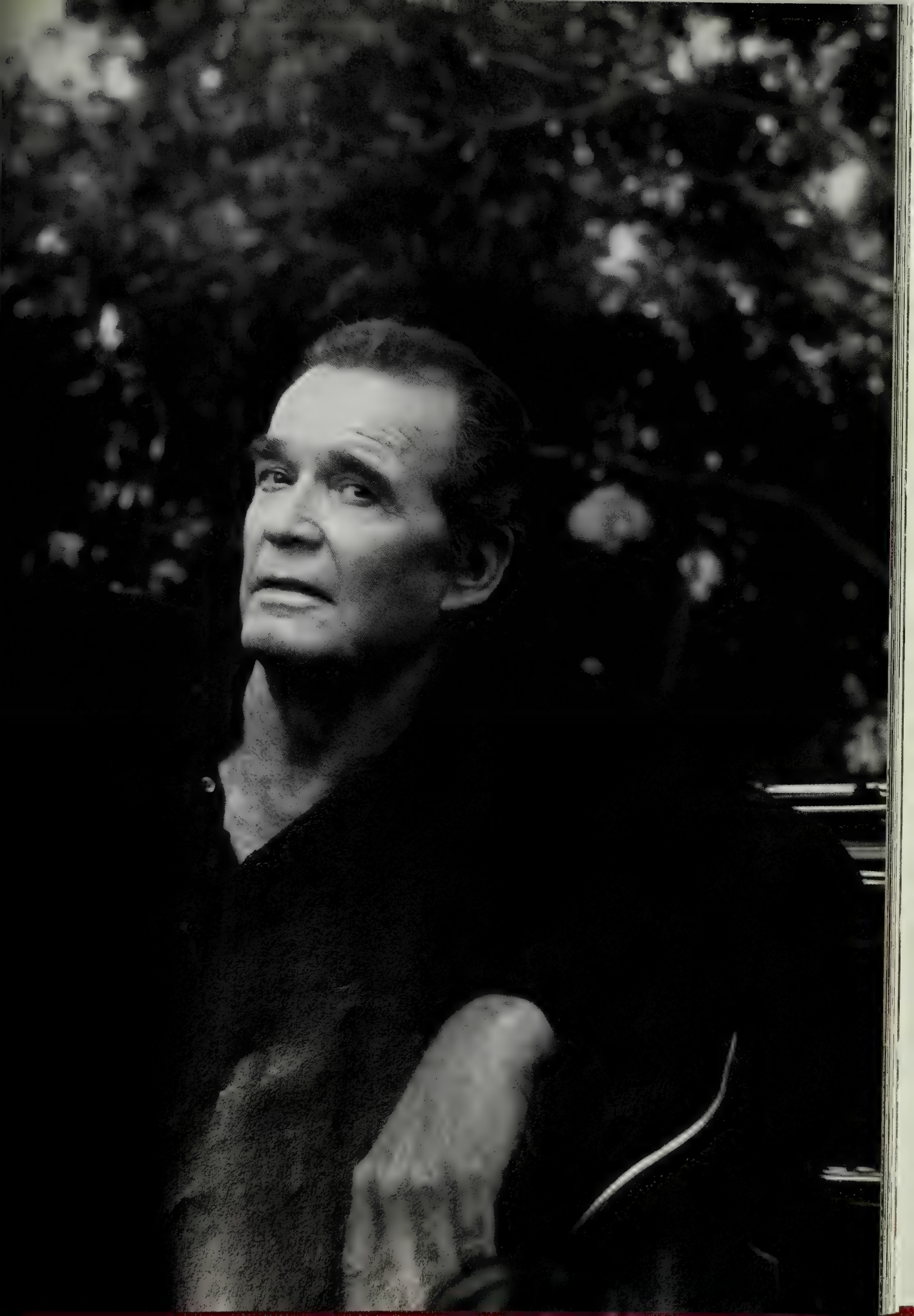
Polaroid commercials with Mariette Hartley (1977–84).

Jim Rockford's phone number: (213) 555-2368.

Rockford's car: tan Pontiac Firebird, California license OKG-853.

Rockford's fee for solving crimes: $200 a day plus expenses. (But he somehow never gets paid.)

Photographed July 18, 1995, by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ in a 1967 Pontiac GTO outside his home in Brentwood, California.



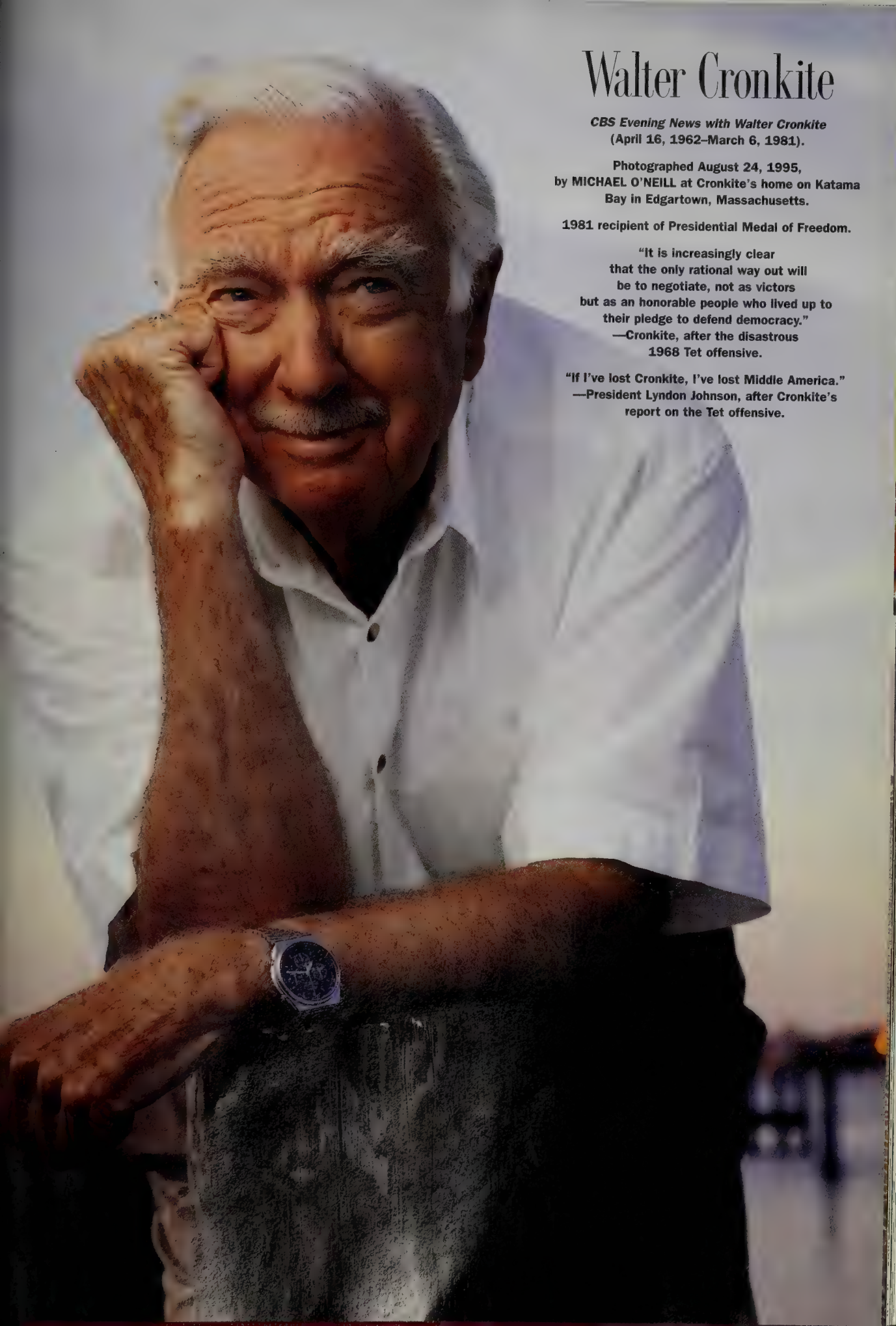


NBC Pages

They began their service to the entertainment industry as gofers in what Walter Winchell called "the West Point of the airwaves"—giving tours of the *Today* set and Studio 8H; answering Sid Caesar's fan mail; getting lunch [and God knows what else] for Mantovani, Belushi, J. Fred Muggs; tearing wire copy for Huntley and Brinkley . . .

Illustration by RISKO.

Bottom row, left to right: Charlie's former angel Kate Jackson, Hollywood Squares Peter Marshall, *Nightline*'s Ted Koppel, Match Game's Gene Rayburn, Regis Philbin (before Kathie Lee). *Second row: Letterman*'s ex-executive producer Peter Lassally, *Today*'s Dave Garroway, Disney's Michael Eisner, Superman Christopher Reeve, *Good Morning America*'s former host David Hartman. *Third row:* actor-director Richard Benjamin, Efrem Zimbalist Jr. of *The F.B.I.*, Roseanne executive producer Marcy Carsey, actor Gordon MacRae, actress Eva Marie Saint, Ken Howard of *The White Shadow*, Grant Tinker, who says he was actually NBC's first "executive trainee," and ran NBC and MTM (he was also married to M.T.M.), Bob Keeshan (Captain Kangaroo), *Today* weatherman Willard Scott. *On back row:* *The Steve Allen Show*'s Bill Dana, Dick Cavett, still talking to CNBC



Walter Cronkite

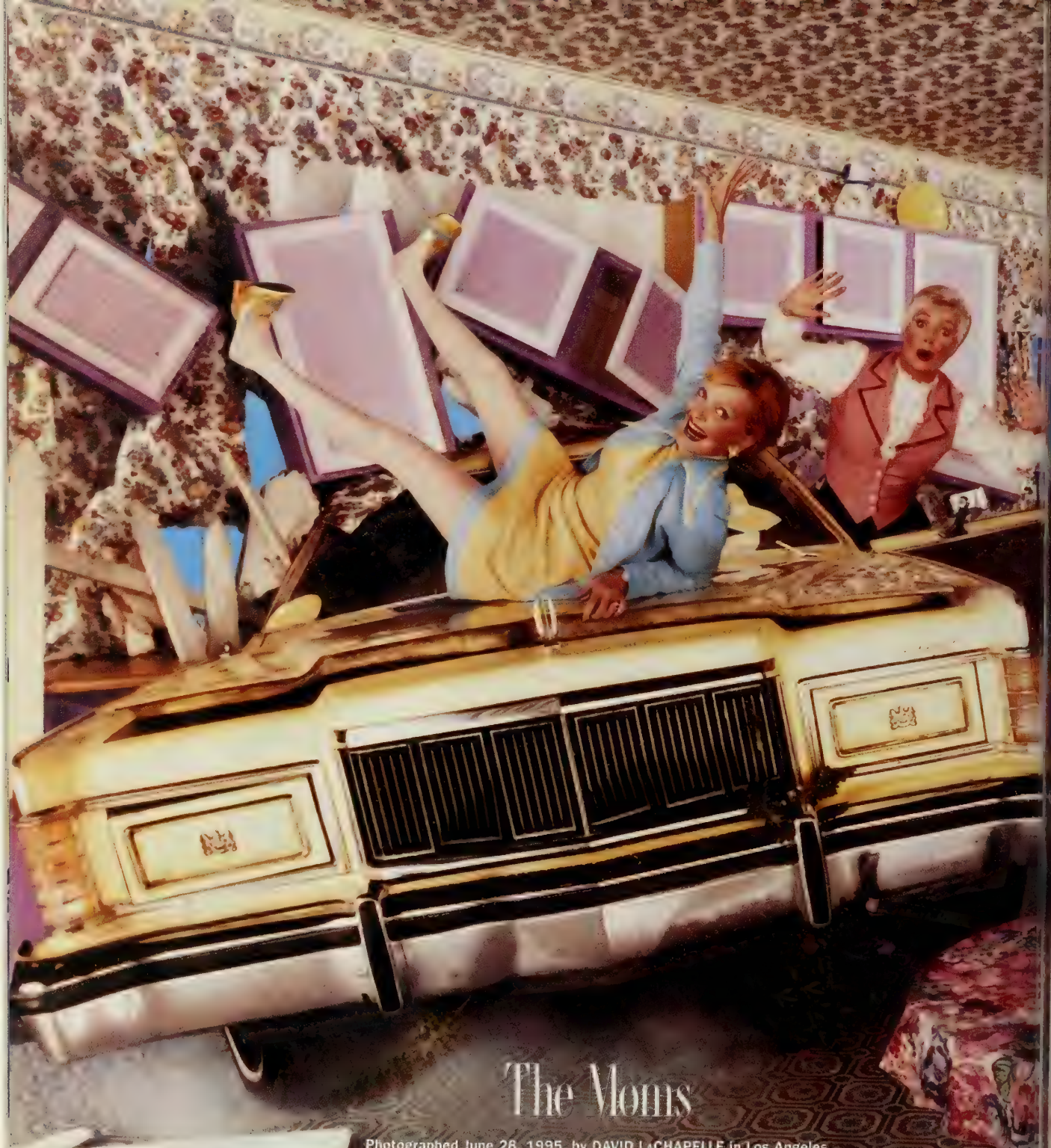
CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite
(April 16, 1962–March 6, 1981).

Photographed August 24, 1995, by MICHAEL O'NEILL at Cronkite's home on Katama Bay in Edgartown, Massachusetts.

1981 recipient of Presidential Medal of Freedom.

"It is increasingly clear that the only rational way out will be to negotiate, not as victors but as an honorable people who lived up to their pledge to defend democracy."
—Cronkite, after the disastrous 1968 Tet offensive.

"If I've lost Cronkite, I've lost Middle America."
—President Lyndon Johnson, after Cronkite's report on the Tet offensive.



The Moms

Photographed June 28, 1995, by DAVID LACHAPELLE in Los Angeles.

Match the moms (*clockwise from top left*) to the details:

A. Florence Henderson (*The Brady Bunch*).

B. Shirley Jones (*The Partridge Family*).

C. Marion Ross (*Happy Days*).

D. June Lockhart (*Lassie*).

E. Barbara Billingsley (*Leave It to Beaver*).

F. Jane Wyatt (*Father Knows Best*).

G. Esther Rolle (*Good Times*).

1. "Careful. Nervous Mother Driving."

2. Named for a state; originally worked for an overbearing liberal whose pantsuits camouflaged her derrière.

3. Wrote an article about her family for *Tomorrow's Woman* magazine.

4. Wore pearls while vacuuming.

5. Favorite drinking glass featured Rudolph Valentino.

6. Had no memorable traits.

7. Except for a few cooking disasters, had no memorable traits.

(Answer key: 1, B; 2, G; 3, A; 4, E; 5, C; 6, D; 7, F.)



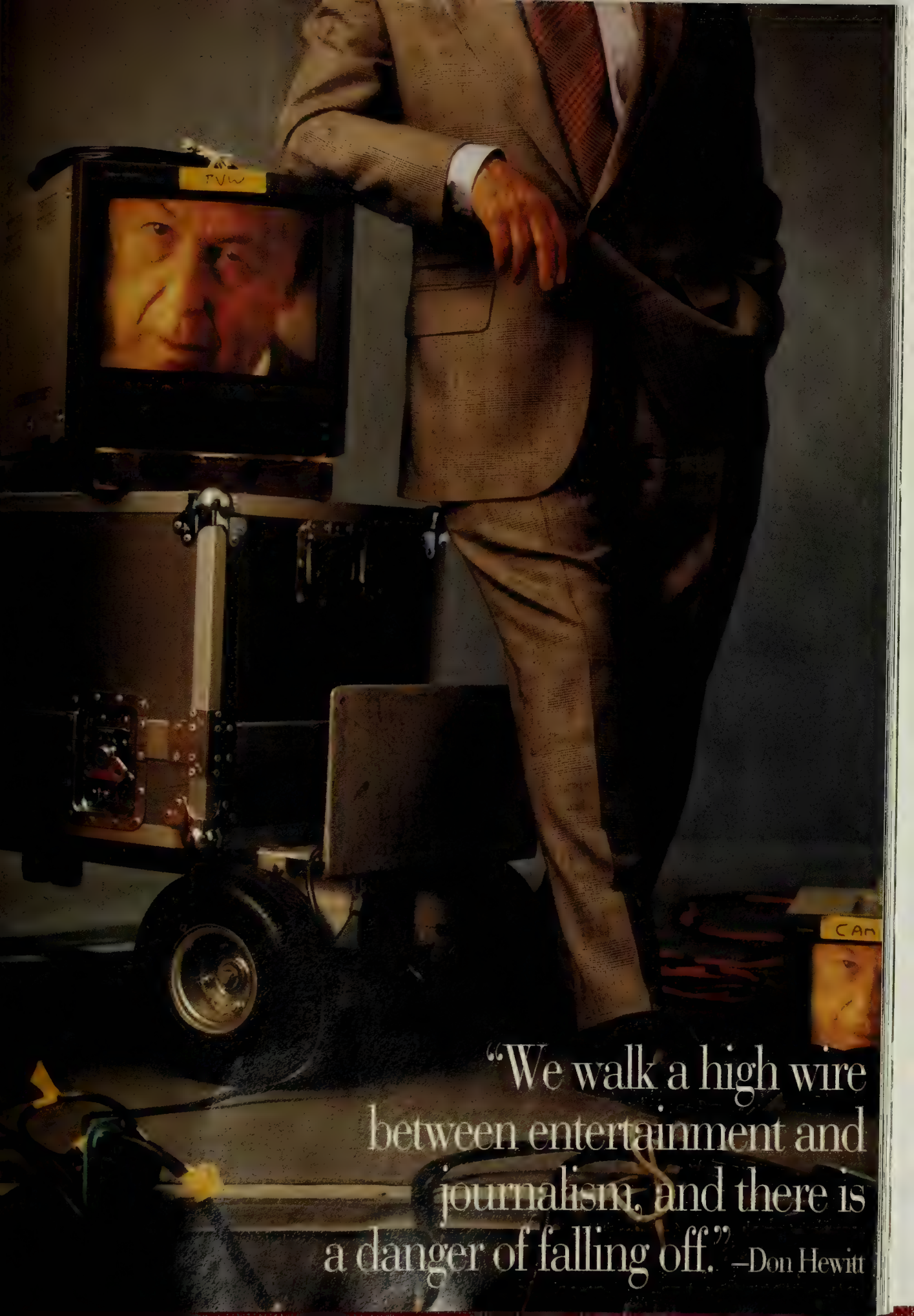


Roone Arledge and Don Hewitt

Arledge: executive producer, *ABC's Wide World of Sports* (1961–86); president, ABC Sports (1968–86); president, ABC News (1977–present).

Hewitt: first used the term "anchor" for newsmen during 1952 political conventions, for which he directed CBS coverage; executive producer, *60 Minutes* (CBS, 1968–present).

Photographed September 7, 1995, by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ at her studio, New York City.



"We walk a high wire between entertainment and journalism, and there is a danger of falling off." –Don Hewitt

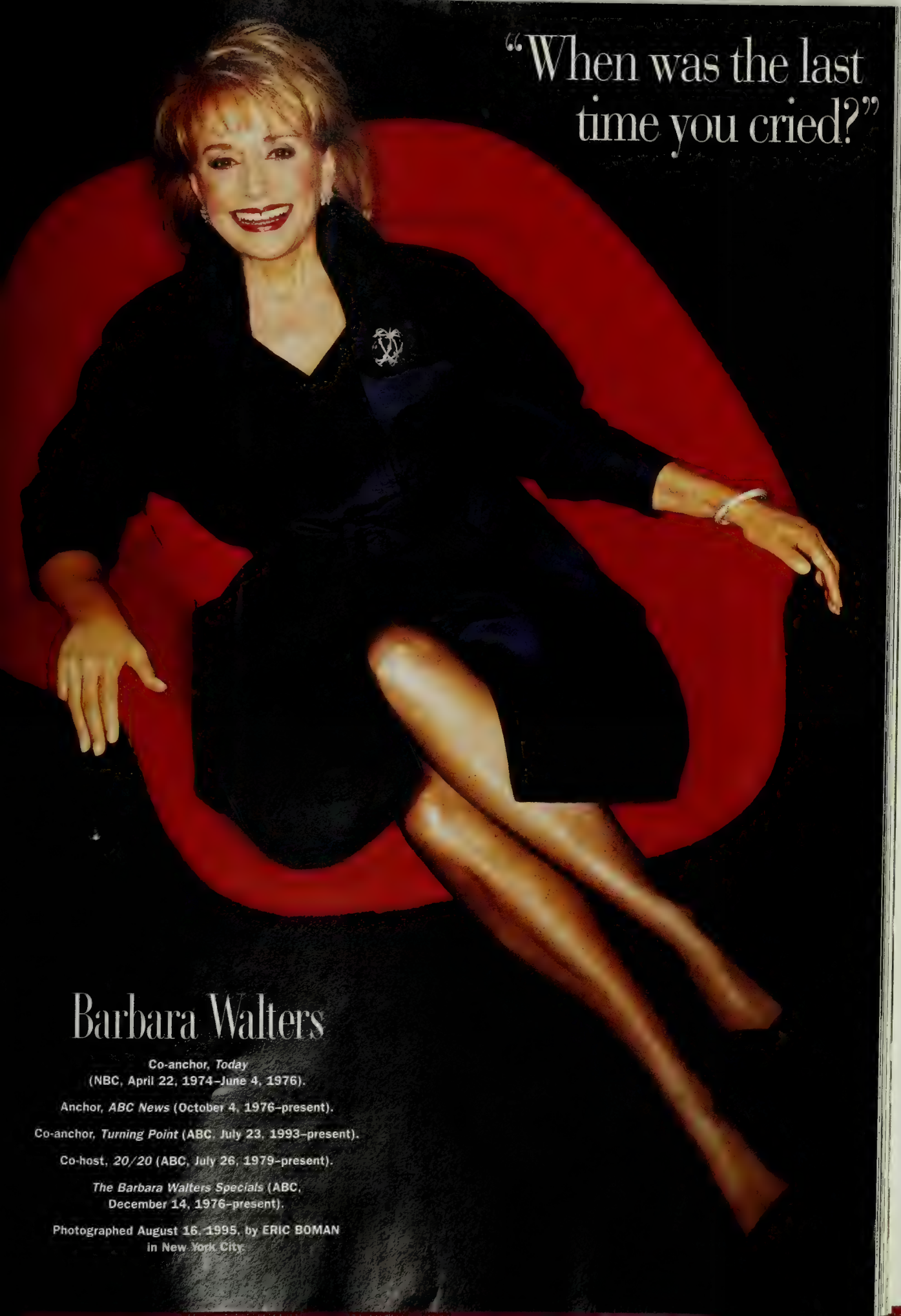
Roseanne

Roseanne
(ABC, October 18, 1988–present).

Illustration by PHILIP BURKE.

What more can be said?





"When was the last time you cried?"

Barbara Walters

Co-anchor, *Today*
(NBC, April 22, 1974–June 4, 1976).

Anchor, *ABC News* (October 4, 1976–present).

Co-anchor, *Turning Point* (ABC, July 23, 1993–present).

Co-host, *20/20* (ABC, July 26, 1979–present).

The Barbara Walters Specials (ABC,
December 14, 1976–present).

Photographed August 16, 1995, by ERIC BOMAN
in New York City.



Jay Leno

The Tonight Show with Jay Leno
(NBC, May 25, 1992–present).

Photographed July 15, 1995, by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ on his 1930 Henderson KJ 1000 motorcycle in Elysian Park, Los Angeles.

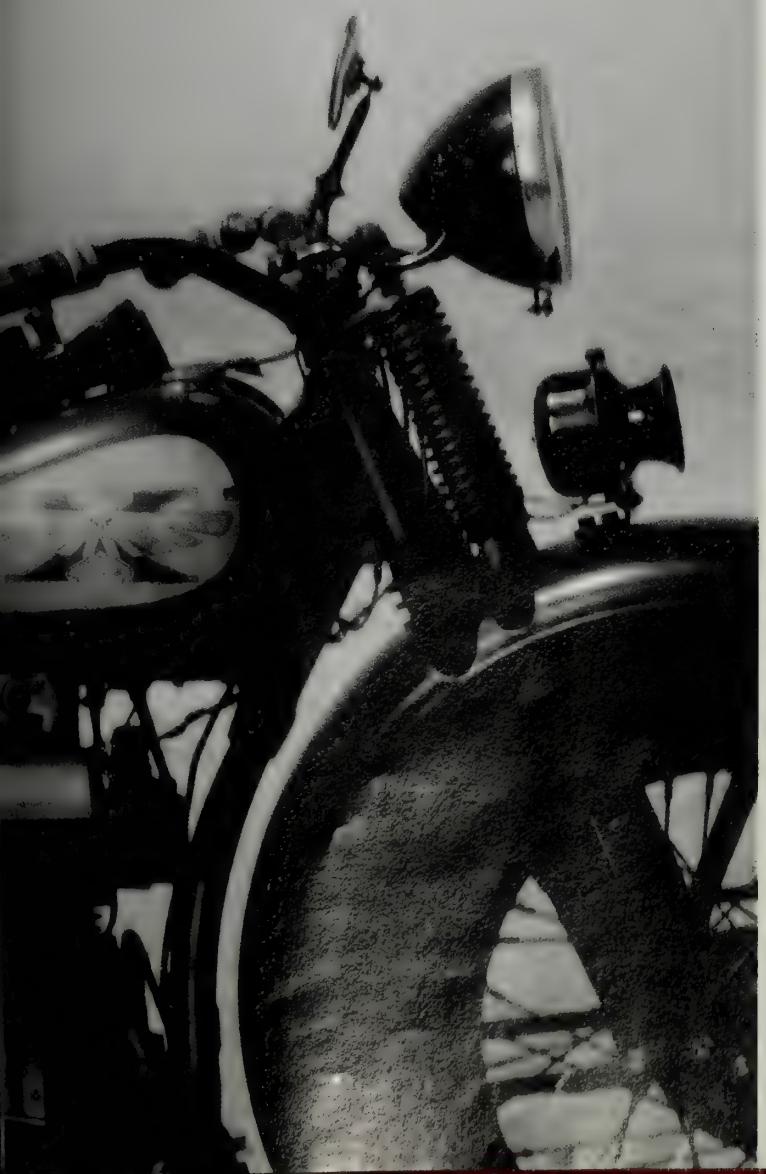
Number of motorcycles: 40.

Number of cars: 30.

Leno's first car: 1934 Ford V-8 truck which he restored himself at age 14.

Leno's first new car: 1965 Buick Gran Sport with a 401-cubic-inch V-8 and four-speed transmission.

Favorite vehicles include: his 1915 Hispano-Suiza, with its 18.5-liter French aircraft-type engine; his 1966 Ford Cobra 427SC replica; his 1909 Stanley "steam car"; his 1934 Rolls-Royce, with its 27-liter Merlin aircraft engine.



"And Now, a Word from . . . ":
Ed Herlihy (*Kraft Television Theatre*)
Dennis James (*The Original Amateur Hour*)
Jack Lescoulie (*Today*)
Johnny Olsen (*The Price Is Right*)
Gary Owens (*Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In*)
Don Pardo (*Saturday Night Live*)
Harry Von Zell (*The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show*)
Bill Wendell (*Late Show with David Letterman*)
Don Wilson (*The Jack Benny Show*)

Group Efforts:
Cheers
ER
Hill Street Blues
*M*A*S*H*
The Monkees
Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In
Saturday Night Live
SCTV
Taxi

Special Friends:
Fran Allison, Kukla, Ollie (*Kukla, Fran & Ollie*)
Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy (*Hour Glass*)
Big Bird (*Sesame Street*)
Pee-wee Herman (*Pee-wee's Playhouse*)
Howdy Doody, Buffalo Bob Smith (*Howdy Doody*)
Lamb Chop (*The Shari Lewis Show*)
Jerry Lewis (Muscular Dystrophy Association telethon)
Fred Rogers (*Mister Rogers' Neighborhood*)
Soupy Sales (*The Soupy Sales Show*)
Topo Gigio (*The Ed Sullivan Show*)

Suits:
Fred Silverman
Dr. Frank Stanton
Brandon Tartikoff
Grant Tinker

Unsolved Mysteries:
Dr. Joyce Brothers
Charo
David Hasselhoff (*Baywatch*)
Liberace (*The Liberace Show*)
Andy Rooney (*60 Minutes*)
Señor Wences (*The Ed Sullivan Show*)
Vanna White (*Wheel of Fortune*)

The Creators and Facilitators:
Steven Bochco (*Hill Street Blues, L.A. Law, Murder One*)
James L. Brooks (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show, The Tracey Ullman Show*)
Allan Burns (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*)
James Burrows (*Cheers*)
Stephen J. Cannell (*The Rockford Files*)
Marcy Carsey and Tom Werner (*The Cosby Show, Roseanne*)
Les and Glen Charles (*Cheers*)
Larry Gelbart (*M*A*S*H*)
Gary David Goldberg (*Family Ties, Brooklyn Bridge*)
Mark Goodson and Bill Todman (*To Tell the Truth, What's My Line?*)
Paul Henning (*The Beverly Hillbillies, Petticoat Junction*)
David E. Kelley (*Picket Fences, Chicago Hope*)
Norman Lear (*All in the Family, Sanford and Son, Maude*)
Richard Levinson and William Link (*Mannix; Columbo; Murder, She Wrote*)
Garry Marshall (*Happy Days, Laverne & Shirley*)
Lorne Michaels (*Saturday Night Live*)
Agnes Nixon (*All My Children*)
Bruce Paltrow (*The White Shadow, St. Elsewhere*)
Tom Patchett, Jay Tarses (*The Carol Burnett Show, The Bob Newhart Show*)
Rod Serling (*The Twilight Zone*)
Aaron Spelling (*Dynasty, Beverly Hills 90210, Melrose Place*)
(Continued on page 290)

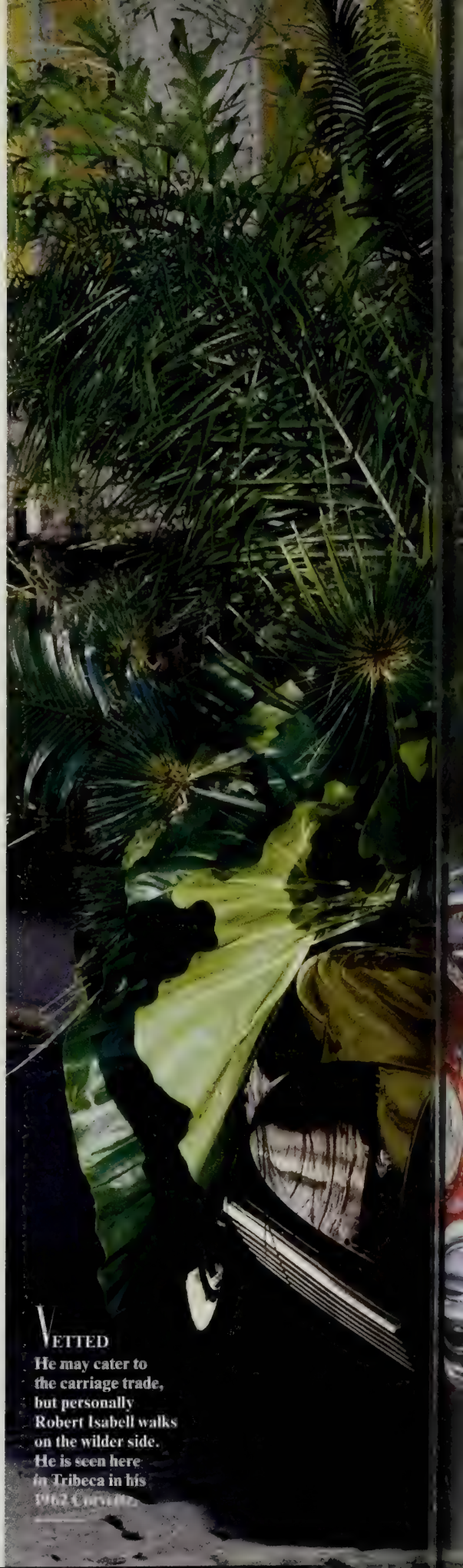
THE FLOWER AND THE GLORY

The time is barely eight A.M. and Robert Isabell is casing Manhattan's wholesale flower district as though he were conducting a pre-dawn reconnaissance mission. He darts inside a warehouse and beckons conspiratorially to the owner, a heavyset man named Tony.

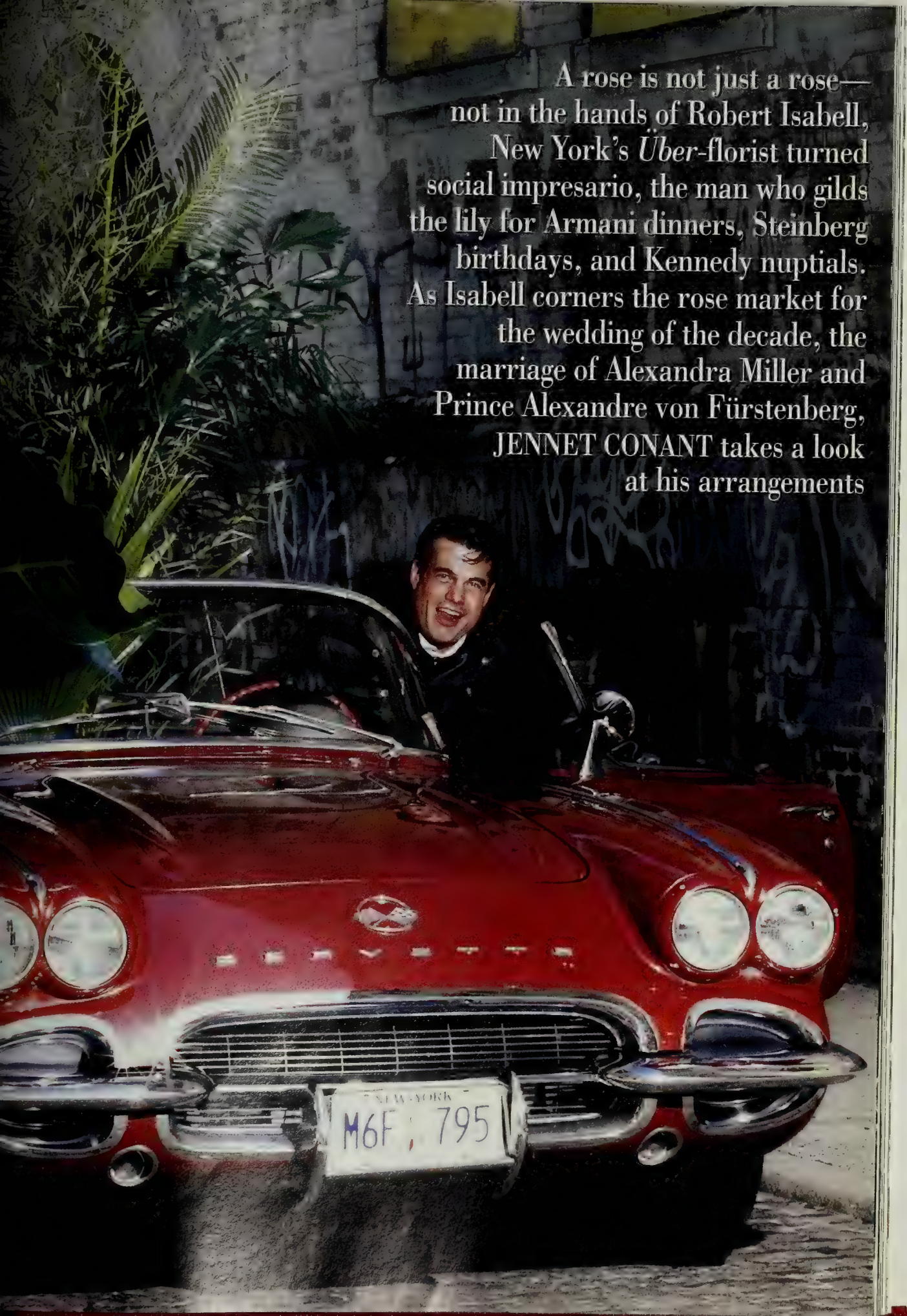
"I need roses," Isabell tells him sotto voce.

There is a meaningful pause. The client for whom Isabell is purchasing the roses is, of course, anonymous. Everything about the buy is, in fact, as closely guarded as a state secret. Isabell is infamously closemouthed, but anyone who is anyone knows that when New York's premier party impresario—the good-time guru of A-list celebrities, society matrons, and Wall Street moguls—needs roses he's not talking bouquets, he's talking truckloads. As in 50,000 French buds for financier Saul Steinberg's daughter Laura's marriage to Jonathan Tisch; hundreds and hundreds of white gardenias for Madonna's 37th-birthday party at Miami's new Delano Hotel; and half the ivy grown in the South of France for the Paris wedding party which fash-

Photographs by ERIC BOMAN



VETTED
He may cater to the carriage trade, but personally Robert Isabell walks on the wilder side. He is seen here in Tribeca in his 1962 Corvette.



A rose is not just a rose—not in the hands of Robert Isabell, New York's *Über*-florist turned social impresario, the man who gilds the lily for Armani dinners, Steinberg birthdays, and Kennedy nuptials. As Isabell corners the rose market for the wedding of the decade, the marriage of Alexandra Miller and Prince Alexandre von Fürstenberg, JENNET CONANT takes a look at his arrangements

ion designer Azzedine Alaïa threw for model Stephanie Seymour and Peter Brant, the owner of *Interview.*

"How many?" asks Tony in a voice which implies that he can no longer be shocked by Isabell's requests.

Isabell regards him silently. Then he turns slightly and, attempting to shield his hand from prying eyes, scribbles something on the top of a wooden crate. Tony nods and quickly picks up the phone.

Isabell had written only one word—*billions.*

"I have to be very careful," Isabell explains later as we cruise downtown to his office in his vintage 1962 Corvette. "When I buy such large quantities of one flower, I can end up bidding against myself and driving up the prices on the auction floor in Holland."

The Ecuadoran roses ordered that day by Robert Isabell were for the wedding, on the last weekend in October, of the youngest of billionaire businessman Robert Miller's three daughters, Alexandra, to Prince Alexandre von Fürstenberg, son of Prince Egon von Fürstenberg and his former wife, fashion designer Diane von Fürstenberg. A royal wedding. Royal in the American sense—with the emphasis on bank accounts rather than bloodlines. The union has provided this country with the most extravagant display of pageantry since a Vanderbilt married a duke, nearly a century ago.

Isabell and Chantal Miller, the mother of the bride and an Ecuadoran beauty whose sense of style is evident in an exquisite array of homes in Gstaad, Hong Kong, Paris, London, and New York, designed a trio of spectacular events for the occasion. Act One: on Thursday evening around 800 guests, including a smattering of European aristocrats, were invited to attend the "Alexander Ball" beneath a magnificent tent in Battery Park. Act Two: the elegant ceremony at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola on Park Avenue. It is Act Three, however, the sumptuous reception at Old Westbury Gardens on Long Island, which monopolizes Isabel's attention at the time of our first meeting.

Five weeks before the wedding, Isabell's staff, which balloons from 40 to 200 for big events, was already busy designing the decorations, customizing expensive incandescent lighting—"Nothing is more aging than fluorescent light," declared Isabell—and fashioning thousands of yards of the finest linens, satins, and silks into tablecloths. In Isabell's 25,000-square-foot "production office" on West 13th Street, carpenters and welders constructed the elaborate stage set for the ball, featuring a hand-painted dance floor, painted ceiling beams, an entry palace, and a rather spectacular painted backdrop. The cost of this single set, worthy of a Hollywood movie, was around $120,000.

Isabell, 41, looks like Warren Beatty's younger brother, though the shining black eyes and magnetic grin fade quickly at the first mention of money. He refuses to talk about his prices, which start at around $2,000 (for maybe a catered coffee break) and rather quickly escalate into the high six figures and beyond. Cathedrals have been erected for less than it takes to mount an Isabell production. And the Miller wedding was his Notre Dame. During prep rations, everything about it was "strictly confidential." so he snappishly reminded me rather frequently during t days which preceded that great event.

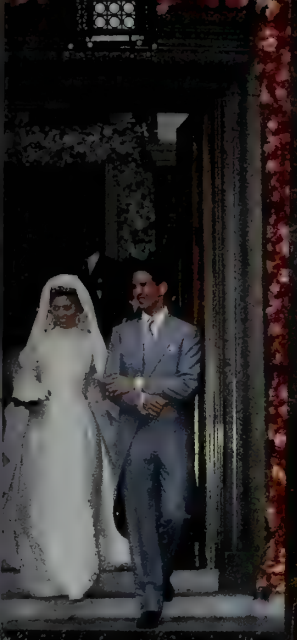
But, no matter how hard he tried to be discreet, Isab could barely contain himself. And even now, on the su ject of the Millers, he simply overflows. "It had nothi to do with the budget. It was the *passion.* The *inspiratic* The eye. Mrs. Miller has that eye for art. . . . It was real collaboration. Every idea I have she took and ma better. . . . There are very few people with that level taste and sophistication," he says, later adding ominou ly, "This is the biggest event I've ever done."

That is saying a lot, considering the mind-boggling thre day extravaganza Isabell previously orchestrated for t Millers' second daughter, Marie-Chantal, who marri would-be Crown Prince Pavlos of Greece in London la July. (Fortunately for the rose harvests, the oldest daug ter, Pia, is already hitched to Christopher Getty.) Legio of party planners had been working for months when abell was called in, three weeks before the wedding, a ter it became apparent that these mere mortals would n quite be able to pull things off. According to one sourc the July Miller nuptials, soup to nuts, came in at arou $8 million, and included everything from blocks of suit at London's finest hotels to fleets of Rollses, Daimle and Mercedeses (not to mention coaches) on 24-ho call to foie gras, caviar, canapés, and Château Marga for 1,000.

"I walked in just before the Queen of Spain and t Queen of Sweden," laughs playwright Wendy Wasserstei a pal of Isabell's, who scammed her way in as a "flow spotter," meaning it was her job to make sure that no of the huge vases crammed with a total of 3,000 Ecuad an roses toppled over. She found herself wandering amo couture-clad aristocrats in a faux-Greek setting erected the back garden of Wrotham Park, an elegant estate o side London that was rented for the occasion. Isabell c ated a romantic cocktail lounge out of 10-foot-high Do columns, meandering muslin curtains, and terra-cotta ur filled with yellow and orange roses on towering pedest wrapped in laurel leaves. Trumpets sounded to announ dinner, and the curtains rose with a flourish to reveal Greek garden under a vast tent complete with frescoed floc and a giant Greek temple at the far end.

"It was incredibly theatrical," marvels Wasserstein. "Robe is really a producer. . . . But when we put on a play, t audience just sits there. When he puts on an event, ever one participates. . . . And he has to make sure they a have a good time. That's really tough.

"It was fascinating to watch him," she adds, recallin the sight of her friend's slim Armani-clad figure hoverin on the sidelines or dashing off to solve last-minute pro lems. These included the terribly tense moment when t large candles lining the stairway of Wrotham Hall had be hastily removed because the wind was blowing hot w everywhere. "The tenser the situation got, the calm Robert got," reports Wasserstein. "He always spoke measured tones. . . . He never loses control."







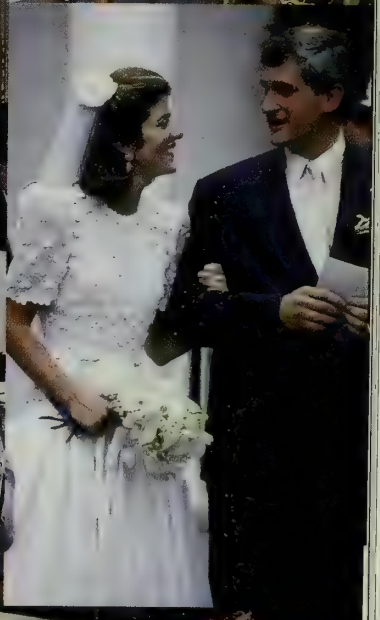
"I have been to parties of Robert's where I find myself dancing with someone I would never dance with, because the atmosphere is so great."











ckwise from top left: London, 1995, Marie-Chantal
er weds would-be Crown Prince Pavlos of Greece, framed
cuadoran roses; current World Bank president
es Wolfensohn flirts with a *tableau* at Saul Steinberg's
birthday bash in 1989; a living *tableau* at the
berg fête; the Seventh on Sale party at the 26th Street
ory, 1995; Caroline Kennedy marries Edwin Schlossberg
ape Cod in 1986; Isabell, who produced all the events
red here, inspects New Jersey's Givaudan-Roure
merie in October; a scene from the reception at the
wedding of Laura Steinberg and Jonathan Tisch,
are pictured in the photo above. *Center*, the bicentennial
for the New York Stock Exchange in 1942.



"He really is a magician," says Diane von Fürstenberg, mother of the groom in the October wedding party. "He can make wonderful things happen. He is truly amazing, totally unique in his talent. There is no one else like him."

Isabell has become a one-man industry devoted to the principle that less is *less*—whether it means importing two 20-foot-high air-conditioning units by flatbed truck from Holland so a Paris heat wave doesn't put a damper on Stephanie Seymour's aforementioned dinner dance, or urging a client to have horses grazing in the field as a backdrop to a party. He once planted 500 rosebushes in the dunes outside hotelier Ian Schrager's Southampton home when he decided that nature, unassisted, simply ran shy of the mark. "I'm pretty jaded, you know, because I've been to a lot of parties," says Schrager, the man who founded Studio 54 with his friend and partner the late Steve Rubell. "But Robert is always capable of astonishing me."

"He's really a social architect," says *Allure* editor Linda Wells, a close friend for many years. "He is an extraordinarily creative person who knows how to manipulate mood with lighting, sound, temperature, fragrance—all the things that affect the ambience of a room. He can calibrate the environment so exactly that it can be elegant or romantic or an amazingly sensual experience. I have been to parties of Robert's where I find myself dancing with someone I would never dance with, just because the atmosphere is so great."

Isabell's signature Cinderella weddings, including the Cape Cod nuptials of both Caroline Kennedy and Maria Shriver, have fanciful settings. (A dinner for Giorgio Armani had a motif inspired by the Moroccan Casbah, complete with silk banquettes and a shady grove of Mediterranean citrus trees.) Because his services are in demand all over the world, he has been known to Concorde to London and Paris, and has even flown to Riyadh for consultations with the Saudis. Far from hurting his business, Isabell claims, the recession of the early 90s only brought him more clients. "In bad times, people who are willing to pay for something will go for the best," he says. Isabell caps one of his busiest fall seasons ever this month with another coup, the coveted Costume Institute gala at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which is being hosted this year by *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour and socialites Annette de la Renta and Clarissa Bronfman.

"He's sphinxlike, you never know what he's going to do, and it's always absolutely amazing in the end," says Wintour, who relies on Isabell to organize all her big parties. "He recently did a dinner party at my home for Karl Lagerfeld. He never said a thing about how he was going to fit 100 people in. . . . He never actually informs you of his plans. He just came and put up an incredible tent in the garden. He did it at six, and everyone was coming at eight," she says, laughing, and adds, "I've almost learned not to worry."

But not all his clients are as cool as Wintour. There



are hilarious tales of high-powered hostesses going in meltdown when they arrive two hours early to rearrar the place cards—a cherished ritual on the party circui only to discover that Isabell and his troops haven't ev shown up yet. He and Armani had a famous falling-o once after the designer realized that his party at t Tribeca Grill for the premiere of the movie *Cinema radiso* was still being pulled together as his guests w arriving. Armani eventually forgave Isabell and, li most of the latter's clients, continues to put up with maddening penchant for last-minute bursts of creativ

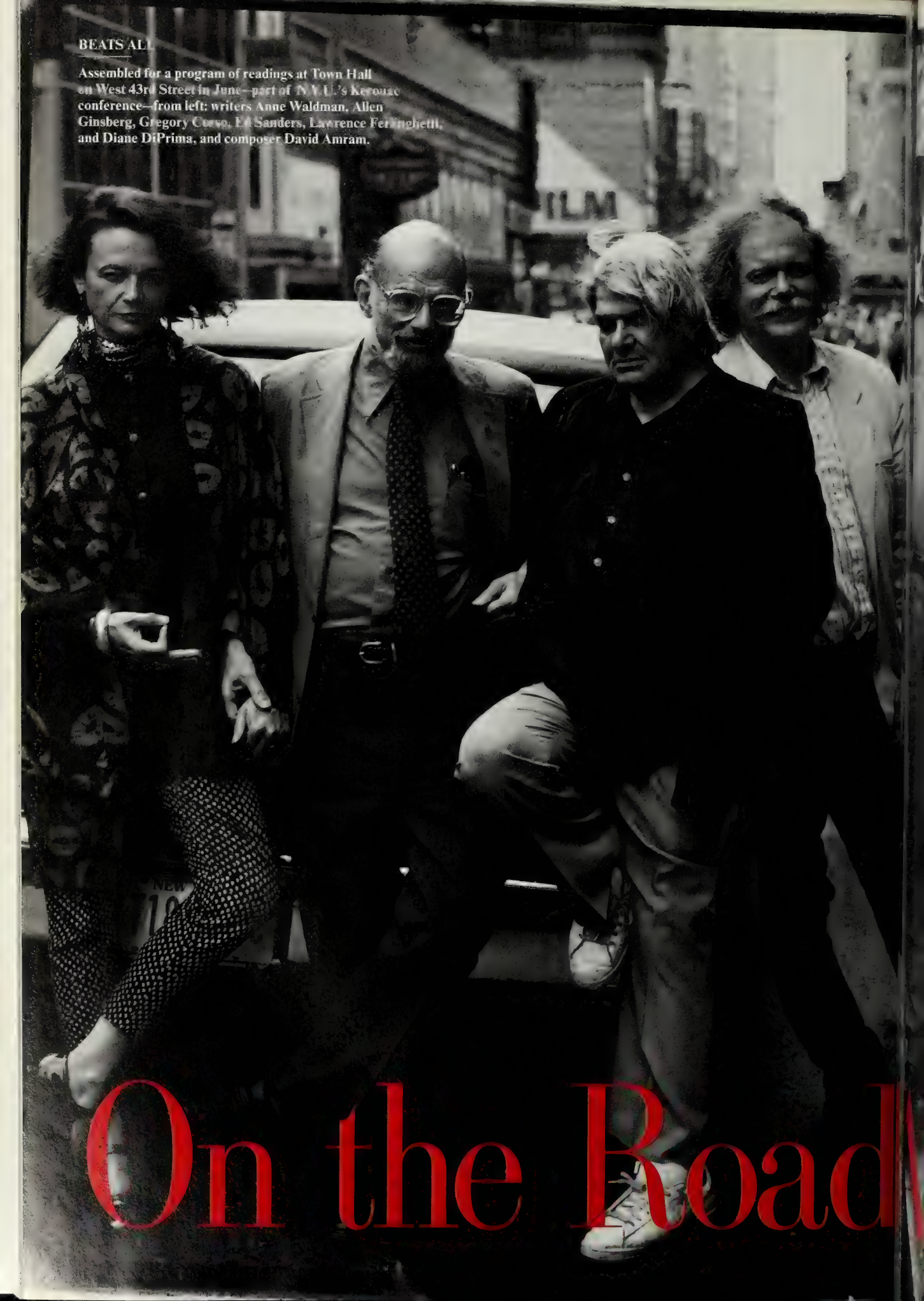


THE REALM OF THE SENSES
Isabell's three-story Mediterranean-style townhouse in the West Village was built around 1840. On the second floor, off a suspended glass bridge surrounded by greenery, is a soaring "outdoor" shower of the type often found on some small, banana-shaped island.

e likes living on the edge," says Armani spokeswoman da Gaunt. "You just have to have total faith that it l be beautiful in the end. It wouldn't be worth using neone else just for the peace of mind."

'Oh, we're sort of used to it by now," sighs restaura- r Brian McNally, who has worked with Isabell on ens of parties, including Madonna's birthday bash. "He drive you nuts. I've had tremendous rows with him. . . . he can do the impossible. . . . And really the only way do these huge events is by imposing your will and be- absolutely certain."

Robert Isabell was born with the absolute certainty that Howard Johnson's pairing of orange and teal was a breach of good taste, a heavy burden for a working-class kid from Duluth, Minnesota. His father worked in the local power plant, and his mother, a housewife who made all of their clothes, still, to this day, has not managed to figure out where her third child came by all his highfalutin ideas. By the age of eight, he was already apprenticing in a neighborhood florist's shop, which he walked a frozen mile *(Continued on page 295)*



BEATS ALL

Assembled for a program of readings at Town Hall on West 43rd Street in June—part of N.Y.U.'s Kerouac conference—from left: writers Anne Waldman, Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Ed Sanders, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Diane DiPrima, and composer David Amram.

On the Road



Again

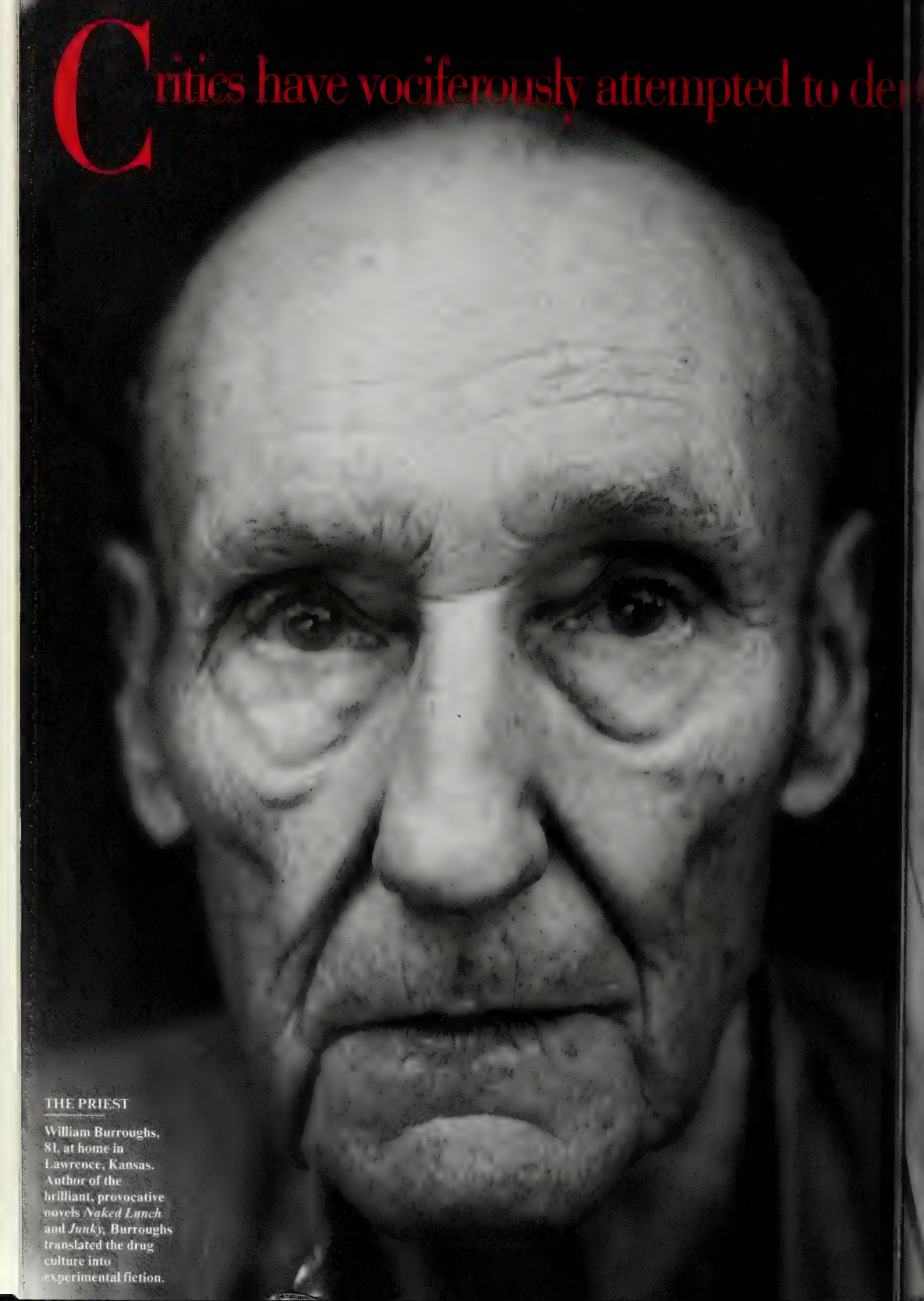
The Beat movement threw a smart bomb into the buttoned-down 50s. Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, and their literary and artistic comrades are finally getting renewed respect, JOYCE JOHNSON reports, as the Whitney Museum opens the first major show to document their explosion and Francis Ford Coppola makes plans to film *On the Road*

Long ago, in the era of Togetherness and the Cold War, when there were no N.E.A. grants or teaching jobs for writers and no publisher dared to give Jack Kerouac a contract, the novelist lay down one night in his sleeping bag and dreamed about a literary conference devoted to the work of the Beat Generation. Before Kerouac became notorious overnight in 1957 with the publication of *On the Road,* "Beat" was just a code word meaningful only to his small circle of obscure young male writers. It connoted "a feeling of being reduced to the bedrock of consciousness" as well as beatitude. In his peripatetic search for ecstasy and self-knowledge, in his willingness to live at high speed with no ties and no safety net, the penniless and often homeless Kerouac was its exemplar.

This past June, a three-day conference at New York University went beyond Kerouac's dream when scholars and aficionados gath-

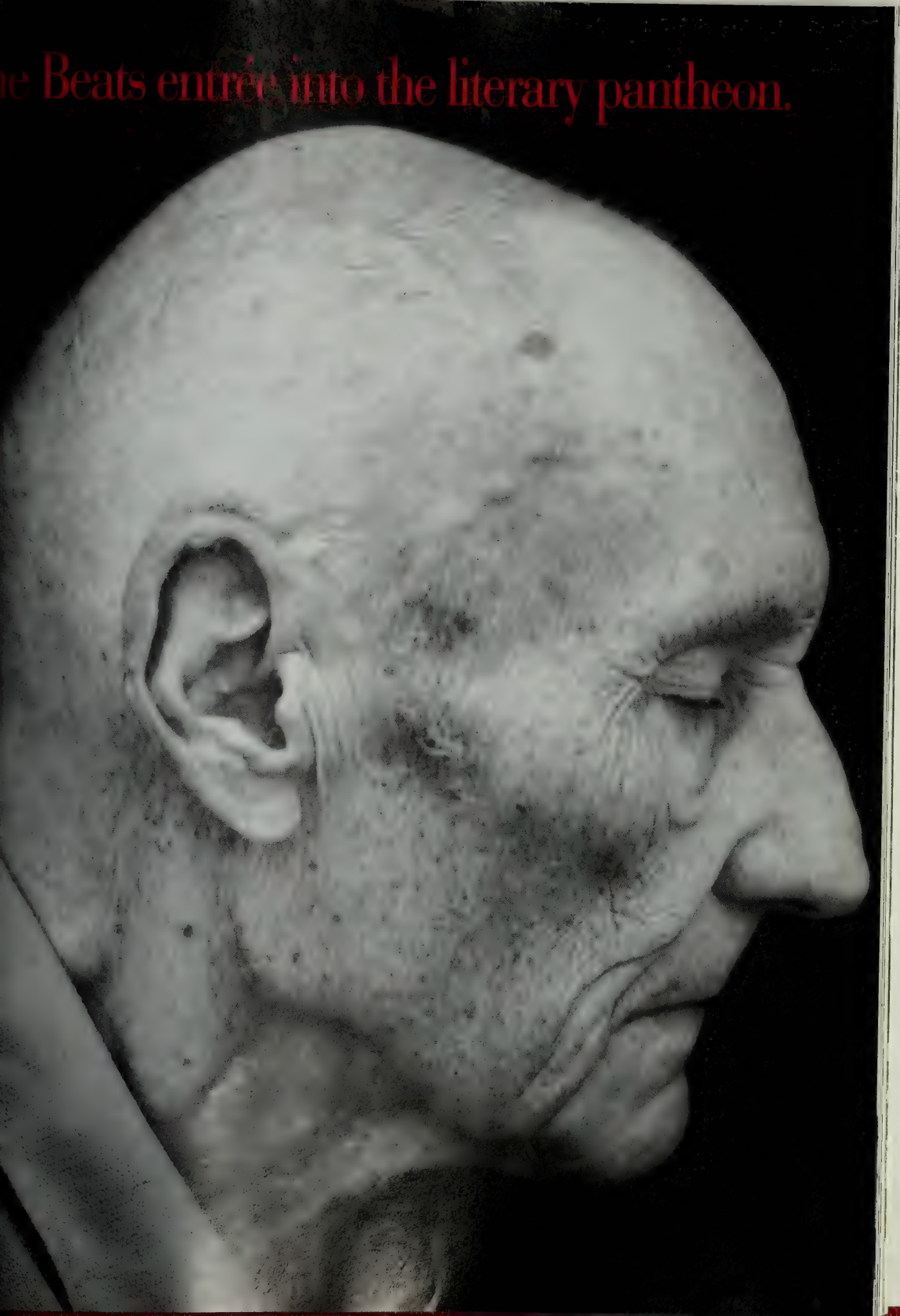
Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Critics have vociferously attempted to den



THE PRIEST

William Burroughs, 81, at home in Lawrence, Kansas. Author of the brilliant, provocative novels *Naked Lunch* and *Junky*, Burroughs translated the drug culture into experimental fiction.


e Beats entrée into the literary pantheon.

ered to discuss his work alone. Although William Burroughs, the 81-year-old author of *Naked Lunch,* did not make the trip from Lawrence, Kansas, the featured speakers included other legendary progenitors of the Beat Generation: the poets Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti; the composer David Amram, who wrote the score for the Robert Frank–Jack Kerouac film, *Pull My Daisy;* and three younger writers whom Kerouac influenced, Diane DiPrima, Ed Sanders, and Anne Waldman.

About 400 conferees took a walking tour of the neighborhoods where Jack had hung out with the hipsters who became his characters. (The tour included the spot on MacDougal Street where Jack had posed one day in 1957 with me, his black-sweatered 21-year-old girlfriend, for a photo used in 1993 by the Gap to advertise khakis. As the conference brochure noted, I had been airbrushed out.)

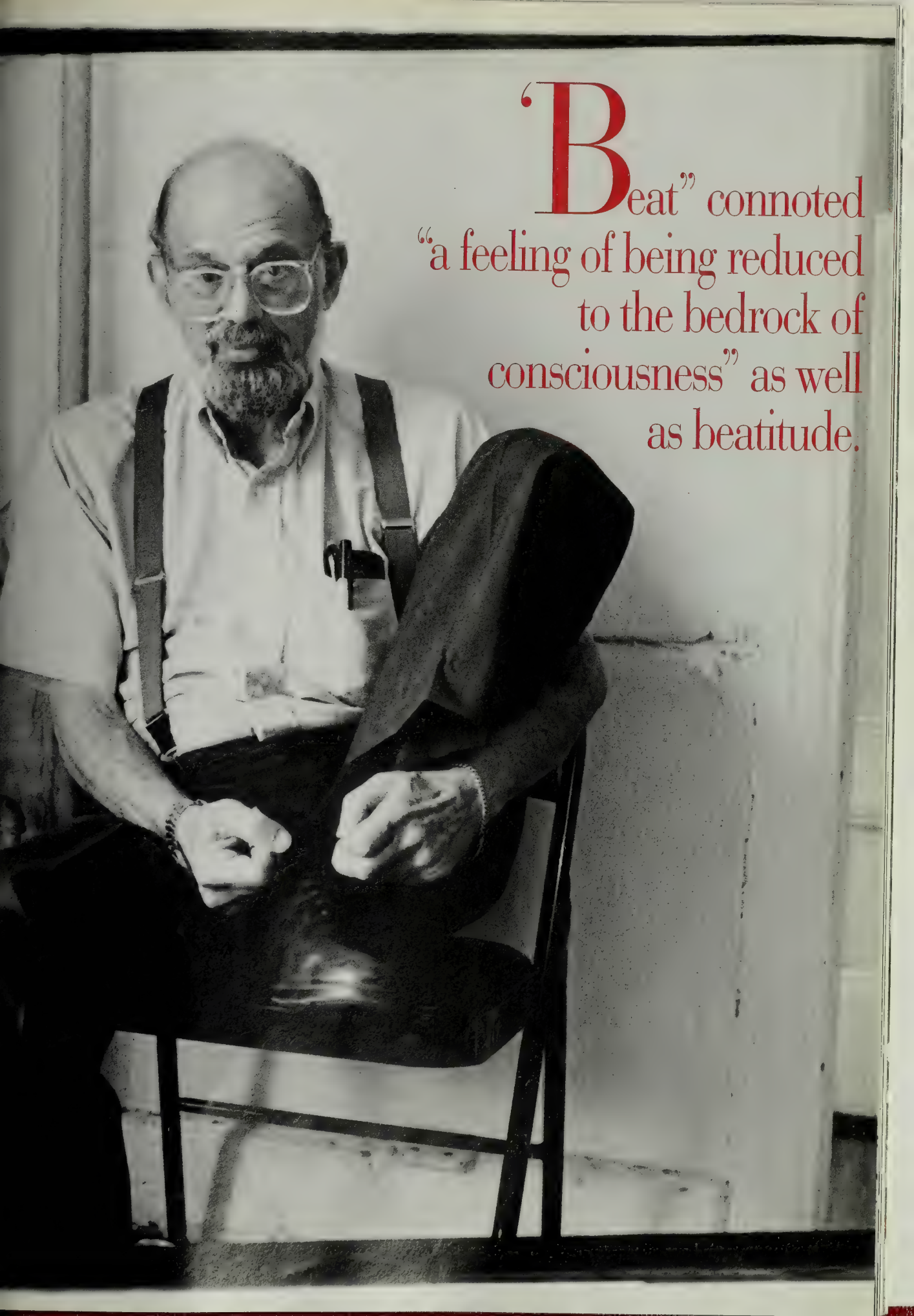
Jack admired Balzac's *Comédie Humaine,* but he could never have imagined that the acrimony over his own literary estate, originally left to his mother, would develop into a tangled plot of Balzacian proportions, with Jan Kerouac, the daughter he met only twice in his life, suing the relatives of his third wife, the late Stella Sampas, for control of his papers and copyrights. The dispute boiled over into the opening N.Y.U. panel, when Jan Kerouac and Gerald Nicosia, a Kerouac biographer, interrupted the proceedings to accuse the Sampases of destroying the Kerouac archive by selling Jack's papers piecemeal to the highest bidders. An ailing Allen Ginsberg magisterially admonished the audience to focus only upon Kerouac's poetry: "Do not be distracted by arguments over lifestyle." Meanwhile, outside, a group of Lower East Side poets who call themselves the Unbearables picketed the proceedings, carrying signs that read, YOU SHELL OUT WHILE THE BEATS SELL OUT.

Ever since the emergence of the Beat writers, one group or another—35 years ago it was conservative critics such as Norman Podhoretz and Diana Trilling—has vociferously attempted to deny them entrée into the literary pantheon. That their detractors now include poets *(Continued on page 292)*



THE MYSTIC

Allen Ginsberg, 69, in his East Village apartment in New York. In such long poems as *Howl* and *Kaddish,* he adopted a Whitmanesque form and an unabashedly confessional tone.



"Beat" connoted "a feeling of being reduced to the bedrock of consciousness" as well as beatitude.

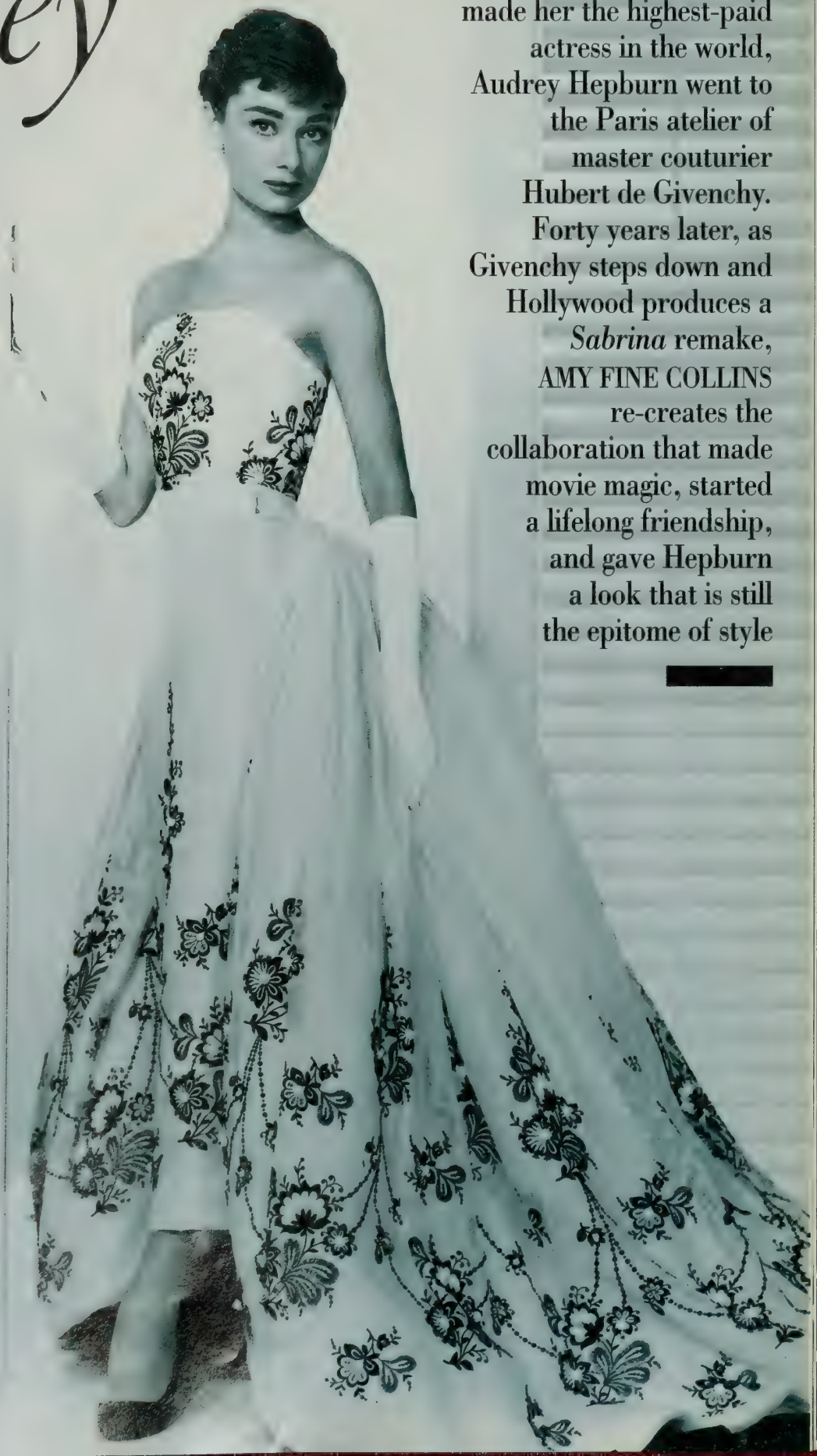
When Hubert Met



HIS FAIR LADY

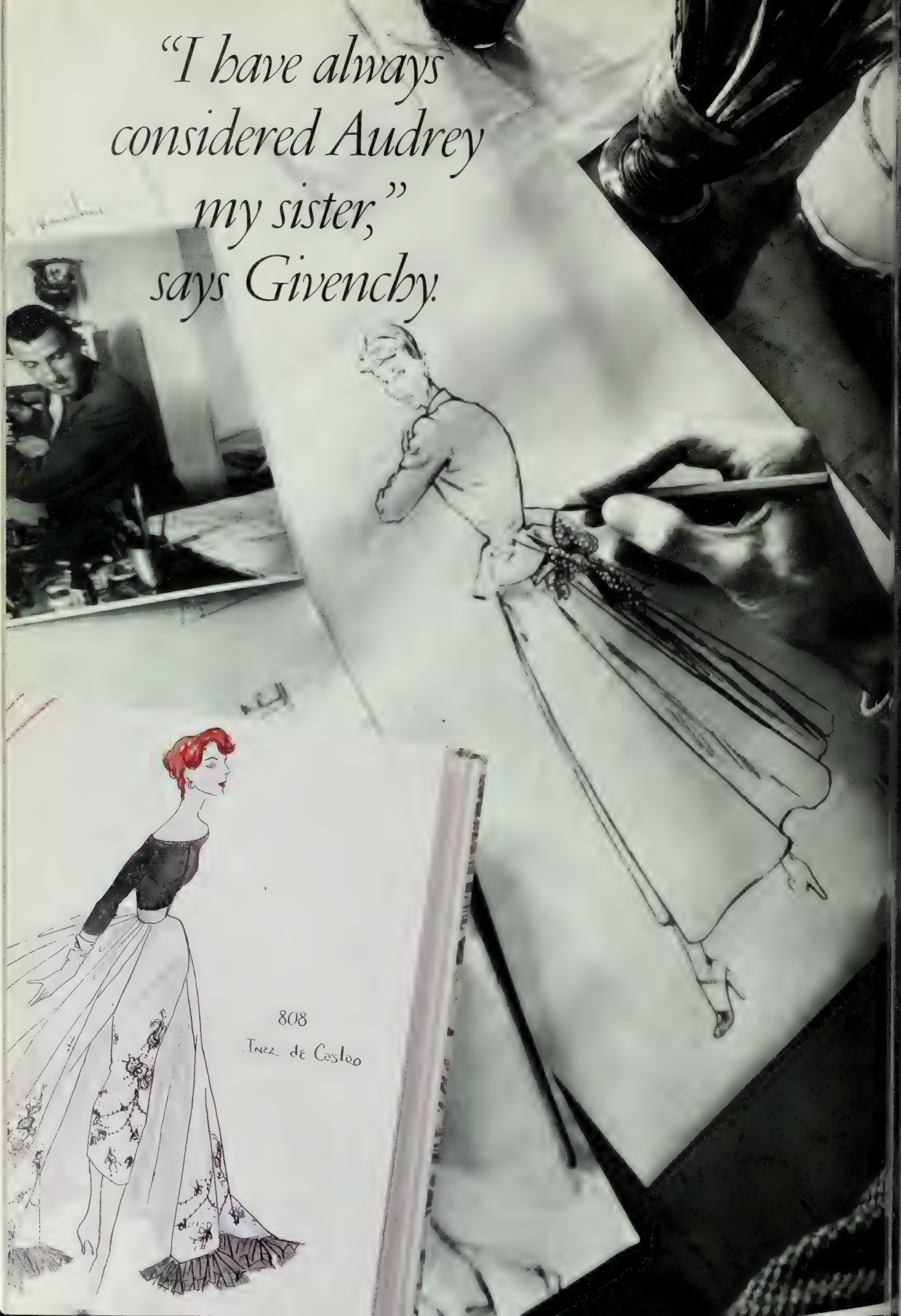
Hubert de Givenchy, photographed by Snowdon in Paris, 1993. *Opposite,* Audrey Hepburn, the designer's muse, poses in character as Sabrina, wearing the exquisite Givenchy embroidered organdy ball gown "Inez de Castro." Their collaboration on the costumes for the 1954 film ignited their careers and launched a great friendship.

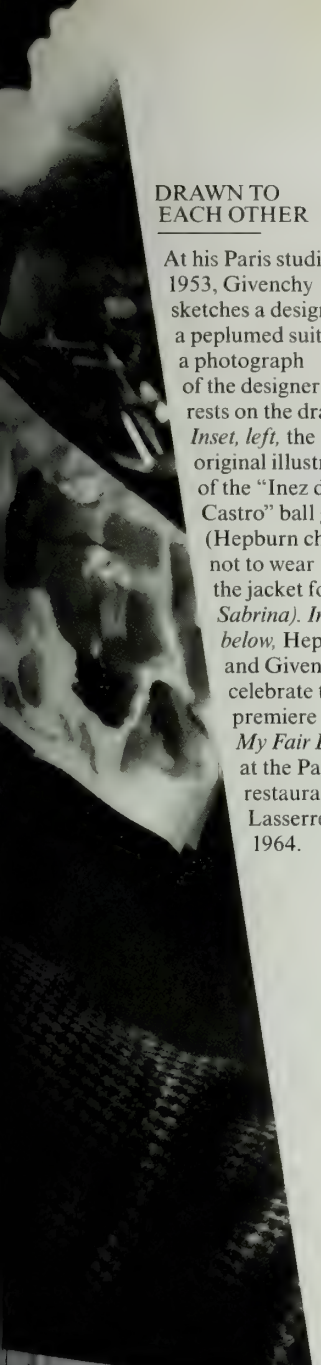
Audrey



For her costumes for *Sabrina*, the film that made her the highest-paid actress in the world, Audrey Hepburn went to the Paris atelier of master couturier Hubert de Givenchy. Forty years later, as Givenchy steps down and Hollywood produces a *Sabrina* remake, AMY FINE COLLINS re-creates the collaboration that made movie magic, started a lifelong friendship, and gave Hepburn a look that is still the epitome of style

"I have always considered Audrey my sister," says Givenchy.





DRAWN TO EACH OTHER

At his Paris studio in 1953, Givenchy sketches a design for a peplumed suit; a photograph of the designer rests on the drawing. *Inset, left,* the original illustration of the "Inez de Castro" ball gown (Hepburn chose not to wear the jacket for *Sabrina). Inset, below,* Hepburn and Givenchy celebrate the premiere of *My Fair Lady* at the Paris restaurant Lasserre in 1964.

On the subject of Audrey Hepburn, Cecil Beaton once tartly observed, "Nobody ever looked like her before World War II. Now thousands of imitations have appeared. The woods are full of emaciated young ladies with rat-nibbled hair and moon pale faces." Like mushrooms after rain, suddenly a whole *new* generation of Audrey clones has sprung up in the forest. Obsessed with the waifish actress, they aspire not only to look like her but to dress the part as well. Divining the trend early, the department store Barneys launched a collection inspired by Hepburn's dresses, culled from her personal and cinematic wardrobes. Scores of fashion designers have since hopped aboard the Audrey bandwagon, peddling a head-to-heel neo-Hepburn look featuring fitted shifts and low, ladylike pumps. And this month Paramount Pictures is bringing out its remake of Billy Wilder's 1954 *Sabrina,* the Cinderella-esque Hepburn classic which defined her image for the rest of her career.

All of this Audrey revivalism has been noted with extreme curiosity by the late actress's close friend couturier Hubert de Givenchy, who first dressed the star in *Sabrina* and ended up creating her wardrobe for seven subsequent film roles, as well as for private life. Ironically, this renewed adulation of *le style* Audrey Hepburn is peaking just as Givenchy is retiring from the house he founded in 1952. This month English wunderkind John Galliano will replace the veteran couturier, who in October showed the final collection of his 43-year career.

Early one morning in his Paris studio, located just behind the Givenchy shop on Avenue George V, the master couturier sits, erect and silver-haired, at a table in a tiny conference area adjoining his workrooms. Dressed in his traditional uniform of an impeccable white linen smock, whose cuffs he has neatly rolled up, he embodies an old-world, gentlemanly ideal that is as rare today in the fashion world as a well-mounted sleeve. "The other day I was in Venice," he recalls quietly. "And Egon von Fürstenberg showed me a picture in a magazine. 'Look,' he said, 'all your work is now reappearing.' Then this week Jeannette [who has worked with him since he opened] showed me another picture, in an Italian magazine. I first started noticing it myself a year or two ago, in American magazines. I began seeing Sabrina necklines," he says, slowly tracing, with his long, large fingers, a wide horizontal above his collarbone. "And sleeves cut like this," he adds, chopping the inside of his shoulder with the edge of his hand. "I have seen I don't know how many young girls in little black dresses or little narrow trousers with black T-shirts. They seem to adore Audrey more for the clothes than the movies—maybe they don't even know the movies. In fact, last weekend I was visiting a friend in Portugal, and her daughter, who is 14, asked if I had any of Audrey's dresses. She wanted to see, to touch them."

Givenchy could easily fill the girl's request—shortly before she died of colon cancer in January 1993, Hepburn gave the designer more than 25 dresses he had made for her, which he keeps in his Paris apartment. "One by one" he is distributing them to museums around the world, though at this moment he has in the atelier a long, narrow, sleeveless pearl-embroidered tulle sheath in cream, circa 1960, which he is offering to the daughter of an Italian friend, Natalia Strozzi, to wear for her debut in Rome. Givenchy summons an assistant, who ceremoniously carries it out

from the workroom. Tenderly, she releases the softly glittering gown onto the table, spreading it out before its maker like a precious treasure. A sumptuous but inanimate husk, it is as empty of life as a lovely shell abandoned long ago by the fantastic creature that once inhabited it.

Late in 1952, the 22-year-old neophyte actress Audrey Hepburn was preparing to embark on a national tour of her Broadway hit, *Gigi.* She had recently completed her first Hollywood picture with Paramount, *Roman Holiday,* for which she had been paid $12,500—a quantum leap from the meager $33.60-a-week salary she had commanded as a bit contract player with England's Associated British Pictures Corporation. Though *Roman Holiday* had not yet premiered, expectations were high, and Paramount executives were fishing for an appropriate follow-up project for their promising ingenue. The studio sent to its pixieish protégée a script by Samuel Taylor of a play Paramount had just purchased, *Sabrina Fair* (a name taken from a work by Milton), a frothy comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who returns from a trip to Paris so worldly and fetching that she ends up having her pick of her father's millionaire boss's two eligible sons, Linus and David Larrabee. Hepburn at once agreed to take on the title role, at a fee of $15,000. Her co-stars would be William Holden in the part of the rakish younger Larrabee boy and Humphrey Bogart as the sober older son who, despite his stuffy, unromantic nature, wins the girl. One of Hollywood's most distinguished talents, the obstreperous immigrant genius Billy Wilder, would direct.

In the early summer of 1953, while Hepburn was performing in the San Francisco production of *Gigi,* Paramount's autocratic wardrobe supervisor, Edith Head—who had designed the actress's Princess Anne regalia for *Roman Holiday*—flew up for a costume meeting with Hepburn. As she wrote in the 1983 memoir *Edith Head's Hollywood,* "Every designer wishes for the perfect picture in which he or she can really show off design magic. My one chance was in *Sabrina*. . . . It was the perfect setup. Three wonderful stars, and my leading lady looking like a Paris mannequin."

Head's dream of a "perfect setup," however, was abruptly shattered when Wilder announced to the wardrobe diva that he was sending Hepburn overseas to buy Paris originals from a real French designer. Head's services would be required only for a pre-Paris ragamuffin frock and two insignificant sportswear ensembles Sabrina would appear in after her return to the Larrabees' luxurious Long Island home. Though Wilder—a man of sophisticated European tastes who fully appreciated the singular allure of French couture—was the one who informed Head of the change of plans, it was, the director says, Hepburn who had actually come up with the idea. For a clothes-mad actress with limited resources—an embroidered cotton blouse from Givenchy cost nearly $3,000 at the time—the chance to wear genuine Paris couture was a fantasy come to life. "Clothes are positively a passion with me," Hepburn confided to a journalist on the set of *Sabrina.* "I love them to the point where it is practically a vice."

Sometime later during that same summer of 1953, the lanky, aristocratic, 26-year-old Hubert de Givenchy, in the throes of preparing the fourth presentation of his career—an Oriental-themed winter collection, to be shown in late July—received an unexpected telephone call from his friend Gladys de Segonzac. Married to the Paris head of Paramount, Segonzac was also the *directrice* of Schiaparelli, where Givenchy had worked for four years before establishing his own business in 1952 on the Rue Alfred de Vigny. The reason for Segonzac's call, Givenchy learned, was that "Miss Hepburn" had arrived in Paris and wanted to see him at once. Busy as he was, the young couturier's interest was piqued—"I was thinking she meant Katharine Hepburn," he now explains. *Roman Holiday*—which would win her a *Time*-magazine cover and an Oscar for best actress—hadn't opened yet, and there was no reason for him to be familiar with the obscure newcomer who had recently created the title role in the Broadway production *Gigi.* The actress was then merely Hepburn later put it, "a skinny li nobody"—dressed in an outrageo quirky manner for someone abou have her first encounter with the est Parisian fashion sensation. Given distinctly remembers greeting "this thin person with beautiful eyes, sh hair, thick eyebrows, very tiny trous ballerina shoes, and a little T-sh On her head was a straw gondoli hat with a red ribbon around it said VENEZIA. I thought, This is much!" Eccentric as Hepburn's ge was, her appearance that day, rec Dreda Mele, then the *directrice* Givenchy (now Armani's general m ager for France), "was like the arr of a summer flower. She was *mineuse*—radiant, in both a physical spiritual sense. I felt immediately l lovely she was, inside and out. Tho she came to Givenchy out of the b there is no doubt that they were m to meet. Audrey was always very inite in her taste and look. She c to him because she was attracted the image he could give her. And entered that image totally. She ente into his dream, too. I repeat, t were made for each other."

Hepburn respectfully explained Givenchy that she was in pre-pro tion for the movie *Sabrina,* a st which involved a young girl's m morphosis, after a two-year stin Paris to attend cooking school, fi a plain, pubescent servant's daug into a knowing, soignée siren. Tho Hepburn didn't mention it, Given could easily have guessed that until moment she had (as she told *Vog* Paris-bureau chief Susan Train y later) "never even seen an haute ture dress, much less worn one." claimed on another occasion that fore she met Givenchy she had b wearing homemade clothes.) Tho from the start Hepburn had favo Givenchy, who was then, as she Train, "the newest, youngest, most citing couturier," Segonzac had initi tried to steer Hepburn to Balen ga—but no one had had the temc to disturb the reclusive master close to collection time.

Captivated as he was by his u pected caller, Givenchy demur explaining to Hepburn that it w be impossible to help her. "I

"The way Audrey looked in Sabrina had an effect on the roles she later played."



TO THE MANOR BORN

liam Holden (as David Larrabee) dre Hepburn (as Sabrina) in the ail dress that spawned a thousand fs. *Inset, near right,* Sabrina at the Glen Cove train station wearing t Hepburn called "that jazzy suit." *far right,* spurning Linus (played by Humphrey Bogart), Sabrina gets ss from David. Holden and Hepburn had an offscreen love affair.



PARISIAN HOLIDAY

While on holiday in Paris, Audrey Hepburn and husband Mel Ferrer attend the showing of Givenchy's 1955 summer couture collection at his Rue Alfred de Vigny atelier.

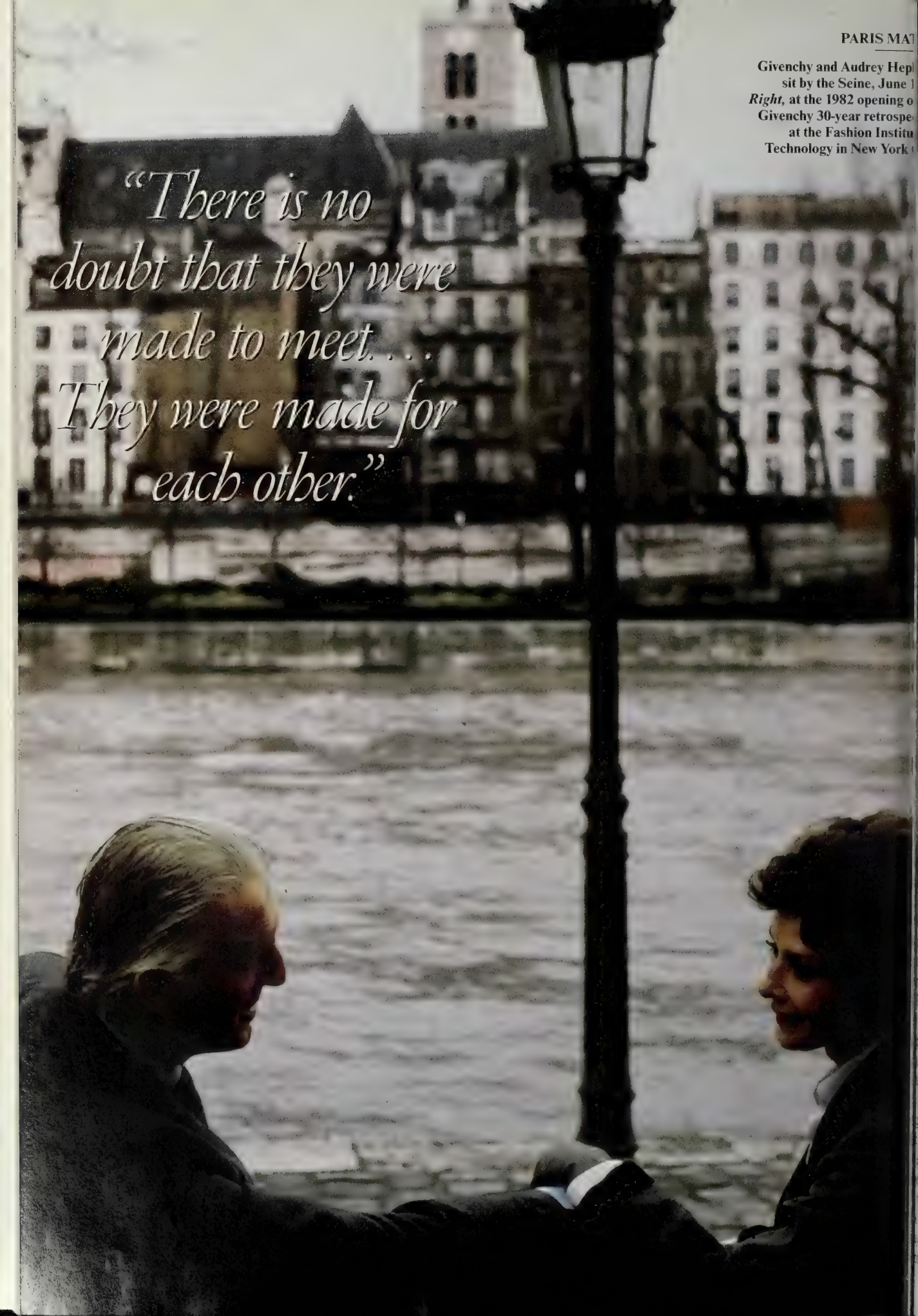


"I love clothes to the point where it is practically a vice," said Hepburn.

Audrey that I had very few workers and I needed all my hands to help me with my next collection, which I had to show very soon. But she insisted, 'Please, please, there must be something I can try on.'" Givenchy finally relented, proposing that she try on some of the samples that were still hanging about the atelier from the previous season's collection, spring/summer '53.

Hepburn began by putting on what she later described as "that jazzy suit"—an Oxford-gray wool-ottoman *tailleur* with a cinch-waisted, double-breasted scoop-necked jacket and a slim, calf-length vented skirt. The sample, which the model Colette Cerf had worn in the show, fit nearly perfectly, Givenchy remembers. "They both had the same thin waistline." Hepburn finished off the suit with the hat with which it had originally been presented, a saucy miniature turban of pleated pearl-gray chiffon, concocted by Givenchy's in-house milliner. "The change from the little girl who arrived that morning was unbelievable," Givenchy says. "The way she moved in the suit, she was so happy. She said that it was exactly what she wanted for the movie. She gave a life to the clothes—she had a way of installing herself in them that I have seen in no one else since, except maybe the model Dalma. The suit just adapted to her. Something magic happened. Suddenly she felt good—you could feel her excitement, her joy."

Audrey next selected a white strapless ball gown, down whose svelte sides and back a detachable train cascaded, culminating in a spray of black ruffles. Above the ankles and as slim as a string bean in front, it was confected of organdy and embroidered with flowers of black silk thread and jet beads on the bodice, skirt, and train. Dreda Mele, who had previously borrowed the sample and worn it to a ball, grows ecstatic at the memory of her first sight of Hepburn in the snowdrift-white dance dress: "She was something unreal—a fairy tale!" Givenchy agrees: "It gave her a very flattering line,



PARIS MA

Givenchy and Audrey Hepb
sit by the Seine, June 1
Right, at the 1982 opening o
Givenchy 30-year retrospe
at the Fashion Institu
Technology in New York



ecially pret-
hen she turned to move or dance."
lepburn's final choice was a black
ktail dress, fashioned from a ribbed
on piqué woven by the venerable
ic house Abraham. Fastened by a
bow at each shoulder, the dress
buttoned down its deep V back
re flaring out below the fitted waist
a full, flirtatious ballerina-length
t. Its most dramatic features, how-
, were its deeply carved armholes
shallow, razor-sharp horizontal
kline. "What used to be called a
lleté bateau," Givenchy says. "Af-
vard it was called the *décolleté*
rina." Audrey loved this neckline,
says, because it hid her "skinny
arbone but emphasized her very
d shoulders"—which were as broad
powerful as the rest of her was
ow and fragile.
hough Givenchy had not shown
black cocktail dress with a hat,
burn found a medieval-looking
ue in his atelier that perfectly
ed her face, the ensemble, and
requirements of the story. As
g as a bathing cap and paved
rhinestones, it covered most of
ears and, due to the serried peaks
ecting from its circumference, gave
the illusion of wearing a story-
k crown. Givenchy says, "Audrey
ys added a twist, something pi-
nt, amusing, to the clothes. Though of course I advised her, she knew precisely what she wanted. She knew herself very well—for example, which is her good profile and which is her bad. She was very professional. No detail ever escaped her. Billy Wilder approved of everything she chose, and so I gave them the samples to use for the movie. Billy's only concern was that the clothes adapt to the form of her face—they had to all correspond to the *visage*."

As the *Sabrina* schedule allowed Hepburn to linger a few days in Paris, Givenchy invited his sprightly new acquaintance to dinner at a "*bistro existentialiste*" on the Rue de Grenelle. "Immediately we had a great sympathy," the couturier recalls. "She told me about the beginning of her love affair with Mel Ferrer, and said, 'You are like my big brother.'" Before long Hepburn was calling him up "just to tell me how much she loved me—and then she'd say bye-bye and hang up. She remained from that time on absolutely, unbelievably loyal to me and everyone here at the house. The entire staff adored her, everyone had enormous respect for her—she became part of the family here. I have always considered her my sister.

"She was so disciplined, so organized, she never was once late for a fitting. When she needed things that I did not make—a sweater or maybe a trench coat—she'd take me shopping with her. Later, when she was married to Dr. Dotti and living in Rome, sometimes she needed something immediately and would go to Valentino. But she'd call me up first and say, 'Hubert, please don't be furious with me!' We never together had an argument. She never considered ours a business relationship. When I launched the fragrance L'Interdit with her face as the image she never asked for any percentage or any payment." In fact, the actress's confidence in Givenchy ran so deep she asked him later in life to be her *légataire testamentaire*, a mediator of her will. Recalls Dreda Mele, "The two of them were very alike—so rigorous, well organized, concentrated on their work—and behaving so well at every moment of life."

For her part, Audrey, always ruthlessly self-critical and achingly vulnerable, found in Givenchy one of the few people in her life who could make her feel secure. In print, she referred to Givenchy as "a personality-maker" and a "psychiatrist," and, chronically unsure of her acting abilities, she went so far as to maintain that Givenchy's clothes made up for what she lacked in dramatic technique. "It was often an enormous help to know that I looked the part," she explained. "Then the rest wasn't so tough anymore. Givenchy's lovely simple clothes [gave me] the feeling of being whoever I played."

As the actress soon learned, her flawless Givenchy wardrobe was one of the few successfully resolved matters on the *Sabrina* set. Shooting was lagging months behind schedule. Ernest Lehman (brought in by the director from MGM to revise the screenplay when an exasperated Samuel Taylor bailed out) and Billy Wilder were staying up around the clock writing, or rewriting, the movie scene by scene. Some days the dialogue wasn't ready when the actors arrived on the set. Wilder was suffering from severe back pain, which made him even feistier than usual. Holden was drinking far too much. And Humphrey Bogart—indignant at having been Wilder's second choice to play Linus Larrabee (Cary Grant was unavailable), envious of William Holden's easy camaraderie with the director (they had worked together on both *Stalag 17* and *Sunset Boulevard*), and irritated to be playing opposite a novice starlet, who, he claimed, "could not do a line in less than 12 takes"—was relentlessly uncooperative. He taunted his adversaries with vicious imitations of Hepburn's trilling, singsong voice and Wilder's thick Austrian accent. He even went as far as to call Wilder, whose family members had been killed in concentration camps, a Nazi—and to tell a reporter that the whole movie was "a crock of shit." In retribution, Bogart was barred from the daily ritual of sundown cocktails. Wilder managed to keep his cantankerous player in line with the perpetual threat that he and Lehman would rewrite the

ending so that Holden got the girl. Avoiding embroilment in these internecine squabbles, Hepburn bided her time learning the rules of baseball from Ernest Lehman (the World Series was on), or tooling around the set on a green bicycle (a gift from Wilder), dressed between takes in a cartoonish, candy-cane-striped top and trousers filched from her production of *Gigi*.

Lehman remembers that because of the frantic, fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants shooting and writing schedules one of the movie's crucial scenes was nearly "written wrong." Hepburn, as Sabrina, meets in her Parisian cooking class the kindly 74-year-old Baron Saint-Fontenelle, who takes her under his wing and into French society. He sympathizes extravagantly with her heart-rending crush on David Larrabee, proposes for her an elfin new haircut, and advises her on a cosmopolitan new wardrobe. Just before her homecoming, Sabrina writes from Paris to her chauffeur father back on Long Island, "You can meet me at the train—the 4:15. If you should have any difficulty recognizing your daughter, I shall be the most sophisticated woman at the Glen Cove station." The movie then dissolves to the solitary figure of Sabrina pacing on a deserted railroad platform, devastatingly chic in her Givenchy suit and hat. On a long leash she walks a miniature poodle, its silver-gray fur tonally compatible with her ensemble. Then William Holden's David Larrabee whizzes past in his Nash-Healey Sports roadster, screeching to a halt when his jaded playboy's eyes light upon this dazzling apparition.

"We had a set made of the Glen Cove railroad station, and the scene was already halfway shot when I told Billy to stop everything—it had to be redone," Lehman recalls. "I was so new to Hollywood I didn't know you didn't go straight up to a director and criticize everything he was doing! It's hard to believe now, but until that moment Bill Holden was supposed to recognize Sabrina immediately as the chauffeur's daughter." Lehman's epiphany, partly inspired by the sultry elegance of Hepburn in the Givenchy suit, was to make the object of Sabrina's lifelong infatuation "think he's picking up a strange, charming, and attractive woman. *(Continued on page 292)*

Casino Man

Although his new movie, *Casino*, is set in Las Vegas, Martin Scorsese admits that he has never been attracted to gambling. "I only take risks on big things," he says, smiling, "like my movies."

Scorsese's daring has made him one of our great directors. With such movies to his credit as *Taxi Driver, The King of Comedy, The Last Temptation of Christ, Raging Bull,* and *The Age of Innocence,* he has shown he is not afraid to take on large subjects and present them in unexpected ways.

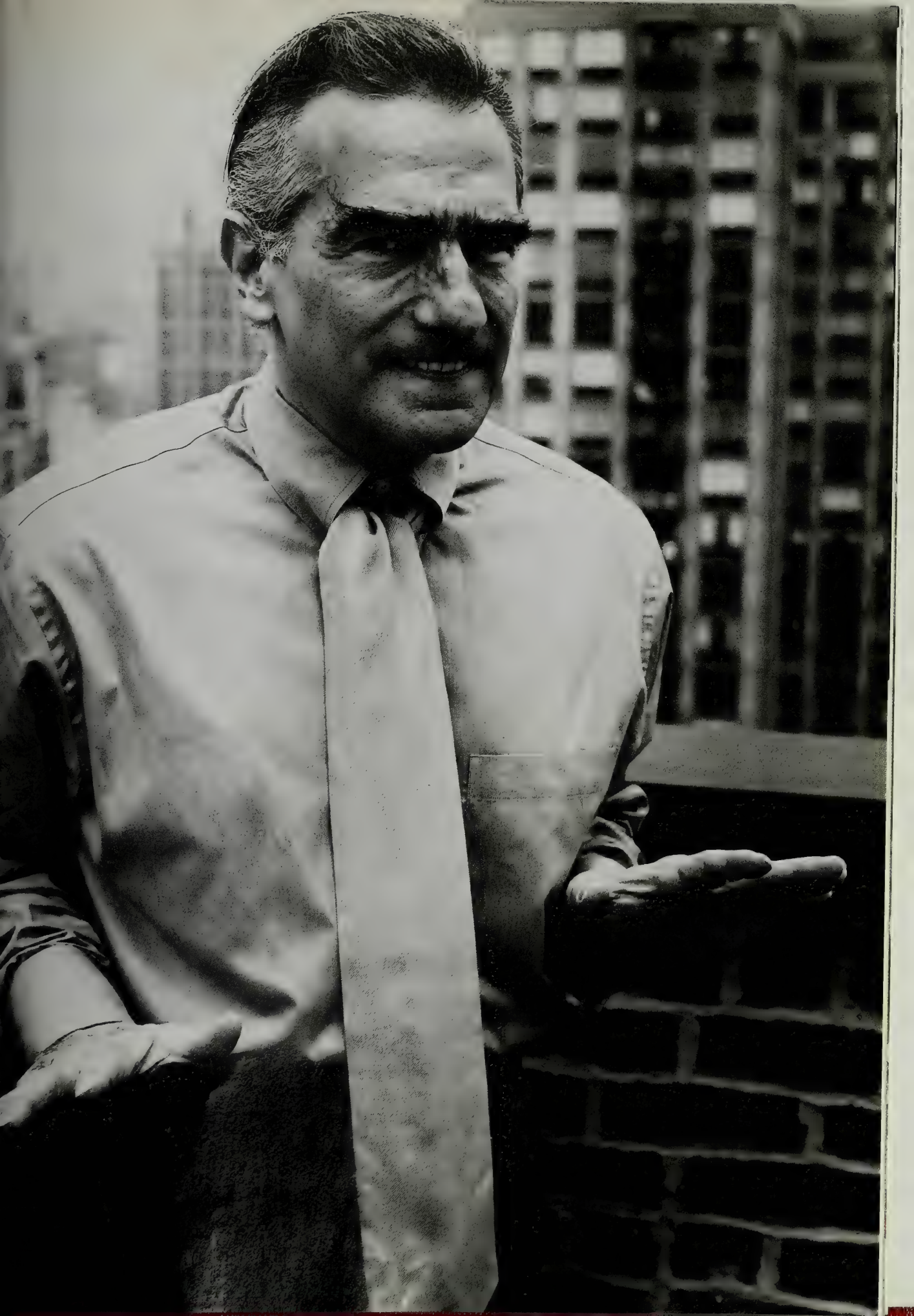
Casino is an epic film, the history of a world with its own morals and style, created—and eventually destroyed—by mobsters out of nothing in the desert. When it reached its apogee in the gaudy 1970s, people with tarnished reputations flocked there to remake themselves. "Las Vegas washes away your sins," says the Jewish gangster played by Robert De Niro. "It's like a morality car wash. It does for us what Lourdes does for hunchbacks and sinners." (The script is co-authored by Scorsese and Nicholas Pileggi, repeating the partnership of *GoodFellas*.)

With brilliant use of voice-overs by the characters to give the feel of a documentary, Scorsese shows us the inner workings of the Mob. De Niro is a cool, calculating numbers man in flashy but perfectly tailored silk suits; Joe Pesci, a volatile Italian thug who elaborately mutilates those who betray him. At the center of this insular society, Scorsese places a beautiful, Pucci-clad showgirl (Sharon Stone) who strides into the bustling casinos and counting rooms piled high with cash and brings down the whole house of cards.

—HELEN MORRIS



Photograph by NIGEL PARRY



Hall of Fame

(Continued from page 265)



MTV Kids

Photographed August 1, 1995, by NIGEL PARRY in New York City.

Bob Pittman (co-founder, MTV), Judy McGrath (president, MTV: Music Television), Tom Freston (chairman and C.E.O., MTV Networks).

Producers:
Fred De Cordova (*The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson*)
Ralph Edwards (*This Is Your Life*)
Robert Morton (*Late Show with David Letterman*)
Lee Rich (*Dallas, The Waltons*)

The Legend:
Paddy Chayefsky (*Goodyear TV Playhouse*)

Composers:
Lee Adams, Charles Strouse (*All in the Family*)
Harold Adamson, Eliot Daniel (*I Love Lucy*)
Paul Anka (*The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson*)
Alan and Marilyn Bergman (*Good Times, Maude*)
Richard Boone, Sam Rolfe, Johnny Western (*Have Gun Will Travel*)
Sonny Curtis (*The Mary Tyler Moore Show*)
Frank DeVol (*My Three Sons*)
Charles Fox (Co-writer of themes for *Happy Days, Laverne & Shirley, The Love Boat*)
Jan Hammer (*Miami Vice*)
Paul Henning (*The Beverly Hillbillies*)
Nat Hiken, John Strauss (*Car 54, Where Are You?*)
Henry Mancini (*Charlie's Angels*, NBC News election theme, *Peter Gunn*)
Johnny Mandel (*M*A*S*H*)
Vic Mizzy (*The Addams Family, Green Acres*)
Mike Post (*Hill Street Blues, The Rockford Files*)
Joe Raposo (*Sesame Street, Three's Company*)
Rhythm Heritage (*S.W.A.T.*)
Nelson Riddle (*Batman, Route 66*)
Gioachino Rossini (*The Lone Ranger*)
Lalo Schifrin (*Mission: Impossible*)
Sherwood Schwartz (*The Brady Bunch, Gilligan's Island*)
Morton Stevens (*Hawaii Five-O*)
Alan Thicke (*Diff'rent Strokes, The Facts of Life*)
John Williams ("Mission Theme," for NBC News)

Innovators:
Walter Annenberg (*TV Guide*)
Roone Arledge (instant replay, TV sports)
Joan Ganz Cooney (Children's Television Workshop)
Barry Diller (Fox Television Network, the Movie of the Week)
Tom Freston, Judy McGrath, Bob Pittman (MTV)
Don Hewitt (*60 Minutes*, convention coverage)
Brandon Stoddard (mini-series)

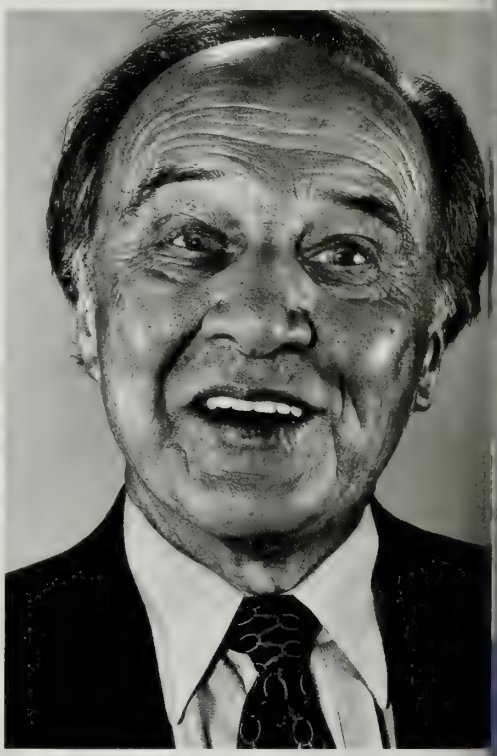


Bill Cosby

Illustration by RISKO.

On *I Spy*, which aired on NBC from September 15, 1965, to September 2, 1968, Cosby became the first black actor to star on an American TV series.

His mega-hit of the 80s, *The Cosby Show* (NBC, September 20, 1984–September 17, 1992), single-handedly revived both NBC and the sitcom format.



Jim McKay

Photographed October 3, 1995, by RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE in Baltimore, Maryland.

Sports commentator, *ABC's Wide World of Sports* (April 29, 1961–present).

McKay stayed on the air for 16 straight hours during the Black September terrorist crisis at the 1972 Munich Olympics; he later received a telegram which read:

**DEAR JIM TODAY YOU HONORED YOURSELF, YOUR NETWORK AND YOUR INDUSTRY.
WALTER CRONKITE.**

ıson (TV dinners)
Turner
:4-hour cable news)
ester "Pat" Weaver
Today, The Tonight
how)

Best of British TV:
lutely Fabulous
Benny Hill Show
kadder
eshead Revisited
ty Towers
audius
ty Python's Flying
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e and Prejudice
e Suspect
airs, Downstairs
Minister

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everly Hills
Mackie
The Carol Burnett
how, The Sonny and
her Comedy Hour)
n Miller (*Dynasty*)
ace (*Miami Vice*)

esses and Places:
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ucamonga"
Bay City
"Beautiful downtown Burbank"
Bedrock
Black Rock
Cabot Cove
The Ed Sullivan Theater
Funk & Wagnalls' porch
Mayberry
The Ponderosa
Route 66
Sesame Street
77 Sunset Strip
The Slauson cutoff
Southfork
Studio 8H
Surfside Six
"Television City in Hollywood"
30 Rock
Walton's Mountain

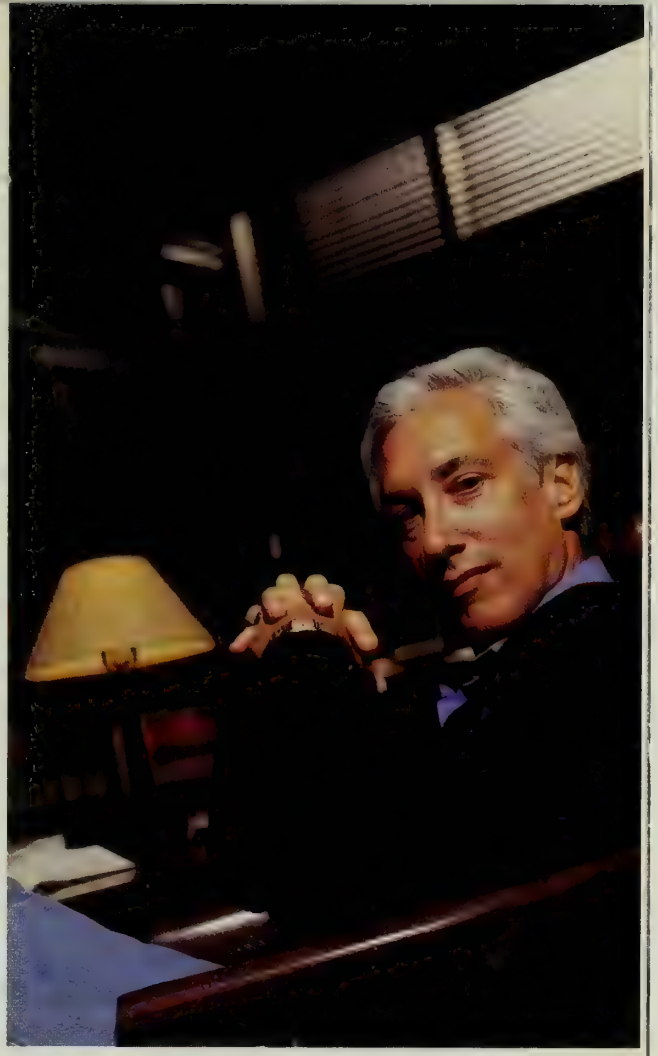
TV Design:
The ABC logo (Paul Rand)
The CBS eye (William Golden)
The Indian Head Test Pattern (artist unknown)
The MTM logo (James L. Brooks and Allan Burns)
The NBC peacock (John Graham; redesigned by Ivan Chermayeff)

Memories:
"And good night, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are."
"Say 'Good night,' Gracie."
"Good night, John-Boy."
Veal Prince Orloff □

Steven Bochco ►

Photographed September 29, 1995, by ART STREIBER at the Bochco Building on the Twentieth Century Fox lot, Los Angeles.

Co-creator/ executive producer, *Hill Street Blues* (1981–87), *L.A. Law* (1986–94), *Doogie Howser, M.D.* (1989–93), *Cop Rock* (1990), *Murder One* (debuted 1995).





To truly appreciate Art like this, look deep within yourself and ask,

Beats

(Continued from page 276) who claim *they* are more anti-Establishment than the Beats is perhaps one of the signs that Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Burroughs may at last be on their way toward acceptance in America as classic writers. They have had that status almost everywhere else in the world for decades.

Kerouac is honored in his birthplace, Lowell, Massachusetts, with a monument and a commemorative festival held every October, but most cultural arbiters remain reluctant to give him his due. Back in 1969, when Kerouac was broke again and living in Saint Petersburg, Florida, only one thing gave him any cause for hope: the possibility that his agent, Sterling Lord, would sell the film rights to *On the Road.* Although there were negotiations with a producer the very day Kerouac suffered a fatal hemorrhage, there was no option until 1978. After nearly two decades of postponements, Francis Ford Coppola, who has the rights, may finally put the film into production next year, with his son Roman as the director.

For the generation that came of age in the buttoned-down 50s, *On the Road* was a bible, sending many upon their own quests for unbounded freedom and spiritual enlightenment. Kerouac saw it as the book that inaugurated his creative breakthrough into "wild prose" during the three weeks in 1951 when he found the way to tap into an uninterrupted flow of memory and language as he typed the entire novel single-spaced on a scroll of sheets of drawing paper Scotch-taped together. In 1957, Truman Capote dismissed the work as mere "typewriting." Last summer, the original scroll, which had been stored in a safe in Sterling Lord's office, was put on display in the New York Public Library. This month, when the Whitney Museum opens the first major exhibition to ex ine the wide-ranging impact of the l movement on American culture, scroll will be one of the main att tions, along with seminal manuscript Ginsberg, Burroughs, and Corso. show will focus not only on Beat ings between 1950 and 1965 but also the art and music generated by the vergence of underground artists (inc ing Franz Kline, John Chamberlain, Larry Rivers) who flocked to downt Manhattan and San Francisco's N Beach and created a vital oppositi movement which flourished indepenc ly of Establishment acceptance and port during the bland, conservative y that preceded the explosion of the c terculture.

Could it ever happen again? At a ment when there is so much official tility directed toward the arts, this is question that embattled young wr and artists have been asking with n and more urgency. □

Hepburn and Givenchy

(Continued from page 288) The scene needed a concept, a gimmick, a trick. Before, it didn't have one." The new situation gave Lehman license to "insert all the flirtatious dialogue with double entendres." The reshooting took place on location in Glen Clove, where Paramount president Barney Balaban's neo-Tudor estate had already provided the exteriors for the Larrabee mansion. "The clothes almost made the woman," Lehman muses. "They were extremely helpful to the character, the mood, the movie. They made the transformation believable."

The movie's next pivotal scene also turned on one of the Givenchy creations—the angelic white ball gown. "A lovely evening dress!" Sabrina exclaims to David Larrabee. "Yards of skirt and way off the shoulders!" This is the cue for the film's great Cinderella moment, when Sabrina, finally a guest—not a lovesick, wistful outsider—at one of the Larrabees' fabled parties, makes an enchanted entrance onto the millionaires' lantern-lit terrace, leaving a trail of slack-jawed men in her wake. Charles, the prissy butler, breathlessly reports back to the kitchen, "You should see Sabrina! The prettiest girl, the prettiest dress, the best dancer! The belle of the ball! And such poise! As though she belonged up there!" The brunette Sabrina's nemesis, David's blonde fiancée, Elizabeth Tyson (played by Martha Hyer), appears at the dance dressed in an Edith Head gown that sets off Hepburn's all the more brilliantly. As dark and fussy as Givenchy's is pale and simple, it now seems dated—a fate that the French dress, by some miraculous legerdemain, manages to escape. Further, Hyer's ample bustline, spilling out of her plunging black bodice, appears matronly beside Hepburn's *garçon manqué* physique. No wonder Billy Wilder confidently quipped to a magazine, "This girl single-handedly could make bosoms a thing of the past!" Hyer also wears ostentatious earrings and a double-strand pearl choker, à la Barbara Bush, while Hepburn's attenuated white throat is jewel-less, her ears ornamented only by modest pearl drops. Wilder gleefully recalled, "Here was this chauffeur's daughter going to the ball and she looked more royal than all the other society people in New York!"

So resplendent was Hepburn in the glamorous Givenchy gown that when Wilder began to shoot the scene of her dancing with Bogart in the Larrabees' indoor tennis court, bit by bit her fawnlike radiance burned into the actor's dusky, rugged face. "Bogey complained that Wilder was getting only the back of his head," Lehman says. "It was true—but it wasn't planned that way in advance. You edit as you go." Bogart said to his agent, Phil Gersh, "Look, this guy is shooting the back of my head, I don't even have to put my hairpiece on; I'm not in this ture." Explains Lehman, "What pened with that scene is that Billy W fell in love with Audrey's image screen."

Apparently, it was not just the c loid likeness of Audrey Hepburn but the flesh-and-blood girl herself who witched the men on the *Sabrina* set. liam Holden, 11 years older than H burn and long married, became intox ed with his co-star—who reciprocate kind. Holden even took Hepburn h to meet his wife, Ardis, who had resig herself to his infidelities in exchange the dubious privilege of being Mrs. liam Holden. The illicit couple bec so transported by their mutual pas that they even discussed marriage idea Hepburn summarily rejected she learned that her suitor had underg an irreversible vasectomy. (This revela freed her to resume her affair with Ferrer, who would become not only husband—the bride wore Givenchy—her co-star, in the play *Ondine* and in next movie, *War and Peace.*)

Hepburn wore the final Givenchy fit—the eponymous cocktail dress—for script's Scene 104, which opens, "INT NUS' OFFICE—(LATE AFTERNOON). Star a figure spinning like a top." Out of furiously twirling black-and-silver spir stardust the scintillating Sabrina mate izes, enthroned on Linus's executive- swivel chair. Her little Givenchy prin

is perched on her head, and her stem- arms, sheathed in black gloves, ch across his boardroom table. ow with expectation and as perky as twin bows fastening her dress, she is, ne script demanded, "smartly groomed a night on the town." Linus will take out to dinner at "the darkest corner e of the Colony," then squire her to adway to see *The Seven Year Itch* (an ke—Wilder would direct the movie ion a year later), and afterward lead to the Persian Room for dancing. It is ng these sequences and in this dress Sabrina's affections drift away from roguish David and attach themselves ead to his more responsible older her.

n a story that has such an ethereal at- phere of make-believe, Givenchy's life, up-to-the-minute dresses provid- as did the crisp, glossy cinematogra- —the firm rooting in the material ld that the film needed. "I can't think ny other picture before *Sabrina* that le use of clothes in the same way. It a real breakthrough," says Ernest man. "The way Audrey looked in *rina* had an effect on the roles she lat- layed. It's fair to say that if she had er gone to Paris she wouldn't have had that role in *Breakfast at Tiffany's.* The *Sabrina* clothes fixed her image forever."

Hepburn invited Givenchy to come to California for a screening of *Sabrina*—his first trip to L.A.—and an introduction was made to Edith Head. "Then they showed the film—and my name was mentioned nowhere!" he says, still slightly stung at the memory. When the credits rolled, Head's name appeared next to the words "Costume Supervision," and that was it. "Imagine if I had received credit for *Sabrina* then, at the beginning of my career. It would have helped. But it doesn't matter—a few years passed, and then everyone knew. Anyway, what could I do? I didn't really care. I was so pleased to dress Miss Hepburn."

Sabrina opened to surpassingly favorable reviews in America, particularly where Hepburn's performance was concerned. In his column dated September 26, 1954, Bosley Crowther of *The New York Times* called it "a knockout . . . one of those smooth escapist films, which, when done with supreme sophistication, is one of the happiest resources in Hollywood. . . . Audrey Hepburn, the magical young lady . . . flows beautifully into the character of the chauffeur's lovely daughter." Another paper's reviewer noted that "the sight of Miss Hepburn, gazing out from the screen with a look of bewitching candor in her large and limpid eyes, is delectable indeed. . . . Sabrina [is] the plus chic of chicks." And an early, sanguine prediction of "hearty b.o. possibilities" was more than borne out. *Sabrina* was such a success, in fact, that when Hepburn signed on for *War and Peace* agent Kurt Frings inflated her salary to the stratospheric sum of $350,000—a fee that established her as the highest-paid actress in the world.

If *Sabrina* had vaulted Hepburn to the loftiest reaches of the Hollywood empyrean, her character survived the voyage intact. When her agent informed her of her new price tag, the ingenue gasped, "I'm not worth it. It's impossible! Please don't tell anyone." Nor was she about to lose track of her dear new friend in Paris, who, every bit as much as Billy Wilder, had helped define her elegant professional persona. In November 1954, as part of their honeymoon, Hepburn and Ferrer flew to her native Holland for the Dutch premiere of *Sabrina.* Among the activities Hepburn engaged in during this triumphant homecoming—all organized for the benefit of disabled Dutch veterans—were a photo-

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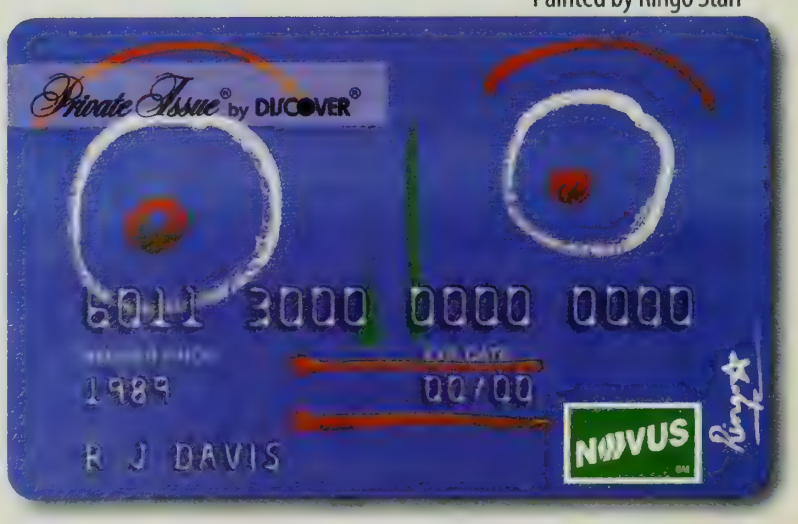
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signing session at a department store attended by thousands and a teatime fashion show in which Hepburn herself modeled dresses by Givenchy. Interestingly, photos of Hepburn taken during this charitable public-relations-tour-cum-honeymoon show the actress wearing exactly the same three outfits by Givenchy that she had worn as Sabrina. For the movie opening in Amsterdam she once again slipped into the embroidered organza ball gown; for a visit to her childhood home in Arnhem she recycled the Oxford-gray suit, over which, due to the cold, she wore a short fur coat. And in a photo published in the November 1954 *Elle,* she appears at a Dutch restaurant table smiling beatifically in the black Sabrina cocktail dress, with Mel hovering at her side. Evidently, Paramount allowed her to incorporate the costumes into her personal wardrobe—a practice continued throughout her collaboration with Givenchy, which helped maintain that rare fluency between her on-screen and offscreen personae.

A publicity blitz of a different kind attended the movie's February 4, 1955, premiere in France. The Paramount machine, shrewdly hoping to capitalize on *Sabrina*'s French-fashion angle, opened the movie in Paris during collection week, on the day after Givenchy's spring/summer couture show. Not leaving anything to chance, the publicity department pressed into service purveyors of all kinds of goods. Fifty music stores in Paris displayed in their windows record albums of the songs from *Sabrina.* Clothing shops, as well as the Campagnie Générale Transatlantique, whose steamship the *Liberté* figured prominently in the film, also got into the act. Further fueling *Sabrina* fever in France, Paramount offered—through the boutique Prénatal—gifts to any mother who on February 4 gave birth to a baby girl and named her Sabrina. More cunning still, throughout France and North Africa a "Do You Look Like Sabrina?" contest was staged, in which winners were awarded prizes of both money and products. The climax of all these festivities was the arrival of "Sabrina" herself, who held court at a press conference at the Ritz.

The effect of the film on Givenchy was immediate and newsworthy. For his February presentation he hired his own Audrey look-alike, a mannequin named Jacky, as house model. Givenchy also named one of the dresses in his collection "Sabrina." *Elle* reported that the couturier had been inspired throughout his collection by his new muse's "flat chest, narrow hips, swan neck, and short hair." Not surprisingly, the French movie critics greeted this "Cinderella story *à l'americaine*" with a shade more cynicism than their Stateside counterparts and their colleagues in the fashion press. One reviewer remarked that the Larrabee servants' quarters would "bring joy to many French millionaires in search of lodgings." Another complained that Audrey Hepburn reminded him too much of certain young ladies of Saint-Germaine-des-Pres "who cut their hair with rusty scissors." Still another, apparently thinking of the scenes in which the actress



HEAD GAME
Failing to acknowledge Givenchy's contributions to *Sabrina*, Edith Head accepts the Oscar for best costumes at the 1955 Academy Awards.

wears the Sabrina dress, suggested that Miss Hepburn had been "transformed for five painful minutes into Miss Famine herself." But most had generous praise for Hepburn, who, as the newspaper *La Croix* conceded, "had become a Parisienne down to the tips of her fingernails."

More important, *Sabrina* reaped industry accolades. The Writers Guild honored the uneasy troika of Billy Wilder, Samuel Taylor, and Ernest Lehman with its "best written American comedy" award, and the screenplay also earned a Golden Globe. In their poll of fans in more than 50 countries abroad, the Foreign Press Association of Hollywood and the Hollywood Foreign Correspondents Association came up with Audrey Hepburn as the winner of the "world film favorite" award. *Sabrina* also landed a bouquet of Academy Award nominations: best actress, best director, best cinematography, best screenplay, l art direction, best costumes. Of all th potential Oscars, however, only one ca through—best costumes—an award wh Edith Head shamelessly accepted with even the slightest nod of acknowledgm to Givenchy. Effectively, Head had trea Paris's most admired young *créateur* a he were just another anonymous cog cl ging away in her vast wardrobe eng Irene Heymann, Billy Wilder's longt agent, says, "Edith always thought she signed everything in town. She was not ous for never giving an assistant cre even if she hadn't done a thing." Head, obviously galled at being so c pletely upstaged (even if she was one the few to know it), went even further sisting in her memoirs and even until death that she had created (as she wrot 1959) "the dress, whose boat neckline tied on each shoulder—widely known copied as the Sabrina neckline."

Givenchy today generously allows t as moviemaking often requires duplic of costumes in the event that a dress comes damaged in some way, Head r have at some point executed a copy the black cocktail dress in her Hollyw workrooms. Perhaps, then, it was this simile that she added to the costume c lection which she began in the 40s took on tour with her around the wor

While it is true that Seventh Ave manufacturers knocked off the Sab neckline by the truckload, the phenome Audrey Hepburn unwittingly precipit went far beyond garment-district profit ing, Dreda Mele maintains. "Everyon the street was copying Audrey's hair, way she moved, the way she acted, way she spoke. Everybody wanted to l like Audrey Hepburn. She became a son of a whole generation. They co her for 10 solid years after. She create image above her movie image."

Back at the Givenchy atelier on enue George V, the couturier is meditating on the enduring fashion leg of Audrey Hepburn. "I dressed so m other stars. Jennifer Jones, Lauren Ba Marlene Dietrich, Elizabeth Taylor had such problems with her, with the ing of her fittings. Not like Audrey, was always late. And the *essayages*—v her *poitrine*—so difficult! But no one wanted to copy what I made for the once was asked to do a wedding dres the same style as the Sabrina ball go For the marriage of her son, [former turière] Meryl Lanvin asked me to m a version of the black Sabrina d Then, in my last couture collectio

ɔted that design for another dress, ch I showed with a jacket." And for ieys' special Givenchy collection last , he did yet another spin on the Sabri- cocktail dress—this time in silk faille without any bows—which immediate- ecame the line's top seller.

Ever since *Sabrina,*" Givenchy contin- "Audrey kept exactly the same mea- ments. Do you want to see her man- iin?" One of Givenchy's loyal assis- s fetches from an unseen region of the er the dress form on which Hepburn's ies were fitted for four decades. Head- and limbless, with high little pancake sts and black lines sectioning off the into some obscure system of seam- s trigonometry, the dummy is an eerie yet somehow comforting evocation of the late actress—a De Chiricoesque portrait in stuffing, cloth, and metal. The dress form's unchanging measurements tally up to an impressively taut 31½-22-31½ (the actress stood five feet seven inches).

"Audrey's style is so strong," the designer continues, gazing reverently at the doll-like instrument of his profession. "Audrey's silhouette is so strong. It doesn't ever look passé. She is so present. It is difficult to think she is no longer with us—that I can no longer pick up the phone to call her. Her son Sean and I talk as if she is still alive. There are few people I communicate with this way—just my mother and Audrey. But I feel Audrey more strongly. Audrey is more recent. The force, the presence, the image, is so strong. I was just in Switzerland with Sean for the christening of his daughter—Emma Audrey. We were in the same church, with the same Protestant father, where Audrey was married. And where her funeral took place. Then we went back to her house. Her presence was there, too—the personality, the simplicity, the love she gave to the rooms. It was all still there. The emotion is still so strong," he adds, his eyes now brimming with tears. A discreet man, he reflexively bows his head—and then recovers to rise for a handshake. "Excuse me," he says softly. "I am needed in the atelier." He then disappears through a door to resume work on the very last collection of his career. □

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abell

ntinued from page 271) to every day school during the interminable Min- ta winters.

e says he always knew he would live in New York. After high school he a brief stint as a florist in Minneapolis re heading east. On his first visit to city, in 1978, he joined the huge crowd ostumed revelers outside the velvet s of Studio 54. "It was the night be- Halloween," he recalls, "and it was a plete madhouse." He suddenly found self being pulled in by Steve Rubell, of the club's owners, who was stand- at the door. "He looked at me and 'You,'" says Isabell. It was Fortune—a future friend—tapping him on the . "That was it," says Isabell. "I just to come back."

le went home, packed up his apart- t, and moved to New York a month . He spent several weeks learning his around before he went to work for ny, then the best florist in town—en being a florist still meant some- g," says Isabell, "before there was a ean market on every corner." He last- ess than a year, quitting on impulse day with just $200 in his pocket. In- l of paying his rent that month he ed his own business, taking with him ral key clients, including Armani. He became known for creating an enor- s Christmas wreath for Armani's ison Avenue store and decorating it 10,000 little blue bulbs. It was so tiful that it became an annual tradi- until copies started appearing in ows in other stores.

Even before this, Rubell and Schrager had hired him to do all their splashy events at Studio 54. "I learned a lot from them during the nightclub years," says Isabell. "About how to control the mood of a party, and play with it. How to get a room steamy and hot, and then cool it down to get people dancing again. To keep pumping fresh air in so people don't know what time it is."

The three became inseparable, and for several years shared summer houses in the Hamptons. Rubell died in 1989, but Isabell and Schrager are still the closest of friends. "He is always fresh, original, and provocative," says Schrager, who loves to travel with Isabell because of his "curiosity and energy." When Schrager married ballerina Rita Norona last year, Isabell outdid himself, creating an incredibly romantic beach party, with 60 sultry waitresses in halter tops and sarongs, fabulous seafood passed on platters, huge pillows tossed on the sand, baskets filled with flowers, and 800 Japanese lanterns on 20-foot bamboo poles bobbing in the wind. "You could see the lights for miles down the beach," says Schrager, who still sounds moved when he talks about it. "It was really special, and something Rita and I will never forget."

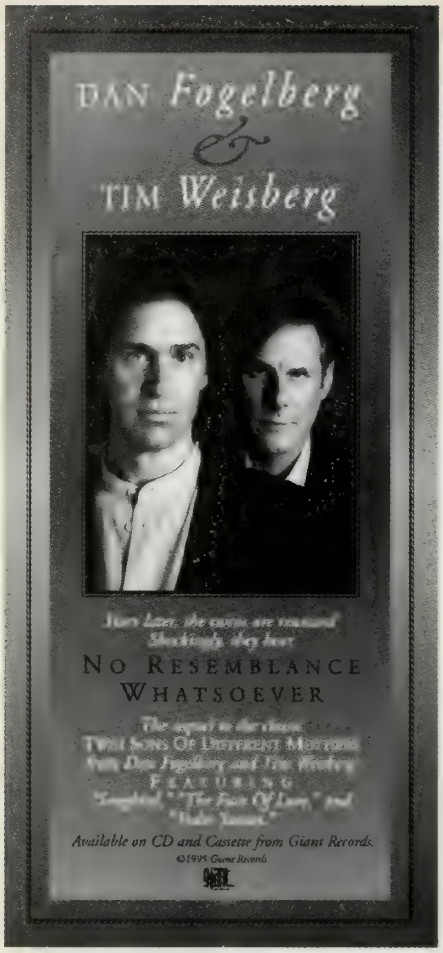
During the 80s, when the stock market was booming and Wall Street millionaires competed to host increasingly elaborate and expensive fêtes and charity balls, Isabell, with his mild midwestern manner, rose to fame showing Gotham's elite how to gild the lily (he literally dipped magnolia leaves in gold lacquer for the Tisch-Steinberg wedding). He is the man who put 10,000 candles on the stairs of the World Financial Center in 1987 for socialite Blaine Trump's glittering benefit for the fashion designer Christian Lacroix. "He is the best," says Trump, one of his most loyal clients, "but you have to keep him on a budget."

Uninhibited by fiscal restraint, Isabell is capable of almost anything. He has admitted he loves spending other people's money. He helped define 80s excess with the now infamous 50th-birthday party he planned, with encouragement from Gayfryd Steinberg, for her financier husband, Saul. The evening featured a five-tiered cake covered in silver and gold leaf wheeled in on a platform flanked by children dressed as cherubs. Not to mention the two identical twins dressed as mermaids in the swimming pool. Or the 10 *tableaux vivants* of old-master paintings, including one naked model posing as a trembling re-creation of Rembrandt's *Danae.*

"I don't understand why spending some money is so controversial," says Isabell, who thought the social tempest generated by the Steinberg party was "silly."

"There was one model who had a little bit of breast showing and some leg. She was wearing a bodysuit, you know, but it was like the most shocking thing in the world." He shakes his head and flashes a droll smile. "But you sort of know when you do something like that . . . "

"Robert always says it's better that all those people working on the party are employed than if someone just went out and bought a big emerald," says Wendy Wasserstein, explaining her friend's rationale for the way he has chosen to live his life. Isabell himself maintains that his own natural inclination is toward "understatement." He points out that while people are often impressed by the scale of his events, the décor itself is "never over the top with lavishness or unneeded ele-



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1. Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	399,769	350,000
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(Signed) Mitchell B. Fox, Publisher

Isabell

ments." He welcomed the move to a more discreet style of entertaining in the 90s, noting that while most of his clients no longer want to be perceived as squandering large sums they might actually be spending even more. "They don't want to be criticized or written about. They don't want to be Steinbergized," he says simply, later citing a recent article by society columnist Billy Norwich which claimed that run-of-the-mill black-tie benefits need to be "reinvented." Far from being troubled by this development, he seems almost relieved. Isabell, who personally finds benefits deadly and leaves the minute the last candle is lit, cannot imagine that most well-heeled New Yorkers aren't bored to tears with salmon and Baked Alaska by now.

For someone who makes his living throwing parties, Isabell is essentially asocial. Unlike most of his rivals, he rarely chooses to attend the kind of posh soirées he puts together. He is usually dressed in black jeans and a white button-down shirt. His fingernails are chipped and dirty; he has, in fact, the hands of an artist. He admits being a workaholic who prefers to spend the little free time he has puttering around his breathtaking West Village town house, a work in progress which he describes as "*Blade Runner* meets *The Jetsons*."

Passing through the elaborate wrought-iron gate and concrete oval portico, you step into a high-tech tropical oasis in the middle of Manhattan. Isabell completely gutted the three-story building and carriage house in back of it, reconstructing the space as a light, open, loftlike villa. It features a vaulted glass roof, an enormous interior atrium with cascading ivy plants, 60-foot palm trees, and a bamboo garden in the center courtyard. By day, the sun pours in, and the whole house is blindingly bright. Isabell keeps the place tropically warm and moist year-round—he still hasn't forgotten those Minnesota winters—thanks to the computer-controlled thermostat and a watering system for his private rain forest. On the second floor, off a suspended glass bridge surrounded by greenery and protected by a small grass roof, is an incredible soaring "outdoor" shower of the type one might expect to find on Maui or some small banana-shaped island.

"Now, why would I ever go to the Hamptons when I have this?" says Isabell, who has a horror of the weekend social networking that takes place on the South Shore of Long Island. "When I do a party there, I drive back to the city that night, even if it's two A.M."

His home is a virtual shrine to his sessions, with each room featuring its own special fragrance, miniature TV, speakers attached to his 300-disc stereo system. (There are 48 speakers in all.) The system was designed by Jim Toth, who has done the sound for Isabell's parties as well as some of Manhattan's legendary discos. There are also hundreds of elaborate lighting fixtures—glowing Exit lamps, glitter lamps, eccentric collectibles items, and antiques—all controlled by a sophisticated computer nerve center. Upstairs in the bedroom, he has his own movie theater, with professional large-screen video equipment. It is clear that a bachelor pad: there is no real kitchen at all. ("What for? I hate to cook.") Not surprisingly, he eats out almost every night of the week. The furniture includes a pair of authentic black "wave" chairs as well as some items by metal artist Paul Evans, whose raw welded-steel cabinets have become sought-after. There is a strange, beguiling scent wafting through the rooms, which turns out to be an extremely rare form of incense he found in Indonesia while researching scents from all over the world.

"I'm intrigued by fragrances, how they can affect your energy and spirit," he says, explaining that he has spent some time in the past year in Switzerland perfecting fragrances that his own company, Perfumes Isabell will bring out in the spring. "I've spent 30 years working with flowers, so scent is something I know quite a lot about."

Over linguine with truffles at Da Silvano, a homey and exquisite Italian restaurant around the corner from his house, Isabell explains how a high-profile entrepreneur such as Matthew Bronfman, one of the heirs to the Seagram fortune, came to be co-C.E.O. of his perfume company. "Well, I did his wedding," he laughs, "and I was telling him about my plans to develop a perfume, and he said he wanted to be part of it. Matthew is going to make this an empire."

He pauses to greet a well-known fashion editor as he enters the restaurant and waves to the author-screenwriters Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne as they depart. "What's amazing about New York is that it's so provincial," he says. "Everybody thinks it's such a big city. But everybody knows everybody. It's like a little town." His town. □

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Courteney Cox's cardigan and shorts by Chanel, from the Chanel Boutique, N.Y.C.; fishnet hose by DKNY, from department stores nationwide; shoes by Anne Klein, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. **Noah Wyle's** T-shirt by Calvin Klein, from Macy's, N.Y.C.; trousers by Hugo Boss, from Collezioni, N.Y.C **Julianna Margulies's** sweater by Ter et Bantine, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; trousers by State of Claude Montana, from Maud, Beverly Hills. **David Schwimmer's** turtleneck by Hugo Boss, from Collezioni, N.Y.C.; trousers from Cheap Jack's Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; one-of-a-kind shoes from Early Halloween, N.Y.C. **Jennifer Aniston's** top by Norma Kamali, from OMO Norma Kamali, N.Y.C.; trousers by Marc Jacobs, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; shoes by Charles David, from Charles David stores nationwide. **George Clooney's** suit from the Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; socks by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; shoes by J. M. Weston, from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C. **Anthony Edwards's** suit by Agnès B., from Agnès B., N.Y.C.; T-shirt by Calvin Klein, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. **Sherry Stringfield's** dress by Liza Bruce, from the If Boutique, N.Y.C. **Gloria Reuben's** vest by Guess? **Matthew Perry's** shirt by Alberto Biani per New York, from Searle, N.Y.C.; trousers by Katharine Hamnett. **Lisa Kudrow's** shell by TSE, from TSE, N.Y.C.; trousers by the Ralph Lauren Collection, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; shoes by Patrick Cox, from Patrick Cox, N.Y.C. **Matt LeBlanc's** suit by New Republic, from New Republic Clothier, N.Y.C.; shirt by Thierry Mugler, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; boots by Joseph Fenestrier, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Page 14: See credits for page 229.

Page 18: See credits for pages 238–39.

Page 38: Bottom, see credits for cover.

Pages 172 and 180: Laurence Fishburne's robes from the Eaves-Brooks Costume Company Inc., Queens, N.Y.

Page 203: Natalie Portman's Dolce & Gabbana jacket from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Dolce & Gabbana trousers from selected Barneys New York stores. Inge Fonteyne for Visages Style.

Page 214: Top, styled by Alyssa Leal; robe by Jean Paul Gaultier.

Page 216: Styled by Wendy Schecter for Bryan Bantry; jacket and shirt by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.

Page 227: Styled by Kim Meehan; wardrobe by Warden Neil

Page 228: Mary Tyler Moore's cat suit by Paco Rabanne, from Angela Rapoport, N.Y.C.; shirt by Helena Stuart for Only Hearts, from Only Hearts, N.Y.C.; boots by Ombeline, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; riding crop from Body Worship, N.Y.C. **Dick Van Dyke's** T-shirt by Calvin Klein, from Macy's, N.Y.C.; jeans from the Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; boots by Chippewa, from the Village Cobbler, N.Y.C.; gloves from Harley-Davidson, L.A.; cuff and chain by Chrome Hearts, from Maxfield, L.A.

Page 229: Moore's hat, shirt, vest, and suspenders and Van Dyke's jacket and shoes from the Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; her trousers and his shirt from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.; her tie by DKNY, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; her gloves by La Crasia, from Glove Street, N.Y.C.; his vest, suspenders, and trousers from Matsuda, N.Y.C.; his pocket square and tie from Sulka, N.Y.C.; both pairs of socks by Polo/Ralph Lauren Hosiery, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; both one-of-a-kind canes from Early Halloween, N.Y.C.

Pages 230–31: Larry Hagman's vest and belt from Buffalo Chips, N.Y.C.; shirt by Nautica by David Chu, from selected Lord & Taylor stores nationwide; hat from the J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C. **Victoria Principal's** dress by Norma Kamali, from OMO Norma Kamali, N.Y.C.; shoes from Emporio Armani stores nationwide. **Charlene Tilton's** bodysuit by Norma Kamali, from OMO Norma Kamali, N.Y.C. **Ken Kercheval's** shirt and tie by Nautica by David Chu, from selected Lord & Taylor stores nationwide. **Steve Kanaly's** shirt, vest, and jeans by Double RL by Ralph Lauren, from the Polo Sport Store, N.Y.C.; tie from Buffalo Chips, N.Y.C.; hat from the J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C. **Patrick Duffy's** shirt from Billy Martin's, N.Y.C.; jeans by Guess? Men, from fine department stores nationwide; belt from Buffalo Chips, N.Y.C.; hat from the J.J. Hat Center, N.Y.C. **Linda Gray's** bathing suit by Anne Cole; fake-fur sable by the Ralph Lauren Collection, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; sandals from Emporio Armani stores nationwide; for sunglasses by Ray-Ban, call 800-4-RAY-BAN.

Pages 232–33: Styled by Kim Meehan.

Pages 234–35: Styling assistance by Miles Siggins for Visages Style.

Pages 236–37: Leslie Uggams's Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni dress and **Cicely Tyson's** Donna Karan dress both from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Garth Condit for Visages Style.

Pages 238–39: Clarence Williams III's Donna Karan jacket from Barneys New York, N.Y.C **Michael Cole's** jacket from Paul Smith, N.Y.C. Williams's and Cole's jeans from the Original Levi's Store, N.Y.C. **Peggy Lipton's** shirt from Funkeesentials, L.A.; trousers from Exit 1, L.A.; shoes from Charles Jourdan, L.A. Arianne Phillips for Visages Style.

Page 240: Robert Vaughn's suit by Alfred Dunhill, from Alfred Dunhill of London, N.Y.C.; shirt by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C.; tie by Sulka, from Sulka, N.Y.C.; pocket square by Charvet, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. **David McCallum's** trousers and jacket by TSE, from TSE, N.Y.C.; turtleneck by John Smedley, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard.

Page 241: Carroll O'Connor's suit and shirt by Paul Stuart, from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.; tie by Façonnable, from the Façonnable boutique, N.Y.C. **Jean Stapleton's** dress by Badgley Mischka, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; jewelry by Harry Winston, from Harry Winston Inc., Beverly Hills.

Pages 242–43: Top center, styled by Eileen Kasofsky. **Carol Burnett** styled by Eileen Kasofsky; suit by Krizia, from the Krizia boutique, N.Y.C.; shoes by Diego Della Valle, from Diego Della Valle, N.Y.C.; earrings by Fred Leighton, from Fred Leighton, N.Y.C. Center, styled by Dana Allyson for Smashbox Beauty; all men's clothing by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills. **Joan Collins** styled by Charlotte Pilcher; dress by Nolan Miller Couture, by special order from Nolan Miller Couture, Beverly Hills. **Larry King** styled by George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard; pajamas, socks, and slippers by Sulka, from Sulka, N.Y.C.

Pages 244–45: Top left, styled by M.A.D. Vision. **Sid Caesar's** shirt by Yohji Yamamoto, from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.; trousers by TSE, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; shoes by Joseph Fenestrier, from Robert Clergerie, L.A. **Imogene Coca's** dress by Carolina Herrera and shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo, both from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. Top right, styled by Eileen Kasofsky. **Joseph Barbera's** shirt and tie by Brioni, from Brioni, N.Y.C.; trousers by Alfred Dunhill, from Alfred Dunhill of London, N.Y.C.; suspenders by Sulka, from Sulka, N.Y.C. **William Hanna's** shirt by Ermenegildo Zegna, from Ermenegildo Zegna, N.Y.C.; tie by Sulka, from Sulka, N.Y.C.; belt by Paul Stuart, from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C. Bottom left, styled by Eileen Kasofsky. **George Maharis's** jacket by Giorgio Armani Le Collezioni, from selected Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. **Martin Milner's** jacket, trousers, and shirt by Brioni, from Brioni, N.Y.C.; belt by Paul Stuart, from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C. **Susan Lucci** styled by Wendy Schecter; suit by Emanuel Ungaro Parallèle, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; shoes by Manolo Blahnik, from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.; jewelry by Butler & Wilson, from Showroom Seven, N.Y.C. All men's clothing by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren, N.Y.C. Bottom right, styled by Robertino Trovati for Visages Style. All of **Jack Klugman's** and **Tony Randall's** clothing by Brooks Brothers, from selected Brooks Brothers stores nationwide.

Pages 246–47: Arianne Phillips for Visages Style.

Pages 251–53: Kate Jackson's jacket and turtleneck by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C.; trousers and boots from H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery Co., N.Y.C. **Richard Roundtree's** turtleneck from J. Crew stores nationwide; coat from Cheap Jack's Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; trousers by Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather, from North Beach Leather, N.Y.C.; shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C. **Robert Stack's** suit from Today's Man, N.Y.C.; shirt by Perry Ellis, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; tie from the Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C. **Peter Falk's** trench coat, tie, shirt, and shoes from the Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, N.Y.C.; trousers from Today's Man, N.Y.C. **James MacArthur's** outfit from Today's Man, N.Y.C. **Hal Linden's** shirt by Perry Ellis, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; trousers from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; tie from Today's Man, N.Y.C. **Karl Malden's** trench coat by Sanyo Carol Cohen, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; shirt by Perry Ellis, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; vest from Burberrys, N.Y.C.; hat from Worth & Worth, N.Y.C. **Anthony Eisley's** suit and shirt by Assets/Andrew Fezza, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; tie from Paul Smith, N.Y.C. **Sharon Gless's** sweater and scarf by J. Crew, from J. Crew stores nationwide. **Tyne Daly's** trench coat by Drizzle, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C. **Jimmy Smits's** and **Dennis Franz's** wardrobe from *NYPD Blue* Wardrobe. **Angie Dickinson's** jacket by Gennyway, from Lane Crawford, Toronto, Ontario. **Don Johnson's** suit and shirt by Gianni Versace; shoes from Cole Haan, N.Y.C.; for sunglasses by Ray-Ban, call 800-4-RAY-BAN. **Craig Stevens's** shirt by Perry Ellis, from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; suit and tie by Nautica by David Chu, from selected Lord & Taylor stores nationwide. **Angela Lansbury's** trench coat by Burberrys, from Burberrys stores nationwide; shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C. **Robert Wagner's** outfit from Alfred Dunhill of London, Beverly Hills; shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C.

Pages 254–55: James Garner's Giorgio Armani jacket, trousers, and belt from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C.; Valentino shirt from the Valentino Boutique, Beverly Hills.

Pages 258–59: Arianne Phillips for Visages Style.

Pages 260–61: Styled by Kim Meehan.

Page 263: Barbara Walters's Oscar de la Ren-

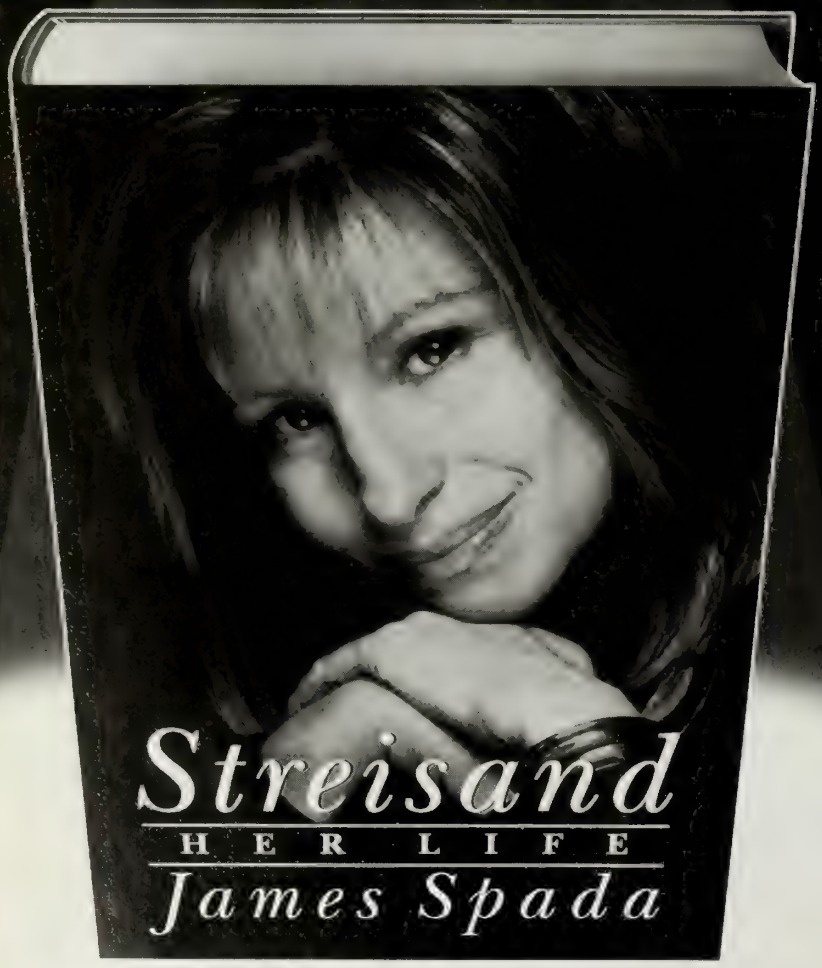
You've seen it everywhere—
Vanity Fair, Liz Smith's
column, *Entertainment Tonight*...

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Credits

ta dress by special order from Oscar de la R N.Y.C.; Verdura pin from Verdura, N.Y.C.; Van & Arpels bracelet from Van Cleef & Arpels, N Christian Louboutin shoes from Barneys New N.Y.C. George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard.

Page 264: Jay Leno's leather shirt and trousers David Samuel Menkes Custom Leatherwear, N Calvin Klein T-shirt from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; from Universal City Studios Costumes, Universal Calif.; goggles from Harley-Davidson, LA.

Page 267: Robert Isabell's Giorgio Armani from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C. Garth Condi Visages Style.

Page 269: Bottom right, suit and tie by Romeo from Spazio Romeo Gigli, N.Y.C.; shirt by Paul S from Paul Smith, N.Y.C

Page 271: Romeo Gigli shirt from Spazio R Gigli, N.Y.C.; Gucci shirt from Gucci, N.Y.C.; Ch tie from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Pages 272–73: Styled by Kim Meehan.

Page 289: Martin Scorsese's Giorgio A trousers, shirt, and tie from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.

Pages 290–91: Left, styled by Sean McGee. **Pittman's** suit by Paul Stuart, from Paul Stuart, N shirt and tie by Façonnable, from the Façonn boutique, N.Y.C.; shoes by Bally, from Bally, N **Judy McGrath's** dress by Zoran, from Saks Avenue, N.Y.C. **Tom Freston's** suit, shirt, and ti Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; shoes by from Bally, N.Y.C. Right, styled by Karin Labb Célestine.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Hair styled with Frédéric Fekkai Coiffant, Texturizing Balm, and Stylist Spray, with Paul Mitchell Super Sculpt Styling G Creatives Volumizing Spray, and Seal and S All of the women are wearing Kisskiss Long-Lo Lipstick by Guerlain. On **Courteney Cox's** lips color is Noisette; on **Julianna Margulies's,** cot; on **Jennifer Aniston's,** Orange-Doré; on **ry Stringfield's,** Rouge Baie No. 24; on **G Reuben's,** Rouge Rouge; on **Lisa Kudrow's,** Intense. Hair by John Barrett; Chris McMilla Profile; Jo Strettell for Trish McEvoy; Johnny W for Visages Style. Makeup by Kim Carrillo an Schober for Célestine; Beth Katz and Collier S for Cloutier; Kathy Jeung and Sari for Visages

Page 38: Bottom, see credits for cover.

Page 60: Top, grooming by Kat James for Ind Artists; bottom, grooming by Kate Best.

Pages 172 and 180: Laurence Fishb groomed with Clinique Skin Supplies for grooming by Justin Henry for Lisa Schiffman.

Page 182: Maria Verel for Art & Comm Susan Sterling for Ford Image 2

Page 203: Natalie Portman's hair styled Redken Framework Designing Spray. All ma from Chanel. On her eyes, Aqua Crayon/Eye our Stick in Very Black; on her lips, Quatour L Intenses/Lip Intensities. George Kyriakos for New York; Christine Hoffman for Kramer & Kra

Page 214: Top, hair and makeup by Gene for Oz New York

Page 216: Hair by Dennis Lanni for Atlantis; n up by Guillermo Fernandez

Page 227: Grooming by Mary Gaffney and Strettell for Trish McEvoy.

Pages 228–29: Mary Tyler Moore's hair by Israel. **Dick Van Dyke's** grooming by Jo Strette

McEvoy. Left, makeup by Carol Shaw for tier/Lorac; right, makeup by Sugano.

es 230–31: Hair styled with Nexxus dress Aerosol, Versastyler, and Maxximum sol. On **Charlene Tilton's** eyes, Eye Enhancer 15 from Trish McEvoy. All other makeup from ôme. On **Victoria Principal's** lips, Rouge Sensa-Multi-Sensation LipColour in Rouge Métallique. **inda Gray's** lips, Le Lipstique LipColouring Stick Brush in Bronzelle. Hair by Richard Marin for tier, Patrick Jagaille for the José Eber Salon, McMillan for Profile. Makeup by Jeannia nette; Lutz for Profile; Jo Strettell and Marja ster for Trish McEvoy.

es 232–33: Grooming by Maria Verel for Art ommerce.

es 234–35: Grooming by Kevin Mancuso for Root and by Carol Shaw for Cloutier/ ; manicure by Joyce Green for Cloutier

es 236–37: Grooming by Victor Vidal, hair by on Gault, makeup by Karen Kawahara, all for tier

es 238–39: All makeup from Christian Dior. **Peggy Lipton's** eyes, Mascara Parfait in Black ; on her lips, Haute Couleur Lipstick in Graffiti Gina Monaci for Visages Style; Paul Starr for hbox Beauty.

e 240: Grooming by Kat James for Indorato .

e 241: Garen Tolkin for Cloutier.

es 242–43: Top center, grooming by Trevor den for Elizabeth Watson, Inc. Top right, hair by Sean Flynn for the Oribe Salon; makeup by Best for the Artist Group. Center, hair and up by Hiromi Inoko for Smashbox Beauty m left, hair by Hugh Green for Hugh & en; makeup by Maggie Hunt for Joy Good-Bottom center, grooming by Maria Verel for Art mmerce.

es 244–45: Top left, hair by Jimmy Paul for en at Henri Bendel; makeup by Regina Harris, ning by Edward St. George, both for Visages Top right and bottom left, grooming by Marga-mura for Cloutier. Bottom center, hair by Cemal, up by Christy Coleman, both for Jed Root. Bottom grooming by Kat James for Indorato Artists

es 246–47: All makeup from Revlon. On **ane Worley's** lips, Moon Drops Lipstick in Love Pink. On **Chelsea Brown's** lips, Moon Drops k in Cinnamon. On **Ruth Buzzi's** lips, Timeliner s in Real Red. Gina Monaci for Visages Style.

es 248–50: Grooming by Jon Setaro for tine; Terri Apanasewicz and Helen Jeffers for er; Diane Wiedenmann for Jed Root West; , Bernadette Beauvais, Allyson Carey, Craig i, and Noriko for Profile; Baker for the Van el Salon; Gina Monaci and Johnny Walker sages Style.

es 251–53: Hair by Jon Setaro for Célestine; ll Redleaf Fielder, Sharon Gault, and Cathy nd for Cloutier; Corina Doran and José Eber for sé Eber Salon; Gary Dickman for Profile; Sari ohnny Walker for Visages Style. Makeup by t Jermain; Margaret Kimura for Cloutier; Kathy for Visages Style.

Page 255: James Garner's hair-grooming supplies from Redken; grooming by Jo Strettell for Trish McEvoy

Pages 258–59: On **June Lockhart's** and **Jane Wyatt's** eyes, Eye Enhancer No. 12 from Trish McEvoy. All other makeup from Elizabeth Arden. On **Marion Ross's** lips, Luxury Matte Lipstick in Classic Matte. All of the other women are wearing Lip Spa. On **Florence Henderson's** lips, the color is New New Rose; on **Shirley Jones's,** Cranberry Crush; on **Barbara Billingsley's,** Clementine; on **Esther Rolle's,** Chocolate Kiss. Hair by Jonathan Antin for Profile and Gina Monaci and Johnny Walker for Visages Style. Makeup by Jo Strettell for Trish McEvoy and by Kathy Jeung and Lisa Jayne Storey for Visages Style.

Pages 260–61: Grooming by Maria Verel for Art & Commerce.

Page 263: Barbara Walters's hair styled with Redken Details Conditioning Styling Complex. All makeup from Clarins. On her eyes, Matte Eye Colour Duo No. 27 in Shell/Earth; on her lips, Lipstick in Regal Red No. 15.

Page 264: Jay Leno's hair-grooming products from Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren; makeup and grooming by Jo Strettell for Trish McEvoy.

Pages 267 and 271: Grooming by Richard Corio for the Oribe Salon.

Pages 272–73: Hair, makeup, and grooming by Richard Keo for Art & Commerce.

Page 289: Grooming by Kat James for Indorato Artists.

Page 290: Left, grooming by Kat James for Indorato Artists; right, grooming by Kate Best.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 50: Clockwise from top left, by Kim Meehan, Darien Davis, Peter Chin, Michael Kearney, Jonathan Langbehn, Paul Chan, and Mark McKenna.

Page 92: Top, from Photofest; bottom, from the Mander & Mitchenson Theatre Collection.

Page 110: Top to bottom, from Photofest, from the Everett Collection, from Hulton Deutsch, from Globe Photos.

Page 116: From Archive Photos (Aykroyd), from the Everett Collection (Fry, Laurie, Lumley, Martin, May, Murray, Nichols, Saunders), from Globe Photos (Tynan), by Darlene Hammond/Archive Photos (Letterman), from Hulton Deutsch (Bruce, Cleese), from the Motion Picture and Television Photo Archive (Chase), from the Movie Still Archives (Idle), from the Neal Peters Collection (Palin), by Albert Ortega/Ron Galella Ltd. (Shandling), from Photofest (Moranis, Sahl), from Popperfoto (*Beyond the Fringe*), from Rex Features (Sellers), from Ron Galella Ltd. (Allen, Belushi, Short), from Scope Features/Rex USA (Atkinson, Murphy), by Steve Schapiro/Sygma (Radner), from Universal Pictorial Press/Photoreporters (Chapman), by Kevin Winter/Ron Galella Ltd. (Candy).

Page 128: From Pictorial Press.

Page 132: Right, from the *Los Angeles Times*

Page 140: Left, from the *Los Angeles Times;* right, from the *Glendale News-Press*

Page 156: Top, center right, and bottom, from Hulton Deutsch; center left, from U.P.I./Bettmann

Page 158: Top, from Sipa Press; bottom, from Network Aspen.

Page 160: Left, from Art & Commerce

Page 166: Right, from Outline

Page 172: Props styled by Jocelyne Beaudoin.

Page 174: Clockwise from top, from Photofest, from Photofest, from the Everett Collection, from Castle Rock Entertainment, from the Everett Collection.

Page 184: From Sipa Press.

Page 201: From A.P./Wide World Photos/*The News Herald*

Page 206: Bottom, courtesy of Sony Pictures Classics.

Page 208: Photographed at the Warwick Hotel, Seattle

Page 212: By Rick Meyer/A.P. Wide World Photos (Simpson family), by Peter Beard (Barbieri), from Gamma Liaison (Kaelin), by Fred Prouser/Sipa Press (Clark), by David Sprague/L.A. *Daily News* (Garcetti), from Sygma (Cochran, Lopez).

Page 214: Bottom, second from left, by Marc Hispard.

Pages 228–29: Props styled by David Ross.

Pages 230–31: Props styled by Louise Aiken, food styled by Norman Stewart, both for the Zenobia Agency.

Pages 238–39: Sets and props styled by Kristen Vallow and David Morgan

Page 240: Props by Hoffman Props.

Page 241: Props styled by Pascale Vaquette.

Pages 242–43: Top center, props styled by Marla Weinhoff. Center, props styled by David Ross; Peter Lupus appears courtesy of Karemor International, Inc

Page 244: Bottom right, props styled by David Yarritu for Pat Bates and Associates.

Pages 246–47: Sets and props styled by Kristen Vallow and David Morgan

Pages 251–55: Props styled by David Ross.

Pages 258–59: Sets and props styled by Kristen Vallow and David Morgan, assisted by Walter Barnett.

Page 263: Props by Hoffman Props; Saarinen Womb Chair, courtesy of the Knoll Group.

Pages 264–65: Props styled by David Ross.

Page 269: Top left, by Nils Jorgensen/Rex Features; top center and right, by Dafydd Jones; left center and bottom, by Jonathan Becker; center and second from top right, by Mary Hilliard; second from bottom right, by Stephen Dunmore/Photoreporters.

Pages 278–79: Left, from Camera Press/Retna; right, from the Neal Peters Collection.

Pages 280–81: Large photograph from Rapho; inset, left, from the Givenchy Archives; inset, right, from Keystone/Sygma.

Page 283: Large photograph from the Kobal Collection; inset, left, from Culver Pictures; inset, right, from Retna.

Pages 284–85: From Omicron/Black Star.

Page 286: From Rex USA

Page 287: From Globe Photos.

Page 290: Left, props by the Izquierdo Studio.

Page 302: From Outline.

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

You seem to be teetering on the edge, dangling from the precipice, or facing the void—get the picture? And yet you're still laughing! Pluto's recent entry into your sign demands that you make one consciously self-serving decision and say good-bye to a whole way of life. With Saturn in your 4th house, though, you've got to wade past the guilt created by taking that crucial step. To do so means admitting selfishness and acting against the sacred Sagittarian creed: MAKE THEM ALL THINK YOU'RE GENEROUS. You bad little heretic, you.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Although scientists appear to change their theories every time you thumb through a magazine, one current belief is that modern-day birds are descended from dinosaurs. Such thoughts bring Capricorns to mind now, because whereas you, too, once walked the earth proudly, a grand and fearsome creature to behold, with Saturn dancing around your 3rd house you may now feel more like a nervous little sparrow, looking for a place to light, seeking momentary refuge from a hostile, screeching, ever changing world. Having a job helps immeasurably.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Financially challenged Aquarians (formerly called the lower classes or artists) are squeezing the last sliver of copper out of old Abraham Lincoln as they face the fact that neither welfare nor unemployment nor the birthday check from Grandma Rose will cut it in a society dominated by nasty, unfeeling multinational corporations. Upper-class Aquarians feel a pinch, too, even if only in the unfairness of insurance deductibles or tax laws. Middle-class Aquarians? Don't be silly. There are none. Aquarians would rather die than be called middle-class.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Go figure a Pisces! You're normally so gentle and sensitive, and you always consider your effect on others and never wish to hurt or offend. In fact, if people were canonized according to astrological sign, transgressions excluded, guess who would be lined up with all the saints. Now, however, thanks to Saturn's odd effect on Pisces, your natural sweetness has gone a little sour, and you're all torn up inside. Should you be good or should you be bad? Funny how you still don't like to step on an ant, and yet have had such wicked thoughts about blowing up the planet.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

It's all in the way you look at life. One astrologer could see your astrological chart and say, "Jupiter's in your 9th house. Take a nice trip." Well, that's true, but unless that trip happens to be in the witness-relocation program, you've still got to come back and face your circumstances, which, under the transit of Saturn in your 12th house, definitely suck. The word "suck" may actually be an exaggeration, because if you were completely repentant of all past sins and spent the day praying, this could be a good period. Betweentimes, take a nice trip.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

You're probably bored with just drifting along and waiting to seize an opportunity you fear may have already come around five years ago—but you missed it. The purpose of 11th-house transits, though, is to help you learn not to control your destiny and curb grandiosity but to be happy just sitting still and feeling alive. This can go too far, however. It's not hard to imagine that long after all other inhabitants of Earth have blasted off in rocket ships for distant galaxies the Tauruses of the world will still be here, glued to their radios, waiting for the return of Jack Benny.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

Nothing in this world is more ridiculous than a Gemini having to k
le under to protocol. You've got quite a knack for getting a stuffed
to unbutton his top button, take a sip of your beer, and say, "Call m
Forget the Mr. President stuff." And if you saw the Queen of Englar
the street—even if she didn't know you or notice you—you wouldn't
tate to shout, "Your Highness! Hi! Hey, I love the hat!" Careful, th
With Saturn about to end its transit of your solar 10th house, step or
and your life will make Kafka seem rosier than Spielberg.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Whether you quit religious school back in eighth grade or not (horn
often win out over God), Pisces in your 9th house suggests a deep
ity for the infinite and provides an excellent excuse to escape from
life. If lighting candles makes you nervous, you might try quiet co
nion with the ocean to get you away from the madness of patriarcha
itics and back in touch with your spiritual self. Get into the Bible, b
way. Reading about the horrendous things *those* poor people had
through back then will make your own life seem absolutely wonderf

LEO *July 23–August 22*

The past catches up with everybody—Leos included. With Saturn goi
rect in your 8th house, it may seem as if you've been running half-
down a street at midnight, pursued by a big black car. Ominous t
be damned! Have some fun anyway. You can't sit around rocking
and forth like a Greek widow, grieving over a past you can't chan
fretting over a future that may never happen. Your life's been on ho
too long. Settle up and move on. You'll be fine as long as you don'
one single thought as to who might be driving that big black car.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

There are Virgos who approach relationships as stupidly as a Brown
a camping trip trying to pet a bear, but staying home staring at yo
on Saturday night is no solution, either. Because no one knows wh
morrow will bring (or what monsters people can turn into once t
married), you could conceivably go on avoiding commitments fo
With Saturn in your 7th house, people around you are bound to be
depressed, self-destructive, or just plain wacko (unlike you, of cours
just keep your distance and pretend you're a visiting nurse.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Saturn's passage through your 6th house requires your absolute co
tration, focus, dedication, and patience, because this is the part
Michelangelo could have smeared red paint all over the ceiling, or
hower could have gone over to the other side screaming, "Take m
yours!" Every tiny step you take now toward rehabilitation will be
worthy of applause than the grandest flying leap ever attempted by
lerina in tights. "Rehabilitation" is a scary word, because it implie
in the past you've been dysfunctional. Perish the thought.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

True love—you'd think an adult would outgrow such a foolish teena
tion. There's no other kind, though, because to experience love you
to be as dopey (and often as hot) as a high-school kid. It's not e
forget about yourself, expect nothing in return, give everything you'
and be ready to get kicked in the teeth. With Saturn in your 5th
you have to go on caring as tenderly and selflessly as you would
tottering old geezer or a helpless child. Otherwise . . . GUILT. The
ment you feel is real. Thank God it's temporary. Like teenage love


come to know it.
It comes to know you.
re to rest on your neck. How to move
you turn. Natural unison.
You'll see the sparks it throws,
without a mirror.
Why wait?
Diamonds. For you, for now, forever.
Don't put your dreams on hold. Find them in a portfolio of 50 new pieces, representing the best in American diamond design and starting from $1500. Call 1-800-4-50-WAYS.
A diamond is forever. DeBeers

Social Study

In the 15 years since John Lennon's death Yoko Ono has continued to startle with two albums of her own. This month she releas her third, called *Rising* (recorded with their son, Sean), and takes a mystical turn *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

Yoko Ono

When and where were you happiest?
When the war was over—whichever war that was.

Which living person do you most admire?
Myself.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Modesty.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Modesty.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Arrogance.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Modesty.

What is your favorite occupation?
Counting my virtues.

What is it that you most dislike?
Hypocrisy.



What is your greatest regret?
That I'm not tall, slim, and flat-chested.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Me—that is, if I were tall, skinny, and flat-chested.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Me.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Me.

What are your favorite names?
John, Sean, and Kyoko.

Who are your favorite writers?
Me, me, me, and John—not necessarily in that order.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Me.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Which living person do you most despise?
I forgot.

Which talent would you most like to have?
I've got just enough to handle.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Something I would achieve in the future.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Being available.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Not being too mean to me.

If you were to die and come back as a person thing, what do you think it would be?
My enemy.

If you could choose what to come back as, w would it be?
Me with some improvement.

How would you like to die?
In my sleep—smiling.

What is your motto?
Keep smiling and maybe you'll get something really smile about.


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.
She's gone to Capri and she's not coming back
Capri
Supersliims
CAPRI



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